

THE
EVERY-DAY BOOK
OF
MODERN LITERATURE.

THE
EVERY-DAY BOOK
OF
MODERN LITERATURE.
A SERIES OF
SHORT READINGS FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

COMPILED AND EDITED BY THE LATE
GEORGE H. TOWNSEND,

AUTHOR AND EDITOR OF "THE MANUAL OF DATES."

good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up
on purpose to a life beyond life."—MILTON



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The "Every-day Book" is intended to provide a daily short reading (occupying about a quarter of an hour's time in its perusal) for those who have little leisure for study; and as it supplies 365 Extracts from all the best Authors of Essays, Fiction, History, Travels, Poetry, Divinity, &c. &c., from the age of Elizabeth (including a few earlier specimens) to the present day, with short Biographical Notices and lists of their works, it is believed that it will not only afford a good general idea of Modern Literature, but will prove an available guide in a more extended course of reading.

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THE EVERY-DAY BOOK

OF

MODERN LITERATURE.

I.—FORMATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[HALLAM, 1777—1859.

[HENRY HALLAM, historian and critic, son of Dr. Hallam, Dean of Wells, was born at Windsor, July 9, 1777. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he was called to the bar by the Inner Temple. Having been appointed a Commissioner of Audit he applied himself to literary pursuits, and was one of the early contributors to the "Edinburgh Review." Byron noticed him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," as

"Classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek."

His first work, "A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," was published in 1818. This was followed by "The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.," published in 1827. His last work, "An Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," appeared in 1837-9. These are regarded as standard works, they have gone through several editions, and have been translated into most modern languages. A popular edition of his works was published by Murray in 1857. Henry Hallam died Jan. 22, 1859.]

Nothing can be more difficult than to determine, except by an arbitrary line, the commencement of the English language; not so much, as in those of the Continent, because we are in want of materials, but rather from an opposite reason, the possibility of tracing a very gradual succession of verbal changes that ended in a change of denomination. We should probably experience a similar difficulty if we knew equally well the current idiom of France or Italy in the seventh and eighth centuries. For when we compare the earliest English of the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth, it seems hard to pronounce why it should pass for a separate language, rather than a modification or simplification of the former. We must conform, however, to usage, and say that the Anglo-Saxon

was converted into English: 1. by contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2. by omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; 3. by the introduction of French derivatives; 4. by using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these the second alone, I think, can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language; and this was brought about so gradually that we are not relieved from much of our difficulty whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother or the earliest fruits of the daughter's fertility.

The Anglo-Norman language is a phrase not quite so unobjectionable as the Anglo-Norman constitution; and, as it is sure to deceive, we might better lay it aside altogether. In the one instance there was a real fusion of laws and government, to which we can find but a remote analogy, or rather none at all, in the other. It is probable, indeed, that the converse of foreigners might have something to do with those simplifications of the Anglo-Saxon grammar which appear about the reign of Henry II., more than a century after the Conquest; though it is also true that languages of a very artificial structure, like that of England before that revolution, often became less complex in their forms, without any such violent process as an amalgamation of two different races. What is commonly called the Saxon Chronicle is continued to the death of Stephen in 1154, and in the same language, though with some loss of its purity. Besides the neglect of several grammatical rules, French words now and then obtrude themselves, but not very frequently, in the latter pages of this Chronicle. Peterborough, however, was quite an English monastery; its endowments, its abbots, were Saxon; and the political spirit the Chronicle breathes, in some passages, is that of the indignant subjects, *servi ancor frèmenti*, of the Norman usurpers. If its last compilers, therefore, gave way to some innovations of language, we may presume that these prevailed more extensively in places less secluded, and especially in London.

We find evidence of a greater change in Layamon,* a translator of Wace's romance of Brut from the French. Layamon's age is uncertain; it must have been after 1155, when the original poem was completed, and can hardly be placed below 1200. His language is accounted rather Anglo-Saxon than English; it retains most of the

* Also called Laweman; describes himself as a priest residing at Ernley, near Radstone or Redstone, supposed to be Arley Regis or Lower Arley, near Bewdley, in Worcestershire, on the western bank of the Severn.

† A Chronicle of Britain from the arrival of Brutus to the death of King Cadwalader in 689.

distinguishing inflections of the mother-tongue, yet evidently differs considerably from that older than the Conquest by the introduction, or at least more frequent employment, of some new auxiliary forms, and displays very little of the characteristics of the ancient poetry, its periphrases, its ellipses, or its inversions. But though translation was the means by which words of French origin were afterwards most copiously introduced, very few occur in the extracts from Layamon hitherto published: for we have not yet the expected edition of the entire work.* He is not a mere translator, but improves much on Wace. The adoption of the plain and almost creeping style of the metrical French romance, instead of the impetuous dithyrambics of Saxon song, gives Layamon at first sight a greater affinity to the new English language than in mere grammatical structure he appears to bear.

Layamon wrote in a village on the Severn; and it is agreeable to experience that an obsolete structure of language should be retained in a distant province, while it has undergone some change among the less rugged inhabitants of a capital. The disuse of Saxon forms crept on by degrees; some metrical lives of saints, apparently written not far from the year 1250, may be deemed English; but the first specimen of it that bears a precise date is a proclamation of Henry III., addressed to the people of Huntingdonshire in 1258, but doubtless circular throughout England. A triumphant song, composed probably in London, on the victory obtained at Lewes by the confederate barons in 1264, and the capture of Richard Earl of Cornwall, is rather less obsolete in its style than this proclamation, as might naturally be expected. It could not have been written later than that year, because in the next the tables were turned on those who now exulted by the complete discomfiture of their party in the battle of Evesham. Several pieces of poetry, uncertain as to their precise date, must be referred to the latter part of this century. Robert of Gloucester, after the year 1297, since he alludes to the canonisation of St. Louis, turned the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth into English verse; and, on comparing him with Layamon, a native of nearly the same part of England, and a writer on the same subject, it will appear that a great quantity of French had flowed into the language since the loss of Normandy. The Anglo-Saxon inflections, terminations, and orthography had also undergone a very considerable change. That the intermixture of French words was very slightly owing to the Norman

* This edition of Layamon's entire work, edited for the Society of Antiquaries by Sir Frederick Madden, appeared in 1847. It contains two texts of the Brut, with a Literal Translation, Notes, and a Grammatical Glossary.

Conquest will appear probable by observing at least as frequent an use of them in the earliest specimens of the Scottish dialect, especially a song on the death of Alexander III. in 1285. There is a good deal of French in this, not borrowed, probably, from England, but directly from the original sources of imitation.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, part i. chap i. §§ 49, 50.

2.—RICCABOCCA ON REVOLUTION.

[LORD LYTTON, 1805.]

[EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER LYTTON, the distinguished author and statesman, youngest son of the late General Bulwer, was born in 1805. He was educated privately, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge. A baronetcy was conferred upon him July 18, 1838; and having in 1844 inherited the maternal estate of Knebworth, Sir Edward assumed the name of Lytton by Royal license, was first returned to the House of Commons in 1831 for St. Ives, represented Lincoln from 1832 to 1841, and the county of Hertford from 1852 to 1866. He filled the office of Colonial Secretary in Lord Derby's administration in 1858. His first publication was "Ismael," an Oriental tale, which appeared in 1825. "Falkland," his first novel, published anonymously, and "Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman," in 1827, have been followed by a series of fictions that have secured for their author an enduring reputation. His first drama, "The Duchess de la Vallière," performed at Covent Garden in 1837, did not meet with a very favourable reception; but "The Lady of Lyons," brought out at the same theatre anonymously (Feb. 13, 1838), proved the most successful of modern plays. Sir Edward took a very active part in the formation of the Guild of Literature and Art, for which he wrote the comedy, "Not so Bad as we Seem," first performed privately before the Queen, &c., May 16, 1851. It would be impossible in a short sketch to give even an idea of the numerous literary productions of this versatile and indefatigable author. Chambers ("Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. ii. p. 634,) says: "He is remarkable as having sought and obtained distinction in almost every department of literature—in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political discussion. Like Cowley, too, he is remarkable as having appeared as an author, in a printed volume, in his fifteenth year." Sir Edward was created Lord Lytton in 1866.]

OUT of the Tinker's bag Leonard Fairfield had drawn a translation of Condorcet's "Progress of Man," and another of Rousseau's "Social Contract." Works so eloquent had induced him to select from the tracts in the Tinker's miscellany those which abounded most in professions of philanthropy, and predictions of some coming Golden Age, to which old Saturn's was a joke—tracts so mild and mother-like in their language, that it required a much more practical experience than Lenny's to perceive that you would have to pass a river of blood before you had the slightest chance of setting foot on the flowery banks on which they invited you to repose—tracts which rouged poor Christianity on the cheeks, clapped a crown of innocent daffodillies on her head, and set her to dancing a *pas de zephyr* in the pastoral ballet.

in which St. Simon pipes to the flock he shears, or having first laid it down as a preliminary axiom that

“The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,”

substituted in place thereof Monsieur Fourier’s symmetrical phalanstere, or Mr. Owen’s architectural parallelogram.* It was with some such tract that Lenny was seasoning his crusts and his radishes, when Riccabocca, bending his long dark face over the student’s shoulder, said abruptly—

“*Diavolo*, my friend! what on earth have you got there? Just let me look at it, will you?”

Leonard rose respectfully, and coloured deeply as he surrendered the tract to Riccabocca.

The wise man read the first page attentively, the second more cursorily, and only ran his eye over the rest. He had gone through too vast a range of problems political, not to have passed over that venerable *Pons Asinorum* of Socialism, on which Fouriers and St. Simons sit straddling, and cry aloud that they have arrived at the last boundary of knowledge!

“All this is as old as the hills,” quoth Riccabocca irreverently; “but the hills stand still, and this—there it goes!” and the sage pointed to a cloud emitted from his pipe. “Did you ever read Sir David Brewster on Optical Delusions? No! Well, I’ll lend it to you. You will find therein a story of a lady who always saw a black cat on her hearth-rug. The black cat existed only in her fancy, but the hallucination was natural and reasonable—eh—what do you think?”

“Why, sir,” said Leonard, not catching the Italian’s meaning, “I don’t exactly see that it was natural and reasonable.”

“Foolish boy, yes! because black cats are things possible and known. But who ever saw upon earth a community of men such as sit on the hearth-rugs of Messrs. Owen and Fourier? If the lady’s hallucination was not reasonable, what is his who believes in such visions as these?”

Leonard bit his lip.

* Claude-Henri, Comte de Saint Simon, who was born at Paris Oct. 17, 1760, and died May 19, 1825; Charles Fourier, who was born at Besançon April 7, 1772, and died at Paris Oct. 10, 1837; and Robert Owen, who was born at Newton, in Montgomeryshire, May 14, 1771, and died Nov. 17, 1858, were notorious advocates of Communist or Social doctrines. Hence their disciples are called Saint Simonians,

"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you, lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect, and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian, mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued—

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lysurgus is proved to be a myth who never existed. Such organic changes are but in the day-dreams of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life, than one would look upon Virgil's 'Eclogues' as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape the world according to the poetry, and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realization of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece.

and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis.* Just in the grimiest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his 'Utopia.'† Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostrius, the sages of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason, and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a-day; to the man of talent, and action, and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state in which talent, and action, and industry are a certain capital; why, Messrs. Coutts, the great bankers, had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the market of labour, and thence affects prejudicially every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested, literature is neglected, people are too busy to read anything save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great

* Plato's idea of a perfect state is unfolded in the "Laws" and the "Republic."

† This work, named from a king Utopus, written in Latin, was published at Louvain in 1516. The first English edition, translated by Robynson, was published in London in 1551. Bishop Burnet's translation appeared in 1684. Hallam (Lit. Hist., part. i. ch. 4) says—"The 'Republic' of Plato no doubt furnished More with the germ of his perfect society; but it would be unreasonable to deny him the merit of having struck out the fiction of its real existence from his own fertile imagination; and it is manifest that some of his most distinguished successors in the same walk of romance, especially Swift, were largely indebted to his reasoning as well as inventive talents. Those who read the 'Utopia' in Burnet's translation, may believe that they are in Brobdignag; so similar is the vein of satirical humour and easy language. If false and impracticable theories are found in the 'Utopia' (and, perhaps, he knew them to be such), this is in a much greater degree true of the Platonic republic." In a note to a later edition of his "Literary History," Hallam qualifies the assertion that More borrowed the germ of his "Utopia" from Plato, and says, "neither the 'Republic' nor the 'Laws' of Plato bear any resemblance to the 'Utopia.'" Lord Bacon's treatise on the same subject, "The New Atlantis, a Fragment," was published in 1635, and Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" in 1726-7.

crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowledge excites, and that sense of poverty, which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. 'I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pickaxe it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. *Cospetto!*' quoth the Doctor, "it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!"

Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and stalking thoughtfully away, he left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke.—*My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life*, vol. i. book i. chap. 8.

3.—GREAT ERA OF SCHOLASTICISM.

[DEAN MILMAN, 1791—1868.

[HENRY HART MILMAN, the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, Bart., was born in London, Feb. 10, 1791. He was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, and took orders in 1817. "Fazio," a tragedy, published in 1815, was performed at Covent Garden with success Feb. 5, 1818. This was followed by other poetical works; and "The History of the Jews," published anonymously in 1829-30; "The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire," appeared in 1840; and his great work, "The History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.," in 1854-5. Mr. Milman was elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford in 1821, was Bampton Lecturer in 1827, was successively Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading (1827-35), and St. Margaret's, Westminster (1835-49); and was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1849. He died in Oct., 1868.]

Now came the great age of the Schoolmen. Latin Christianity raised up those vast monuments of Theology which amaze and appal the mind with the enormous accumulation of intellectual industry, ingenuity, and toil, but of which the sole result to posterity is this barren amazement. The tomes of scholastic divinity may be compared with the pyramids of Egypt, which stand in that rude majesty which is commanding from the display of immense human power, yet oppressive from the sense of the waste of that power for no discoverable use. Whoever penetrates within finds himself bewildered and lost in a labyrinth of small, dark, intricate passages and chambers, devoid of grandeur, devoid of solemnity: he may wander without end, and find nothing! It was not, indeed, the enforced labour of a

slave population : it was rather voluntary slavery, submitting in its intellectual ambition and its religious patience to monastic discipline : it was the work of a small intellectual oligarchy, monks of necessity, in mind and habits ; for it imperiously required absolute seclusion, either in the monastery or in the university : a long life under monastic rule. No Schoolman could be a great man but as a Schoolman. William of Vekham alone was a powerful demagogue : scholastic even in his political writings, but still a demagogue. It is singular to see every kingdom in Latin Christendom, every order in the social State, furnishing the great men, not merely to the successive lines of Doctors, who assumed the splendid titles of the Angelical, the Seraphic, the Irrefragable, the most Profound, the most Subtle, the Invincible, even the Perspicuous, but even to what may be called the supreme Pentarchy of scholasticism. Italy sent Thomas of Aquino and Bonaventura ; Germany, Albert the Great ; the British Isles (they boasted, also, of Alexander Hales and Bradwardine) Duns Scotus and William of Ockham ; France alone must content herself with names somewhat inferior (she had already given Abelard, Gilbert de la Porée, Amauri de Bene, and other famous or suspected names), now William of Auvergne, at a later time Durandus. Albert and Aquinas were of noble Houses, the Counts of Bollstadt and Aquino ; Bonaventura of good parentage at Fidenza ; of Scotus, the birth was so obscure as to be untraceable ; Ockham was of humble parents in the village of that name in Surrey. But France may boast that the University of Paris was the great scene of their studies, their labours, their instruction : the University of Paris was the acknowledged awardee of the fame and authority obtained by the highest Schoolmen. It is not less remarkable that the new mendicant orders sent forth these five Patriarchs in dignity of the science. Albert and Aquinas were Dominicans ; Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Ockham, Franciscans. It might have been supposed that the popularising of religious teaching, which was the express and avowed object of the Friar Preachers and of the Minorites, would have left the higher places of abstruse and learned Theology to the older Orders, or to the more dignified secular Ecclesiastics. Content with being the vigorous antagonists of heresy in all quarters, they would not aspire also to become the aristocracy of theologic erudition. But the dominant religious impulse of the times could not but seize on all the fervent and powerful minds which sought satisfaction for their devout yearnings. No one who had strong religious ambition could be anything but a Dominican or a Franciscan ; to be less was to be below the highest standard. Hence, on one hand the Orders aspired to rule the Universities, contested the supremacy with all the great established authorities in the Schools ;

and having already drawn into their vortex almost all who united powerful abilities with devotional temperament, never wanted men who could enter into this dreary but highly rewarding service—men who could rule the Schools as others of their brethren had begun to rule the councils and the mind of Kings. It may be strange to contrast the popular simple preaching, for such must have been that of St. Dominic and St. Francis, such that of their followers, in order to contend with success against the plain and austere sermons of the heretics, with the “Sum of Theology” of Aquinas, which of itself (and it is but one volume in the works of Thomas) would, as it might seem, occupy a whole life of the most secluded study to write, almost to read. The unlearned, unreasoning, only profoundly, passionately loving, and dreaming St. Francis, is still more oppugnant to the intensely subtle and dry Duns Scotus, at one time carried by his severe logic into Pelagianism; or to William of Ockham, perhaps the hardest and severest intellectualist of all; a political fanatic, not like his visionary brethren, who brooded over the Apocalypse and their own prophets, but for the Imperial against the Papal sovereignty.—*History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas VI.*, vol. vi. b. xix. ch. 3.

4.—THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

[SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, 1300—1372.]

[SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, or MAUNDEVILLE, with whom English prose literature is said to commence, was born at St. Alban's in 1300. He was educated for the medical profession, and having travelled in Eastern countries for thirty-four years, on his return published in Latin an account of his wanderings. This work was translated into the French language, in which two editions appeared in 1480. The first English edition was published in 1499. Sir John Mandeville died at Liège Nov. 17, 1372.]

WHEN men come to Jerusalem, their first pilgrimage is to the church of the holy sepulchre, where our Lord was buried, which is without the city on the north side; but it is now inclosed by the town wall. And there is a very fair church, round, and open above, and covered in its circuit with lead; and on the west side is a fair and high tower for bells, strongly made; and in the middle of the church is a tabernacle, as it were a little house, made with a little low door; and that tabernacle is made in manner of half a compass, right curiously and richly made of gold and azure and other rich colours. And in the right side of that tabernacle is the sepulchre of our Lord; and the tabernacle is eight feet long, and five wide, and eleven in height; and it is not long since the sepulchre was all open, that men might kiss it

and touch it. But because pilgrims that came thither laboured to break the stone in pieces or in powder, therefore the sultan has caused a wall to be made round the sepulchre, that no man may touch it. In the left side of the wall of the tabernacle, about the height of a man, is a great stone, the magnitude of a man's head, that was of the holy sepulchre; and that stone the pilgrims that come thither kiss. In that tabernacle are no windows; but it is all made light with lamps which hang before the sepulchre. And there is one lamp which hangs before the sepulchre which burns bright; and on Good Friday it goes out of itself, and lights again by itself at the hour that our Lord rose from the dead. Also, within the church, at the right side, near the choir of the church, is Mount Calvary, where our Lord was placed on the cross. It is a rock of a white colour, a little mixed with red; and the cross was set in a mortise in the same rock; and on that rock dropped the blood from the wounds of our Lord when he was punished on the cross; and that is called Golgotha. And they go up to that Golgotha by steps; and in the place of that mortise Adam's head was found, after Noah's flood, in token that the sins of Adam should be redeemed in that same place. And upon that rock Abraham made sacrifice to our Lord. And there is an altar, before which lie Godfrey de Boulogne and Baldwin, and other Christian kings of Jerusalem; and near where our Lord was crucified is this written in Greek: "God our king before the worlds, hath wrought salvation in the midst of the earth." And also on the rock where the cross was set is written, within the rock, these words in Greek: "What thou seest, is the ground of all the faith of this world." And you shall understand that when our Lord was placed on the cross he was thirty-three years and three months old. Also, within Mount Calvary, on the right side, is an altar, where the pillar lieth to which our Lord Jesus was bound when he was scourged; and there, besides, are four pillars of stone that always drop water; and some men say that they weep for our Lord's death. Near that altar is a place under earth, forty-two steps in depth, where the holy cross was found by the wisdom of St. Helena, under a rock, where the Jews had hid it. And thus was the true cross assayed; for they found three crosses, one of our Lord, and two of the two thieves; and St. Helena placed a dead body on them, which arose from death to life when it was laid on that on which our Lord died. And thereby, in the wall, is the place where the four nails of our Lord were hid; for he had two in his hands and two in his feet. * * * * And in the midst of that church is a compass, in which Joseph of Arimathea laid the body of our Lord when he had taken him down from the cross; and there he washed the wounds of our Lord. And that compass, men say, is the

middle of the world.* And in the church of the sepulchre, on the north side, is the place where our Lord was put in prison (for he was in prison in many places); and there is a part of the chain with which he was bound; and there he appeared first to Mary Magdalene when he was risen, and she thought that he had been a gardener. In the church of St. Sepulchre there were formerly canons of the order of St. Augustin, who had a prior, but the patriarch was their head. And outside the doors of the church, on the right side, as men go upward eighteen steps, is the spot where our Lord said to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son!"† And after that, he said to John his disciple, "Behold thy mother!"† And these words he said on the cross. And on these steps went our Lord when he bare the cross on his shoulder. And under these steps is a chapel; and in that chapel sing priests of India, not after our law, but after theirs; and they always make their sacrament of the altar, saying *Pater noster*, and other prayers therewith, with which prayers they say the words that the sacrament is made of; for they know not the additions that many popes have made; but they sing with good devotion. And near there is the place where our Lord rested him when he was weary for bearing of the cross. Before the church of the sepulchre the city is weaker than in any other part, for the great plain that is between the church and the city. And towards the east side, without the walls of the city, is the vale of Jehoshaphat, which adjoins to the walls as though it were a large ditch. And over against that vale of Jehoshaphat, out of the city, is the church of St. Stephen, where he was stoned to death. And there beside is the golden gate, which may not be opened, by which gate our Lord entered on Palm Sunday, upon an ass; and the gate opened to him when he would go unto the temple; and the marks of the ass's feet are still seen in three places on the steps, which are of very hard stone. Before the church of St. Sepulchre, two hundred paces to the south, is the great hospital of St. John, of which the Hospitalers had their foundation. And within the palace of the sick men of that hospital are one hundred and twenty-four pillars of stone; and in the walls of the house, besides the number aforesaid, there are fifty-four pillars that support the house. From that hospital, going towards the east, is a very fair church, which is called Our Lady the Great; and after it there is another church, very near, called Our Lady the Latin; and there stood Mary Cleophas and Mary Magdalene, and tore their hair, when our Lord was executed on the cross.

* Jerusalem was supposed to be the centre of the world, and is thus depicted in most mediæval maps. This belief was founded on a literal translation of Psalm lxxiv. 12.

† John xix. 26.

5.—THE IMPORTANCE OF METHOD.

[S. T. COLERIDGE, 1772—1834.]

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, born at Ottery-St.-Mary, in Devonshire, Oct. 21, 1772, was educated at Christ's Hospital, and Jesus College, Cambridge. He left the University without completing the usual course, and in 1794 published his first work, a small volume of poems. This was followed by other productions of the kind, the most popular of which are, "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Love, or Genevieve." His poetical works were first collected and published in three volumes, in 1828. Coleridge was the author of several essays and critical works, amongst which may be mentioned "The Friend," a weekly paper, commenced June 1, 1809, and terminating March 15, 1810, of which several editions have appeared; "Lay Sermons," published in 1816; "Biographia Literaria; or, Biographical Sketches of my Life and Opinions," published in 1817; and "Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare and some of the Old Poets and Dramatists," edited by his daughter, and published in 1849. In 1818, he wrote a "Dissertation on the Science of Method," which forms the "Introduction to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana." Coleridge died at Highgate, near London, July 25, 1834. "Early Recollections of Coleridge," by J. Cottle, appeared in 1837; and his "Life," by J. Gillman, in 1838.]

AND as to the general importance of Method;—what need have we to dilate on this fertile topic? for it is not solely in the formation of the Human Understanding, and in the constructions of Science and Literature, that the employment of Method is indispensably necessary; but its importance is equally felt, and equally acknowledged, in the whole business and economy of active and domestic life. From the cottager's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the Palace or the Arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is, that *everything is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, that he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time; but the man of Methodical industry and honourable pursuits, does more; he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul: and to that, the very essence of which is to fleet, and to have been, he communicates an imperishable and a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed, that he lives in Time, than that Time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the

records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when Time itself shall be no more.

Let us carry our views a step higher. What is it that first strikes us, and strikes us at once in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior Mind? Not always the weight or novelty of his remarks, nor always the interest of the facts which he communicates; for the subject of conversation may chance to be trivial, and its duration to be short. Still less can any just admiration arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases; for every man of practical good sense will follow, as far as the matters under consideration will permit him, that golden rule of Cæsar—*Insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare*. The true cause of the impression made on us is, that his mind is *methodical*. We perceive this in the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, flowing spontaneously and necessarily from the clearness of the leading Idea; from which distinctness of mental vision, when men are fully accustomed to it, they obtain a habit of foreseeing at the beginning of every instance how it is to end, and how all its parts may be brought out in the best and most orderly succession. However irregular and desultory the conversation may happen to be, there is *Method* in the fragments.

Let us once more take an example which must come "home to every man's business and bosom." Is there not a *Method* in the discharge of all our relative duties? And is not he the truly virtuous and truly happy man, who seizing first and laying hold most firmly of the great first Truth, is guided by that divine light through all the meandering and stormy courses of his existence? To him every relation of life affords a prolific *Idea* of duty; by pursuing which into all its practical consequences, he becomes a good servant or a good master, a good subject or a good sovereign, a good son or a good father; a good friend, a good patriot, a good Christian, a good man! —*A Dissertation on the Science of Method; or, the Laws and Regulative Principles of Education*, § 2.

6.—SELF-LOVE AND REASON.

[POPE, 1688—1744.

[ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21, 1688. * His father, who had amassed a fortune in business as a linen-draper, being a Roman Catholic, placed him, when eight years of age, under the care of a priest. The young poet then went to a school at Twyford, afterwards to another in London, and, being delicate, spent much of his time in reading. His "Pastorals" were composed in 1704, and published in 1709, in which year he wrote the "Essay on Criticism," of which the first edition appeared in 1711. "The Rape of the Lock," and "Windsor Forest," were published in 1713.

Pope issued proposals for the translation of the "Iliad" in 1713, and it appeared at intervals between 1715 and 1720. He published a collected edition of his poetical works in 1718, and the translation of the "Odyssey," in 1725. His edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1725, the "Dunciad" in May, 1728, and the "Essay on Man" in 1733. Several other works followed, and Pope died May 30, 1744. A collected edition of his works, edited by Warburton, was published in nine volumes, between 1751—1760. Pope has numerous biographers. His Life, by W. Ayre, appeared in 1745; by W. H. Dilworth, in 1759; by Owen Ruffhead, in 1769; by Joseph Warton, in 1797; and by W. L. Bowles, in 1806. A good account of Pope is given in Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," first published 1779—81.]

Two principles in human nature reign;
 Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad vice call,
 Each marks its end, to move or govern all;
 And to their proper operation still,
 Ascribe all good; to their improper, ill.
 Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the road,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
 Most strength the moving principle requires:
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
 Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 At lust more watchful this, but that more strong—
 The action of the stronger to suspend
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.
 Attention, habit and experience gains;
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight
 More studious to divide than to unite;
 And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
 But greedy That its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil or our greatest good.
 Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
 But since not every good we can divide,
 And reason bids us for our own provide:
 Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
 List under Reason, and deserve her care;
 Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
 Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
 In lazy apathy let stoics boast
 Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
 Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
 But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
 The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
 On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
 Nor God alone, in the still calm we find,
 He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
 Passions like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes man, can man destroy.
 Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
 Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife,
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
 Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
 And when, in act they cease, in prospect, rise:
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike.
 On different senses different objects strike;

Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

—*An Essay on Man: in Four Epistles.*—§§ i., ii., and iii.

7.—OF CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS.

[BP. JEREMY TAYLOR, 1613—1667.

[This distinguished divine, called by Jeffrey "the most Shakspearian of our great divines," was born at Cambridge, August 15, 1613. Though his father followed the humble calling of a barber, the family was of good descent; and one of his ancestors, Dr. Rowland Taylor, suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary. Jeremy Taylor was educated at the grammar-school and university of his native place, and having attracted the attention of Laud, became his chaplain. Having been afterwards appointed chaplain to Charles I., he followed the Royal fortunes during the Civil war, and was several times imprisoned. His "Liberty of Prophesying" appeared in 1647; "The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar of Sanctity," in 1649; the "Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying," in 1650-1; and the "Ductor Dubitantium; or, the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures," was published in 1660. He also wrote a variety of sermons and treatises. Several collected editions of Taylor's works have been issued. During the Commonwealth he resided first in Wales, where he kept a school, and afterwards in Ireland. At the Restoration he was appointed to the bishopric of Down and Connor, to which he was consecrated in January, 1661. Hallam says he is "the greatest ornament of the English pulpit up to the middle of the seventeenth century; and we have no reason to believe—or rather, much reason to disbelieve—that he had any competitor in other languages." Jeremy Taylor died at Lisburn, August 13, 1667. His "Life," by J. Wheeldon, appeared in 1793; by H. K. Bonney, in 1815; by Bishop Heber, in 1824; and by the Rev. R. A. Willmott, in 1847.] •

VIRTUES and discourses are like friends necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sadnesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents; and in this sense no man that is virtuous can be friendless; nor hath any man reason to complain of the Divine Providence, or accuse the public disorder of things, or his own infelicity, since God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit. For this alone makes a man pass through fire and not be scorched, through seas and not to be drowned, through hunger and nakedness and want nothing. For since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss; he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtues, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune;

and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circulations and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised whatever happens, either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness, and they are every one of them equal in order to his great end and immortal felicity; and beauty is not made by white or red, by black eyes and a round face, by a straight body and a smooth skin, but by a proportion to the fancy. No rules can make amiability—our minds and apprehensions make that; and so is our felicity: and we may be reconciled to poverty and a low fortune if we suffer contentedness and the grace of God to make the proportion. For no man is poor that does not think himself so. But if in a full fortune with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition. But because this grace of contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy and great duty in Christianity, and of most universal use in the whole course of our lives, and the only instrument to ease the burthen of the world and the enmities of sad chances, it will not be amiss to press it by the proper arguments by which God hath bound it upon our spirit, it being fastened by reason and religion, by duty and interest, by necessity and convenience, by example, and by the proposition of excellent rewards, no less than peace and felicity.

1. Contentedness in all its estimates is a duty of religion; it is the great reasonableness of complying with the Divine Providence which governs all the world, and hath so ordered us in the administration of his great family. He were a strange fool that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some. God hath supplied those needs to them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial; for he hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them, so that it only differs in the manner of our provision—and which had you rather want, shoes or reason? And my patron that hath given me a farm is freer to me than if he gives me a loaf ready baked. But, however, all these gifts come from him; and therefore it is fit that he should dispense them as he pleases; and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars. For if that which we are to have do not content us, we may be troubled for everything in the world, which is besides our being or our possessions.

God is the master of the scene; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always

saying, *If this please God let it be as it is*; and we who pray that God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances; and if their employment be crossed by a higher degree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event; and when the angel of Judea* could not prevail in behalf of the people committed to his charge, because the angel of Persia opposed it; he only told the story at the command of God, and was as content, and worshipped with as great an ecstasy in his proportion as the prevailing spirit. Do thou so likewise; keep the station where God hath placed you, and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home feasting upon the Divine Providence and thy own reason, by which we are taught that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

For is not all the world God's family? Are not we his creatures? Are we not as clay in the hand of the potter? Do we not live upon his meat, and move by his strength, and do our work by his light? Are we anything but what we are from him? And shall there be a mutiny among the flocks and herds, because their Lord or their Shepherd chooses their pastures, and suffers them not to wander into the deserts and unknown ways? If we choose, we do it so foolishly that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all; but God, who can do what he pleases, is wise to choose safely for us, affectionate to comply with our needs, and powerful to execute all his wise decrees. Here, therefore, is the wisdom of the contented man, to let God choose for him; for when we have given up our wills to Him, and stand in that station of the battle where our Great General hath placed us, our spirits must needs rest, while our conditions have for their security the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.

2. Contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon the chance and the uncertain disposition of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our fortunes good or bad, and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or be proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear no death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness; then we who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the

cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents amongst things eligible.

But no man can be happy that hath great hopes and great fears of things without, and events depending upon other men, or upon the chances of fortune. The rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain, or if we want meat till we die then we die of that disease, and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others, is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave, and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him; for so the adder teaches us where to strike by her curious and fearful defending of her head. The old Stoicks, when you told them of a sad story, would still answer—*What is that to me?* Yes, for the tyrant hath sentenced you also unto prison. Well, what is that? He will put a chain upon my leg, but he cannot bind my soul. No; but he will kill you. Then I'll die. If presently, let me go, that I may presently be freer than himself; but if not till anon or to-morrow, I will dine first, or sleep, or do what reason and nature calls for, as at other times. This, in Gentile philosophy, is the same with the discourse of St. Paul: *I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both how to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need.*

We are in the world like men playing at tables; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is; and when it is fallen we must manage it as we can, and let nothing trouble us but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly. These things God hath put into our powers; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose; and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them, since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore, if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy; and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and to a man nothing is miserable unless it be unreasonable. No man can make another man to be his slave unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death. No pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.—*The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living*, ch. ii. § 6.

8.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

[ISAAC DISRAELI, 1766-1848.

[ISAAC DISRAELI, descended from a Jewish family, of Spanish origin, that settled in England in 1748, was born at Enfield in May, 1766. His father destined him for a commercial life, to which he showed a decided aversion, and he was sent to travel in France in 1788. His first publications were in poetry and romance, and in 1791 he published anonymously a small volume, entitled "Curiosities of Literature." The second volume appeared in 1792, and the third in 1817. The Second Series was published in 1823; and the two series, complete in six vols., in 1845. "Literary Miscellanies" appeared in 1801, "Calamities of Authors" in 1812, "Quarrels of Authors" in 1814, "The Amenities of Literature" in 1841, and "The Life and Reign of Charles the First," in 1828-31. Several other works proceeded from the pen of this indefatigable author, who was, in the words of his son (Memoir prefixed to Works, page 31), "a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." Isaac Disraeli died January 19, 1848.]

IN antique furniture we sometimes discover a convenience which long disuse had made us unacquainted with, and are surprised by the aptness which we did not suspect was concealed in its solid forms. We have found the labour of the workmen to have been as admirable as the material itself, which is still resisting the mouldering touch of time among those modern inventions, elegant and unsubstantial, which, often put together with unseasoned wood, are apt to warp and fly into pieces when brought into use. We have found how strength consists in the selection of materials, and that, whenever the substitute is not better than the original, we are losing something in that test of experience, which all things derive from duration.

Be this as it may! I shall not unreasonably await for the artists of our novelties to retrograde into massive greatness, although I cannot avoid reminding them how often they revive the forgotten things of past times! It is well known that many of our novelties were in use by our ancestors! In the history of the human mind there is, indeed, a sort of antique furniture which I collect, not merely for their antiquity, but for the sound condition in which I still find them, and the compactness which they still show. Centuries have not worm-eaten their solidity! and the utility and delightfulness which they still afford make them look as fresh and as ingenious as any of our patent inventions.

By the title of the present article the reader has anticipated the nature of the old furniture to which I allude. I propose to give what, in the style of our times, may be called the Philosophy of Proverbs—a topic which seems virgin. The art of reading proverbs has not, indeed, always been acquired even by some of their admirers; but my

observations, like their subject, must be versatile and unconnected; and I must bespeak indulgence for an attempt to illustrate a very curious branch of literature, rather not understood than quite forgotten.

Proverbs have long been in disuse. "A man of fashion," observes Lord Chesterfield, "never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms;" and, since the time his lordship so solemnly interdicted their use, they appear to have withered away under the ban of his anathema. His lordship was little conversant with the history of proverbs, and would unquestionably have smiled on those "men of fashion" of another stamp, who, in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, were great collectors of them; would appeal to them in their conversations, and enforce them in their learned or their statesmanlike correspondence. Few, perhaps, even now, suspect that these neglected fragments of wisdom, which exist among all nations, still offer many interesting objects for the studies of the philosopher and the historian; and for men of the world still open an extensive school of human life and manners.

The home-spun adages, and the rusty "sayed-saws," which remain in the mouths of the people, are adapted to their capacities and their humours. Easily remembered, and readily applied, these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! whoever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and of the market, true to nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records that the populace at Athens and at Rome were the same people as at Paris and at London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem!

Proverbs existed before books. The Spaniards date the origin of their *refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego*, "sayings of old wives by their firesides," before the existence of any writings in their language, from the circumstance that these are in the old romance or rudest vulgar idiom. The most ancient poem in the Edda, "the sublime speech of Odin," abounds with ancient proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts; like the oral traditions of the Jews, they floated down from age to age on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression, remained, consecrated into a proverb! Such was the origin of those memorable sentences by which men learnt to think and to speak appositely; they were precepts which no man could contradict, at a time when

novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression. When countries are not yet populous, and property has not yet produced great inequalities in its ranks, every day will show them how "the drunkard and the glutton come to poverty, and drowsiness clothes a man with rags." At such a period he who gave counsel gave wealth. * * * *

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases, and from sententious maxims; but as proverbs have many faces, from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. When Johnson defined a proverb to be "a short sentence frequently repeated by the people," this definition would not include the most curious ones, which have not always circulated among the populace, nor even belong to them; nor does it designate the vital qualities of a proverb. The pithy quaintness of old Howell has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apophthegm by that brevity which condenses a thought or a metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied. This often produces wit, and that quick pungency which excites surprise, but strikes with conviction; this gives it an epigrammatic turn. George Herbert entitled the small collection which he formed "*Jacula Prudentium*," Darts or Javelins! something hurled and striking deeply; a characteristic of a proverb which possibly Herbert may have borrowed from a remarkable passage in Plato's dialogue of "*Protagoras or the Sophists*." * * * *

Proverbs have ceased to be studied or employed in conversation since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophical age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity. Originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historical as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages, and of different people, must always enter into some part of our own! Truth and nature can never be obsolete.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their airy sarcasm or their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of proverbs

should enter into our readings; and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought!—*Curiosities of Literature*, vol. iii., *The Philosophy of Proverbs*.

9.—THE DROP OF WATER.

[HANS C. ANDERSEN, 1805.]

[HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was born at Odense, in Fünen, April 2, 1805. His parents were too poor to give him a better education than that afforded by the charity school of his native place. Interest was exerted in his behalf, and he was sent to one of the Government gymnasia, and thence proceeded to college. Funds were provided to enable him to travel. In 1844, Andersen was invited to the Danish Court, and in 1845 an annuity was granted to him. His first publication, "A Journey on Foot to Amager," appeared in September, 1828. A collected edition of his poetical and prose works was published at Leipzig in 1847, in 35 volumes. Andersen's works have been translated into most modern languages, and are very popular in England.]

SURELY you know what a microscope is—that wonderful glass which makes everything appear a hundred times larger than it really is. If you look through a microscope at a single drop of ditch-water, you will perceive more than a thousand strange-shaped creatures, such as you never could imagine, dwelling in the water. It looks not unlike a platoon of shrimps, all jumping and crowding upon each other; and so ferocious are these little creatures, that they will tear off each other's arms and legs without mercy; and yet they are happy and merry after this fashion. Now, there was once an old man, whom all his neighbours called Cribbley Crabbley—a curious name to be sure! He always liked to make the best of everything, and when he could not manage it otherwise he tried magic. So one day he sat with his microscope held up to his eye, looking at a drop of ditch-water. Oh, what a strange sight was that! All the thousand little imps in the water were jumping and springing about, devouring each other, or pulling each other to pieces.

"Upon my word, this is too horrible!" quoth old Cribbley Crabbley; "there must surely be some means of making them live in peace and quiet." And he thought and thought, but still could not hit on the right expedient. "I must give them a colour," he said, at last, "then I shall be able to see them more distinctly;" and accordingly he let fall into the water a tiny drop of something that looked like red wine, but in reality it was witches' blood; whereupon all the strange little creatures immediately became red all over, not unlike the Red Indians; the drop of water now seemed a whole townful of naked wild men.

"What have you there?" inquired another old magician, who had no name at all, which made him more remarkable even than Cribbley Crabbley.

"Well, if you can guess what it is," replied Cribbley Crabbley, "I will give it you; but I warn you, you'll not find it out so easily."

And the magician without a name looked through the microscope. The scene now revealed to his eyes actually resembled a town where all the inhabitants were running about without clothing; it was a horrible sight! But still more horrible was it to see how they kicked and cuffed, struggled and fought, pulled and bit each other. All those that were lowest must needs strive to get uppermost, and all those that were highest must be thrust down. "Look, look!" they seemed to be crying out, "his leg is longer than mine; pah! off with it! And there is one who has a little lump behind his ear—an innocent little lump enough, but it pains him, and it shall pain him more." And they backed at it, and seized hold of him and devoured him, merely because of this little lump. Only one of the creatures was quiet, very quiet, and still; it sat by itself, like a little modest damsel, wishing for nothing but peace and rest. But the others would not have it so; they pulled the little damsel forward, cuffed her, cut at her, and ate her.

"This is most uncommonly amusing," remarked the nameless magician.

"Do you think so? Well, but what is it?" asked Cribbley Crabbley. "Can you guess, or can you not?—that's the question."

"To be sure I can guess," was the reply of the nameless magician, "easy enough. It is either Copenhagen or some other large city; I don't know which, for they are all alike. It is some large city."

"It is a drop of ditch-water!" said Cribbley Crabbley.—*Danish Fairy Legends and Tales (translated by Caroline Peachey).*

10.—ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTRY.

[GIBBON, 1737-1794.]

EDWARD GIBBON was born at Putney, near London, April 27 (O.S.), 1737. Though he spent a few months at Westminster School, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, his early education was neglected. Having shown an inclination to join the Roman Catholic Church, his father sent him, in 1753, to Lausanne, where, under the care of M. Pavilliard, a Swiss theologian, he was induced to renounce this intention. In Switzerland, Gibbon formed a romantic attachment for Susanne Curchod, who was afterwards married to Neckar. He returned to England in May, 1758, and published his first work in French, under the title of "Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature," in 1761. Between 1763 and 1765 he travelled in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and it was at Rome, in 1764, that he first formed the idea

of writing the decline and fall of the city. On his return to England in June, 1763, he commenced the work, and the first volume was published in 1776, and the sixth and last in 1788. Gibbon entered Parliament as member for Liskeard in 1774, was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade in July, 1779, and held the office until it was abolished in 1782. In 1783, he settled at Lausanne, where he purchased a house on the shore of Lake Leman. Having returned to England in 1793, he died in London January 16, 1794. Several editions of Gibbon's History have been published. The best, by Dr. Smith, embodying the notes of Dean Milman and M. Guizot, was published by Murray, in 8 vols., 1854-5. This great work has been translated into most modern languages. Gibbon's "Autobiography," said to be the best in the language, was published by Lord Sheffield in 1799.]

A LIVELY desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on influence of some common principle in the minds of men; we seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual; but we step forward beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest, and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist* may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind. Few there are who can sincerely despise in others an advantage of which they are secretly ambitious to partake. The knowledge of our own family from a remote period will be always esteemed as an abstract pre-eminence, since it can never be promiscuously enjoyed; but the longest series of peasants and mechanics would not afford much gratification to the pride of their descendant. We wish to discover our ancestors, but we wish to discover them possessed of ample fortunes, adorned with honourable titles, and holding an eminent rank in the class of hereditary nobles, which has been maintained for the wisest and most beneficial purposes, in almost every climate of the globe, and in almost every modification of political society.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line, so ancient that it

* Gibbon is supposed to allude to Juvenal's eighth Satire.

has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortune; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honour of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of Nature above those of Fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interest of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius* is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough;† but I exhort them to consider the "Fairy Queen" as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Habsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century Duke of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Habsburg; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new world. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception. I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on that day

* This Chinese philosopher is supposed to have flourished B.C. 551-479.

† "Nor less praiseworthy are the sisters three,
The honour of the noble familie,
Of which I, meanest, boast myself to be."

SPENSER'S *Colin Clout*, &c., v. 531

or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page,* in a summer-house in my garden.† "After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk, of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.—*Memoirs of My Life and Writings.*

11.—THE ZINCALI; OR, THE GYPSIES IN SPAIN.

[BORROW, 1803.]

[GEORGE BORROW, born at East Dereham in 1803, was educated at Norwich, and other grammar-schools, and the High School, Edinburgh. He was articled to a solicitor, but did not follow the profession; and after devoting himself for some time to literary pursuits, spent several years in travel. In 1833, he entered the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for which he edited several works. In early life Borrow obtained some knowledge of the Gypsies, and whilst in Spain mixed very much with this extraordinary race. He quitted the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1839; and "The Zincali; or, an Account of the Gypsies of Spain," appeared in 1841. This was followed by "The Bible in Spain," published

* Gibbon refers to "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The origin of the work is thus described in his Memoirs:—"It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter,* that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." In another portion of his autobiography he says: "Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with the effect."

† His retreat at Lausanne, where Gibbon resided from 1783 to 1793, is thus described in another portion of his memoirs:—"I occupied a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of Mr. Deyverdun, a Swiss friend; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Lemane Lake, and the prospect far beyond the lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintance had been first united in London; but this happy position of my library in town and country was finally reserved for Lausanne. Possessed of every comfort in this triple alliance, I could not be tempted to change my habitation with the changes of the season."

* Now the church of the Zocalants, or Franciscan Friars.

- in 1842. Both works met with considerable success, and have been re-published in "Murray's Home and Colonial Library." "Lavengro the Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest," appeared in 1851; the "Romany Rye," a sequel to Lavengro, in 1857; and "Wild Wales," in 1864.]

It is impossible to state for certainty the exact year of the first appearance of the Gypsies in Spain, but it is reasonable to presume that it was early in the fifteenth century; as in the year 1417 numerous bands entered France from the north-east of Europe, and speedily spread themselves over the greatest part of that country. Of these wanderers a French author has left the following graphic description:—"On the 17th of April, 1427, appeared in Paris twelve penitents of Egypt, driven from thence by the Saracens; they brought in their company one hundred and twenty persons; they took up their quarters in La Chapelle, whither the people flocked in crowds to visit them. They had their ears pierced, from which depended a ring of silver; their hair was black and crispy, and their women were filthy to a degree, and were sorceresses, who told fortunes."

Such were the people who, after traversing France, and scaling the sides of the Pyrenees, poured down in various bands upon the sun-burnt plains of Spain. Wherever they had appeared they had been looked upon as a curse and a pestilence, and with much reason. Either unwilling or unable to devote themselves to any laborious or useful occupation, they came light flights of wasps, to prey upon the fruits which their more industrious fellow-beings amassed by the toil of their hands and the sweat of their foreheads; the natural result being, that wherever they arrived, their fellow-creatures banded themselves against them. Terrible laws were enacted soon after their appearance in France, calculated to put a stop to their frauds and dishonest propensities; wherever their hordes were found they were attacked by the incensed rustics, or by the armed hand of justice; and those who were not massacred on the spot, or could not escape by flight, were, without a shadow of trial, either hanged on the next tree or sent to serve for life in the galleys; or, if females or children, either scourged or mutilated.

The consequence of this severity, which, considering the manners and spirit of the time, is scarcely to be wondered at, was the speedy disappearance of the Gypsies from the soil of France.

Many returned by the way they came, to Germany, Hungary, and the woods and forests of Bohemia; but there is little doubt that by far the greater portion found a refuge in the Peninsula, a country which, though by no means so rich and fertile as the one they had quitted, nor offering so wide and ready a field for the exercise of those fraudulent arts for which their race had become so infamously

notoribus, was, nevertheless, in many respects, suitable and congenial to them. If there were less gold and silver in the purses of the citizens to reward the dexterous handler of the knife and scissors amidst the crowd in the market-place; if fewer sides of fatted swine graced the ample chimney of the labourer in Spain, than in the neighbouring country; if fewer beeves bellowed in the plains, and fewer sheep bleated upon the hills, there were far better opportunities afforded of indulging in wild independence. Should the halberded bands of the city be ordered out to quell, seize, or exterminate them; should the alcade of the village cause the tocsin to be rung, gathering together the *villanos* for a similar purpose, the wild sierra was generally at hand, which, with its winding paths, its caves, its frowning precipices, and ragged thickets, would offer to them a secure refuge where they might laugh to scorn the rage of their baffled pursuers, and from which they might emerge either to fresh districts or to those which they had left, to repeat their ravages when opportunity served.

After crossing the Pyrenees, a very short time elapsed before the Gypsy hordes had bivouacked in the principal provinces of Spain. There can, indeed, be little doubt that, shortly after their arrival, they made themselves perfectly acquainted with all the secrets of the land, and that there was scarcely a nook or retired corner within Spain, from which the smoke of their fires had not arisen or where their cattle had not grazed. People, however, so acute as they have always proverbially been, would scarcely be slow in distinguishing the provinces most adapted to their manner of life, and most calculated to afford them opportunities of practising those arts to which they were mainly indebted for their subsistence; the savage hills of Biscay, of Galicia, and the Asturias, whose inhabitants were almost as poor as themselves, which possessed no superior breed of horses or mules from amongst which they might pick and purloin many a gallant beast, and having transformed by their dexterous scissors, impose him again upon his rightful master for a high price,—such provinces where, moreover, provisions were hard to be obtained, even by pilfering hands, could scarcely be supposed to offer strong temptations to these roving visitors to settle down in or to vex and harass by a long sojourn.

Valencia and Murcia found far more favour in their eyes; a far more fertile soil, and wealthier inhabitants, were better calculated to entice them; there was a prospect of plunder, and likewise a prospect of safety, a refuge, should the dogs of justice be roused against them. If there were the populous town and village in those lands, there was likewise the lone waste and uncultivated spot, to which they could

retire when danger threatened them. Still more suitable to them must have been La Mancha, a land of tillage, of horses, and of mules, skirted by its brown sierra, ever eager to afford its shelter to their dusky race. Equally suitable Estremadura and New Castile; but far, far more, Andalusia, with its three kingdoms, Jaen, Granada, and Seville, one of which was still possessed by the swarthy Moor,—Andalusia, the land of the proud steed and the stubborn mule, the land of the savage sierra and the fruitful and cultivated plain: to Andalusia they hied in bands of thirties and sixties; the hoofs of their asses might be heard clattering in the passes of the stony hills; the girls might be seen bounding in lascivious dance in the streets of many a town, and the beldames standing beneath the caves telling the “buena ventura” to many a credulous female dupe; the men the while chattered in the fair and market-place with the labourers and chalanes, casting significant glances on each other, or exchanging a word or two in Romany, whilst they placed some uncouth animal in a particular posture, which served to conceal its ugliness from the eyes of the chapman. Yes, of all provinces of Spain Andalusia was the most frequented by the Gitano race, and in Andalusia they most abound at the present day, though no longer as restless, independent wanderers of the fields and hills, but as residents in villages and towns, especially in Seville.—*The Zincali*, Part I. chap. 1.

12.—TEUFELSDRÖCKI'S NIGHT VIEW OF THE CITY.

[CARLYLE, 1795.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire, Dec. 4, 1795, was educated at the parish school, the grammar-school of Annan, and the University of Edinburgh. Embracing literature as a profession, he contributed some articles to Brewster's “Edinburgh Encyclopædia” and the reviews. He published a translation of “Legendre's Geometry” in 1824. The “Sartor Resartus” appeared in “Fraser's Magazine,” 1833-4. The first work which bore his name was “The French Revolution, a History,” published in three volumes in 1837. “Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations, and a Connecting Narrative,” appeared in 1845. The first and second volumes of his “Life of Frederick the Great” appeared in 1858, and the third and fourth volumes in 1864. Carlyle, with 1827 married Miss Welch, left Scotland to reside in London in 1834.]

I LOOK down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weather-

cock,* no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestlapped, and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather: there, top-laden, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling-in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling-out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? From Eternity onwards to Eternity! These are apparitions: what else? Are they not souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link, in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more. "*Ach, mein Lieber!*" said Teufelsdröckh once, at midnight, when we had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient region of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh! under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of

hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his pick-locks and crow-bars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore, in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rakenstein*!—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishhest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them:—crammed-in, like salted fish, in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: *such* work goes on under that snake-counterpane!—But I sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars!"—*Sartor Resartus*, chap. iii.

13.—LINES ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

[COWPER, 1731—1800.

[WILLIAM COWPER, descended from a good family, was born at Great Berkhamstead, November 18, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, and called to the bar in 1754, though he did not follow the profession. He contributed to various periodicals, and was appointed clerk of the journals to the House of Lords in 1763. Insanity showed itself, and he was confined in a private asylum. Having recovered, he applied himself to literature, and published a volume of poems in 1782. "The Task" appeared in 1785, and his translation of "Homer," in two volumes quarto, in 1791. A pension was granted to him in 1794, and he died April 25, 1800. Several biographies of the poet have been published, the principal being by W. Hayley in 1803, by R. Southey in 1833-7, and by T. S. Grimshawe in 1836.]

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss——
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown:
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Of gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,

'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissue'd flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart ;—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no :—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
Then sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,

While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
 "Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar!"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Yet O, the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine;
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

14.—THE MAJESTY OF CHRIST.

[REV. W. A. BUTLER, 1814—1848.]

[WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER was born at Annervine, near Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1814. Bred a Roman Catholic, he became a Protestant, and studied at Trinity College, Dublin, to which he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1837. He died at an early age, July 5, 1848. Since his death some of his lectures and sermons have been published; the most remarkable of these being "Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy," edited, with notes, by W. H. Thomson, published at Cambridge, in 1856; and "Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical," with a Memoir by the Rev. T. Woodward, published at Dublin in 1848.]

IN such a subject as this, what can one say which is not unworthy of it? It were vain to try amplification or ornament of such things as these. This matter is far vaster than our vastest conception, infi-

nitely grander than our loftiest ; yet overpoweringly awful as it is, how familiarity still reconciles us to hearing of it without awe ! Perhaps even the overpowering greatness of the subject makes us despair of conceiving it at all. All the wonders of God fall deadly on unfitted minds. And thus men learn listlessly to hear words without even an effort to attach ideas to them ; and this is not least the case with those who dispute the most bitterly about the lifeless words themselves. In such a case all that can be done is to endeavour to devise some mode of meeting this miserable influence of habit, by forcing the mind to make some faint effort to realize the infinite magnificence of the subject. Let us endeavour, then, to approach it thus.

You are wandering (I will suppose) in some of the wretched retreats of poverty, upon some mission of business or charity. Perplexed and wearied amid its varieties of misery, you chance to come upon an individual whose conversation and mien attract and surprise you. Your attention enkindled by the gracious benevolence of the stranger's manner, you inquire, and the astounding fact reveals itself, that in this lone and miserable scene you have, by some strange conjuncture, met with one of the great lights of the age, one belonging to a different and distant sphere, one of the leaders of universal opinion on whom your thoughts had long been busied, and whom you had for years desired to see. The singular accident of an interview so unexpected fills and agitates your mind. You form a thousand theories as to what strange cause could have brought him *there*. You recall how he spoke and looked ; you call it an epoch in your life to have witnessed so startling an occurrence, to have beheld one so distinguished, in a scene so much out of all possibility of anticipation. And this, even though he were in no wise apparently connected with it except as witnessing and compassionating its groups of misery.

Yet again, something more wonderful than this is easily conceivable. Upon the same stage of wretchedness a loftier personage may be imagined. In the wild revolutions of fortune even monarchs have been wanderers. Suppose this, then,—improbable indeed, but not impossible surely. And then what feelings of respectful pity, of deep and earnest interest, would thrill your frame, as you contemplated such a one cast down from all that earth can minister of luxury and power, from the head of councils and of armies, to seek a home with the homeless, to share the bread of destitution, and feed on the charity of the scornful ! How the depths of human nature are stirred by such events ! how they find an echo in the recesses of our hearts, these terrible espousals of majesty and misery !

But this will not suffice. There are beings within the mind's easy conception that far overpass the glories of the statesman and the

monarch of our earth. Men of even no extreme ardour of fancy, when once instructed as to the vastness of our universe, have yearned to know of the life and intelligence that animate and that guide those distant regions of creation which science has so abundantly and so wonderfully revealed; and have dared to dream of the communications that might subsist,—and that may yet in another state of existence subsist,—with the beings of such spheres. Conceive, then, no longer the mighty of our world in this strange union with misery and degradation, but the presiding spirit of one of these orbs; or multiply his power, and make him the deputed governor, the vicegerent angel, of a million of those orbs that are spread in their myriads through infinity. Think what it would be to be permitted to hold high converse with such a delegate of heaven as this; to find this lord of a million worlds the actual inhabitant of our own; to see him and yet live; to learn the secrets of his immense administration, and hear of forms of being of which men can now have no more conception than the insect living on a leaf has of the forest that surrounds him. Still more, to find in this being an interest, a real interest in the affairs of our little corner of the universe; of that earthly cell which, in point of fact, is absolutely invisible from the nearest fixed star that sparkles in the heavens above us. Nay, to find him willing to throw aside his glorious toils of empire, in order to meditate our welfare, and dwell among us for a time. This surely would be wondrous, appalling, and yet transporting; such as that, when it had passed away, life would seem to have nothing more it could offer compared to the being blessed with such an intercourse!

And now mark,—behind all the visible scenery of nature; beyond all the systems of all the stars; around this whole universe, and through the infinity of infinite space itself; from all eternity and to all eternity; there lives a Being, compared to whom that mighty spirit just described, with his empire of a million suns, is infinitely less than to you is the minutest mote that floats in the sunbeam.

There is a Being in whose breath lives the whole immense of worlds, who with the faintest wish could blot them all from existence, and who, after they had all vanished away like a dream, would remain, filling the whole tremendous solitude they left, as unimpaired in all the fulness of His might as when He first scattered them around Him to be the flaming beacons of His glory. With Him, co-infinite with immensity, coeval with eternity, the universe is a span, its duration a moment. Hear His voice attesting His own eternal sovereignty: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." But *who* is He that thus builds the throne of His glory upon
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perishing universe, Himself alone eternal and impassible? The child of a Jewish woman, brethren, He who, as on this day, was laid in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem!—*Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical—Sermon on the Mystery of the Incarnation, Luke i. 35.*

15.—THE LONG LIFE OF BOOKS.

[REV. R. A. WILLMOTT, 1863.]

[ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, born at the commencement of the century, was presented to St. Catherine's, Bearwood, Berkshire, in 1846. His "Lives of the Sacred Poets" appeared in 1838. "Bishop Jeremy Taylor and his Contemporaries," was published in 1847, and his "Journal of Summer Time in the Country," in 1849. The "Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature" was published in 1851. The Rev. R. A. Willmott, who wrote other books, and edited the works of several English poets, died at Nettlebed, Oxon, May 27, 1863.]

THERE are two aspects under which we might regard language as a channel for communicating instruction and pleasure. One would be SPEECH. How astonishing it is to know that a man may stand in the crowd of learned or ignorant, thoughtful or reckless hearers—all the elements of reason and passion tumultuously tossed together—and knock at the door of each heart in succession! Think how this wonder has been wrought already. By Demosthenes waving the stormy democracy into a calm, from a sunny hill-side; by Plato, enchainning the souls of his disciples under the boughs of a dim plane-tree; by Cicero, in the stern silence of the Forum; by our own Chatham, in the chapel of St. Stephen. They knocked and entered, wandered through the bosoms of their hearers, threaded the dark labyrinths of feeling, aroused the fiercest passions in their lone concealment. They did more. In every heart they erected a throne, and gave laws. The Athenian populace started up with one accord and one cry to a march upon Philip; the Senate throbbed with indignation at Catiline; and the British Parliament was dissolved for a few hours, that it might recover from the wand of the enchanter.

But it is in the second manifestation of language that the most marvellous faculty resides; the written outlives and art dazzles the spoken word. The life of rhetoric perishes with the rhetorician; it darkens with his eye, stiffens with his hand, freezes with his tongue. The bows of eloquence are buried with the archers. Where is the splendid declamation of Bolingbroke? It has vanished, like his own image, from the grass-plats of Twickenham.

That intellect, to which the printing-press gives a body, an unquenchable spirit inhabits. Literature is the immortality of speech. It embalms

monarch of our earth. Men of even no extreme ardour of fancy, when once instructed as to the vastness of our universe, have yearned to know of the life and intelligence that animate and that guide those distant regions of creation which science has so abundantly and so wonderfully revealed; and have dared to dream of the communications that might subsist,—and that may yet in another state of existence subsist,—with the beings of such spheres. Conceive, then, no longer the mighty of our world in this strange union with misery and degradation, but the presiding spirit of one of these orbs; or multiply his power, and make him the deputed governor, the vicegerent angel, of a million of those orbs that are spread in their myriads through infinity. Think what it would be to be permitted to hold high converse with such a delegate of heaven as this; to find this lord of a million worlds the actual inhabitant of our own; to see him and yet live; to learn the secrets of his immense administration, and hear of forms of being of which men can now have no more conception than the insect living on a leaf has of the forest that surrounds him. Still more, to find in this being an interest, a real interest in the affairs of our little corner of the universe; of that earthly cell which, in point of fact, is absolutely invisible from the nearest fixed star that sparkles in the heavens above us. Nay, to find him willing to throw aside his glorious toils of empire, in order to meditate our welfare, and dwell among us for a time. This surely would be wondrous, appalling, and yet transporting; such as that, when it had passed away, life would seem to have nothing more it could offer compared to the being blessed with such an intercourse!

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perishing universe, Himself alone eternal and impassible? The child of a Jewish woman, brethren, He who, as on this day, was laid in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem!—*Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical—Sermon on the Mystery of the Incarnation, Luke i. 35.*

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for all ages the departed kings of learning, and watches over their repose in the eternal pyramids of fame. The sumptuous cities which have lighted the world since the beginning of time, are now beheld only in the pictures of the historian or the poet. Homer rebuilds Troy, and Thucydides renews the war of Peloponnesus. The dart that pierced the Persian breast-plate moulders in the dust of Marathon; but the arrow of Pindar quivers, at this hour, with the life of his bow; like the discus of Hippomedon—

"Jamque procul meminit dextræ, servatque tenorem."

We look with grateful eyes upon this preservative power of literature. When the Gothic night descended over Europe, Virgil and Livy were nearly forgotten and unknown; but far away in lone corners of the earth amid silence and shadow, the ritual of Genius continued to be solemnized; without war, barbarism, storm, and darkness—within, light, fragrance, and music. So the sacred fire of Learning burst upon its scattered shrines, until torch after torch carried the flame over the world.

One of the Spanish romancers shows Cydippe contemplating herself in a glass, and the power of Venus making the reflection permanent. The fable has a new and a pleasanter reading in the history of literature. A book becomes a mirror, with the author's face shining over it. Talent only gives an imperfect image—the broken glimmer of a countenance. But the features of genius remain unruffled. Time guards the shadow. Beauty, the spiritual Venus—whose children are the Tassos, the Spensers, the Beacons—breathes the magic of her love, and fixes the face for ever.

These glasses of fancy, eloquence, or wisdom, possess a stranger power. Illuminated by the sun of fame, they throw rays over watchful and reverent admirers. The beholder carries away some of the gilding lustre. And thus it happens that the light of Genius never sets, but sheds itself upon other faces in different hues of splendour. Homer glows in the softened beauty of Virgil, and Spenser revives in the decorated learning of Gray.—*Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature*, § ii.

16.—THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

[REV. G. CROLY, 1780—1860.

[GEORGE CROLY was born in Dublin in 1780, and educated at Trinity College, in that city. His first publication was a poem, "Paris, in 1815." "The Angel of the World," another poem, appeared in 1820; "Catiline," a tragedy, in 1821; "Pride shall have a Fall," in 1824; and "Salathiel," a romance, in 1827. Dr. Croly, who was appointed afternoon preacher at the Foundling Hospital, London, in 1847, was

rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. He contributed largely to various periodicals and newspapers, and published several works in addition to those of which the titles are given above. He died in London, November 24, 1860.]

THE fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of Roman polity; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was as the grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air; visions starting us from our short and troubled sleep; lunacy in its most hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigour; the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads; we had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence; the most probable of all in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with the unburied; though every wall and trench was streaming with gore; though six hundred thousand corpses flung over the rampart lay naked to the sun—pestilence came not; for, if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But, “the abomination of desolation,” the pagan standard, was fixed; where it was to remain, until the plough passed over the ruins of Jerusalem! •

On one fatal night, that fatal night! no man laid his head upon the pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned over us; the ground shook under our feet: the volcano blazed: the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead, in whirlwinds, far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our side, swelled by a new deluge. The lakes and rivers roared, and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire. Showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heaven. Lightning in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests on flame, and the shattered summits of the hills. •

Defence was now unthought of; for the mortal hostility had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was, to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and the spear, and crouched before the descending judgment. • We were conscience smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. • We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the sepulchres, to escape the wrath that con-

sumed' the living; we would have buried ourselves 'under the mountains!

I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause, and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly, that they were to die; and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed me through streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But, beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of cloud, whose darkness was palpable, even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Still, not to be daunted by anything that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept downward by a gust, that tore the rocks in a flinty shower round me.

Now, came the last and most wonderful sign, that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill; and the vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on their edges; and the clouds rose, and rapidly shaped themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. The lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement. In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture, which continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven the colossal image of the first Temple, the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the visible glory. All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout, that in the midst of their despair, ascended from thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances were there. But, a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world. Never fell on my ear, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur. The cloudy portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see, but once, again; the guardian angels of the city of David!—they came forth glorious, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their celestial beauty. "Let us go hence," was their song of sorrow.—"Let us go hence," was answered by sad echoes of the moun-

taits.—“Let us go hence,” swelled upon the night, to the farthest limits of the land. The procession lingered long on the summit of the hill. Then the thunder pealed; and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Their chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. The thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the winds; and darkness, the omen of her grave, settled upon Jerusalem!—*Salathiel, the Immortal*, ch. lxiv.

17.—THE LIFE OF BISHOP AIDAN.

[BEDE, 674—735.]

[BEDA, OR BEDE, better known as the Venerable Bede, was born near Wearmouth between the years 672 and 677; the Rev. J. Stevenson contends for 674. At seven years of age he went into the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, took deacon's orders in his nineteenth, and was ordained priest in his thirtieth year. Bede devoted his time to study, and about 734 published, in Latin, his “Ecclesiastical History of England.” To this work Bede appended a list of the other books he had written. His Ecclesiastical History was translated into the Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, and was first printed about 1474. The first English edition, by Thomas Stapleton, was published at Antwerp in 1563. The Rev. J. Stevenson edited the Latin text, and wrote a memoir of Bede for the Historical Society in 1838. Another English edition has been published in Bohn's Antiquarian Library. Bede died at Jarrow, May 26, 735, and was buried in the church of the monastery, but his bones were in the eleventh century removed to the Cathedral of Durham, in the Galilee of which may still be seen the stone bearing the inscription—

“Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ venerabilis ossa;”

rendered in a monkish rhyme—

“Here lie beneath these stones
Venerable Bede's bones.”

His life, written by Capt. John Stevens, appeared in 1723; by the Rev. J. Stevenson (English Historical Society) in 1838; and by Dr. Giles in 1842.]

FROM the aforesaid island,* and college of Monks, was Aidan sent to instruct the English nation in Christ, having received the dignity of a bishop at the time when Segenius,† abbat and priest, presided over that monastery; whence, among other instructions for life, he left the clergy a most salutary example of abstinence or continence; it was the highest commendation of his doctrine, with all men, that he

* Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, which was made his episcopal see by King Oswald. Bede (B. III. c. 3) says: “Which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island; and again, twice in the day, when the shore is left dry, becomes contiguous to the land.”

† The fourth abbat from St. Columba.

taught "no otherwise than he and his followers had lived; for he neither sought nor loved anything of this world, but delighted in distributing immediately among the poor whatsoever was given him by the kings or rich men of the world. He was wont to traverse both town and country on foot, never on horseback, unless compelled by some urgent necessity; and wherever in his way he saw any, either rich or poor, he invited them, if infidels, to embrace the mystery of the faith; or if they were believers, to strengthen them in the faith, and to stir them up by words and actions to alms and good works.

His course of life was so different from the slothfulness of our times, that all those who bore him company, whether they were shorn monks or laymen, were employed in meditation, that is, either in reading the Scriptures, or learning psalms. This was the daily employment of himself and all that were with him, wheresoever they went; and if it happened, which was but seldom, that he was invited to eat with the king, he went with one or two clerks, and having taken a small repast, made haste to be gone with them, either to read or write. At that time, many religious men and women, stirred up by his example, adopted the custom of fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays, till the ninth hour, throughout the year, except during the fifty days after Easter. He never gave money to the powerful men of the world, but only meat, if he happened to entertain them; and, on the contrary, whatsoever gifts of money he received from the rich, he either distributed them, as has been said, to the use of the poor, or bestowed them in ransoming such as had been wrongfully sold for slaves. Moreover, he afterwards made many of those he had ransomed his disciples, and after having taught and instructed them, advanced them to the order of priesthood.

It is reported, that when King Oswald had asked a bishop of the Scots to administer the word of faith to him and his nation, there was first sent to him another man of more austere disposition, who, meeting with no success, and being unregarded by the English people, returned home, and in an assembly of the elders reported that he had not been able to do any good to the nation he had been sent to preach to, because they were uncivilized men, and of a stubborn and barbarous disposition. They, as is testified, in a great council seriously debated what was to be done, being desirous that the nation should receive the salvation it demanded, and grieving that they had not received the preacher sent to them. Then said Aidan, who was also present in the council, to the priest then spoken of, "I am of opinion, brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers than you ought to have been, and did not at first, conformably to the apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, till being by degrees

nourished with the word of God, they should be capable of greater perfection, and be able to practise God's sublimer precepts." Having heard these words, all present began diligently to weigh what he had said, and presently concluded that he deserved to be made a bishop, and ought to be sent to instruct the incredulous and unlearned; since he was found to be endued with singular discretion, which is the mother of other virtues, and accordingly being ordained, they sent him to their friend, King Oswald, to preach; and he, as time proved, afterwards appeared to possess all other virtues, as well as the discretion for which he was before remarkable.—*Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England*, (Bohn's Antiq. Lib.), B. III. c. 5.

18.—THE LEGEND OF KING SOLOMON AND THE HOOPOES.

[THE HON. R. CURZON, 1810.]

[THE Honourable Robert Curzon, the son of the Baroness de la Zouche, was born in 1810, and received his education at the Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. Having entered the diplomatic service, he was appointed private secretary to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. In this capacity Mr. Curzon obtained access to the monasteries and religious houses of the Levant, and collected many valuable manuscripts and books. "Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant" appeared in 1848. This was followed by "Armenia; a Residence at Erzeroum," published in 1854.]

IN the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now, when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O, vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards

the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back in our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers, like the neck of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king! we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun. When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshéa, he commanded that the king of hoopoes should stand before his feet.

"Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe?—and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?"

Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honour of standing before the feet of the king; and making his obeisance and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live for ever! Let a day be given to thy servant, to consider with his queen and his counsellors what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so,"

And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each

of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some, wished for blue and green feathers, some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds."

And the words of the queen and the princesses, her daughters, prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head, and all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves, as it were, in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops, her cousins, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass," and he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweller told him that they were of pure gold, and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and

the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny.

At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly, in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now, when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.—*Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, chap. xii.

19.—THE TUILÉRIES.

[CROKER, 1780—1857.

[JOHN WILSON CROKER, the representative of a branch of an ancient Devonshire family, was born at Galway, December 20, 1780. Educated at a school in Cork and Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1802. His first production, "Familiar Epistles to J. F. Jones, Esq., on the Present State of the Irish Stage," appeared in 1803. In May, 1807, Mr. Croker was returned to Parliament, and in 1809, he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty. Mr. Croker, who retired from Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill, contributed largely to the "Quarterly Review," and edited several important works; amongst others, an edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In 1857, some of his contributions to the "Quarterly" were re-published, under the title, "Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution." Mr. Croker died Aug. 10, 1857.]

At the western extremity of Paris there stood, up to the time of Francis I., an irregular mass of Gothic towers, called the Louvre, in which, as was the custom of those early ages, were combined a palace, a prison, and a fortress, which protected the town on the west side, as the Bastille did on the east. Francis, finding this building unfit for a residence, and not worth repairing, began, and his son, Henry II., completed a more regular edifice in the Italian taste, which is now the western side of the *vieux* Louvre. This new edifice was, however, soon surrounded by the encroachments of the increasing town; and

his widow, Catherine de Medicis, wishing to have a residence of her own when her son should occupy the Louvre, began in the open country to the westward, on a piece of ground called, from the use then made of it, *Les Tuileries*, the magnificent palace now known by that name; and her sons, three successive kings of France, continued the work by additional wings and pavilions. In the meanwhile, the town continued to increase, and the space between the two palaces was covered with buildings, and grew, and continued, up to 1804, to be a closely built and densely inhabited quarter of the city. Whether in pursuance of Catherine's original design, or from his own, her second son, Charles IX., determined to unite his two palaces by the celebrated gallery along the river side. This was continued by his brother, Henry III., and completed by Henry IV.; so far, at least, that we know that, on the 1st May, 1610, exactly a fortnight before the day of his death, he walked from the Tuileries to the Louvre along "*la grande galerie*" arm in arm with the Duc de Guise and the Marshal de Bassompierre. We note this because some writers attribute the completion of the gallery to Louis XIII. and to Louis XIV.; nay, we have even met persons in France and England so ignorant as to attribute both the design and execution to Buonaparte. No doubt, both Louis XIII. and XIV. continued the works at both palaces, but it seems certain that the gallery was so far completed by Henry IV., that the espousals of the Prince de Condé with Mademoiselle de Montmorenci were celebrated there in 1609, and that Henry himself walked through it, as we have said, in 1610. Buonaparte's only, but not inglorious, share in the gallery, was the splendid execution of a design proposed, and even begun, in the reign of Louis XVI., for appropriating it to the reception and exhibition of objects of science and of art.

But the vast space now open between the two palaces was, to a recent period, covered with houses, which ran up close to both. The front of the Tuileries, especially, was encumbered and disfigured by a number of mean, irregular buildings, domestic offices, porters' lodges, barracks, stables, and the like, which formed four courts, of which that to the south was called *La Cour des Princes*; the next, and largest, occupying about a third of the whole space, called *La Cour Royale*, formed the main approach to the palace. It was enclosed by an ordinary wall, through which there were close wooden gates, from *La Place du Carrousel*. This place was a kind of square, where three or four streets met. About what was its centre, Buonaparte's Arch now occupies the site where the first permanent guillotine had been erected. The domestic offices and adjuncts that disfigured this side of the Tuileries seem to have been almost necessary, if the palace were

to be a residence. Their removal, so advantageous in an artistical view, has rendered it a most uncomfortable, and, in the neighbourhood of so turbulent a population, dangerous residence, for it has no internal light or air. Every entrance and window open on public thoroughfares, and are, of course, subjected to the sight, and possibly to the fire, of the people in the surrounding houses and streets. During the time that Louis XVI. and his family inhabited it, they could take no exercise but on the terrace next the river, and then only early in the morning; and even that was soon interdicted to them by the increasing impatience and insolence of the mob; and the Queen herself complained to Dumouriez, that "even in the summer evenings she could not open the window for a little fresh air without being exposed to the grossest invectives and menaces."

It is evident that an edifice so circumstanced, however noble as a palace for royal representations, was a very unsafe one as a royal residence.* It had not, however, been so occupied for near a century till the violences of the 6th of October dragged the royal family from Versailles, and confined them in this stately prison, in which they languished rather than lived, under a close surveillance, daily insults, and frequent perils, till the crowning catastrophe of the *tenth of August*, which, atrocious as it was in its purpose and disastrous in its results, had the unforeseen consequence of removing the obstructions we have described, and making the first opening towards that magnificent esplanade which now extends from the Tuileries to the Louvre. That fatal day sent the monarch to a stronger prison, but it liberated the palaces.†—*Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. Essay III.

20.—ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

[KEATS, 1795—1821.]

[JOHN KEATS was born in London, Oct. 29, 1795. He received a scanty education, never having learned Greek, and is said to have taken his mythology from Tooke's "Pantheon" and Lempriere's Dictionary. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, and on repairing to London to walk the hospitals became acquainted with Leigh Hunt and other literary men. Much of his time was spent in writing poetry, and in 1817 he published a small volume of poems, followed by

* The Convention, when they occupied it, found it equally insecure. The hall where they sat (the theatre) was in a frequent state of siege, often attacked, and twice at least stormed.

† In another part of this essay the author remarks:—"The great work of completing the projected junction of the Tuileries and the Louvre has been of late carried out with great architectural magnificence and effect." The description is valuable, as

"The Endymion" in 1818. The latter work was sharply criticised in "The Quarterly" and in "Blackwood," and for some time his early death was erroneously attributed to the severity with which he had been assailed. Byron makes the following allusion to this circumstance in "Don Juan" (canto xi. s. 60):—

"John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

The truth is that he fell a victim to consumption. He repaired to Italy in the hope of restoring his health, and died at Rome Feb. 27, 1821; his last words being, "Thank God it has come." John Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. A memoir by R. Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) is prefixed to a collected edition of his poetical works, published in 1854.]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singer of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Lovepine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

21.—OF PARADISE. Gen. ii. and iii.

[BISHOP HALL, 1574—1656.

[JOSEPH HALL, born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, July 1, 1574, and educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was made Dean of Worcester in 1617. He was one of the English deputies at the synod of Dort in 1618, was appointed Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and was translated to Norwich in 1641. Having with other bishops protested against the validity of all laws passed during their enforced absence from Parliament, he was sent to the Tower in November, 1641. At the end of seven months he was released on giving bail for £5000, when he found that the revenues of his see had been sequestered. In 1647, he retired to a small farm at Higham, near Norwich, where he died in poverty September 8, 1656. Bishop Hall was a very prolific writer. His "Virgidemiarium," a collection of satires, appeared in 1599 or in 1602; and his "Characters of Virtues and Vices," in 1608; and "Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story," 1612-15. A Life, by the Rev. J. Pratt, is prefixed to his edition of his works, published in 1808.]

MAN could no sooner see than he saw himself happy: his eyesight and reason were both perfect at once, and the objects of both were able to make him as happy as he would. When he first opened his eyes, he saw heaven above him, earth under him, the creatures about him, God before him; he knew what all these things meant, as if he had been long acquainted with them all; he saw the heavens glorious, but far off: his Maker thought it requisite to fit him with a paradise nearer home. If God had appointed him immediately to heaven, his body had been superfluous; it was fit his body should be answered

with an earthen image of that heaven, which was for his soul : had man been made only for contemplation, it would have served as well to have been placed in some vast desert ; on the top of some barren mountain ; but the same power which gave him a heart to meditate gave him hands to work, and work fit for his hands.

Neither was it the purpose of the Creator, that man should but live ; pleasure may stand with innocence : he that rejoiced to see all that he had made to be good, rejoiceth to see all that he hath made to be well. God loves to see his creatures happy ; our lawful delight is his : they know not God that think to please him with making themselves miserable. The idolaters thought it a fit service for Baal to cut and lance themselves ; never any holy man looked for thanks from the true God, by wronging himself.

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden, a paradise. What excellent pleasures and rare varieties have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men ! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be beyond our capacity, excellent ! No herb, no flower, no tree, was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use, whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation. Why are we niggardly to ourselves, when God is liberal ? But, for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed.

Yet, behold ! that which was man's storehouse was also his work-house ; his pleasure was his task : paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed ; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work ; neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand ; he must labour because he was happy ; how much more we, that we may be ! This first labour of his was, as without necessity, so without pains, without weariness ; how much more cheerfully we go about our businesses, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

Neither did these trees afford him only action for his hands, but instruction to his heart ; for here he saw God's sacraments grow before him ; all other trees had a natural use, these two in the midst of the garden a spiritual. Life is the act of the soul, knowledge the life of the soul ; the tree of knowledge, and the tree of life, then, were ordained as earthly helps of the spiritual part. Perhaps he, which ordained the end, immortality of life, did appoint this fruit as the means of that life. It is not for us to inquire after the life we

had; and the means we should have had. I am sure it served to nourish the soul by a lively representation of that living tree whose fruit is eternal life, and whose leaves serve to heal the nations.

O, infinite mercy! Man saw his Saviour before him, ere he had need of a Saviour; he saw in whom he should recover a heavenly life ere he lost the earthly; but after he had tasted of the tree of knowledge, he might not taste of the tree of life; that immortal food was not for a mortal stomach; yet then did he most savour that invisible tree of life, when he was most restrained from the other. O Saviour, none but a sinner can relish thee, my taste hath been enough seasoned with the forbidden fruit to make it capable of thy sweetness; sharpen thou as well the stomach of my soul by repenting, by believing; so shall I eat, and, in despite of Adam, live for ever.

The one tree was for confirmation; the other for trial: one showed him what life he should have; the other what knowledge he should not desire to have. Alas! he, that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that he knew enough. How divine a thing is knowledge, whereof even innocency itself is ambitious! Satan knew what he did: if this bait had been gold, or honour, or pleasure, man had contemned it: who can hope to avoid error when even man's perfection is mistaken? He looked for speculative knowledge, he should have looked for experimental: he thought it had been good to know evil: good was large enough to have perfected his knowledge, and therein his blessedness.

All that God made was good, and the Maker of them much more good; they good in their kind, he good in himself. It would not content him to know God, and his creatures; his curiosity affected to know that which God never made, evil of sin, and evil of death, which indeed himself made by desiring to know them; now we know well evil enough, and smart with knowing it. How dear hath this lesson cost us, that in some cases it is better to be ignorant; and yet do the sons of Eve inherit this saucy appetite of their grandmother: how many thousand souls miscarry with the presumptuous affectation of forbidden knowledge! O God, thou hast revealed more than we can know, enough to make us happy: teach me a sober knowledge, and a contented ignorance.

Paradise was made for man, yet there I see the serpent. What marvel is it if my corruption find the serpent in my closet, in my table, in my bed, when our holy parents found him in the midst of paradise? No sooner he is entered, but he tempteth: he can no more be idle, than harmless. I do not see him at any other tree; he knew there was no danger in the rest; I see him at the tree forbidden. How true

a serpent is he in every point!—in his insinuation to the place, in his choice of the tree, in his assault of the woman, in his plausibleness of speech to avoid terror, in his question to move doubt, in his reply to work distrust, in his protestation of safety, in his suggestion to envy and discontent, in his promise of gain!

And if he were so cunning at the first, what shall we think of him now, after so many thousand years' experience? Only thou, O God, and those angels that see thy face, are wiser than he. I do not ask why, when he left his goodness, thou didst not bereave him of his skill. Still thou wouldst have made him an angel, though an evil one: and thou knowest how to ordain his craft to thine own glory. I do not desire thee to abate of his subtlety, but to make me wise; let me beg it without presumption, make me wiser than Adam: even thine image, which he bore, made him not through his own weakness, wise enough to obey thee; thou offeredst him all fruits, and restrainedst but one; Satan offered him but one, and restrained not the rest: when he chose rather to be at Satan's feeding than thine, it was just with thee to turn him out of thy gates with a curse: why shouldst thou feed a rebel at thine own board?

And yet we transgress daily, and thou shuttest not heaven against us: how is it that we find more mercy than our forefathers? His strength is worthy of severity, our weakness finds pity. That God, from whose face he fled in the garden, now makes him with shame to fly out of the garden: those angels, that should have kept him, now keep the gates of paradise against him; it is not so easy to recover happiness as to keep it, or lose it: yea, the same cause that drove man from paradise, hath also withdrawn paradise from the world.

That fiery sword did not defend it against those waters, wherewith the sins of men drowned the glory of that place: neither now do I care to seek where that paradise was, which we lost: I know where that paradise is, which we must care to seek and hope to find. As man was the image of God, so was that earthly paradise an image of heaven; both the images are defaced, both the first patterns are eternal: Adam was in the first, and staid not: in the second, is the second Adam which said, *This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.* There was that chosen vessel, and heard and saw what could not be expressed: by how much the third heaven exceeds the richest earth; so much doth that paradise, whereto we aspire, exceed that which we have lost.—*Contemplations*, Book I., Contemplation 5.

22.—OF TRAVEL.

[LORD BACON, 1561—1626.

[FRANCIS BACON, youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, was born at York House, in the Strand, London, January 22, 1561. From Trinity College, Cambridge, he went to Gray's Inn, was called to the bar June 27, 1582, and made a bench in 1586. He held various appointments, was returned member for Middlesex in 1592, and was knighted in 1603. He was made Attorney-general in 1613, Keeper of the Great Seal in 1617, and Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Verulam, in 1618. In 1620 he was created Viscount St. Alban. Having been found guilty of receiving bribes, he was, in 1621, deprived of his offices, disqualified for public life, fined £40,000, and imprisoned in the Tower. Lord Bacon, who soon obtained his release, devoted the remainder of his life to literary and scientific pursuits, and died at Highgate, near London, April 9, 1626. In his will he said, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen, after some time be passed over." The first edition of his "Essays," consisting only of ten, appeared in 1597; "The Advancement of Learning," in two books (afterwards enlarged to nine), in 1605; his "Wisdom of the Ancients," in Latin, in 1610; two books of the "Novum Organon" in 1620; and his "Reign of Henry VII." in 1622. Several collected editions of his works have been published. Lord Bacon was the father of English philosophy. Hallam ("Literary History," part iii. chap. 2.) says, "No books prior to those of Lord Bacon carried mankind so far on the road to truth; none have obtained so thorough a triumph over arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another; and he may be compared to those liberators of nations, who have given them laws by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage but their gratitude." Willmott ("Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature," § xii.), comments upon a passage in one of his works in these terms: "Lord Bacon considered that invention in young men is livelier than in old, and that imaginations stream into their minds more divinely. He has not defined the boundary of youth. His own thirty-sixth year had come, when he committed to the press those golden meditations which he called *Essays*. But it is noticeable that his style opened into richer bloom with every added summer of thought. Later editions contain passages of beauty not found in the earlier; and his 'Advancement of Learning,' published when he was forty-four, beams with the warmest lights of fancy."* Several biographies of Lord Bacon have been published. Much information will be found in his "Life" by Mallet, published in 1740, by Basil Montagu in 1825, and by R. L. Ellis in 1861.]

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor, or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go,† what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

* The reader is referred to F. Schlegel's criticism on Lord Bacon at pp. 94-7 of this manual.

† Murray's "Guides" have rendered this unnecessary.

It is a strange thing, that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations and lectures where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses;* ware-houses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card† or book describing the country where he travelleth; which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodgings from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him upon his removes from one place to another procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, what which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors, for so in travelling in one country he

* The old term for an exchange.

† An old term for a chart. It also meant the mariner's compass.

shall suck the experience of many.) Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; and let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.*—*Essay xviii.*

23.—THE CHOICE OF A NECKLACE.

[MISS AUSTEN, 1775—1817.

[JANE AUSTEN, born at Steventon, Hants, Dec. 16, 1775, received a very superior education under the care of her father, the rector of the parish, a man of considerable literary acquirements. Her first novel, "Sense and Sensibility," published anonymously in 1811, was very successful. It was followed by "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," the last having been published in 1816. These were all published anonymously, and it was not till after her death that any of her

* It has been remarked by many writers that Bacon makes no allusion to Shakespeare, and it has also been asserted that the great dramatist is not even quoted in his works. Though the first edition of *Hamlet* did not appear until 1603, the tragedy was acted at a much earlier period, and the "Essay on Travel" was not published until 1625. It is reasonable to suppose that Bacon, when he wrote this essay, had the advice of Polonius to Laertes in his mind:

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that."

Hamlet, act i. sc. 3.

works appeared with her name. "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" were both published in 1818. Miss Austen died at Winchester, July 24, 1817. A collected edition of her works appeared in Bentley's Standard Novels. Sir Walter Scott says of this authoress—"That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bou-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary-common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" Some account of this authoress will be found in an article by Dr. Whately in the "Quarterly Review," vol. xxiv.]

THURSDAY was the day of the ball, and on Wednesday morning, Fanny, still unable to satisfy herself as to what she ought to wear, determined to seek the counsel of the more enlightened, and apply to Mrs. Grant and her sister, whose acknowledged taste would certainly bear her blameless; and as Edmund and William were gone to Northampton, and she had reason to think Mr. Crawford likewise out, she walked down to the Parsonage without much fear of wanting an opportunity for private discussion; and the privacy of such a discussion was a most important part of it to Fanny, being more than half ashamed of her own solicitude.

She met Miss Crawford within a few yards of the Parsonage, just setting out to call on her, and as it seemed to her, that her friend, though obliged to insist on turning back, was unwilling to lose her walk, she explained her business at once, and observed, that if she would be so kind as to give her opinion, it might be all talked over as well without doors as within. Miss Crawford appeared gratified by the application, and after a moment's thought urged Fanny's returning with her in a much more cordial manner than before, and proposed their going up into her room, where they might have a comfortable coze, without disturbing Dr. and Mrs. Grant, who were together in the drawing-room. It was just the plan to suit Fanny; and with a great deal of gratitude on her side for such ready and kind attention, they proceeded in-doors, and up-stairs, and were soon deep in the interesting subject. Miss Crawford, pleased with the appeal, gave her all her best judgment and taste, made everything easy by her suggestions, and tried to make everything agreeable by her encouragement. The dress being settled in all its grander parts—"But what shall you have by way of necklace?" said Miss Crawford. "Shall not you wear your brother's cross?" And as she spoke she was undoing a small parcel, which Fanny had observed in her hand when they met. Fanny acknowledged her wishes and doubts on this point; she did not know how either to wear the cross, or to refrain from wearing it. She was answered by having a small crinklet-box placed before her, and being requested to choose from among several gold chains and neck-

laces. Such had been the parcel with which Miss Crawford was provided, and such the object of her intended visit: and in the kindest manner she now urged Fanny's taking one for the cross and to keep for her sake, saying everything she could think of to obviate the scruples which were making Fanny start back at first with a look of horror at the proposal.

"You see what a collection I have," said she, "more by half than I ever use or think of. I do not offer them as new. I offer nothing but an old necklace. You must forgive the liberty, and oblige me."

Fanny still resisted, and from her heart. The gift was too valuable. But Miss Crawford persevered, and argued the case with so much affectionate earnestness through all the heads of William and the cross, and the ball, and herself, as to be finally successful. Fanny found herself obliged to yield, that she might not be accused of pride or indifference, or some other littleness; and having with modest reluctance given her consent, proceeded to make the selection. She looked and looked, longing to know which might be least valuable; and was determined in her choice at last, by fancying there was one necklace more frequently placed before her eyes than the rest. It was of gold, prettily worked; and though Fanny would have preferred a longer and a plainer chain as more adapted for her purpose, she hoped, in fixing on this, to be choosing what Miss Crawford least wished to keep. Miss Crawford smiled her perfect approbation, and hastened to complete the gift by putting the necklace round her, and making her see how well it looked. Fanny had not a word to say against its becomingness, and, excepting what remained of her scruples, was exceedingly pleased with an acquisition so very apropos. She would rather, perhaps, have been obliged to some other person. But this was an unworthy feeling. Miss Crawford had anticipated her wants with a kindness which proved her a real friend. "When I wear this necklace I shall always think of you," added she, "and feel how very kind you were."

"You must think of somebody else, too, when you wear that necklace," replied Miss Crawford. "You must think of Henry, for it was his choice in the first place. He gave it to me, and with the necklace I make over to you all the duty of remembering the original giver. It is to be a family remembrancer. The sister is not to be in your mind without bringing the brother too."

Fanny, in great astonishment and confusion, would have returned the present instantly. To take what had been the gift of another person, of a brother too, impossible! it must not be! and with an eagerness and embarrassment quite diverting to her companion, she

laid down the necklace again on its cotton, and seemed resolved either to take another or none at all. Miss Crawford thought she had never seen a prettier consciousness. "My dear child," said she, laughing, "what are you afraid of? Do you think Henry will claim the necklace as mine, and fancy you did not come honestly by it? or are you imagining he would be too much flattered by seeing round your lovely throat, an ornament which his money purchased three years ago, before he knew there was such a throat in the world? or perhaps—looking archly—you suspect a confederacy between us, and that what I am now doing is with his knowledge and at his desire?"

With the deepest blushes Fanny protested against such a thought.

"Well, then," replied Miss Crawford, more seriously but without at all believing her, "to convince me that you suspect no trick, and are as unsuspicious of compliment as I have always found you, take the necklace and say no more about it. Its being a gift of my brother's need not make the smallest difference in your accepting it, as I assure you it makes none in my willingness to part with it. He is always giving me something or other. I have such innumerable presents from him that it is quite impossible for me to value, or for him to remember half. And as for this necklace, I do not suppose I have worn it six times: it is very pretty, but I never think of it; and though you would be most heartily welcome to any other in my trinket-box, you have happened to fix on the very one which, if I have a choice, I would rather part with and see in your possession than any other. Say no more against it, I entreat you. Such a trifle is not worth half so many words."

Fanny dared not make any further opposition; and with renewed but less happy thanks accepted the necklace again, for there was an expression in Miss Crawford's eyes which she could not be satisfied with.

It was impossible for her to be insensible of Mr. Crawford's change of manners. She had long seen it. He evidently tried to please her; he was gallant, he was attentive, he was something like what he had been to her cousins: he wanted, she supposed, to cheat her of her tranquillity as he had cheated them; and whether he might not have some concern in this necklace—— She could not be convinced that he had not, for Miss Crawford, complaisant as a sister, was careless as a woman and a friend.

Reflecting and doubting, and feeling that the possession of what she had so much wished for did not bring much satisfaction, she now walked home again, with a change rather than a diminution of cares since her treading that path before.—*Mansfield Park*, c. xxvi.

24.—THE BURNING OF ROME, A.D. 817.

[REV. C. MERIVALE, 1808.

[CHARLES MERIVALE, born in 1808, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was afterwards fellow and tutor. He was Select Preacher to the University in 1838-40, and one of the preachers at Whitehall in 1840-42. The first two volumes of his "History of the Romans under the Empire," were published in 1850; the third volume appeared in 1851, the fourth and fifth volumes in 1856, the sixth volume in 1858, and the seventh in 1862. A cheap edition, in eight vols., was published in 1865. The Rev. C. Merivale was appointed chaplain to the House of Commons, Feb. 4, 1863.]

BUT in the midst of these horrors, which steeped in the same fearful guilt the people and the prince together, Providence was preparing an awful chastisement; and was about to overwhelm Rome, like the cities of the Plain, in a sheet of retributive fire. Crowded, as the mass of the citizens were, in their close wooden dwelling-chambers, accidents were constantly occurring which involved whole streets and quarters of the city in wide-spreading conflagrations, and the efforts of the night-watch to stem these outbursts of fire, with few of the appliances, and little perhaps even of the discipline, of our modern police, were but imperfectly effectual. But the greatest of all the fires which desolated Rome was that which broke out on the 19th of July, in the year 817, the tenth of Nero, which began at the eastern end of the Circus, abutting on the valley between the Palatine and the Cælian hills. Against the outer walls of this edifice leant a mass of wooden booths and stores filled chiefly with combustible articles. The wind from the east drove the flames towards the corner of the Palatine, whence they forked in two directions, following the draught of the valleys. At neither point were they encountered by the massive masonry of halls or temples, till they had gained such head, that the mere intensity of the heat crumbled brick and stone like paper. The Circus itself was filled from end to end with wooden galleries, along which the fire coursed with a speed which defied all check and pursuit. The flames shot up to the heights adjacent, and swept the basements of many noble structures on the Palatine and Aventine. Again they plunged into the lowest levels of the city, the dense habitations and narrow winding streets of the Velabrum and Forum Boarium, till stopped by the river and the walls. At the same time another torrent rushed towards the Velia and the Esquiline, and sucked up all the dwellings within its reach; till it was finally arrested by the cliffs beneath the gardens of Mæcenas. Amidst the horror and confusion of the scene, the smoke, the blaze, the din and the scorching heat, with half the population, bond and free, cast loose and houseless into the streets, ruffians were seen to thrust blazing brands into the

buildings, who affirmed, when seized by the indignant sufferers, that they were acting with orders; and the crime, which was probably the desperate resource of slaves and robbers, was imputed by fierce suspicions to the government itself.

At such a moment of sorrow and consternation, every trifle is seized to confirm the suspicion of foul play. The flames, it seems, had subsided after raging for six days, and the wretched outcasts were beginning to take breath and visit the ruins of their habitations, when a second conflagration burst out in a different quarter. This fire commenced at the point where the *Æmilian* gardens of Tigellinus abutted on the outskirts of the city beneath the Pincian hill; and it was on Tigellinus himself, the object already of popular scorn if not of anger, that the suspicion now fell. The wind, it seems, had now changed, for the fire spread from the north-west towards the Quirinal and the Viminal, destroying the buildings, more sparsely planted, of the quarter denominated the *Via Lata*. Three days exhausted the fury of this second visitation, in which the loss of life and property was less, but the edifices it overthrew were generally of greater interest, shrines and temples of the gods, and halls and porticos devoted to the amusement or convenience of the people. Altogether the disaster, whether it sprang from accident or design, involved nearly the whole of Rome. Of the fourteen regions of the city, three, we are assured, were entirely destroyed; while seven others were injured more or less severely: four only of the whole number escaped unhurt. The fire made a complete clearance of the central quarters, leaving, perhaps, but few public buildings erect even on the Palatine and Aventine; but it was, for the most part, hemmed in by the crests of the surrounding eminences, and confined to the seething crater which had been the cradle of the Roman people. The day of its outburst, it was remarked, was that of the first burning of Rome by the Gauls, and some curious calculators computed that the addition of an equal number of years, months, and days together, would give the complete period which had elapsed in the long interval of her greatness. Of the number of houses and *insulæ* destroyed, Tacitus does not venture to hazard a statement; he only tantalizes us by his slender notice of the famous fanes and monuments which sank in the common ruin. Among them were the temple of Diana, which Servius Tullius had erected; the shrine and altar of Hercules, consecrated by Evander, as affirmed in the tradition impressed upon us by Virgil; the Romulean temple of Jupiter Stator, the remembrance of which thrilled the soul of the banished Ovid; the little Regia of Numa, which armed so many a sarcasm against the pride of consuls and imperators; the sanctuary of Vesta herself, with the Palladium, the Penates, and the ever-glowing

hearth of the Roman people. But the loss of these decayed, though venerable objects was not the worst disaster. Many an unblemished masterpiece of the Grecian pencil, or chisel, or graver,—the prize of victory,—was devoured by the flames; and amidst all the splendour with which Rome rose afterwards from her ashes, old men could lament to the historian the irreparable sacrifice of these ancient glories. Writings and documents of no common interest may have perished at the same time irrecoverably; and with them, trophies, images, and family devices. At a moment when the heads of patrician houses were falling rapidly by the sword, the loss of such memorials was the more deplorable; and from this epoch we may date the decay, which we shall soon discover, in the domestic traditions of the nobles.—*History of the Romans under the Empire*, chap. liii.

25.—THE ISLAND OF ZIPANGU OR JAPAN.

[MARCO POLO, 1254—1324.

[THIS celebrated Venetian traveller, born at Venice about 1254, accompanied his father, Niccolò Polo, and his uncle into Central Asia, and reached the court of Kublāi Khan in 1275. Kublāi, who took a great interest in the youthful Marco, sent him on several missions to China and India, and he is said to have been the first European who visited China Proper. The three Polos returned to Venice in 1295. Marco, who obtained command of a galley, was captured by the Genoese in their victory off the island of Curzola, September 8, 1296. In his captivity Marco related his travels, which were taken down by a fellow prisoner named Rusticbello, and in 1298 the manuscript was circulated. His narrative was very popular, and has been translated into most modern languages. Marco Polo died at Venice about 1324. The best English edition is the translation of Marsden, edited by T. Wright, and published in Bohn's Antiquarian Library in 1854. A biography of Marco Polo in Italian is prefixed to Count Baldelli's edition of his works, published at Florence in 1827, and a good account of this distinguished traveller is given in the introduction to Wright's English edition.]

ZIPANGU* is an island in the eastern ocean, situated at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles† from the mainland, or coast of Manji. It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their own kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible, but as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other parts. To this circumstance we are to

* Zipangu, Zipangri, and Cimpagu are names by which the islands, which we term Japan, were then known.

† Chinese miles or li.

"attribute the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metal; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold, of considerable thickness; and the windows have also golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace, that it is impossible to convey an idea of them. In this island there are pearls also, in large quantities, of a red (pink) colour, round in shape, and of great size—equal in value to, or even exceeding that of the white pearls. It is customary with one part of the inhabitants to bury their dead, and with another part to burn them.* The former have a practice of putting one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. There are also found there a number of precious stones.

Of so great celebrity was the wealth of this island, that a desire was excited in the breast of the grand khan Kublaï, now reigning, to make the conquest of it, and to annex it to his dominions. In order to effect this, he fitted out a numerous fleet, and embarked a large body of troops, under the command of two of his principal officers, one of whom was named Abbacatan, and the other Vonsancin. The expedition sailed from the ports of Zai-tun and Kin-sai,† and crossing the intermediate sea, reached the island in safety; but in consequence of a jealousy that arose between the two commanders, one of whom treated the plans of the other with contempt and resisted the execution of his orders, they were unable to gain possession of any city or fortified place, with the exception of one only, which was carried by assault, the garrison having refused to surrender. Directions were given for putting the whole to the sword, and in obedience thereto the heads of all were cut off, excepting of eight persons, who, by the efficacy of a diabolical charm, consisting of a jewel or amulet introduced into the right arm, between the skin and the flesh, were rendered secure from

* Two religions prevail among the Japanese; the ancient, or that of the Sintos, who worship spirits, called by them *sin* and *kami*; and the modern, or that of the Bud-dos, worshippers of the Indian Buddha, under the names of Fo-to-ke and Buds-d. Kæmpfer (Hist. of Japan, vol. I. p. 213) says:—"One thing remains worthy of observing, which is, that many, and perhaps the greatest part, of those who in their lifetime constantly professed the Sintos religion, and even some of the Siutōsjus or moralists, recommend their souls, on their death-bed, to the care of the Budsdo clergy, desiring that the *namanda* might be sung for them, and their bodies burned and buried after the manner of the Budsdoists. The adherents of the Sintos religion do not believe the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, although most universally received by the Eastern nations."

† Zai-tun probably meant Amoy, and Kin-sai Ningpo or Chusan.

the effects of iron, either to kill or wound. Upon this discovery being made, they were beaten with a heavy wooden club, and presently died.*

It happened, after some time, that a north wind began to blow with great force, and the ships of the Tartars, which lay near the shore of the island, were driven foul of each other. It was determined thereupon, in a council of the officers on board, that they ought to disengage themselves from the land; and accordingly, as soon as the troops were re-embarked, they stood out to sea. The gale, however, increased to so violent a degree that a number of the vessels foundered. The people belonging to them, by floating upon pieces of the wreck, saved themselves upon an island lying about four miles from the coast of Zipangu. The other ships, which, not being so near to the land, did not suffer from the storm, and in which the two chiefs were embarked, together with the principal officers, or those whose rank entitled them to command a hundred thousand or ten thousand men, directed their course homewards, and returned to the grand khan. Those of the Tartars who remained upon the island where they were wrecked, and who amounted to about thirty thousand men, finding themselves left without shipping, abandoned by their leaders, and having neither arms nor provisions, expected nothing less than to become captives or to perish; especially as the island afforded no habitations where they could take shelter and refresh themselves. As soon as the gale ceased and the sea became smooth and calm, the people from the main island of Zipangu came over with a large force, in numerous boats, in order to make prisoners of these shipwrecked Tartars, and, having landed, proceeded in search of them, but in a straggling, disorderly manner. The Tartars, on their part, acted with prudent circumspection, and, being concealed from view by some high land in the centre of the island, whilst the enemy were hurrying in pursuit of them by one road, made a circuit of the coast by another, which brought them to the place where the fleet of boats was at anchor. Finding these all abandoned, but with their colours flying, they instantly seized them, and, pushing off from the island, stood for the principal city of Zipangu, into which, from the appearance of the colours, they were suffered to enter unmolested.† Here they found few of the inhabitants besides women, whom they retained for their own use, and drove out all others. When the king was apprised of what

* The idea of being rendered invulnerable by the use of amulets is common amongst the natives of the Eastern islands.

† Osaka the ancient capital was much frequented by Chinese shipping. According to P. Gaubil, the island was Ping-hou or Firando, near the city of Nangasaki.

hâ! taken place, he was much afflicted, and immediately gave directions for a strict blockade of the city, which was so effectual that not any person was suffered to enter or to escape from it, during six months that the siege continued. At the expiration of this time, the Tartars, despairing of succour, surrendered upon the condition of their lives being spared. These events took place in the course of the year 1264.* The grand khan having learned some years after that the unfortunate issue of the expedition was to be attributed to the dissension between the two commanders, caused the head of one of them to be cut off; the other he sent to the savage island of Zorza,† where it is the custom to execute criminals in the following manner:—They are wrapped round both arms, in the hide of a buffalo fresh taken from the beast, which is sewed tight. As this dries, it compresses the body to such a degree that the sufferer is incapable of moving or in any manner helping himself, and thus miserably perishes.‡—*The Travels of Marco Polo*, b. iii. ch. 2.

26.—SIR WALTER SCOTT AT ABBOTSFORD.

[WASHINGTON IRVING, 1783—1859.]

[WASHINGTON IRVING was born at New York, April 3, 1783, and received his education at home. His health being delicate he left America in 1802, and spent three years in visiting Italy, France, and England. On his return Irving studied law, and was admitted, though he never practised. A share was given him in a mercantile business established by his father, but failure ensued, and Irving adopted literature as a profession. In 1829 Irving was appointed Secretary of Legation at London. In 1832 he returned to America, and was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain in 1841. He returned to America in 1846, and took up his residence on an estate which he had purchased on the Hudson. In early life Irving contributed largely to various American periodicals. His first work, "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," appeared in New York in 1809. "The Sketch Book," written in England, was published in New York in 1818. "Bracebridge Hall" appeared in 1822. "The History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus" appeared in London in 1828; "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey" in 1835; and the first volume of his "Life of Washington" in 1855; vols. ii. and iii. appeared in 1856, vol. iv. in 1857, and vol. v. in 1859.

* This ought to be 1284.

† It is not known what island is meant, though it is supposed to be in one of the lakes of Tartary.

‡ This must have been a Tartar, not a Chinese mode of punishment. Pottinger (Travels in Beloochistan and Sind, p. 389) relates that it was inflicted by Abd-al-malik, khalif of Baghdad, upon one of his generals, who was accused by some captive princesses of a heinous offence. Pottinger says:—"That monarch was highly enraged at this supposed insult, and sent an order to the general who was second in command, to sew Mohuamud bin Kusim into a raw hide, and thus forward him to the presence . . . Though consciously innocent, he allowed the unjust and cruel punishment of his sovereign to be inflicted on himself. He died the third day after."

A collected edition of his works has been published in England by Bowdler. Washington Irving, who was a very prolific writer, died Nov. 28. 1859. His life, by P. M. Irving, appeared in 1862.]

THE conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit, he inclined to the comic rather than the grave, in his anecdotes and stories; and such I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked not for effect, nor display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me that, during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

He was as good a listener as talker, appreciating everything that others said, however humble might be their rank or pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending, entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said, folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts, no one's opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.

It was delightful to observe the generous spirit in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries, quoting the beauties of their works; and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man.

His humour in conversation, as in his works, was genial and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil.

It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of *bontumte* to Scott's humour throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights; but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works.

Such is a rough sketch of Scott, as I saw him in private life, not merely at the time of the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armoury to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller in a waste looks to a green spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contributions of abler hands.—*Abbotsford.*

27.—THE LAST MAN.

[T. CAMPBELL, 1777—1844.

[THOMAS CAMPBELL, born at Glasgow, July 27, 1777, was educated at the university of that city. His first poem, "Pleasures of Hope," was published at Edinburgh, where the poet was then residing, in April, 1799. Campbell settled in London in 1803, in the autumn of which year he married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair. A pension of 200*l.* per annum was conferred upon him in 1806. "Gertrude of

Wyoming" appeared in 1809. He wrote several works, and contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day. In 1811, Campbell gave six lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution, and, in 1827, he was elected rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1820 he undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," and retained the appointment till 1830. In 1831 he established the "Metropolitan Magazine." Campbell died at Boulogne June 15, 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey July 3. A life of the poet, by Dr. Beattie, with his letters and several unpublished poems, appeared in 1848.]

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its Immortality !
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time !
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man !
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands*
 Still rusted in their bony hands ;
 In plague and famine some !
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophetlike, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm pass'd by,
 • Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go.
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

* Swords. Nares says the word brand is used for sword, in allusion to the original glare of flame, to which a sword is often compared.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 'His pomp, his pride, his skill;
 And art that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will;—
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day:
 For all those trophied arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Heal'd not a passion or a pang
 Enail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
 Upon the stage of men,
 Nor with thy rising beams recal
 Life's tragedy again.
*Its piteous pageants bring not back,
 Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
 Of pain anew to writhe;*
 Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 'Like grass beneath the scythe.

E'en I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire;
 Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast.
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recall'd to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
 And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The dark'ning universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

28.—MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

[REV. R. SOUTH, 1633—1716.

[ROBERT SOUTH, the son of a London merchant, born at Hackney, 1633, and educated at Westminster School, and Christchurch, Oxford, was made university orator in 1660. South, having been appointed chaplain to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, was made prebendary of Westminster in 1663, and canon of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1670. He disapproved of the Romanizing tendencies of James II., and refused preferment under William III. Though South entered keenly into controversy, and in 1693 published "Animadversions on Sherlock's Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity," he is most celebrated for his sermons, "which," says Hallam (Lit. Hist., part iv. chap. 2), "begin, in order of date, before the Restoration, and come down to nearly the end of the century. They were much celebrated at the time, and retain a portion of their renown." South died July 8, 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A Life of South is prefixed to his "Posthumous Works," published in 1717.]

FIRST, for the noblest faculty of the mind, the understanding; it was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions were the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest, but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend, as irradiate the object; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Briefly, there is as much difference

between the clear representations^s of the understanding then, and the obscure discoveries it makes now, as there is between the prospect of a casement and of a key-hole.

Now, as there are two great functions of the soul, contemplation and practice, according to that general division of objects, some of which only entertain our speculation, others also employ our actions; so the understanding with relation to these, not because of any distinction in the faculty itself, is accordingly divided into speculative and practick; in both of which the image of God was then apparent.

1. For the understanding speculative. There are some general maxims and notions in the mind of man, which are the rules of discourse, and the basis of all philosophy. As, that the same thing cannot at the same time be, and not be; that the whole is bigger than a part; that two proportions equal to a third, must also be equal to one another. Aristotle, indeed, affirms the mind to be at first a mere *rasa tabula*; and that these notions are not ingenite,* and imprinted by the finger of Nature, but by the latter and more languid impressions of sense; being only the reports of observation, and the result of so many repeated experiments.

But to this I answer two things.

(1.) That these notions are universal; and what is universal must needs proceed from some universal, constant principle, the same in all particulars, which here can be nothing else but human nature.

(2.) These cannot be infused by observation, because they are the rules by which men take their first apprehensions and observations of things, and, therefore, in order of nature must needs precede them: as the being of the rule must be before its application to the thing directed by it. From whence it follows, that these were notions, not descending from us, but born with us; not our offspring, but our brethren: and (as I may so say) such as we were taught without the help of a teacher.

Now, it was Adam's happiness in the state of innocence to have these clear and unsullied.

He came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties: he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their cause. His understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction

* Inborn.

till his fall, it was ignorant of nothing but sin; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an *εὕρηκα*, an *εὕρηκα*, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth in *profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention: his faculties were quick and expedite; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess, it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

2. The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding; namely that storehouse of the soul, in which are treasured up the rules of action and the seeds of morality. Where, we must observe, that many who deny all connate notions in the speculative intellect, do yet admit them in this. Now of this sort, are these maxims; that God is to be worshipped; that parents are to be honoured; that a man's word is to be kept, and the like: which, being of universal influence, as to the regulation of the behaviour and

converse of mankind, are the ground of all virtue and civility, and the foundation of religion.

It was the privilege of Adam innocent, to have these notions also firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart, and to have such a conscience as might be its own casuist: and certainly those actions must needs be regular, where there is an identity between the rule and the faculty. His own mind taught him a due dependance upon God, and chalked out to him the just proportions and measures of behaviour to his fellow creatures. He had no catechism but the creation, needed no study but reflection, read no book, but the volume of the world, and that too, not for rules to work by, but for objects to work upon. Reason was his tutor, and first principles his *magna moralia*, the decalogue of Moses was but a transcript, not an original. All the laws of nations, and wise decrees of states, the statutes of Solon, and the twelve tables, were but a paraphrase upon this standing rectitude of nature, this fruitful principle of justice, that was ready to run out, and enlarge itself into suitable determinations, upon all emergent objects and occasions. Justice then was neither blind to discern, nor lame to execute. It was not subject to be imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite, for an *utile* or *jucundum* * to turn the balance to a false and dishonest sentence. In all its directions of the inferior faculties, it conveyed its suggestions with clearness, and enjoined them with power; it had the passions in perfect subjection; and though its command over them was but suasive and political, yet it had the force of coercion, and despotical. It was not then, as it is now, when the conscience has only power to disapprove, and to protest against the exorbitances of the passions; and rather to wish, than make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions, as old Eli did his lustful, domineering sons; *Not so, my sons, not so*; but the voice of conscience then was not, this should, or this ought to be done; but, this *must*, this *shall be* done. It spoke like a legislator; the thing spoke was a law; and the manner of speaking it a new obligation.

In short, there was as great a disparity between the practical dictates of the understanding then and now, as there is between empire and advice, counsel and command, between a companion and a governor.
—Sermon, on Gen. i. 27.

* A useful or pleasing.

29.—ORIGIN OF ROMANCE.

T. WARTON, 1728—1790.

[THOMAS WARTON, second son of Dr. Warton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, was born at Basingstoke, in 1728. Having received the rudiments of education at home he was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, and obtained a fellowship in 1751. He wrote several short poems and essays, and published "Observations on the *Mærie Queene of Spenser*" in 1754. He obtained the professorship of poetry in 1757, and the first volume of his "*History of English Poetry*" was published in 1774. The second appeared in 1778, and the third in 1781. A new edition of poems, collected by himself, appeared in 1777. He was made poet-laureate and Camden professor of History in 1785, and died May 21, 1790. His life by R. Mant, is prefixed to an edition of his poems, published in 1802.]

THE ideas of chivalry, in an imperfect degree, had been of old established among the Gothic tribes. The fashion of challenging to single combat, the pride of seeking dangerous adventures, and the spirit of avenging and protecting the fair sex, seem to have been peculiar to the Northern nations in the most uncultivated state of Europe. All these customs were afterwards encouraged and confirmed by corresponding circumstances in the feudal constitution. At length the Crusades excited a new spirit of enterprise, and introduced into the courts and ceremonies of European princes a higher degree of splendour and parade, caught from the riches and magnificence of eastern cities. These oriental expeditions established a taste for hyperbolical description, and propagated an infinity of marvellous tales, which men returning from distant countries easily imposed on credulous and ignorant minds. The unparalleled emulation with which the nations of Christendom universally embraced this holy cause, the pride with which emperors, kings, barons, earls, bishops, and knights, strove to excel each other on this interesting occasion, not only in prowess and heroism, but in sumptuous equipages, gorgeous banners, armorial cognisances, splendid pavilions, and other expensive articles of a similar nature, diffused a love of war, and a fondness for military pomp. Hence their very diversions became warlike, and the martial enthusiasm of the times appeared in tilts and tournaments. These practices and opinions co-operated with the kindred superstitions of dragons, dwarfs, fairies, giants, and enchanters, which the traditions of the Gothic scalders had already planted; and produced that extraordinary species of composition which has been called Romance.

Before these expeditions into the East became fashionable, the principal and leading subjects of the old fablers were the achievements of King Arthur with his knights of the round table, and of Charlemagne with his twelve peers. But in the romances written after the holy war, a new set of champions, of conquests and of countries, were introduced.

Trebizonde took place of Roupevalles, and Godfrey of Balloigne, Solyman, Nouraddih, the caliphs, the souldans, and the cities of Ægypt and Syria, became the favourite topics. The troubadours of Provence, an idle and unsettled race of men, took up arms, and followed their barons in prodigious multitudes to the conquest of Jerusalem. They made a considerable part of the household of the nobility of France. Louis the Seventh, king of France, not only entertained them at his court very liberally, but commanded a considerable company of them into his retinue, when he took ship for Palestine, that they might solace him with their songs during the dangers and inconveniencies of so long a voyage. The ancient chronicles of France mention *Legions de poëtes* as embarking in this wonderful enterprise. Here a new and more copious source of fabling was opened: in these expeditions they picked up numberless extravagant stories, and at their return enriched romance with an infinite variety of Oriental scenes and fictions. Thus these later wonders, in some measure, supplanted the former: they had the recommendation of novelty, and gained still more attention, as they came from a greater distance.

In the meantime we should recollect, that the Saracens or Arabians, the same people which were the object of the Crusades, had acquired an establishment in Spain about the ninth century: and that by means of this earlier intercourse, many of their fictions and fables, together with their literature, must have been known in Europe before the Christian armies invaded Asia. It is for this reason the elder Spanish romances have professedly more Arabian allusions than any other. Cervantes makes the imagined writer of Don Quixote's history an Arabian. Yet exclusive of their domestic and more immediate connection with this eastern people, the Spaniards from temper and constitution were extravagantly fond of chivalrous exercises. Some critics have supposed, that Spain having learned the art or fashion of romance-writing, from their naturalized guests the Arabians, communicated it, at an early period, to the rest of Europe.

It has been imagined that the first romances were composed in metre, and sung to the harp by the poets of Provence at festival solemnities: but an ingenious Frenchman, who has made deep researches into this sort of literature, attempts to prove that this mode of reciting romantic adventures was in high reputation among the natives of Normandy above a century before the troubadours of Provence, who are generally supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, Spain, and France, and that it commenced about the year 1162. If the critic means to insinuate that the French troubadours acquired their art of versifying from these Norman bards, this reasoning will favour the system of those who contend that metrical romances

lineally took their rise from the historical odes of the Scandinavian scalds; for the Normans were a branch of the Scandinavian stock. But Fauchet, at the same time that he allows the Normans to have been fond of chanting the praises of their heroes in verse, expressly pronounces that they borrowed this practice from the Franks, or French.

It is not my business, nor is it of much consequence, to discuss this obscure point, which properly belongs to the French antiquaries. I therefore proceed to observe, that our Richard the First, who began his reign in the year 1189, a distinguished hero of the Crusades, a most magnificent patron of chivalry, and a Provencial poet, invited to his court many minstrels or troubadours from France, whom he loaded with honours and rewards. These poets imported into England a great multitude of their tales and songs; which before or about the reign of Edward the Second became familiar and popular among our ancestors, who were sufficiently acquainted with the French language. The most early notice of a professed book of chivalry in England, as it should seem, appears under the reign of Henry the Third; and is a curious and evident proof of the reputation and esteem in which this sort of composition was held at that period. In the revenue roll of the twenty-first year of that king, there is an entry of the expense of silver clasps and studs for the king's great book of romances. This was in the year 1237. But I will give the article in its original dress. "Et in firmaculis hapsis et clavis argenteis ad magnum librum Romancis regis." That this superb volume was in French, may be partly collected from the title which they gave it: and it is highly probable, that it contained the romance of Richard the First.—*The History of English Poetry*, § iii.

30.—THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

[H. MACKENZIE, 1745—1831.]

[HENRY MACKENZIE, born in Edinburgh, in August, 1745, was the son of a physician. He was educated at the High School and the university of his native city, and repaired to London in 1765, for the purpose of completing his legal studies. His first work, "The Man of Feeling," was published anonymously in 1771. "The Man of the World," which appeared in 1783, was followed by "Julia de Roubigné." Mackenzie contributed to various periodicals, and wrote several plays. He was made controller of the taxes for Scotland in 1804. He edited a complete edition of his literary works published at Edinburgh in 1808, and died in that city Jan. 14, 1831.]

PETER stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand

as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him: Peter folded up the steps. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place."—He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard; but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on that quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of a coat, mended with different coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff off his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted,—whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too:—it was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted to have his fortune told"—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar; it was an unpromising look for the subject of prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can; and

lying is, 'as you call it, my profession; but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, Sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley." "So," said Harley, "you seem to know me." "Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of. How should I tell fortunes else?" "True; but to go on with your story; you were a labourer, you say, and a wag: your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, Sir; a man grows lean on't. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however; but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke: I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I have found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg, or a withered arm, is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligences in the world for our purpose. They dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some

share of cunning, with the help^a of walking a-nights over heaths* and churchyards, with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal, too, upon occasion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade indeed is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which, I have heard some persons say, is all that a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, Sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him. His fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.—*The Man of Feeling*, ch. xiv.

31.—CHARACTER OF THOMAS BECKET.

[REV. J. C. ROBERTSON, 1813.]

[JAMES CRAIGIE ROBERTSON, born in Aberdeen in 1813, was educated at Marischal College, in his native place, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was appointed Vicar of Bekesbourne, near Canterbury, in 1846, one of the canons of Canterbury in 1859, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, in 1864. His "History of the Christian Church to the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, A.D. 590," was published in 1854, and a second volume, bringing the history down to the date of the Concordat of Worms, in 1123, appeared in 1858. "Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury: a Biography," was first published in 1859.]

If we compare Becket with the two great champions of the hierarchy, who within a century had preceded him—Gregory the Seventh, and Anselm*—the result will not be in his favour. He had nothing of

* Hildebrand, born in Tuscany in 1020, was crowned Pope July 10, 1073, and died in exile at Salerno, May 25, 1085. His quarrel with the Emperor Henry IV., respecting the right of investiture, lasted ten years. Henry IV. invaded Italy, and laid siege to Rome, which he captured in 1084, whereupon Gregory VII. retired first to Monte Casino, and then to Salerno, where he died, his last words being, "I have loved justice, and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile."—Anselm, born at Aosta, in 1033, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1093, and died April 21, 1109. Anselm, the first of the Schoolmen, quarrelled with William II., and retired to the Continent, but returned during the reign of Henry I., and took possession of his see.

Hildebrand's originality of conception—of his world-wide view, of his superiority to vulgar objects, of his far-sighted patience. Doubtless he would have been ready to adopt the great Pope's dying words: that he suffered because he had "loved righteousness, and hated iniquity;" but how much more of self-deceit would have been necessary for this in the one case than in the other? Hildebrand, while he exalted the hierarchy against the secular power, had laboured with an earnest, although partly misdirected zeal, that its members should not be unworthy of the lofty part which he assigned to it in the economy of this world: in Becket, we see the Hildebrandine principles misapplied to shelter the clergy from the temporal punishment of their crimes. Far less will the later English Primate endure a comparison with his illustrious predecessor, Anselm. It is, indeed, no reproach to him that he was without that profound philosophical genius which made Anselm the greatest teacher that the church had seen since St. Augustine; but the deep and mystical fervour of devotion, the calm and gentle temper, the light, keen, and subtle, yet kindly wit, the amiable and unassuming character of Anselm, the absence of all personal pretension in his assertion of the church's claims, are qualities which fairly enter into the comparison, and which contrast strikingly with the coarse worldly pride and ostentation by which the character and the religion of Becket were disfigured. Nor in a comparison either with Anselm or with Hildebrand must we forget that, while their training had been exclusively clerical and monastic, Becket's more varied experience of life renders the excesses of hierarchical spirit far less excusable in him than in them.

An eminent writer, whose position is very different from that of Becket's ordinary admirers, has eulogized him as having contributed to maintain the balance of moral against physical force, to control the despotism which oppressed the Middle Ages, and so to prepare the way for modern English liberty.* And such was unquestionably the result of his exertions, as of much besides in the labours of Hildebrand and his followers. But it is rather an effect wrought out by an overruling Providence than anything which Becket contemplated, or for which he deserves credit or gratitude. His efforts were made, not in the general cause of the community, but for the narrowest interests of the clergy as a body separate from other men; and it is not to the freest but to the most priest-ridden and debased of modern countries that we ought to look for the consequences which would have followed, if the course of things had answered to Becket's intention.

* Sir J. Stephen's "Essays," i. 377—8.

Least of all does Becket deserve the sympathy of those among ourselves who dread that reversed Hildebrandism which would reduce the Church to a mere function of the secular power. An Englishman ought no more, as a churchman, to espouse the cause of those who, in former times, exaggerated the claims of the hierarchy, than, as the subject of a constitutional monarchy, he ought to defend the excesses of despotism. The name of Becket, instead of serving as a safeguard to those who fear encroachment on the Church in our own time, will only furnish their opponents with a pretext for representing the most equitable claims in behalf of the Church as manifestations of a spirit which would aim at the establishment of priestly tyranny and intolerance.—*Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, a Biography*, ch. xv.

32.—CROCODILE SHOOTING ON THE NILE.

[E. B. WARBURTON, 1810—1852.]

[ELIOT BARTHOLOMEW GEORGE WARBURTON, born in 1810, was educated by a tutor at home, and proceeded first to Queen's, and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the bar, and his first work, a book of Eastern travel, the "Crescent and the Cross," appeared in 1845; "Prince Rupert, and the Cavaliers," was published in 1849. This author's last work, "Darren, or the Merchant Prince," was published after his death, which occurred January 4, 1852, he being one of the ill-fated passengers on board the Royal West India mail steamer *Amazon*, destroyed by fire in the Bay of Biscay.]

THE first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Minyeh; though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouth of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively; and the wild duck and turtle—nay, even the vulture and the eagle—had swept past, or soared above us in security.

At length the cry of "Timseach, timseach!" was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half a dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore, and I anxiously clambered up the steep bank that commanded the gigantic game. My intended victims might have paraded themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the

other, and waddled to the water, all but one—the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then, slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say “He can do me no harm, but we may as well have a swim.” I took aim at the throat of the supercilious brute, and as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger: forth flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck: his waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone upon the calm water as I reached the brink of the shore that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. “A hundred piastres for the tunseach!” shouted I, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn’t a tooth in his head; now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since.

From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe most travellers, who are honest enough, will make nearly the same confession.

Crocodiles stuffed were often brought to us to buy; but the Arabs take a great deal of trouble to get them, making an ambush in the sands where they resort, and taking aim when within a few yards of their foe, for as such they regard these monsters, though they seldom suffer from them. Above the cataracts, a Greek officer in the Pasha’s service told me they are very fierce, and the troops at Sennaar lost numbers of men by them and the hippopotamus when bathing; but I heard of only one death occurring below the cataracts this year. This was of an old woman, who was drawing water near Keneh: a crocodile encircled her with his tail, brushed her into the water, and then seizing her by the waist, held her under the water as long as she continued to move. When lifeless, he swam with the corpse across the river to the opposite bank; and the villagers, now assembled, saw him quietly feeding on their old friend, as an otter might upon a salmon. The Egyptian who narrated this circumstance, told us, with a grin, that the woman was his grandmother, that he had shot the assassin three days afterwards, and sold him to an Englishman for seven and sixpence!

The king of the crocodiles is said to reside in Defiderah, and the queen some forty miles higher up the river. This separation of the royal family does not appear to have any injurious effect on the inte-

rest of the rest of the grim community; there was scarcely a sunny bank between these regal residences whereon a crowd of crocodiles was not to be seen, hatching eggs or plots against passengers. The parent crocodile deposits her eggs, to the number of from 80 to 100, in the sand, which is a sort of foundling hospital for her race: even hens wout hatch in Egypt, so it could scarcely be expected that crocodiles would set the example. The sun, then, is the foster-mother, and the only watchers by the eggshell cradle are the fishes and the birds of prey. Imagine a nest of crocodile's eggs, when the embryos feel that it is time to make a start of it, and roll about the shells attempting to emancipate themselves. Out they come, and make a rush for the river; a flock of hawks and kites is on the wing for them, the ichneumons run at them, fishes gape for them; yet enough escape to make one rather squeamish about bathing in the neighbourhood, until all-powerful habit reconciles one to their society. —*The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel*, ch. ix.

33.—ST. NICHOLAS OF MYRA.

[MRS. JAMESON, 1797—1860.]

[ANNA JAMESON, the daughter of Mr. Muir, an artist, was born in Dublin in 1797. From an early age she devoted her attention to art. Her first work, "The Diary of an Ennuyee," was published anonymously in 1826. An enlarged edition appeared in 1834 under the title "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." Mrs. Jameson was a prolific writer. "Characteristics of Women, Moral, Historical, and Political," published in 1832; "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art" in 1848; "Legends of the Monastic Orders" in 1850; and "Legends of the Madonna" in 1852, are the best known of her various literary productions. Mrs. Jameson died March 17, 1860.]

I PLACE St. Nicholas here because, although he wears the paraphernalia of bishops, it is as the powerful and beneficent patron saint, seldom as the churchman, that he appears before us; and of all patron saints he is, perhaps, the most universally popular and interesting. While knighthood had its St. George, serfhood had its St. Nicholas; he was emphatically the saint of the people; the *bourgeois* saint, invoked by the peaceable citizen, by the labourer who toiled for his daily bread, by the merchant who traded from shore to shore, by the mariner struggling with the stormy ocean. He was the protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the captive, the prisoner, the slave; he was the guardian of young marriageable maidens, of schoolboys, and especially of the orphan poor. In Russia, Greece, and throughout all Catholic Europe, children are still taught to reverence St. Nicholas, and to consider themselves as placed under his peculiar care: if they are good, docile, and atten-

tive to their studies, St. Nicholas, on the eve of his festival, will graciously fill their cap or their stocking with dainties; while he has, as certainly, a rod in pickle for the idle and unguly.

Effigies of this most benign bishop, with his splendid embroidered robes, all glittering with gold and jewels, his mitre, his crosier, and his three balls, or his three attendant children, meet us at every turn, and can never be regarded but with some kindly association of feeling. No saint in the calendar has so many churches, chapels, and altars dedicated to him. In England I suppose there is hardly a town without one church at least bearing his name.

It would be in vain to attempt to establish this popular predilection and wide-spread fame on anything like historical evidence. All that can be certainly known of him is, that a bishop of this name, venerable for his piety and benevolence, was honoured in the East as early as the sixth century; that in the Greek Church he takes rank immediately after the great fathers; that the Emperor Justinian dedicated to him a church in Constantinople about the year 560; and that since the tenth century he has been known and revered in the West, and became one of the greatest patron saints of Italy and the northern nations about the beginning of the twelfth century. There is no end to the stories and legends in which he appears as a chief actor.

Nicholas was born at Panthera, a city of the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor. His parents were Christians, and of illustrious birth, and, after they had been married for many years, a son was granted them, in recompense of the prayers, and tears, and alms that they offered up continually. This extraordinary child, on the first day he was born, stood up in his bath with his hands joined in thanksgiving that it had pleased God to bring him into the world. He no sooner knew what it was to feed than he knew what it was to fast, and every Wednesday and Friday he would only take the breast once. As he grew up he was distinguished among all other children for his gravity and his attention to his studies. His parents, seeing him full of these holy dispositions, thought that they could not do better than dedicate him to the service of God; and accordingly they did so.

When Nicholas was ordained priest, although he had been before remarkable for his sobriety and humility, he became more modest in countenance, more grave in speech, more rigorous in self-denial, than ever. When he was still a youth his father and mother died of the plague, and he remained sole heir of their vast riches: but he looked upon himself as merely the steward of God's mercies, giving largely to all who needed.

Now in that city there dwelt a certain nobleman, who had three daughters, and, from being rich, he became poor—so poor, that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters. Meantime

the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat, and their father became more and more desperate. When Nicholas heard of this, he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore, one night when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and, tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and, while he stood irresolute, the moon coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned his eldest daughter. A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night; and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch, and when the good saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, "O Nicholas! servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?" and he kissed his feet and his hands. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.

Many other great and good actions did St. Nicholas perform; but at length he died, yielding up his soul to God with great joy and thankfulness, on the 6th day of December, in the year of our Lord 326, and he was buried in a magnificent church, which was in the city of Myra.—*Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. ii.; *St. Nicholas*.

34.—ADAMASTER, THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

[CAMOENS, 1517—1579, translated by MICKLE, 1734—1788.

[LUIS DE CAMOENS, the great epic poet of Portugal, born at Lisbon about 1517, was educated at the University of Coimbra. In 1553 he embarked for India, and having undergone a variety of adventures, and suffered shipwreck on the coast of Cambodia, returned to Lisbon in 1569. Camoens was, however, neglected, and he died in a hospital in 1579. His principal poem is "The Lusiad," first published in 1572. "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens," by John Adamson, appeared in London in 1820. An English translation, by William Julius Mickle, was published in 1776. Mickle, who was born at Langholm, in Scotland, in 1734, and died, near Oxford, October 28, 1788, is the author of several small poems, which were published with a life of the poet by J. Sim, in 1806.]

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,

When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hovered : nor appeared from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,
Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow-bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds ;
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried ;
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye ?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.
I shook, when rising through the darkened air,
Appalled we saw an hideous phantom glare ;
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered :
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red ;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjointed, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,
The inward anguish of his soul declared.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires : far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confest
Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly wan
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :
" O you, the boldest of the nations, fired
" By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
" Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
" Through these my waves advance your fearless prow

"Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
 "And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
 "Who, mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
 "Where never hero braved my rage before ;
 "Ye sons of Lusú, who with eyes profane
 "Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
 "Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew
 "To veil her secret shrine from mortal view ;
 "Hear from my lips what direful woes attend
 "And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend :
 "With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
 "Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage.
 "The next proud fleet that through my drear domain
 "With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
 "That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,
 "And raging seas shall perish on my coast :
 "Then He who first my secret reign descried,
 "A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
 "Shall drive—unless my heart's full raptures fail,
 "O Lusú ! oft shalt thou thy children wail :
 "Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
 "Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore."
 He paused, in act still farther to disclose :
 A long, a dreary prophecy of woes :
 When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
 And, midst his rage, the threatening shade confounds :
 "What art thou, horrid form that ridest the air ?
 "By heaven's eternal light, stern fiend declare."
 His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
 And from his breast deep hollow groans arose ;
 Sternly askance he stood with wounded pride
 And anguish torn, "In me behold," he cried,
 While dark red sparkles from his eyeballs rolled,
 "In me the spirit of the Cape behold,
 "That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
 "By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
 "When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
 "With wide-stretched piles I guard thy pathless strand,
 "And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand :
 "Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
 "E'er dashed the white wave foaming to my shore ;
 "Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
 "On these my seas to catch the trading gale.

You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
 "And with the human voice disturb my loathsome reign."
 He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,
 A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;
 The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
 And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;
 Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
 And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
 High to the angel host, whose guardian care
 Had ever round us watched, my hands I rear,
 And heaven's dread King implore, as o'er our head
 The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow fled;
 So may his curses by the winds of heaven
 Far o'er the deep, their idle sport be driven!

The Lusiad, B. v.

35.—CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

[JOHN BUNYAN, 1628—1688.

[JOHN BUNYAN, the son of a tinker, born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, received very little education, and when a boy enlisted in the Parliamentary Army. Having been baptized by immersion in 1653, he soon afterwards began to preach, for which he was imprisoned in Bedford jail in 1660. Though allowed to pay visits to his friends, he did not obtain his release till Sep. 13, 1672. During his confinement he wrote several works, the best known of which, "The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come," was not published until 1678. It soon went through numerous editions, and has been translated into all languages. A second part appeared in 1683. The first collected edition of his works was published in 1767, the edition of 1692 not having been completed. A list of Bunyan's works, sixty in number, is appended to Offor's edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," published in 1856. John Bunyan died in London, Aug. 31, 1688, though Aug. 12 is the date upon his tombstone. His life, by J. Irving, appeared in 1809, by R. Southey prefixed to an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in 1831, and several other biographies have been written. Dr. Johnson remarks, "His 'Pilgrim's Progress' has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story; and it has had the best evidence of its merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale." Hallam (Lit. Hist., part iv. chap. 7), after remarking "that John Bunyan may pass for the father of our novelists," adds, "'The Pilgrim's Progress,' like some other books, has of late been a little overrated; its excellence is great, but it is not of the highest rank." Lord Macaulay, who is more eulogistic, says, "Bunyan is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists."]

Now there was, not far from the place where Hopeful and Christian lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in

his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then, said the Giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Psa. lxxxviii. 18. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

The Pilgrims now to gratify the flesh,
Will seek its ease; but oh! how they afresh
Do thereby plunge themselves new griefs into!
Who seek to please the flesh themselves undo.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to raving of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or

poison; for why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no.

Well, towards evening the Giant goes down to the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly,* and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel; and whether yet they had best to take it or no.

Now night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves. Then, said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that

* Isaiah li. 20.

they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the Giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise,* that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and, with his key, opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. They then went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after, from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence—"Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.—*The Pilgrim's Progress*.

36.—LORD BACON.

[F. SCHLEGEL, 1772—1829.]

[FRIEDRICH CARL WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL was born at Hanover, March 10, 1772.

^e Destined by his father for commercial pursuits, he was apprenticed at Leipsic. Showing little inclination for business, he was sent to Gottingen, and thence to the university of Leipsic. He assisted his brother, Augustus Wilhelm, in editing a periodical

* This key was Hebrews ii. 14, 15.

entitled "The Athenæum," in 1796. The first volume of his unfinished novel, "Lucinde," published at Berlin, in 1799, created quite a sensation. He is best known in this country by his lectures, which have been translated into English. His "Lectures on the History of Literature," delivered at Vienna in 1812, translated and abridged by Mr. Lockhart in 1838, were published in a complete form in "Bohn's Standard Library," in 1859. A translation of "Schlegel's Philosophy of History," published in 1835, was revised and appeared in Bohn's "Standard Library" in 1846. A translation of his "Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and of Language," in the same series in 1847, and a translation of his "Lectures on Modern History," in the same series in 1849. His "Historic and Miscellaneous Works" were published in the same series in 1849. Friedrich Schlegel is one of the leaders of what is termed the *Æstheticocritical*, or *Romantic School of Poetry*. He died at Dresden Jan. 12, 1829. A complete edition of his works, in 15 vols., has been published at Vienna. A *Life of F. Schlegel*, by J. B. Robertson, is prefixed to his "Lectures on the Philosophy of History."]

THE Sixteenth Century was the age of ferment and strife, and it was not until towards the close of it that the human mind began to recover from the violent shock it had sustained. With the seventeenth century new paths of thinking and investigation were opened, owing to the revival of classical learning, the extension given to the natural sciences and geography, and the general commotion and difference in religious belief, occasioned by Protestantism. The first name suggested by the mention of these several features is Bacon. This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren verbal subtleties of the schools to nature and experience: he made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had a dim and imperfect foresight of many others. Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction: intellectual culture—nay, the social organization of modern Europe generally—assumed new shape and complexion. The ulterior consequences of this mighty change became objectionable, dangerous, and even terrible in their tendency, at the time when Bacon's followers and admirers in the eighteenth century attempted to wrest from mere experience and the senses what he had never assumed them to possess—namely, the law of life and conduct, and the essentials of faith and hope: while they rejected with cool contempt, as fanaticism, every exalted hope and soothing affection which could not be practically proved. All this was quite contrary, however, to the spirit and aim of the founder of this philosophy. In illustration, I would only refer here, to that well-known sentence of his, deservedly remembered by all: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."

Both in religion and in natural philosophy, this great thinker believed many things that would have been regarded as mere superstition by

his partisans and admirers in later times. Neither is it to be supposed that this was a mere conventional acquiescence in an established belief, or some prejudice not yet overcome of his education and age. His declarations on these very topics relating to a supernatural world, are most of all stamped with the characteristic of his clear and penetrating spirit. He was a man of feeling as well as of invention, and though the world of experience had appeared to him in quite a new light, the higher and divine region of the spiritual world, situated far above common sensible experience, was not viewed by him either obscurely or remotely. How little he partook, I will not merely say of the crude materialism of some of his followers, but even of the more refined deification of nature, which during the eighteenth century was transplanted from France to Germany, like some rank offshoot of natural philosophy, is proved by his views of the substantial essence of a correct physical system. The natural philosophy of the ancients was, according to a judgment pronounced by himself, open to the following censure—viz., "That they held nature to constitute an image of the Divinity, whereas it is in conformity with Truth as well as Christianity to regard man as the sole image and likeness of his Creator, and to look upon nature as his handiwork." In the term Natural Philosophy of the Ancients, Bacon evidently includes, as may be seen from the general results attributed to it, no mere individual theory or system, but altogether the best and most excellent fruits of their research within the boundaries not only of physical science, but also of mythology and natural religion. And when he claims for man exclusively the high privilege, according to Christian doctrine, of being the likeness and image of God, he is not to be understood as deriving this dignity purely from the high position of constituting the most glorious and most complex of all natural productions: but in the literal sense of the Bible that this likeness and image is the gift of God's love and inspiration. The figurative expression that nature is not a mirror or image of the Godhead, but his handiwork—if comprehended in all its profundity, will be seen to convey a perfect explanation of the relations of the sensible and the super-sensible world of nature and of divinity. It pre-eminently declares the fact that nature has not an independent self-existence, but was created by God for an especial purpose. In a word, Bacon's plain and easy discrimination between ancient philosophy and his own Christian ideas, is an intelligible and clear rule for fixing the right medium between profane and nature-worship on the one hand, and gloomy hatred of nature on the other: to which latter one-sided reason is peculiarly prone; when intent only upon morality, it is perplexed in its apprehensions of nature, and has only imperfect and confused notions of divinity. But

a right appreciation of the actual difference between nature and God, is the most important point both of thought and belief, of life and conduct. Bacon's views on this head are the more fittingly introduced here, because the philosophy of our own time is for the most part distracted between the two extremes indicated above: the reprehensible nature-worship of some who do not distinguish between the Creator and his works, God and the world: or on the other, the hatred and blindness of those despisers of nature, whose reason is exclusively directed to their personal destiny. The just medium between these opposite errors—that is to say, the only correct consideration of nature—is that involved in a sense of intimate connexion with her, joined at the same time to a conscious conviction of our immeasurable superiority, morally, and to a proper awe of those of her elements that significantly point to matters of higher import than herself. All such vestiges, exciting either love or fear, as a silent law, or a prophetic declaration, reveal the hand that formed them, and the purpose which they are designed to accomplish.—*Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern*; lect. xiii.

37.—THE DUEL.

[T. E. HOOK, 1788—1841.

[THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, born in London Sep. 22, 1788, was for a short time at Harrow. For his father, who was a musical composer, Theodore when a boy wrote songs. His first piece, an operatic farce, entitled "The Soldier's Return," introduced in 1805, proved successful, and was followed by several similar productions. His first novel, "The Man of Sorrow," was published in 1809, under the assumed name of Alfred Allandale, and in the same year he played off the well known "Berners-street Hoax." Hook's performances as an improvisatore attracted the attention of the Prince Regent, who interested himself in his behalf, and Hook was appointed Accountant General and Treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, where he arrived Oct. 9, 1813. In consequence of a deficiency in the treasury, Hook was arrested March 9, 1818, and sent to England. After some investigation he was liberated, the Attorney-General having declared that there was no apparent ground for a criminal prosecution. Hook wrote for the magazines, and became editor of the "John Bull" newspaper, established in 1820. He was arrested on the Government claim in Aug., 1823, and was not released till May, 1825. The first edition of his "Sayings and Doings" appeared in 1824; the second series in 1825, and the third series in 1830. He wrote several other novels, and amongst them "Gilbert Gurney," published in 1835, which is autobiographical. In 1836 he was appointed editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." Hook died Aug. 24, 1841. The "Quarterly Review," for May, 1842, contains an account of this writer, and his "Life and Remains," by the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, appeared in 1848. Hook was remarkable for his conversational powers.]

"WHERE are we to meet?" said I.

"Under the lee of Primrose Hill," said O'Brady; "a sporting spot. The Major and I had fixed Wimbledon Common; but as the Old

'Bailey Sessions are now on, I thought it might be more convenient to fight in Middlesex.'

The word *Old Bailey Sessions* brought to my mind all the scenes I had so recently witnessed there, and the peril to which my antagonist, if he killed me, might be exposed upon the zigzag system of trial. The inviting words, "hang at eight and breakfast at nine," rang in my ears; however, having made up my mind not to fire at Daly, I consoled myself with the certainty, that if I escaped the bullet, the halter was altogether out of the question.

We proceeded up the hill of *Camden Town*; and having arrived at the lane leading to *Chalk Farm*, the coach stopped, and we alighted, I being, I confess, a little surprised at seeing no weapons wherewith we were to contend. However, O'Brady, who had evidently been there before, whispered something to the doctor, to which he appeared to assent, and the coachman was directed to stop—I concluded, for the purpose of removing my corpse to my lodgings, if I was killed; or my yet living body, if I were only severely wounded.

"Come on," said O'Brady; "don't let us be last on the ground."

"Where are the pistols?" said I.

"Och, put your heart at ease about that," said O'Brady; "my man Sullivan is under the hedge long before this; and has got the Mantons and the doctor's instrument-case in a carpet-bag. Sully may be trusted in such matters, mayn't he, doctor?"

"He may, indeed," said the military Esculapius, who appeared to me to be just as much pleased as his companion with the deadly-lively adventure in which we were embarked.

"There they are," said O'Brady, pointing to two persons at a considerable distance, who were approaching us in a direction nearly opposite to that by which we had reached the neighbourhood; and sure enough there I saw Daly—the admirable Daly—once my friend, and, perhaps, not even now my enemy—accompanied by a tall, gaunt personage, whose name I inquired of the lieutenant.

"That," said O'Brady, "is Major M'Guffin."

"M'Guffin!" said I; and the history of the depilatory and the night-cap flashed into my mind; and more than that flashed into my mind, the conviction that Daly had succeeded in riveting his fetters with the widow; and by inducing him to undertake the part which, in the earlier stage of the proceeding, he had proposed himself to play, secured the augmentation of the gentle Emma's fortune.

My feelings were considerably excited as we approached the hostile pair: it was impossible for me to forget the happy and agreeable hours which I spent in Daly's company, nor entirely to obliterate from my recollection the caution of my poor mother, with regard to my asso-

ciales; for here—as if she had possessed the gift of prophesying—was I, after a sort of scapegrace acquaintance with the maddest wag of London, destined, perhaps, to terminate my existence prematurely, in consequence of his misconduct. My first impulse was to walk up to the rogue, and offer him my hand; but to do O'Brady justice, his anxiety to keep up the quarrel as it stood never relaxed. He desired me to stop where I was, while he went forward to speak to the Major. I obeyed, and entered into a conversation with the surgeon as to the healthiness of Hampstead, keeping my eye, however, on the watch for Daly, who seemed to me to be strongly imbued with feelings greatly assimilating to my own. However, his major and my lieutenant were the gentlemen to be satisfied; and as it appeared this could not happen unless the principals fought, I suppose he, as I had already done, bowed to the necessity of asserting his courage, as I had felt it imperative to vindicate my honour; and so it was that two lives were jeopardized.

Major M'Guffin having said a few words, Lieutenant O'Brady cried "Halloo;" and out of a ditch sprang his trusty squire, Jem Sullivan, with the carpet-bag which contained the weapons; and no sooner did the surgeon behold this manœuvre, than he turned to the group, and secured his case of instruments; and having redelivered them to the man, with some particular instructions to be careful of them, walked away to a distance, and never turned his face round till the event had come off, lest, in case of any accident, he should be subpoenaed as a witness.

Our worthy friends now proceeded to load the pistols, during which process I did not in the least know how to act with regard to Daly: the time, however, was short, and the lieutenant having concluded his part of the business, walked up to me, and desired me to stand where he placed me: he then stepped out six paces; at the end of which Major M'Guffin stepped out six more: at the end of which he placed Daly, to whom he gave one of his pistols, as the lieutenant handed me one of his.

"Gentlemen," said Major M'Guffin, "we have agreed that you are to fire together by signal; one, two, three:—raise and present at the one, two; and fire at the three."

"Now," said Daly, "just one word: we are met here to answer the call of Mr. Gurney; no opportunity has been afforded me of explaining to him the circumstances which——"

"Sir," said Lieutenant O'Brady, "I have no doubt you mean extremely well; but we are here to fight, sir, and not to talk."

"But," said I, "Lieutenant O'Brady——"

"Mr. Gurney," said the lieutenant, "you are not in a position to speak: we are not to be trifled with, sir."

"Oh, well," said Daly, "no more are we; therefore to business, and the sooner the better."

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said the major: "yes," was the reply.

"One, two——;" and before the gallant officer could get any farther my pistol, which had the hair-trigger set, went off; and the ball having grazed the calf of my leg, and ripped up the side of my pantaloons, lodged in the ground immediately at my foot. I was never more mortified in my life—the thing was so awkward—not to speak of a stinging sort of feeling, which the scraping off of the flesh inflicted.

"That comes of hair-triggers," said Daly, coolly.

"Why don't you fire, Mr. Daly?" said the major.

"I?" said Daly.

"To be sure," said the major; "the other gentleman has had his shot."

"Faith, it is so," said the lieutenant; "go on, sir; go on."

"Not I, by Jove!" said Daly; "unless Mr. Gurney takes his other pistol, and fires at me."

"He can do no such thing," said both the gentlemen.

"Very well, then," said Daly, "if I am to fire, I suppose I may choose my own direction:" saying which, he raised his pistol perpendicularly, and fired in the air.

"The devil, sir!" said his major; "what are you about?"

"Do you mean to affront my friend, sir?" said my lieutenant.

"Not I, by heaven!" said Daly; "no more than I ever meant to injure him. You had better, in the first instance, call your surgeon, and see that he is not more hurt than you fancy. I came here at his call, and will stay here as long as he likes; but I will not take advantage of an accident."

"Mighty handsome," said the lieutenant; "that I must say; but we want no doctor yet; so let us proceed; and now mind, Mr. Gurney, mind and be more careful the next time."

What might have happened had the combat continued, it is impossible to say; it was destined to terminate without any other bloodshed than that which, by my *gaucherie*, I had caused; for scarcely had the words "next time" escaped the lips of the gallant lieutenant, before five or six men, three or four boys, and two or three constables, bounced over a stile, which gave, or rather hindered, entrance to the field. Two of the fellows rushed at me, and seized me by the collar. The doctor took to his heels in the direction of the instrument-case; and Daly, who was a dab at everything, took a hedge and ditch with a run like that of a Leicestershire hunter equal to sixteen stone.

Major M'Guffin, in an endeavour to follow his leader, stuck in a hawthorn bush, but was eventually lugged out by his principal, who, taking advantage of the peculiar care and attention with which the Bow-street patrols—as they turned out to be—favoured me and the lieutenant, was over the hills and “far away” before any of the heavy-heeled Christians could touch him. Of one they were secure; although my self-inflicted wound was “neither as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door,” it prevented my following the example of the gallant fugitives, whose departure, I honestly confess, was one of the most agreeable sights I ever saw, convinced as I was, that Daly had no more desire to hit me, than I had to touch him.

The sequel was unpleasant—the Philistine would by no means let us go; and the consequence was, that, although the gallant Galen declared he would not be answerable for what might happen if I were suddenly transported to the police office to enter into sureties to keep the peace, they unmercifully bundled me and my gallant second into our own hackney-coach, which had been, at their suggestion, brought up the lane. The indignation of my fiery friend, O'Brady, at this interference of the law with our arrangement, was beyond description great; but whatever this interruption might have cost him, it was nothing compared with his fury when one of the myrmidons insisted upon keeping his pistols. I never saw a man in such a rage in my life: however, as I anticipated, I had sufficient influence at Bow-street (the smouldering remnant of my early acquaintance with the chief magistrate) to get the matter arranged much to his satisfaction. I entered into the required recognisances; and by the intervention of Mr. Stafford, the chief clerk, who seemed to me to manage the whole business of the office,

“Ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm,”

obtained the restoration of O'Brady's “barking irons,” as he called them; to the peculiarly delicate touch of whose *double detente* I was specially indebted for a wound in my leg, which, although by no means serious, was not by any means agreeable.—*Gilbert Gurney*, vol. ii. ch. 3.

38.—THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO.

[W. H. PRESCOTT, 1796—1859.

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He entered Harvard University in 1811, and his father being possessed of ample means, he resolved to devote his attention to literature. A selection of his contributions to various American periodicals was published in 1843. He visited Europe, spent

much time at Madrid, and in 1838 published "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain." This was followed by "The History of the Conquest of Mexico," in 1843; and "The History of the Conquest of Peru," in 1847. The first two volumes of "The History of Philip the Second" appeared in 1855, and his edition of Robertson's "History of Charles V.," in 1856. This was followed by other literary productions. Prescott's works have been republished in England, and translated into many modern languages. He died Jan. 28, 1859. His life, by George Ticknor, was published in 1864.]

THE troops refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities, and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguay, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs." High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the

scene, when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins, even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in all their pristine magnificence and beauty? It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

But these feelings of admiration were soon followed by others of a very different complexion; as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded, as they had done on some former occasions, to be led back again to Vera Cruz. Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the general. His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet; and, if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds, his confidence was renewed, as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armour told of battles won and difficulties surmounted, while his bold barbarians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey. By argument, entreaty, and menace, he endeavoured to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were opened to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honour as dear to them as fortune; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the general had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step, once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.—*History of the Conquest of Mexico*, b. iii. ch. 8.

39.—THE BUTTERFLY TRICK.

[S. OSBORN, 1820.

[SHERARD OSBORN, born in 1820, entered the Royal Navy at an early age, and was present at the attack upon Canton in 1841. He became lieutenant in 1846, com-

mander in 1852, and captain in 1855, and has served with distinction in both China and Japan. His "Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal" appeared in 1852; "Quedah; or, Stray Leaves from a Journal in Malayan Waters" in 1857; "A Cruise in Japanese Waters" in 1859; "The Career, Last Voyage, and Fate of Sir John Franklin" in 1860; and "The Past and Future of British Relations in China" also in 1860. Captain Osborn has contributed largely to periodical literature.]

On the 25th August, Lord Elgin invited all the Commissioners to dinner, and they came an hour before time, bringing a Japanese conjuror to enable his Excellency to judge of their skill in tricks of legerdemain. An impromptu theatre was soon formed of an apartment, one side of which opened out upon the temple garden; chairs and benches were ranged on the well-kept lawn, and the Ambassador, Commissioners, the suite, and a large body of officers, formed the audience. The conjuror was a gentlemanly-looking venerable man, clad in ample silk robes. He had as an assistant a wretch who tapped incessantly upon a small drum, and by his remarks, unintelligible, of course, to ourselves, he served to amuse the Japanese who crowded behind us. The old man performed many tricks of legerdemain, in a manner that equalled anything we had ever before seen; but when he proceeded to show the far-famed butterfly trick, all were fairly wonder-stricken.

Our Japanese Merlin was seated cross-legged about ten yards from us, upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment; behind him was a gold-coloured screen, with a painting of the peak of Fushihama in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation, he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter-draught of air from some quarter interfered with his efforts, and made the butterfly truant to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this. He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of his fan—now wheeling and dipping towards it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight, the wings quivering with nervous restlessness! One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the con-

juror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and together they rose and played about the old man's fan, varying their attentions between flirting with one another and flirting along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically, and gave the fan a short quick motion; then one butterfly would pass over to the other, both would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand; by gentle movements of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to it, and then, their delight! how they played about the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with all the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstasies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight. The exhibition ended, when the old man advanced to the front of his stage, within arm's length of us all, accompanied by his magic butterflies, that even in the open air continued to play round the magician and his fan! As a feat of legerdemain, it was by far the most beautiful trick we had ever heard of, and one that must require an immense amount of practice.—*A Cruise in Japanese Waters*, chap. x.

40.—NIGHT AND DAY.

[MRS. GATTY, 1809.

[MARGARET, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Scott, formerly Chaplain to Lord Nelson, was born at Burnham Parsonage, Essex, in 1809, and married in 1839 the Rev. A. Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield, near Sheffield. Her first work, "The Fairy Godmothers, and other Tales," appeared in 1851. This was followed by "Parables from Nature" in 1855. Of this work three series have appeared. This authoress has also written "Proverbs Illustrated," published in 1857, and several other works.]

"The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof."—Rev. xxi. 23

IN old times, long, long ago, when Night and Day were young and foolish, and had not discovered how necessary they were to each other's happiness and well-being, they chased each other round the world in a state of angry disdain; each thinking that he alone was doing good, and that therefore the other, so totally unlike himself in all respects, must be doing harm, and ought to be got rid of altogether, if possible.

Old northern tales say that they rode, each of them, in a car with a horse to it; but the horse of Night had a frosty mane, while that of Day had a shiny one. Moreover, foam fell from Frosty-mane's bit as he went along, which dropped on the earth as dew; and Shiny-mane's mane was so radiant that it scattered light through the air at every step. And thus they drove on, bringing darkness and light over the earth in turn—

'each pursuing and pursued; but knowing so little of this simple fact, that one of their chief causes of dispute was, which was going first.

For, of course, if they had been able to settle that, it would have been known which was the more important of the two; but as they drove in a circle the point could not be decided, since what was first on the one side was sure to be last on the other, as anybody may see who tries to draw their journey. They never gave this a thought, however, and there were no schoolmasters about just then to teach them. So round and round the world they went, without even knowing that it was round, still less that there was no such thing as first and last in a circle. And they never succeeded in overtaking, so as to pass each other, though they sometimes came up very close, and then there was twilight.

Of the two, one grumbled and the other scolded the most, and it is easy to guess which did which. Night was gloomy by nature, especially when clouds hid the moon and the stars, so her complaints took a serious and melancholy tone. She was really broken-hearted at the exhaustion produced all over the world by the labours and pleasures which were carried on under the light of Day, and used to receive the earth back as if it was a sick child, and she a nurse, who had a right to be angry with what had been done to it. Day, on the contrary, was amazingly cheerful, particularly when the sun shone; never troubled his head about what was to happen when his fun was over: on the contrary, thought his fun ought to last for ever, because it was pleasant, was quite vexed when it was put a stop to, and had no scruple in railing at his rival; whose only object, as it seemed to him, was to overshadow and put an end to all the happiness that was to be found.

"Cruel Night," he exclaimed, "what a life you lead me! How you thwart me at every turn! What trouble I have to take to keep your mischief in check. Look at the mists and shadows I must drive on one side before I can make the world bright with my beautiful light! And, no sooner have I done so, than I feel your cold unwholesome breath trying to come up to me behind! But you shall never overtake me if I can help it, though I know that is what you want. You want to throw your hateful black shadow over my bright and pleasant world."

"I doing mischief which you have to keep in check!" groaned Night, quite confused by the accusation. "I, whose whole time is spent in trying to repair the mischief other people do: *your* mischief, in fact, you wasteful, consumer of life and power! Every twelve hours I get back from you a half worn-out world, and this I am expected to restore and make as good as new again, but how is it

possible? Something I can do, I know. Some wear and tear I can renew and refresh, but some alas! I cannot; and thus creep in destruction and death."

"Hear, her," cried Day, in contempt, "taunting me with the damage I do, and the death and destruction I cause! I, the Life-giver, at whose word the whole world awakes, which else might lie asleep for ever. She, the grim likeness of the death she talks about, and bringing death's twin sister in her bosom."

"You are Day the destroyer, I, Night the restorer," persisted Night, evading the argument.

"I am Day the life-giver, you, Night the desolator," replied Day, bitterly.

"I am Night the restorer, you, Day the destroyer," repeated Night.

"You are to me what death is to life," shouted Day.

"Then death is a restorer as I am," exclaimed Night.

And so they went on, like all other ignorant and obstinate arguers; each full of his own one idea, and taking no heed of what the other might say. How could the truth be got at by such means? Of course it could not, and of course, therefore, they persisted in their rudeness. And there were certain seasons, particularly, when they became more impertinent to each other than ever. For instance, whenever it was summer, Day's horse, Shiny-mane, got so strong and frisky that Night had much ado to keep her place at all, so closely was she pressed in the chase. Indeed, sometimes there was so little of her to be seen, that people might have doubted whether she had passed by at all, had it not been for the dew Frosty-mane scattered, and which those saw who got up early enough in the morning.

Oh, the boasting of Day at these times! And really he believed what he said. He really thought that it would be the greatest possible blessing if he were to go on for ever, and there were to be no Night. Perhaps he had the excuse of having heard a whisper of some old tradition to that effect; but the principal cause of the mistake was, that he thought too much about himself and too little about his neighbour. "Fortunate world," cried he; "it must be clear to every one, now, who it is that brings blessings and does good to you and your inhabitants. Good old earth, you become more and more lovely and fruitful, the more and more I shorten the hours of Night and lengthen my own. We can do tolerably well without her restoring power, it would seem! If we could be rid of her altogether, therefore, what a Paradise there would be! Then the foliage, the flowers, the fruits, the precious crops of this my special season, would last for ever. Would that it could remain uninterrupted!"—*Parables from Nature.* Third and Fourth Series. *Night and Day.*

41.—GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

[LORD BYRON, 1788—1824.]

[GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, born in Holles-street, London, Jan. 22, 1788, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1807, "Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron, a Minor," appeared at Newark. This youthful production was ruthlessly assailed in No. 22 of "The Edinburgh Review" for January, 1808, which had only then been recently established. Such unfriendly criticism excited the ire of the young author, who retaliated in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," published in 1809. This production, in which most of the leading literary men of the time were satirised, at once rendered its author famous. Byron then travelled in Greece, Turkey, and the East; and the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared in March, 1812. "The Giaour" and "The Bride of Abydos" appeared in 1813; the "Corsair" and "Lara" in 1814; the third canto of "Childe Harold" in 1816, and the fourth canto, which completed the poem, April 28, 1818. Byron wrote, in addition to other poems, several dramatic works, the most celebrated of which are "Marino Faliero" and "Sardanapalus," both published in 1821, and "Werner" in 1822. The first two cantos of "Don Juan" appeared in 1819, and the last two in 1824. Lord Byron was not happy in his domestic relations. His parents separated soon after his birth, and the young poet lived at Aberdeen with his mother, who was in very reduced circumstances until, in his eleventh year, he inherited from his grand-uncle a title and Newstead Abbey. Here, at fifteen, he fell in love with Mary Chaworth, whose father had been killed in a duel by the poet's grand-uncle. This early attachment forms the subject of a small poem, "The Dream." He married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke in Oct., 1814. A separation ensued in Jan., 1816. One child, Ada, born Dec. 10, 1815, afterwards Countess of Lovelace, was the sole fruit of this marriage. She died Nov. 27, 1852. Byron repaired to Greece to assist in the struggle for independence, and reached Missolonghi in Jan., 1824. His exertions in the cause brought on a severe attack of rheumatic fever, under which the poet succumbed at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824. Several editions of his collected works have been published, and his life has been written by numerous authors. His papers were entrusted to his friend, the poet Moore, who edited an edition of his "Life, Letters, and Journals," published in 1830.]

No breath of air to break the wave

That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb* which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain;
When shall such hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,

* Above the rocks on the promontory, and supposed by some to be the tomb of Themistocles.

Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight;
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing waves that lave
These Edens of the Eastern wave :
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there !
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale,*

The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs, are heard on high,
Blooms, blushing to her lover's tale :
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven ;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest ;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's gutart†
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;
Then stealing with the muffled oar,
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where nature loved to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling place,

* The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well known Persian fable.

† The constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night.

And every charm and grace hath mix'd
 Within the paradise she fix'd,
 There man, enamour'd of distress,
 Should mar it into wilderness,
 And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
 That tasks not one laborious hour ;
 Nor claims the culture of his hand
 To bloom along the fairy land,
 But springs as to preclude his care,
 And sweetly woos him—but to spare !
 Strange—that where all is peace beside,
 There passion riots in her pride,
 And lust and rapine wildly reign
 To darken o'er the fair domain.
 It is as though the fiends prevail'd
 Against the seraphs they assail'd,
 And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell
 The freed inheritors of hell ;
 So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
 So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the pallid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
 The first, last look by death reveal'd !

Such is the aspect of this shore !
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath ;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away !
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own :
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires ;
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame :
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won,
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !
Attest it many a deathless age !
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,

A mightier monument command,
 The mountains of thy native land !
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye
 The graves of those that cannot die !

The Giaour.

42.—HOME INFLUENCES.

[REV. G. TOWNSEND, 1788—1857.]

[GEORGE TOWNSEND, son of the Rev. G. Townsend, of Ramsgate, and nephew of the Rev. J. Townsend, founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, London, was born at Ramsgate, Sept. 12, 1788. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and Trinity College, Cambridge, and published some poems at an early age. His "Chronological Arrangement of the Old Testament" appeared in 1821, and of the New Testament in 1825. Both works have since gone through several editions. In 1825 he was appointed Prebendary of Durham. His "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome" appeared in 1826; his "Ecclesiastical and Civil History, Philosophically considered with Reference to the future Reunion of Christians," in 1847, and his "Scriptural Communion with God," &c., between the years 1845 and 1849. His "Journal of a Tour in Italy in 1850, with an Account of an Interview with the Pope at the Vatican," appeared in 1850. Dr. Townsend died Nov. 23, 1857.]

THE biography of the most illustrious men of all ages, proves the truth of one remarkable fact, that those who have been eminent for goodness, greatness, or virtue, have generally owed the excellence which has been the basis of their reputation to the teaching, the example, or the influence of their mothers at home. The mother is the chief biasser for good or evil of the mind of the child. Before the tutor, the master, or the clergyman, can impart one lesson, either of a secular or of a religious nature, the soul of the child has received its earliest, and, very frequently, its most indelible impressions. That Christian mother, therefore, neglects her first, and most bounden duty, who permits the earlier years of infancy to pass away, without elevating the primal thoughts of her child to God. If the Christian mother do not teach her beloved offspring to pray as soon as it can clasp its hands, bend its knee, or lisps its first stammering words: if, when her child is born into the world, the mother do not hear, as it were, a voice from heaven, saying to her, with more than mortal eloquence, "Take this child, and nurse it for God: take this child and train it up to live here as the spiritual member of Christ's Holy Catholic Apostolic Church on earth, and to live hereafter as a member of Christ's Holy Church, triumphant over evil in heaven," she is the enemy of the soul of her child. The day must come when death shall part the mother from her children. At that hour, when all the gold, and wealth, and fame, and honour in the world, which children are so often taught to regard as the only

things needful, shall appear as the toys of forgotten infancy, or as a heap of sand to the traveller who is dying for a drop of water in the desert—how bitter will be the remembrance of the mother who has seen her children depart from the ways of peace and true happiness, into folly, worldliness, or wickedness; if she is compelled to check her dying remonstrances to her children, and to say, “I am to blame; I dedicated my children to God by holy baptism in their infancy, but I taught them no prayer. I neglected religion in the nursery. Their early days began and ended, without my attempting to direct their hearts to God. I taught them to please man, and not God; to adorn the body and neglect the soul. I feel—I see—I know the vanity of all things but the religion which should speak peace to the dying; yet now my words mock me, when I would pronounce a blessing, or utter my words of parting advice to my children. Oh! that I had practised as well as known my duty. Oh! that I had valued the best happiness of a Christian mother, and enabled them to thank their dying parent for the care she had bestowed on their souls. Oh! that I had endeavoured to bias the minds of my dear children, as I now wish that I had done, when the hour of my death is before me!”

The same reflections are applicable to fathers as well as to mothers. If remorse and self-reproach will attend a dying mother, who reflects on the neglect of the souls of her children, when they are committed to her more peculiar charge; no less will the Christian father mourn at the last, if he be guilty of the same crime. The children descend from the nursery, to the parlour, the drawing-room, the fireside. If the religious mother has consecrated the nursery to God in such manner that every day has been begun and ended with the lisped and broken prayer, it becomes the duty of a religious father to go on with the good work that is begun—to make the domestic hearth the first Church, and to bring back, as it were, the days of the pristine Paradise to an united religious Christian family. *The first Church upon earth was a family*; the first priest was a father; the first congregation were the elder and the younger children; the first altar was the domestic spot around which they assembled to worship. So it may still be. *Every family may be regarded as a Church*; every father, as a priest to offer prayers; every child and servant as the member of a domestic congregation; every spot in the house set apart for worship, as the altar at home, to which the lambs of Christ's fold should be duly brought, as living sacrifices to the God of all the families of the earth, “holy, acceptable to God, a reasonable service.” The impressions of the nursery must continue in the household, and the further preparation thus be made at home for the public reception of the baptized child into the communion of the visible church. The stones

of the temple which Solomon built and dedicated, and which the God of Israel accepted and possessed, were prepared at a distance from Jerusalem; they were squared and polished on the spot where they were found, until the "great stones, and the costly stones, and the hewn stones," were ready for their removal. They were all, one by one, gradually taken away from their native home, to be placed in their destined positions in the temple, without any sound of the axe or the hammer within the sacred precincts of the holy city; till "like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew," and the temple of Jerusalem was completed. Just so it must be in these latter days; and just so it will be, if the parents of families will do their duty to their children and their servants. If we desire the building up of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church on earth; if we seek for the extension of the Church of Christ among ourselves; if we pray for the peace of our Jerusalem; if we would say to Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be built;" and to the temple, "Thy foundations shall be laid;"—we must prepare in our domestic circles the polished stones of the temple, for their places in the House of the Lord. If parents of families would thus do their duty to their baptized children; if the Christian father would but proceed with the domestic religion which the Christian mother has begun; then the temples of Christ would silently and slowly, but surely and certainly, spring up among us. The fountains of infidelity, and of indifference to religion, would be stopped at their source. The general demoralization would be suspended. The impure literature which curses our age would become distasteful even to the young, for whom it is especially written; and one generation would not pass away before a national reformation would follow the prevalence of domestic religion.—*Scriptural Communion with God*, vol. i.; Dedication, B. I.

43.—READING.

[JOHN LOCKE, 1632—1704.

[JOHN LOCKE, born at Wrington, near Bristol, Aug. 29, 1632, and educated at Westminster, and Christchurch, Oxford, went to Berlin as secretary to Sir W. Swan, Envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg, in 1664. He afterwards took up his residence with Lord Ashley, created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672. To the varied fortunes of this nobleman Locke adhered. He held several public appointments, was Commissioner of Appeals in 1689, and one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in 1695. His "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding," in four books, appeared in 1690, an epitome of the same having been published anonymously in 1688, and his "Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity" in 1695. He was the author of several other works, amongst which may be mentioned the "Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding," published in 1706, after his death, which took place at the house

of his friend, with whom he had long resided, Sir Francis Masham, at Oates, Essex, Oct. 28, 1704. Locke's works were republished in 1714, and several editions have since appeared. An account of his life and writings, by Le Clerc, appeared in 1713, memoirs by Bishop Law in 1742, and Lord King's Life in 1829.]

THIS is that which I think great readers are apt to be mistaken in. Those who have read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are, indeed, in some writers visible instances of deep thoughts, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give would be of great use, if their reader would observe and imitate them; all the rest at best are but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge; but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence of what is said; and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connection of ideas, so far it is ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased, by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books is not built upon true foundations, nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended to be built on. • Such an examen as is requisite to discover that, every reader's mind is not forward to make; especially in those who have given themselves up to a party, and only hunt for what they can scrape together, that may favour and support the tenets of it. Such men wilfully exclude themselves from truth, and from all true benefit to be received by reading. Others of more indifferency often want attention and industry. The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should by severe rules be tied down to this, at first, uneasy task; use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it, readily, as it were with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in most cases, see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the minnaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. This young beginners

should be entered in, and shown the use of, that they might profit by their reading. Those who are strangers to it will be apt to think it too great a clog in the way of men's studies and they will suspect they shall make but small progress, if, in the books they read, they must stand to examine and unravel every argument, and follow it step by step up to its original.

I answer, this is a good objection, and ought to weigh with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But I am here enquiring into the conduct of the understanding in its progress towards knowledge; and to those who aim at that, I may say, that he who fair and softly goes steadily forward in a course that points right, will sooner be at his journey's end than he that runs after every one he meets, though he gallop all day full-speed.

To which let me add, that this way of thinking on, and profiting by, what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning; when custom and exercise have made it familiar, it will be dispatched, on most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. The motions and views of a mind exercised that way are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflections sees as much at one glimpse as would require a long discourse to lay before another, and make out in an entire and gradual deduction. Besides that, when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading, which, without this is very improperly called study.

44—THE STARLING, OR, THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY.

[REV. L. STERNE, 1713—1768.]

[LAURENCE STERNE was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, November 24, 1713. He was educated at a school near Halifax, and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in January, 1736. Soon after quitting the university he obtained the living of Suttin, in Yorkshire. Having married in 1741, he obtained the living of Stillington from a friend of his wife. The first two volumes of "*Tristram Shandy*," published anonymously at York in 1759, were reprinted in London 1760. The success of the work was great, and the secret of the authorship was quickly divulged. Sterne published two volumes of sermons in 1760, the third and fourth volumes of "*Tristram Shandy*" in 1761, the fifth and sixth volumes in 1762, and the seventh and eighth volumes in 1765. Two additional volumes of sermons appeared in 1766, the ninth volume of "*Tristram Shandy*" in 1767, and "*A Sentimental Journey in France and Italy*" early in 1768. The author died in Bond Street, March 18, 1768, soon after the publication of the "*Sentimental Journey*." Some sermons and letters were published after his death. Sir Walter Scott says, "Sterne may be recorded as at once one of the most affected, and one of the most simple of writers—as one of

the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses that England has produced." Memoirs of his life and family, written by himself and published by his daughter, Mrs. Meddle, appeared in 1775. The "Quarterly Review," vol. xciv., contains an article on Sterne, and a new life by Percy Fitzgerald, reprinted from the "Dublin University Magazine," was published in 1863.]

AND as for the Bastile,—the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walk'd down stairs in no small triumph at the conceit of my reasoning.—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil, said I, vauntingly,—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition,—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised.—But strip it of its towers,—fill up the fosse,—unbarricade the doors,—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper,—and not of a man, which holds you in in it,—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I look'd up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage;—"I can't get out,—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity.—"I can't get out," said the starling.—God help thee!—said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at

liberty.—“No,” said the starling; “I can’t get out,—I can’t get out,” said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call’d home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walk’d up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I,—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—’Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to *Liberty*, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change.—No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

THE CAPTIVE. PARIS.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me,

—I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice!—His children—

But here my heart began to bleed ;—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there :—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door,—then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul !—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—*A Sentimental Journey.*

45.—THE CHARACTER OF LUCIUS CARY FALKLAND.

[LORD CLARENDON, 1608—1674.

[EDWARD HYDE, third son of Henry Hyde, was born at Dinton, near Salisbury, Feb. 18, 1608, and educated by the clergyman of the parish and at Magdalen College, Oxford. He studied the law at the Middle Temple, and was returned as member for Wootton Bassett in 1640. In the Long Parliament he sat for Saltash, and soon became a great favourite with Charles I. He was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1643, when he received the honour of knighthood. In 1646 he escaped to Jersey, and having been the constant adviser of Charles II., when in exile, he returned with him in 1660, and was made Lord-Chancellor, with the title of Baron Hyde. At the coronation in April, 1661, the earldom of Clarendon was conferred upon him, with a gift of 20,000*l.* Lord Clarendon fell a victim to court intrigues, and was compelled to surrender the Great Seal Aug. 30, 1667. Articles of impeachment were drawn up against him, and he quitted the kingdom Nov. 29, 1667. A bill for punishing him passed the Upper House Dec. 12, and the Lower House Dec. 18. After going to several places, Lord Clarendon settled at Rouen, where he died Dec. 9, 1674. His body was brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey. The first edition of his great work, "The History of the Rebellion," appeared at Oxford in 1702, 1703, and 1704. His life, written by himself, was published at Oxford in 1759. Both works have gone through numerous editions. "The Life and Administration of Edward, first Earl of Clarendon, with original Correspondence," &c., by T. H. Lister, published in 1838, contains a full account of this extraordinary man. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of Clarendon's "History" as "one of the noblest historical works of the English language;" and Southey remarks : "For an Englishman, there is no single historical work with which it can be so necessary for him to be well and thoroughly acquainted as with Lord Clarendon."]

If the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons, and transmitting their great virtues, for the imitation of posterity, be one of the principal ends and duties of history, it will not be thought

impertinent, in this place, to remember a loss which no time will suffer to be forgotten, and no success or good fortune could repair. In this unhappy battle (Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643), was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland;* a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

Turpe mori, post tē, solo non posse dolore.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord-deputy; so that when he returned to England, to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation; and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship, for the most part, was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit and fancy, and good parts in any man; and, if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser as if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And therefore having once resolved not to see London, which

* Lucius Cary Falkland, son of Henry Cary, first Viscount Falkland, was born in 1610, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and St. John's College, Cambridge. The peerage—a Scotch one—did not confer the right of sitting in the House of Lords. Viscount Falkland was returned member for Newport in the Isle of Wight, in 1640. He fell in the battle of Newbury, Sep. 20, 1643.

he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted, and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume; whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

* * * * *

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs.

* * * * *

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops, which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, (Oct. 23, 1642,) when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away: so that a man might think, he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it, from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer: so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned

before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side, that the other would be compelled to submit, to any conditions from the victor, (which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages, that might then have been laid hold of,) he resisted those indispositions, *et in luctu, bellum inter remedia erat*. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he, who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness, and less pleasantness of the visage, a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden, less communicable; and thence, very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men, (strangers to his nature and disposition,) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free.

* * * * *

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *peace, peace*; and would passionately profess, "that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, "that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;" which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man, that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have

committed a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit; for at the leaguier before Gloucester, when his friend passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger, (for he delighted to visit the trenches, and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did,) as being so much beside the duty of his place, that it might be understood rather to be against it, he would say merrily, "that his office could not take away the privilege of his age; and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret of danger;" but withal alleged seriously, "that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard, than other men, that all might see, that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person."

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.—*The History of the Rebellion*, Book vii.

46.—THE PAMBOO-KALOO, OR SNAKE-STONE.

[J. E. TENNENT, 1804.

[JAMES EMERSON, son of William Emerson, a Belfast merchant, was born April 7, 1804, and assumed the name of his wife in 1832. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the English bar in 1831. He was returned for Belfast in Dec. 1832, and represented that city until July, 1845, when he was appointed Civil Secretary to the Colonial Government of Ceylon, having been secretary to the India Board from Sept. 1841, and received the honour of knighthood. Having left Ceylon Dec. 11, 1850, he was elected member for Lisburn in Dec. 1851; in Feb. 1852, he was appointed Secretary to the Poor Law Board, and in Nov. 1852, one of the joint secretaries to the Board of Trade. Sir J. E. Tennent is the author of several works, his first publication being "Travels in Greece," which appeared in 1825; "Letters from the Ægean" appeared in 1829; "A History of Modern Greece" in

1830; his "Christianity in Ceylon" in 1850; and his principal work on Ceylon was published in 1859. "He was created a Knight of the Greek Order of the Saviour in 1842.]

THE use of the Pamboo-Kaloo, or snake-stone, as a remedy in cases of wounds by venomous serpents, has probably been communicated to the Cingalese by the itinerant snake-charmers, who resort to the island from the coast of Coromandel; and more than one well-authenticated instance of its successful application has been told to me by persons who had been eye-witnesses to what they described. On one occasion, in March, 1854, a friend of mine was riding, with some of the civil officers of the Government, along a jungle path in the vicinity of Bintenne, when they saw one of two Tamils,* who were approaching them, suddenly dart into the forest and return, holding in both hands a *cobra de capello*, which he had seized by the head and tail. He called to his companion for assistance to place it in their covered basket, but in doing this he handled it so inexpertly, that it seized him by the finger, and retained its hold for a few seconds, as if unable to retract its fangs. The blood flowed, and intense pain appeared to follow almost immediately; but, with all expedition, the friend of the sufferer undid his waist-cloth, and took from it two snake-stones, each of the size of a small almond, intensely black and highly polished, though of an extremely light substance. These he applied—one to each wound inflicted by the teeth of the serpent—to which the stones attached themselves closely, the blood that oozed from the bites being rapidly imbibed by the porous texture of the article applied. The stones adhered tenaciously for three or four minutes, the wounded man's companion in the meanwhile rubbing his arm downwards from the shoulder towards the fingers. At length the snake-stones dropped off of their own accord; the suffering appeared to have subsided; he twisted his fingers till the joints cracked, and went on his way without concern. Whilst this had been going on, another Indian of the party who had come up, took from his bag a small piece of white wood, which resembled a root, and passed it gently near the head of the cobra, which the latter immediately inclined close to the ground; he then lifted the snake without hesitation, and coiled it into a circle at the bottom of his basket. The root by which he professed to be enabled to perform this operation with safety he called the *Naya-*

* Tamils, or Tamulians, the name given to the inhabitants of the Eastern coast of Ceylon, from Battakolo northward to Jaffna, and thence along the Western coast to Putlam. They are supposed to have come over from the opposite shores of India, and are more active and industrious than the Cingalese, or natives of the interior of the island.

thalee Kalinga (the root of the snake-plant), protected by which he professed his ability to approach any reptile with impunity.

In another instance, in 1853, Mr. Lavalliere, the District Judge of Kandy, informed me that he saw a snake-charmer in the jungle, close by the town, search for a *cobra de capello*, and, after disturbing it in its retreat, the man tried to secure it, but in the attempt he was bitten in the thigh till the blood trickled from the wound. He instantly applied the *Pambo Kaloo*, which adhered closely for about ten minutes, during which time he passed the root which he held in his hand backwards and forwards above the stone, till the latter dropped to the ground. He assured Mr. Lavalliere that all danger was then past. That gentleman obtained from him the snake-stone he had relied on, and saw him repeatedly afterwards in perfect health.

The substances which were used on both the occasions are now in my possession. The roots employed by the several parties are not identical. One appears to be the bit of the stem of an *Aristolochia*; the other is so dried as to render it difficult to identify it, but it resembles the quadrangular stem of a jungle vine. Some species of *Aristolochia*, such as the *A. serpentaria* of North America, are supposed to act as a specific in the cure of snake-bites; and the *A. indica* is the plant to which the ichneumon is popularly believed to resort as an antidote when bitten; but it is probable that the use of any particular plant by the snake-charmers is a pretence, or rather a delusion, the reptile being overpowered by the resolute action of the operator, and not by the influence of any secondary appliance, the confidence inspired by the supposed talisman enabling the possessor to address himself fearlessly to his task, and thus to effect by determination and will what is popularly believed to be the result of charms and stupefaction. Still it is curious that, amongst the natives of Northern Africa, who lay hold of the *Cerastes* without fear or hesitation, their impunity is ascribed to the use of a plant with which they anoint themselves before touching the reptile.* And Bruce says of the people of Sennaar that they acquire exemption from the fatal consequences of the bite by chewing a particular root, and washing themselves with an infusion of certain plants. He adds that a portion of this root was given him, with a view to test its efficacy in his own person, but that he had not sufficient resolution to undergo the experiment. As to the snake-stone itself, I submitted one, the application of which I have been describing, to Mr. Faraday,

* See "Hasselquist's (F.) Voyages and Travels in the Levant, 1749—52," published in 1766. This Swedish naturalist and traveller, the pupil of Linnæus, was born Jan. 3 (O.S.), 1722, and died Feb. 9, 1752.

and he has communicated to me, as the result of his analysis, his belief that it is "a piece of charred bone which has been filled with blood perhaps several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded, as well by the apertures of cells or tubes on its surface as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly, water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the stone." This ash, as is evident from inspection, cannot have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime. Mr. Faraday adds that "if the piece of matter has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?"

The probability is that the animal charcoal, when instantaneously applied, may be sufficiently porous and absorbent to extract the venom from the recent wound, together with a portion of the blood, before it has had time to be carried into the system; and that the blood which Mr. Faraday detected in the specimen submitted to him was that of the Indian on whose person the effect was exhibited on the occasion to which my informant was an eye-witness.—*Geylon*, vol. i., Part ii., ch. 3.

47.—THE AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

[D. T. ANSTED, 1814.

[DAVID THOMAS ANSTED, born in London in 1814, was educatedⁿ at a private school and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was appointed Professor of Geology at King's College in 1840; Lecturer on Geology at Addiscombe in 1845; and Professor of Geology at the College of Civil Engineers, Putney, in 1845. His first work, "Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical," appeared in 1844. This has been followed by a variety of interesting publications; amongst which "Scenery, Science, and Art," which appeared in 1854, may be mentioned. Ansted has also contributed largely to several scientific periodicals.]

THE amphitheatre of Nismes* is really in itself a noble building, and a highly picturesque ruin. Its state of preservation, in spite of the numerous accidents to which it has been exposed in the course of seventeen or eighteen centuries, and the more injurious barbarisms of

* Erected by Antoninus Pius, Emperor of Rome, A.D. 138—161.

those who have used this, as well as others of the noblest works of ancient art as mere quarries, conveniently supplying materials for the construction of houses, palaces, or churches, is still extremely good. Its external preservation is even more perfect than that of the great Coliseum of Rome.* Whole ranges of seats yet remain, rising in regular tiers one above another. Each range is constructed of a number of enormous square blocks of stone, some of which retain marks and notches, indicating the amount of space allotted to each spectator. We may still see the noble galleries, varied in their style of architecture, but all good, and many of them uninjured by time or violence—the magnificent stairs and passages admitting of the free access and egress of the vast multitude, and the complete division of different classes distinctly and unchangeably preserved. So perfect are many parts of this building, that one may sit down, and without much indulgence of the fancy, carry back one's thoughts to the time when the charm of novelty was added to those intrinsic beauties we can now recognise, and when the old Roman spectator, occupying the same seat, was waiting with anxiety and intense interest to see the cruel and ferocious sports then thought manly, and considered absolutely essential to keep up the national character. Seated near the centre of the lower range of seats, not far from the imperial throne—part of the iron-work enclosing which is still to be seen—some proud senator looks around him on all that is noble and distinguished in the ancient city of Nemausus, and watches the representative of majesty, or majesty itself, clothed in purple, mounting to the imperial throne. Above him, on the next tier are the knights; above them the Roman citizens—Roman, at least, by law, though few, if any, had ever seen Rome—and above them again the bondsmen and slaves, who, in those days, were not only allowed to partake in the amusements of their masters, but had their allotted places with the rest. More than 20,000 human beings are seated quietly around awaiting a signal. Soon a small door opens—the place of that door is now visible—and there rush out wild beasts to combat either with each other, or with those gladiators whose gloomy chambers are also preserved, and who, one must imagine, were scarcely more civilized or domesticated than their victims in the arena. These fights would, however, soon be succeeded by others more terrible. Men against men—the condemned criminal and the innocent Christian, led out of other dungeons, are cruelly tortured and put to death for the amusement of their fellow-men. Such are the

* Commenced by the Emperor Vespasian, A.D. 75, and completed by the Emperor Titus A.D. 80.

scenes that suggest themselves as we occupy the seats, traverse the galleries, or visit the small chambers, that remain so perfectly preserved in this noble structure. We almost expect to see the marks of blood still staining the ground. We listen to hear the shouts of the multitude, and when we recall our wandering thoughts, and watch the existing population of the vicinity, one cannot but feel that if these things have passed away, we have lost also the indomitable courage and constantly advancing progress which once belonged to the inhabitants of Southern Europe, but which has now changed into a tame and debasing superstition, involving a total want even of the power of union, and the most degrading subjection to tyranny. The Roman spirit of proud independence has either passed away or has become mingled with many other less valuable and less hopeful ingredients, but the tendency to cruel and bloody amusements is apparently still in existence, and may at any time reappear when the passions are excited and circumstances are favourable for its development. These reflections can hardly appear out of place, as they suggest themselves but too readily to any one acquainted with the former history and present condition of the French, Spanish, and Italian people, especially as illustrated in Provence within the last half century.—*Scenery, Science, and Art: being Extracts from the Note Book of a Geologist and Mining Engineer. France. Ch. ii.*

48.—MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

[R. BURNS, 1759—1796.]

[ROBERT BURNS was born in the country, near Ayr, Jan 25, 1759. His parents being poor he received but little education. His first attempt at rhyme was made when he was in his sixteenth year. An edition of his poems, published at Kilmarnock in the autumn of 1786, met with such a reception, that the author was induced to repair to Edinburgh, instead of emigrating, as he at that time purposed. The poet returned to Ayrshire in the spring of 1788, and settled at Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire, in June of the same year. He obtained an appointment in the excise soon after, and removed to Dumfries in 1791, where he died July 21, 1796. The first collected edition of his poems and letters, with memoirs by James Currie, was published for the benefit of the poet's widow and children, at Liverpool, in 1800. A life, by J. G. Lockhart, appeared in 1828, another, prefixed to an edition of his works, was published in 1834, another, in the Aldine edition of his poems, by Sir H. Nicolas, appeared in 1839, and another, with works, by R. Chambers, in 1851-2.]

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,

I spied a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrowed o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

" Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ?"
Began the reverend sage :
" Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
" Or youthful pleasure's rage ?
" Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
" Too soon thou hast began
" To wander forth, with me, to mourn
" The miseries of man.

" The sun that overhangs yon moors,
" Out-spreading far and wide,
" Where hundreds labour to support
" A haughty lordling's pride :
" I've seen yon weary winter sun
" Twice forty times return,
" And every time has added proofs
" That man was made to mourn.

" Oh man ! while in thy early years,
" How prodigal of time :
" Misspending all thy precious hours,
" Thy glorious youthful prime !
" Alternate follies take the sway ;
" Licentious passions burn ;
" Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
" That man was made to mourn.

" Look not alone on youthful prime,
" On manhood's active might ;
" Man then is useful to his kind,
" Supported in his right :
" But see him on the edge of life,
" With cares and sorrows worn ;
" Then age and want—O ill-matched pair !—
" Show man was made to mourn.

" A few seem favourites of fate,
" In pleasure's lap carest ;
" Yet think not all the rich and great
" Are likewise truly blest.

- " But, oh ! what crowds in every land,
" All wretched and forlorn !
" Through weary life this lesson learn—
" That man was made to mourn.
- " Many and sharp the numerous ills
" Inwoven with our frame !
" More pointed still we make ourselves
" Regret, remorse, and shame ;
" And man, whose heaven-erected face
" The smiles of love adorn,
" Man's inhumanity to man
" Makes countless thousands mourn !
- " See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
" So abject, mean, and vile,
" Who begs a brother of the earth
" To give him leave to toil ;
" And see his lordly fellow-worm
" The poor petition spurn,
" Unmindful though a weeping wife
" And helpless offspring mourn.
- " If I'm designed yon lordling's slave—
" By nature's law designed—
" Why was an independent wish
" E'er planted in my mind ?
" If not, why am I subject to
" His cruelty or scorn ?
" Or why has man the will and power
" To make his fellow mourn ?
- " Yet let not this too much, my son,
" Disturb thy youthful breast ;
" This partial view of human-kind
" Is surely not the last ?
" The poor, oppressed, honest man,
" Had never, sure, been born,
" Had there not been some recompense
" To comfort those that mourn !
- " O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend—
" The kindest and the best !
" Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
" Are laid with thee at rest !

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 "From pomp and pleasure torn!
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 "That weary-laden mourn!"

49.—A HEAVENLY MIND.

[REV. R. BAXTER, 1615—1691.

RICHARD BAXTER, born at Rowdon in Shropshire, Nov. 12, 1615, received but little education. He applied his mind to study, was ordained, and soon after acted as curate at Bridgenorth. He removed to Kidderminster in 1640, and during part of the Civil War filled the office of chaplain to one of the Parliamentary regiments. His influence was always exerted to restrain excess. Having refused a bishopric, he left the Church on the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, and retired to Acton, where he devoted his time to literary labours. According to the list given in Orme's memoir, prefixed to an edition of his works published in 1827—30, he wrote no less than 168 distinct works. The best known are: "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," published in 1653; "A Call to the Unconverted," which appeared in 1669; and "Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ" in 1681. In 1672 Baxter returned to London, and resumed his preaching. He was, however, subjected to legal proceedings in 1682 and 1684, and on the latter occasion suffered an imprisonment which lasted eighteen months. He died Dec. 8, 1691. He left an autobiography, which was published in 1696 by Matthew Sylvester, under the title of "Reliquiæ Baxterianæ," called by Coleridge "an inestimable work." Dr. G. Callaway published an abridgment in 1713. His practical works were published in 1707, and numerous editions have appeared. Orme's edition of his works (1827—30) is in 23 vols. Dr. Barrow says: "Baxter's practical writings were never mended; his controversial, seldom refuted."]

A HEART in heaven is the highest excellency of your spirits here, and the noblest part of your Christian disposition; as there is not only a difference between men and beasts, but also among men between the noble and the base; so there is not only a common excellency, whereby a Christian differs from the world, but also a peculiar nobleness of spirit, whereby the more excellent differ from the rest; and this lies especially in a higher and more heavenly frame of spirit. Only man, of all inferior creatures, is made with a face directed heavenward; but other creatures have their faces to the earth. As the noblest of creatures, so the noblest of Christians are they that are set most direct for heaven.* As Saul is called a choice and goodly man, higher by the head than all the company; so is he the most choice and goodly Christian whose head and heart is thus the highest.† Men of noble birth and spirits do mind high and great affairs, and not the smaller things of low poverty. Their discourse is of councils and matters of state, of the government, of the

* Bishop Hall. Soliloquy xxxii.

† 1 Sam. iv. 2, and x. 23, 24.

commonwealth, and public things: and not of the country-man's petty employments. Oh! to hear such a heavenly saint, who hath fetched a journey into heaven by faith, and hath been raised up to God in his contemplations, and is newly come down from the views of Christ, what discoveries will he make of those superior regions! What ravishing expressions drop from his lips! How high and sacred is his discourse! Enough to make the ignorant world astonished, and perhaps say, "Much study hath made them mad;"* and enough to convince an understanding hearer that they have seen the Lord: and to make one say, "No man could speak such words as these except he had been with God." This, this is the noble Christian; as Bucholcer's† hearers concluded, when he had preached his last sermon, being carried between two into the church, because of his weakness, and there most admirably discoursed of the blessedness of souls departed this life, "that Bucholcer did ever excel other preachers, but that day he excelled himself:" so may I conclude of the heavenly Christian, he ever excelleth the rest of men, but when he is nearest heaven he excelleth himself. As those are the most famous mountains that are the highest; and those the fairest trees that are the tallest; and those the most glorious pyramids and buildings whose tops do reach nearest to heaven; so is he the choicest Christian, whose heart is most frequently and most delightfully there. If a man have lived near the king, or have travelled to see the Sultan of Persia, or the great Turk, he will make this a matter of boasting, and thinks himself one step higher than his private neighbours, that live at home. What shall we then judge of him that daily travels as far as heaven, and there hath seen the King of Kings? That hath frequent admittance unto the Divine presence, and feasted his soul upon the tree of life? For my part, I value this man before the ablest, the richest, the most learned in the world.

A heavenly mind is a joyful mind; this is the nearest and the truest way to live a life of comfort.‡ And without this you must needs be uncomfortable. Can a man be at the fire and not be warm; or in the sunshine and not have light? Can your heart be in heaven and not have comfort? The countries of Norway, Iceland, and all the northward, are cold and frozen because they are farther from the power of the sun; but in Egypt, Arabia, and the southern parts it is far otherwise, where they live more near its powerful rays. What could make such frozen, uncomfortable Christians, but living so far as they do from

* Acts xxvi. 24.

† Abraham, or Bucholtzer, a German divine, born 1529, died June 14, 1584.

‡ Bishop Hill. Soliloquy xiii.

heaven? And what makes some few others so warm in comforts, but their living higher than others do, and their frequent access so near to God? When the sun in the spring draws near our part of the earth, how do all things congratulate its approach! The earth looks green, and casteth off her mourning habit; the trees shoot forth; the plants revive; the pretty birds, how sweetly do they sing! The face of all things smiles upon us, and all the creatures below rejoice. Beloved friends, if we would but try this life with God, and would but keep these hearts above, what a spring of joy would be within us; and all our graces be fresh and green! How would the face of our souls be changed, and all that is within us rejoice! How should we forget our winter sorrows; and withdraw our souls from our sad retirements! How early should we rise (as those birds in the spring) to sing the praise of our great Creator! O Christian, get above: believe it, that region is warmer than this below. Those that have been there, have found it so, and those that have come thence have told us so: and I doubt not but that thou hast sometime tried it thyself. I dare appeal to thy own experience, or to the experience of any soul that knows what the true joys of a Christian are: when is it that you have largest comforts? Is it not after such an exercise as this, when thou hast got up thy heart, and conversed with God, and talked with the inhabitants of the higher world, and viewed the mansions of the saints and angels, and filled thy soul with the forethoughts of glory? If thou know by experience what this practice is, I dare say thou knowest what spiritual joy is. David professeth that the light of God's countenance would make his heart more glad than theirs that have corn, and wine, and oil. "Thou shalt fill me full of joy with thy countenance."* If it be the countenance of God that fills us with joy, then surely they that draw nearest, and most behold it, must needs be fullest of these joys. If you never tried this art, nor lived this life of heavenly contemplation, I never wonder that you walk uncomfortably, that you are all complaining, and live in sorrow, and know not what the joy of the saints means. Can you have comforts from God, and never think of him? Can heaven rejoice you, when you do not remember it? Doth anything in the world glad you, when you think not on it? Must not everything first enter your judgment and consideration before it can delight your heart and affection? If you were possessed of all the treasures of the earth; if you had title to the highest dignities and dominions, and never think on it, surely it would never rejoice you.† Whom should we blame then, that we are so void of consolation, but

* Psalm iv. 6, 7, and Acts ii. 28, referring to Psalm xvi.

† Burroughs (Sect. xvii.) on Hosea ii. 19.

our own negligent, unskilful hearts? God hath provided us a crown of glory, and promised to set it shortly on our heads, and we will not so much as think of it; he holdeth it out in the Gospel to us, and biddeth us behold and rejoice, and we will not so much as look at it; and yet we complain for want of comfort. What a perverse course is this, both against God and our own joys!—*The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, pt. iv., ch. iii., §§ 4 and 5.

50.—SUNRISE IN THE FOREST.

[REV. W. GILPIN, 1724—1804.

[WILLIAM GILPIN, born in 1724, after taking orders, conducted a school at Chisam, in Surrey. His first publication, a "Life of Bernard Gilpin," was followed by several biographical works. This author is most celebrated for his admirable criticisms on landscape and forest scenery. The first of this series of works, "Observations on the river Wye, and several parts of South Wales, and relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty: made in the summer of the year 1770," was published at London in 1782. A complete series of his picturesque works is published in eleven volumes. He is the author of "An Exposition of the New Testament," published in 1790, and several sermons and lectures. He was presented by a pupil to the living of Boldre, on the borders of the New Forest, where he died April 5, 1804. A memoir, said to be written by the Rev. Richard Warner, appears in a periodical work, entitled "The Omnium Gatherum," published at Bath.]

THE first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity, when the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence; a pleasing, progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye; which, by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown; and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood, and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances, the catching lights, which touch the summits of every object; and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing, when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below: yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises, accompanied by a train of vapours, in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment of visions: and yet in the

forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disc just appear above a woody hill; or in Shakespeare's language,

"Stand tip-toe on the misty mountain top,"

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees, as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep; and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts; while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion, in which trees, and ground, and radiance, and obscurity are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant (for it is always a vanishing scene), it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects, which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun; though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished; but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed, that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction; and may continue in action after the sun is set. Whereas in the morning, the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.—*Remarks on Forest Scenery*, B. ii. § 6.

51.—ANASTASIUS AND THE WIZARD.

[HOPE, 1770—1831.]

[THOMAS HOPE, descended from a wealthy Amsterdam family, born in 1770, devoted himself to the study of architecture, for which purpose he travelled for several years in different parts of the world. His first publication on "Household Furniture," appeared in 1807, his "Costume of the Ancients" in 1809. His "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century," published anonymously in 1819, was at first attributed to Lord Byron. His "Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man" appeared in 1831, and his historical essay on the "History of Architecture" in 1837. Both of these works were published posthumously, as their author died Feb. 3, 1838.]

THE Sidi Malek's stationary oracle was a soothsayer of established repute, residing in one of the remotest suburbs of Dgedda, and who seldom condescended to go from home, but waited to be worshipped in his own cave or temple. For the sake of peace, I promised not to neglect the opportunity of being enlightened, and only bargained to find my own way to this celebrated personage, the odour of whose fame I was told extended all the world over. It might be so; for it affected me almost to suffocation on entering his den;—a sanctuary which, to say the truth, smelt more of things below than of the stars above. I groped on, nevertheless, with the most undaunted bravery, till I reached the farthest end of the unsavory abode.

There the wizard sat in all his state. A stuffed crocodile canopied his head; a serpent's skin of large dimensions was spread under his feet, and an old clothes-chest afforded support to the parts between. Potent charms and powerful spells entirely covered the wall. They had their names written over them for the information of the beholder; and hair of unborn Dives,* heart of maiden vipers, liver of the bird Roc,† fat of dromedary's hunch, and bladders filled with the wind Simoon,‡ were among the least rare and curious. Of the wizard's own features, so little was discernible that I almost doubted whether he had any. An immense pair of spectacles filled up the whole space between his cloak and turban. These spectacles veered incessantly, like a weather-cock, from left to right and from right to left, between a celestial globe robbed of half its constellations by the worms, and a Venice almanack despoiled of half its pages by the wear and tear of fingers. Before the astrologer lay expanded his table of nativities.

Opposite the master shone—but only with a reflected light—his little apprentice, crouched, like a marmoset, on a low stool. The round, sparkling face of this youth—immovably fixed on the face of his principal—seemed to watch all his gestures; and never did he stir from his station, except to hand him his compasses, to turn his globe, or to pick up his spectacles—which, from want of the proper support from underneath, came off every moment. After each of these evolutions, the little imp immediately ran back to his pedestal, and resumed his immovable attitude till the next call for his activity. So complete a silence was maintained all the time on both sides, that one would have sworn every motion of this pantomime must have been preconcerted.

Fearful of disturbing the influence of some planet, or confusing the

* Celebrated magicians.

† A fabulous bird of prodigious size,

‡ The poisonous wind of the desert.

calculations of some nativity, I myself remained a while silent and motionless at the entrance of the sanctuary; but finding that I might stay there till doomsday if I waited for an invitation to advance, I at last grew impatient, marched up to the wizard, put my mouth to his ear, and roared out as loud as I could, "I suppose I am addressing the learned Schaich Aly?"

Upon this the astrologer gave a start, like one suddenly moved from some profound meditation, turned his head slowly round, as if moving by clock-work, and after first leisurely surveying me several times from head to foot, and again from foot to head, at last said in a snuffling but emphatic tone—drawing every word, in order to make what in itself was not short longer still—"If you mean the celebrated Schaich Abou Salech, Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Dyeddawee Schaifei* Schaich, of the flowery mosque, and the cream of the astrologers of the age, who holds familiar converse with the stars, and to whom the moon herself imparts all her secrets, I am he!"

"And if you should happen to want the best-beloved of the pupils of this luminary of the world—the young bud of the science of which he is the full-blown pride, the nascent dawn of his meridian splendour," added from his pedestal the worshipful apprentice—"I am he."

"Hail," answered I, "to the full-blown pride of astrology, and hail to its nascent bud! May they be pleased to inform me what I am, whence I come, whither I am going, and whether or not I may hope to recover what I have lately lost?"

"Young man," replied the wizard, "you lump together a heap of questions, each of which singly would take a twelvemonth to answer at length. Besides, it is not in my own person that I disclose such matters. You cannot be ignorant that the voice of prophecy has ceased with the holy one of Mekkah. I am but the humble interpreter of the stars. It is true," added he—lest this exordium should deter me from giving him my custom—"that my vast knowledge of the celestial oracles which glitter in the firmament enables me to understand their language as clearly as my mother tongue; and that I thence know to a tittle all that was, and is, and is to be. I may therefore forthwith, if you please, ascertain from the chance opening of the Holy Book in what way the heavenly bodies choose, on this occasion, to be addressed."

I agreed. The doctor performed his ablutions, and the dawn of his

* It is customary with men of letters in Arabia to assume a number of surnames borrowed from different circumstances.

meridian splendour shook the dust from off his gown. Thus cleansed—at least externally—he mumbled a prayer or two, and then with great solemnity opened the Koran.

"Child!" said he, after having inspected the page displayed before him, "the admirable and important chapter on which Providence has willed the eye of its servant to fall, treats of the balance Wézn.* This proves incontestably;—but ere I proceed further, what do you mean to pay me?"

"Two piastres," was my answer; thinking this a liberal remuneration. Not so the wizard. The most grievous of insults could not have put him into a greater rage.

"Two piastres!" exclaimed he; "why, in the quietest of times, and when a man's fortune might almost be told him blindfold, this would scarce have been an aspre each adventure; and now that the world has all turned topsy turvy, that men do not know whether they stand on their heads or their heels; now that women wage war, kings turn philosophers, and high priests stroll about the country; now that the Grand Lama of Tibet takes a turn to Peking, and the Pope of Rome travels post to Vienna—to offer such a fee! Insolent—absurd—preposterous!"

I let the astrologer's passion cool a little first, and then resumed the negotiation. After a good deal of altercation, it ended in Ibn Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Schafeï, undertaking to reveal my destiny in two days, for the important sum of as many sequins.

At the appointed time I returned, but found not Schaich Aly, as before, in solitary meditation. He stood surrounded by a whole circle of customers, and was abusing one poor fellow so tremendously as to terrify all the rest, and make them tremble lest their own fortunes should fare the worse for the incident. "Wretch!" he cried;—"to apply to me for charms to rid your house of vermin; as if I was in league with vipers and with scorpions! Go to the wandering santons that ply in the cross ways, and presume not again to appear in the presence of one whom the very skies treat with deference."

The frightened peasant retired, and the remainder of the party received the devout and wonderful sentences, which only required being kept carefully sealed up, to procure the bearer every species of bliss.

The levée thus despatched, the wizard turned to me. "I have completed your business," cried he, handing me a dirty scrawl, "but it has been with incredible toil. I cannot conceive what you have

* In which, according to the Koran, are weighed man's good and evil actions.

done to the stars. At the bare mention of your name they all began to laugh. It has cost me a whole night's labour to bring them to their senses. Instead of two sequins, I ought to have two dozen."

"Not one single aspre," replied I, glancing over the paper, and then throwing it in the wizard's face. "The beginning informs me that I shall certainly die young, provided I do not grow old; and cannot fail to marry, unless I die single; and as to the end, it has not meaning at all."

"It has a great deal of meaning," replied the now infuriated stargazer, grinning like an afrite; "for it means, evil spirit,—demon,—that you certainly will be hanged."

"It then also means," replied I, "that I need not pay a farthing; for, if I am not hanged, you have written a parcel of lies undeserving of a fee; and, if I am equally to swing whether I pay or not, I may as well save my money, and give you a drubbing to boot." So saying, I laid on; and the young bud of science, who tried to protect his master, came in for his share of my bounty. All intercourse with the constellations now being broken off, I walked away, alternately threatened with the justice of the stars, and with that of the Cadee. —*Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek*, vol. ii. ch. vi.

52.—BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO DR. JOHNSON.

[BOSWELL, 1740—1795.

[JAMES BOSWELL, born at Edinburgh, Oct. 29, 1740, was the son of Alexander Boswell, who in 1754 was made a Lord of the Session, and assumed the title of Lord Auchinleck. Having studied law at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, he repaired to London in 1760. He contributed some verses to a miscellany that appeared in Edinburgh in 1760, and published a volume of Letters, written by him to the Hon. A. Erskine in 1763. Boswell was introduced to Dr. Johnson in the shop of Mr. Davies, the bookseller, Russell Street, Covent Garden, May 16, 1763. His intimacy with Dr. Johnson was drawn closer by several visits to London, where he settled in 1782. Dr. Johnson died Dec. 13, 1784, and in 1785 Boswell published at Edinburgh his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," on which journey he had accompanied Dr. Johnson in 1773—the year of his admission to the Literary Club. In 1790 Boswell contested Ayrshire without success; and his "Life of Johnson" appeared towards the end of that year. His death occurred in London June 19, 1795. His "Life of Johnson," which has gone through a large number of editions, was carefully edited, with notes by J. W. Croker, in 1831. A volume entitled "Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple, from the original MS.," appeared in Dec. 1856. Macaulay says, "Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' is one of the best books in the world. It is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets; Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists; Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers."]

At last on Monday, 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop:* and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua Reynolds kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland!" cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland; but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry, to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "Come from Scotland"—which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies, "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir!" said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.†

* Murphy, in his "Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson," gives a different account of this interview.

† That this was a momentary sally against Garrick there can be no doubt; for at

I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged, of obtaining his acquaintance, was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field, not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced:—

"People," he remarked, "may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion."

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength, or great wisdom, is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money; and then there are a number of other superiorities—such as those of birth and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attentions, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

"Sir, this book ('The Elements of Criticism'* which he had taken up), is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical."

Speaking of one,† who, with more than ordinary boldness, attacked public measures and the royal family, he said, "I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half-a-dozen footmen, and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tedium vite*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him; and, I doubt Derrick is his enemy."

Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit night at this theatre to this very person, by which she had got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, "It is observed, sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but you will suffer nobody else to do it." Johnson (smiling), "Why, sir, that is true."
—BOSWELL.

* By Henry Home, Lord Kames, published in 1762.—CROKER.

† Mr. Wilkes, no doubt.—CROKER.

‡ Mr. Sheridan was then reading lectures upon Oratory, at Bath, where Derrick was Master of the Ceremonics, or as the phrase is, *king*.—BOSWELL.

"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."—*Life of Johnson*, anno 1763.

53.—THE RIVER JORDAN.

[DE LAMARTINE, 1790—1869.]

[MARIE LOUIS ALPHONSE DE PRAT, who assumed the name of De Lamartine after his maternal uncle, was born at Macon, October 21, 1790, and educated at Milly, and at the College of the Pères de la Foi, Belly. He joined the army in 1814, but left it the following year and turned journalist. His first work, "*Méditations Poétiques*," appeared in 1820, and 45,000 copies are said to have been sold in four years. Having obtained a diplomatic appointment, he was made Secretary of Legation at Florence in 1824. His "*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*" appeared in 1829, in which year he was elected member of the French Academy. Lamartine, who had married Miss Birch, an English lady of fortune, resigned his diplomatic appointment in 1830, and set out on a tour in Greece in May, 1832. During his absence in the East he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and spoke for the first time January 4, 1834. His "*Voyage en Orient*" was published in 1835, and, with many other works, has been translated into English. His "*Histoire des Girondins*" appeared in 1847. During the revolution of February, 1848, Lamartine was made a Member of the Provisional Government, and acted as Minister for Foreign Affairs. He soon, however, became unpopular, and, although nominated for the Presidency, obtained only a few votes. Since his retirement from political life Lamartine has produced a succession of historical works. He died 1869.]

THE Jordan winds, as it issues from the lake, gliding into the low and marshy plain of Esdraelon, about fifty paces from the lake; it passes under the ruined arches of a bridge of Roman architecture, foaming a little, and making its first murmur heard. We directed our steps towards it by a rapid and rocky descent. We were eager to salute its waters, hallowed in the recollections of two religions. In a few minutes we were on its banks; we jump from our horses, and bathe our heads, feet, and hands in its stream, fresh, tepid, and blue as the

waters of the Rhone where it leaves the Lake of Geneva. The Jordan at this point, which must be nearly the middle of its course, would not be worthy of the name of a river in a country of larger extent; but it, however, far exceeds the Eurotas and Cephissus, and all those rivers whose fabulous or historical names are early echoed in our memory, and are conceived in a likeness of magnitude, rapidity, and abundance, which the view of reality destroys. The Jordan, even here, is more than a torrent, although at the end of a rainless autumn it gently flows in a bed about a hundred feet broad, as a stream of water two or three feet deep, so clear, limpid, and transparent, that the pebbles in its bed can be told; and of that ravishing colour which returns the full depth of tint of an Asiatic sky—more blue even than the sky, like a picture more beautiful than the reality, like a mirror which embellishes what it reflects. Twenty or thirty paces from its waters, the strand, which it leaves at present dry, is scattered with loose stones, rushes, and tufts of laurel roses yet in flower. This strand is five or six feet below the level of the plain, and marks the dimensions of the river in the ordinary season of fullness. These dimensions, in my opinion, must be a depth of eight or ten feet, and a breadth of a hundred or hundred and twenty. It is narrower both above and below in the plain, but there it is more confined and deep, the spot at which we contemplated it being one of the four fords which the river has in its course. I drank, in the hollow of my hand, of the water of Jordan, of the water which so many divine poets had drunk before me, of that water which flowed over the innocent head of the voluntary Victim! I found it perfectly fresh, of an agreeable taste, and of great clearness. The custom which we contract in eastern journeys of drinking nothing but water, and of drinking it repeatedly, renders the palate an excellent judge of the qualities of a new stream. The water of the Jordan failed only in one quality—coolness. It was warm, and though my lips and hands were inflamed by a march of eleven hours without shade, under a scorching sun, my lips and forehead experienced a sensation of heat on touching the water of this river.

Like all the travellers who come through so many fatigues, routes, and dangers, to visit in its abandonment this once royal stream, I filled several bottles with its waters to carry to friends less fortunate than myself, and I crammed the barrels of my pistols with pebbles which I gathered on its shores. Might I not thus bear with me the holy and prophetic inspiration with which of old it invested the bards of the sacred precincts, and especially a small portion of that sanctity, and of that purity of spirit and heart, it contracted doubtless when laving the purest and holiest of the children of men! I then mounted on horseback, and went round some of those ruined piles, which bore the

bridge or aqueduct of which I spoke above. I saw nothing but the inferior masonry of all the Roman constructions of that period—neither marble, sculpture, nor inscription; no arch was yet subsisting, but ten pillars were standing, and we distinguished the foundations of four or five others, with a space of about ten feet for each arch; which agrees pretty well with the breadth of 120 feet, which, at an eye's view, I believe the Jordan would have.

But what I say here of the dimensions of the Jordan is only intended to satisfy the curiosity of persons who are anxious to have just and exact measures of the very creations of their thoughts, and not to lend arms to the enemies or champions of the Christian faith—arms despicable on both sides. What matters it whether the Jordan be a torrent or a river?—whether Judea be a heap of barren rocks or a delicious garden?—whether this mountain be but a hill, and this kingdom be but a province? The men who rage and fight upon such questions are as insane as those who think they upset a creed of two thousand years when they laboriously strive to give the lie to the bible, and an objection to the prophecies! Would one not believe, on seeing these grand combats on a word ill understood, or wrongly interpreted by both sides, that religions are geometrical problems, which are proved by figures, or destroyed by an argument, and that generations of believers or infidels are quite ready to await the end of the discussion, and immediately to pass over to the side of the best logician, and of the most erudite and ingenious antiquary? Profitless disputes, which neither pervert nor convert! Religions are not proved, are not demonstrated, are not established, are not overthrown, by logic! They are, of all the mysteries of nature and the human mind, the most mysterious and the most inexplicable; they are of instinct, and not of reason! Like the winds which blow from the east and from the west, of which no one knows the cause or the point of departure, they blow God alone knows whence, God alone knows wherefore, God alone knows for how many ages, and over what countries of the globe! They are, because they are; they are not taken up or laid down at will, on the word of such or such a tongue; they are parcel of the heart, even more than of the understanding of men.—*Travels in the East, including a Journey in the Holy Land*, vol. i.

34.—THE LARGE DOSE OF OPIUM.

[DE QUINCEY, 1786—1859.

[THOMAS DE QUINCEY, second son of a wealthy merchant, born in Manchester; August 15, 1786, was educated at the grammar-school at Bath, and at the university of Oxford. In 1808 he joined the well-known circle at the Lakes, where he remained

till 1819. After residing in London and different parts of England, he settled at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, in 1843, and died at Edinburgh, December 8, 1859. At Oxford De Quincey contracted the habit from which he received the name of "the English opium-eater." His "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," containing an account of his early history, appeared in the "London Magazine," and was re-published in 1822; and "The Logic of Political Economy" was published at Edinburgh in 1844. His other writings, which consisted of contributions to various periodicals, were first collected, and republished in America. An English edition, entitled "Selections, Grave and Gay," with a preface by the author, appeared at Edinburgh, in fourteen volumes, 1853—61.]

One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst the recesses of English mountains, it is not my business to conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport—viz., Whitehaven, Workington, &c., about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little: and, as it turned out that his knowledge of English was exactly commensurate with hers of Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master, (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones,) came, and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. The group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye more powerfully than any of the statuesque attitudes or groups exhibited in the ballets at the opera house, though so ostentatiously complex. In a cottage kitchen, but not looking so much like that as a rustic hall of entrance, being panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, stood the Malay, his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling. He had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe, which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. A more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl,* and its exquisite

* Wordsworth, in a small pastoral poem, speaks of her when about six years old:—

"'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite,
A child of beauty rare!"

bloom, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, veneered with mahogany tints by climate and marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the lovely girl for protection.

My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learnt from “Anastasius;”* and as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung’s “Mithridates,” which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the “Iliad,” considering that, of such languages as I possessed, the Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an oriental one. He worshipped me in a devout manner, and replied in what I suppose to have been Malay. In this way I saved my reputation as a linguist with my neighbours, for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure I presented him, *inter alia*, with a piece of opium. To him, as a native of the East, I could have no doubt that opium was not less familiar than his daily bread; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill some half dozen dragoons, together with their horses, supposing neither bipeds nor quadrupeds to be regularly trained opium-eaters. I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in pure compassion for his solitary life, since, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. Ought I to have violated the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol? No; there was clearly no help for it. The mischief, if any, was done. He took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay, or of any man in a turban being found dead on any part of the very slenderly peopled road between Grasmere and Whitehaven, I became satisfied that he was familiar

* A novel, by Thomas Hope. See pp. 135—139.

with opium, and that I must doubtless have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*.

55.—ADAM AND EVE IN EDEN.

[MILTON, 1608—1674.

[JOHN MILTON, born in Bread Street, London, Dec. 9, 1608, was educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1637 he left England for Italy, and returned in 1639. In 1641, his first political treatise, "Of Reformation," appeared, and for many years Milton took a very prominent part in public affairs. He was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and he became totally blind in 1654. Milton, who was three times married, died Nov. 8, 1674. Though he wrote numerous prose works, it is by his poetry that he is best known. "The Masque of Comus" was first published in 1637, and "Lycidas" in 1638. "Paradise Lost," for which the author received five pounds, appeared in 1667. It consisted only of ten books. In the second edition, published in 1674, it was divided into twelve books. The "Paradise Regained," in four books, and "Samson Agonistes," appeared in 1671. Various editions of his prose and poetical works have appeared, and they have been translated into most modern languages. Numerous biographies of Milton have been published, the best known are by J. Poland in 1698, by T. Birch in 1753, by Dr. Symonds in 1805, by H. J. Todd in 1809, by the Rev. J. Mitford in 1853, by J. Keightley in 1855, by D. Masson (unfinished) in 1858, and by J. N. Morris in 1862. The first volume of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" contains a biography of Milton. The following was written by Dryden

"UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS 'PARADISE LOST.'"

"Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two."

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort! the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest

Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eyelids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorned :—

" My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey ; so God ordains.—
God is thy law, thou, mine : to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
All seasons and their change, all please alike. "
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :—
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:—

"Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and in all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent rays.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

Paradise Lost, Book iv.

56.—THE KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH.

[à KEMPIS, 1380—1471.]

[THOMAS à KEMPIS, or Von Kempen, born at Kempen, near Cologne, in 1380, was educated at Deventer, and entered the Augustinian monastery of Agnetenberg, near Zwoll, of which his brother John was Prior, in 1400. He took the vows in 1406, entered into priest's orders in 1413, and passed his whole life in the monastery.]

where he died July 26, 1471. "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," though attributed to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, and to John Gerson, abbot of a monastery at Vercelli, is now generally believed to have been written by *a Kempis*. The first Latin edition appeared at Augsburg about 1471; the first French translation in 1488; the first English edition, consisting of three books only, translated by Dr. R. Atkinson, was published by W. De Worde in 1502; the fourth book (translated by Margaret, mother to Henry VII.) appeared in 1504. The work has been translated by various hands. Thomas *a Kempis* compiled a Chronicle of the monastery and some other works. A "Life of Kempis," by Brewer, appeared in 1636; another, by Charles Butler, in 1814. Several biographies have been written. Fontenelle says of his book, "It is the finest work that hath proceeded from the pen of man, the Gospel being of divine origin." Hallam (Lit. Hist., p. i. ch. i. § 63), remarks: "The book itself is said to have gone through 1800 editions, and has probably been more read than any other work after the Scriptures." Milman (Lat. Christianity, b. xiv. ch. 3), says: "No book has been so often reprinted, no book has been so often translated, or into so many languages. * * * * The style is ecclesiastical Latin, but the perfection of ecclesiastical Latin—brief, pregnant, picturesque; expressing profound thoughts in the fewest words, and those words, if compared with the scholastics, of purer Latin sound or construction. The facility with which it passed into all other languages, those especially of Roman descent, bears witness to its perspicuity, vivacity, and energy."]

HAPPY the man whom Truth teacheth, not by obscure figures and transient sounds, but by showing herself to be such as she really is. The perceptions of our senses are narrow and dull, and our reasoning on those perceptions frequently misleads us. To what purpose are our disputations on hidden and obscure subjects, for our ignorance of which we shall not be brought into judgment at the latter day? How extravagant the folly to neglect the study of the "one thing needful," and wholly devote our time and faculties to that which is not only vainly curious, but sinful, and dangerous as the state of "those that have eyes, and see not!"*

And what have redeemed souls to do with the distinctions and subtleties of logic? He whom the Eternal Word condescendeth to teach, is disengaged at once from the labyrinth of human opinions. For of "One Word are all things;"† and all things, without voice or language, speak Him alone. He is that divine principle which speaketh in our hearts, and without which, there can be neither just apprehension, nor right judgment. Now he to whom all things are but this One, who comprehendeth all things in His Will, and beholdeth all things in His light, hath "his heart fixed," and "abideth in peace of God."

* "O, God! who art the Truth,"‡ make me one with Thee in everlasting love! I am often weary of reading, and of hearing many things.

In Thee alone, is the sum of all my desires. Let all teachers be silent ; let the whole creation be dumb before Thee ; and do Thou only speak unto my soul !

The more any one is united to God in himself, and advanced in singleness and simplicity of heart, the more readily will he comprehend numerous and loftier things without the effort of study ; because he receives the light of understanding from above. A spirit pure, simple, and constant, is not, like Martha, distracted and troubled "about many things ;" because, inwardly at rest, it seeketh not its own glory in what it does, but "doth all to the glory of God ;" for there is no other cause of perplexity and disquiet, but an unsubdued will and unmortified affections. A holy and spiritual man, by reducing these to the rule and standard of his own mind, becomes the master of all his outward acts ; he does not suffer himself to be led by them to the indulgence of any inordinate affections that terminate in self, but subjects them to the unalterable judgment of an inspired and sanctified spirit.

Who hath a harder conflict to endure, than he who labours to subdue himself ? But in this we must be continually engaged, if we would be more strengthened in the INNER MAN, and make real progress towards perfection. Indeed, the highest perfection we can attain to in the present state, is alloyed with much imperfection ; and our best knowledge is obscured by the shades of ignorance. "We see thro' a glass darkly." An humble knowledge of thyself, therefore, is a more certain way of leading thee to God, than the most profound investigations of science. Science, however, or a proper knowledge of the things that belong to the present life, is so far from being blameable in itself, that it is good, and ordained of God ; but purity of conscience, and holiness of life, must ever be preferred before it. And because men are more solicitous to learn much, than to live well, they fall into error, and receive little or no benefit from their studies. O, that the same diligence were exerted to eradicate vice, and implant virtue, as are applied to the discussion of unprofitable questions, and the "vain strife of words !"—so much daring wickedness would not be found among the common ranks of men, nor so much licentiousness disgrace those who live in monasteries. Assuredly, in the approaching day of judgment, it will not be inquired of us what we have read, but what we have done ; not how eloquently we have spoken, but how holily we have lived.

Tell me, where are now those learned DOCTORS and PROFESSORS, who, while the honours of literature were blooming around them, you so well knew and so highly revered ? Their benefices are possessed by others, who scarcely have them in remembrance. While living they

seemed to be something ; but dead, the tongue is utterly silent about them. O how suddenly passeth away the glory of this world ! Had these men been as solicitous to be holy, as they were to be learned, their studies might have been blessed with that honour which cannot be sullied, and with that happiness which cannot be interrupted. How many perish in this life through a love of false science, and by a neglect of God's service ! And because they choose to be counted great, rather than humble, they are consumed, as it were, in their vain imaginations.*

He is truly great[†] who has a great charity ; he is truly great who is small in his own account ; and who considers the height of worldly honours as nothing. He is truly wise, who "counts all earthly things but as dung, that he may win Christ ;"† and he is truly learned, who abandons his own will, and does the will of God.—*Of the Imitation of Christ*, Book i. ch. iii.

57.—OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

[SIR W. TEMPLE, 1628—1699.

[WILLIAM TEMPLE, eldest son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was born in London in 1628, and educated at Bishop-Stortford and Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he did not remain long enough to take his degree. Having travelled on the Continent, he spent some years in Ireland, and was elected member for the county of Carlow. His first diplomatic appointment was a secret mission in 1665 to the Bishop of Münster, and he was afterwards resident at the vice-regal court of Spain at Brussels. He received a baronetcy in 1666, negotiated the Triple Alliance, concluded January 23, 1668, was appointed ambassador at Aix, and afterwards at the Hague. Dismissed in 1671, he retired to Sheen, where he wrote several works. "Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands" was published in 1673, "Miscellanea, consisting of Ten Essays on Various Subjects" in 1680—90, and "Memoirs of what passed in Christendom from 1672 to 1679" in 1693. He was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the Hague in 1677, and at Nimeguen in 1678, and drew up the plan of a council adopted, with modifications, by Charles II. Sir William Temple refused office from William III., and died January 27, 1699. His life, by Abel Roger, appeared in 1715, another, by Lady Giffard, in 1731, and another, by T. P. Courtenay, in 1836. Dr. Johnson says:—"Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded." And Hallam (Lit. Hist., part iv. chap. 7) says:—"His style, to which we should particularly refer, will be found, in comparison with his contemporaries, highly polished, and sustained with more equability than they preserve, remote from anything either pedantic or humble. The periods are studiously rhythmical, yet they want the variety and peculiar charm that we admire in those of Dryden."

* Romans i. 21.

† Phil. iii. 8.

AMONG all the endowments of nature, or improvements of art, wherein men have excelled and distinguished themselves most in the world, there are two only that have had the honour of being called divine, and of giving that esteem or appellation to such as possessed them in very eminent degrees, which are heroic virtue and poetry; for prophecy cannot be esteemed any excellency of nature or of art, but, wherever it is true, is an immediate gift of God, and bestowed according to His pleasure, and upon subjects of the meanest capacity—upon women and children, or even things inanimate—as the stones placed in the high priest's breast-plate, which were a sacred oracle among the Jews.

I will leave poetry to an essay by itself, and dedicate this only to that antiquated shrine of heroic virtue, which, however forgotten or unknown in latter ages, must yet be allowed to have produced in the world the advantages most valued among men, and which most distinguished their understandings and their lives from the rest of their fellow-creatures.

Though it be easier to describe heroic virtue by the effects and examples than by causes or definitions, yet it may be said to arise from some great and native excellency of temper or genius transcending the common race of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and fortitude. These ingredients, advantaged by birth, improved by education, and assisted by fortune, seem to make that noble composition which gives such a lustre to those who have possessed it, as made them appear to common eyes something more than mortals, and to have been born of some mixture between divine and human race; to have been honoured and obeyed in their lives, and after their deaths bewailed and adored.

The greatness of their wisdom appeared in the excellency of their inventions; and these, by the goodness of their nature, were turned and exercised upon such subjects as were of general good to mankind in the common uses of life, or to their own countries in the institution of such laws, orders, or governments, as were of most ease, safety, and advantage to civil society. Their valour was employed in defending their own countries from the violence of ill men at home or enemies abroad; in reducing their barbarous neighbours to the same forms and orders of civil lines and institutions; or in relieving others from the cruelties and oppressions of tyranny and violence.

Those are all comprehended in three verses of Virgil, describing the blessed seats in Elysium, and those that enjoyed them:—

“Here, such as for their country wounds received,
Or who by arts invented life improved,
Or by deserving, made themselves remembered.”

And, indeed, the character of heroic virtue seems to be, in short, the

deserving well of mankind. Where this is chief in design, and great in success, the pretence to a hero lies very fair, and can never be allowed without it.

I have said that this excellency of genius must be native, because it can never grow to any great height if it be only acquired or affected; but it must be ennobled by birth to give it more lustre, esteem, and authority; it must be cultivated by education and instruction, to improve its growth, and direct its end and application; and it must be assisted by fortune to preserve it to maturity, because the noblest spirit or genius in the world, if it fails—though never so bravely—in its first enterprises, cannot deserve enough of mankind to pretend to so great a reward as the esteem of heroic virtue. And yet, perhaps, many a person has died in the first battle or adventure he achieved, and lies buried in silence and oblivion, who, had he outlived as many dangers as Alexander did, might have shined as bright in honours and fame. Now, since so many stars go to the making up of this constellation, it is no wonder it has so seldom appeared in the world; nor that, when it does, it is received and followed with so much gazing, and so much veneration:—*Essays: Of Heroic Virtue.*

58.—A SCENE AT HALLORAN CASTLE.

[MISS EDGEWORTH, 1767—1849.]

[MARIA EDGEWORTH, the daughter of R. L. Edgeworth, was born at Hare Hatch, near Reading, January 1, 1767. In 1782 her father removed with his family, to his paternal estate at Edgeworth Town, in Ireland, where he devoted himself to the education of his daughter, who afterwards assisted him in his literary labours. Their first joint production, a series of "Essays on Practical Education," appeared in 1798. The "Essay on Irish Bulls" was published in 1803. Miss Edgeworth's first novel, "Castle Rackrent," was published in 1801. This was followed by various series of Popular Tales, Moral Tales, and Tales of Fashionable Life, as well as educational works. Lord Macaulay believes that Miss Edgeworth in "The Absentee," and Miss Austen in "Mansfield Park," surpassed the founder of the modern school of female novelists. Miss Edgeworth died May 21, 1849.]

ONE morning Lady Dashfort had formed an ingenious scheme for leaving Lady Isabel and Lord Colambre *tête-à-tête*; but the sudden entrance of Heathcock disconcerted her intentions. He came to beg Lady Dashfort's interest with Count O'Halloran for permission to hunt and shoot on his grounds next season.—"Not for myself, 'pon honour, but for two officers who are quartered at the next town, here, who will indubitably hang or drown themselves if they are debarred from sporting."

"Who is this Count O'Halloran?" said Lord Colambre.

Miss White, Lady Killpatrick's companion, said "he was a great

oddity ;" Lady Dashfort "that he was singular ;" and the clergyman of the parish, who was at breakfast, declared "that he was a man of uncommon knowledge, merit, and politeness."

"All I know of him," said Heathcock, "is that he is a great sportsman, with a large queue, a gold-laced hat, and long skirts to a laced waistcoat."

Lord Colambre expressed a wish to see this extraordinary personage ; and Lady Dashfort, to cover her former design, and, perhaps, thinking absence might be as effectual as too much propinquity, immediately offered to call upon the officers in their way, and carry them with Heathcock and Lord Colambre to Halloran Castle.

Lady Isabel retired with much mortification, but with becoming grace ; and Major Benson and Captain Williamson were taken to the Count's. Major Benson, who was a famous *whip*, took his seat on the box of the barouche ; and the rest of the party had the pleasure of her ladyship's conversation for three or four miles : of her ladyship's conversation—for Lord Colambre's thoughts were far distant, Captain Williamson had not anything to say, and Heathcock nothing but "Eh ! re'lly now ! 'pon honour !"

They arrived at Halloran Castle—a fine old building, part of it in ruins, and part repaired with great judgment and taste. When the carriage stopped a respectable-looking man-servant appeared on the steps at the open hall door.

Count O'Halloran was out fishing, but his servant said that he would be at home immediately if Lady Dashfort and the gentlemen would be pleased to walk in.

On one side of the lofty and spacious hall stood the skeleton of an elk ; on the other side the perfect skeleton of a moose deer, which as the servant said, his master had made out with great care, from the different bones of many of this curious species of deer, found in the lakes in the neighbourhood. The leash of officers witnessed their wonder with sundry strange oaths and exclamations. "Eh ! 'pon honour—re'lly now !" said Heathcock ; and, too genteel to wonder at or admire anything in the creation, dragged out his watch with some difficulty, saying, "I wonder now whether they are likely to think of giving us anything to eat in this place ?" And, turning his back upon the moose deer, he straight walked out again upon the steps, called to his groom, and began to make some inquiry about his led horse. Lord Colambre surveyed the prodigious skeletons with rational curiosity, and with that sense of awe and admiration by which a superior mind is always struck on beholding any of the great works of Providence.

"Come, my dear lord !" said Lady Dashfort ; "with our sublime

sensations, we are keeping my old friend, Mr. Ulick Brady, this venerable person, waiting to show us into the reception room."

The servant bowed respectfully—more respectfully than servants of modern date.

"My lady, the reception-room has been lately painted—the smell of paint may be disagreeable—with your leave, I will take the liberty of showing you into my master's study."

He opened the door, went in before her, and stood holding up his finger, as if making a signal of silence to some one within. Her ladyship entered, and found herself in the midst of an odd assembly: an eagle, a goat, a dog, an otter, several gold and silver fish in a glass globe, and a white mouse in a cage. The eagle, quick of eye but quiet of demeanour, was perched upon his stand; the otter lay under the table perfectly harmless; the Angora goat, a beautiful and remarkably little creature of its kind, with long, curling, silky hair, was walking about the room with the air of a beauty and a favourite; the dog, a tall Irish greyhound—one of the few of that fine race which is now almost extinct—had been given to Count O'Halloran by an Irish nobleman, a relation of Lady Dashfort's. This dog, who had formerly known her ladyship, looked at her with ears erect, recognised her, and went to meet her the moment she entered. The servant answered for the peaceable behaviour of all the rest of the company of animals, and retired. Lady Dashfort began to feed the eagle from a silver plate on his stand; Lord Colambre examined the inscription on his collar; the other men stood in *amaze*. Heathcock, who came in last, astonished out of his constant "Eh! re'lly now!" the moment he put himself in at the door, exclaimed "Zounds! what's all this live lumber?" and he stumbled over the goat, who was at that moment crossing the way. The Colonel's spur caught in the goat's curly beard; the Colonel shook his foot, and entangled the spur worse and worse; the goat struggled and butted; the Colonel skated forward on the polished oak floor, balancing himself with outstretched arms.

The indignant eagle screamed, and passing by perched on Heathcock's shoulders. Too well bred to have recourse to the terrors of his beak, he scrupled not to scream, and flap his wings about the Colonel's ears. Lady Dashfort, the while, threw herself back in her chair laughing, and begging Heathcock's pardon. "Oh, take care of the dog, my dear Colonel!" cried she; "for this kind of dog seizes his enemy by the back, and shakes him to death." The officers, holding their sides, laughed and begged—no pardon; while Lord Colambre, the only person who was not absolutely incapacitated, tried to disentangle the spur, and to liberate the Colonel from the goat, and the goat from the Colonel; an attempt in which he at last succeeded,

at the expense of a considerable portion of the goat's beard. The eagle, however, still kept his place; and, yet mindful of the wrongs of his insulted friend the goat, had stretched his wings to give another buffet. Count O'Halloran entered; and the bird, quitting his prey, flew down to greet his master. The Count was a fine old military-looking gentleman, fresh from fishing, his fishing accoutrements hanging carelessly about him; he advanced, unembarrassed, to Lady Dashfort, and received his other guests with a mixture of military ease and gentlemanlike dignity.

Without adverting to the awkward and ridiculous situation in which he had found poor Heathcock, he apologized in general for his troublesome favourites. "For one of them," said he, patting the head of the dog, which lay quiet at Lady Dashfort's feet, "I see I have no need to apologize; he is where he ought to be. Poor fellow! he has never lost his taste for the good company to which he was early accustomed. As to the rest," said he, turning to Lady Dashfort, "a mouse, a bird, and a fish, are, you know, tribute from earth, air, and water, to a conqueror——"

"But from no barbarous Scythian!" said Lord Colambre, smiling. The Count looked at Lord Colambre as at a person worthy his attention; but his first care was to keep the peace between his loving subjects and his foreign visitors. It was difficult to dislodge the old settlers to make room for the new comers: but he adjusted these things with admirable facility, and, with a master's hand and master's eye, compelled each favourite to retreat into the back settlements. With becoming attention he stroked and kept quiet old Victory, his eagle, who eyed Colonel Heathcock still, as if he did not like him, and whom the Colonel eyed as if he wished his neck fairly wrung off. The little goat had nestled himself close up to his liberator, Lord Colambre, and lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed, going very wisely to sleep, and submitting philosophically to the loss of one half of his beard.—*The Absentee*, ch. viii.

59.—CHARACTER OF PUBLIUS SCIPIO.

[MOMMSEN, 1817.

[THEODOR MOMMSEN, son of a Lutheran minister, born at Garding, in Schleswig, in 1817, was educated at Altona and the University of Kiel, in which he took his degree in 1843. Having spent three years in investigating Roman inscriptions in France and Italy, he published treatises on these subjects in various scientific periodicals. He was editor of a Schleswig-Holstein newspaper in 1848, and soon after obtained a professorship at Berlin, but the appointment was cancelled in 1850 on account of his extreme political views. He obtained a similar appointment at

Zurich, and has published several archæological and historical works. His principal work, "The History of Rome," translated into English, with the author's sanction, and additions by the Rev. W. P. Dickson, appeared in 1862-3.]

THE Senate, which formed a correct judgment as to the importance and the peculiar character of the Spanish war, and had learned from the Uticensis brought in as prisoners by the Roman fleet the great exertions which were making in Carthage to send Hasdrubal and Masinissa with a numerous army over the Pyrenees, resolved to dispatch to Spain new reinforcements, and an extraordinary general of higher rank, the nomination of whom they deemed it expedient to leave to the people. For long (so runs the story) nobody announced himself as a candidate for the perilous and complicated office; but at last a young officer of twenty-seven, Publius Scipio (son of the general of the same name who had fallen in Spain), who had held the offices of military tribune and ædile, came forward to solicit it. It is incredible that the Roman senate should have left to accident an election of such importance in an assembly which it had itself suggested, and equally incredible that ambition and patriotism should have so died out in Rome that no tried officer presented himself for the important post. If, on the other hand, the eyes of the senate turned to the young, talented, and experienced officer, who had brilliantly distinguished himself in the hotly contested days on the Trebia and at Cannæ, but who still had not the rank requisite for his coming forward as the successor of men who had been prætors and consuls, it was very natural to adopt this course, which as it were in courtesy, constrained the people to admit the only candidate, notwithstanding his defective qualification, and which could not but bring both him and the Spanish expedition, that was doubtless very unpopular, into favour with the multitude. If such was the object of this ostensibly unpremeditated candidature, it was perfectly successful. The son, who went to avenge the death of a father whose life he had saved nine years before at the Trebia; the young man of manly beauty and long locks, who with modest blushes offered himself in the absence of a better for the post of danger; the mere military tribune, whom the votes of the centuries now raised at once to the roll of the highest magistracies—all these circumstances made a wonderful and indelible impression on the citizens and farmers of Rome. And in truth Publius Scipio was one who was himself enthusiastic, and who inspired enthusiasm. He was not one of the few who by their energy and iron will constrain the world to adopt and to move in new paths for centuries, or who grasp the reins of destiny for years till its wheels roll over them. Publius Scipio gained battles and conquered countries under the instruction of the senate; with the aid of his military laurels, he took also a

prominent position in Rome as a statesman; but a wide interval separates such a man from an Alexander or a Cæsar. As an officer, he rendered at least no greater service to his country than Marcus Marcellus; and as a politician, although not perhaps himself fully conscious of the unpatriotic and personal character of his policy, he injured his country at least as much as he benefited it by his military skill. Yet a special charm lingers around the form of that graceful hero; it is surrounded, as with a dazzling halo, by the atmosphere of serene and confident inspiration, in which Scipio with mingled credulity and adroitness always moved, with quite enough of enthusiasm to warm men's hearts, and enough of calculation to follow in every case the dictates of intelligence, while not leaving out of account the vulgar: not naive enough to share the belief of the multitude in his divine inspirations, nor straightforward enough to set it aside, and yet in secret thoroughly persuaded that he was a man specially favoured of the gods—in a word, a genuine prophetic nature; raised above the people, and not less aloof from them; a man steadfast to his word and kingly in his bearing, who thought that he would humble himself by adopting the ordinary title of a king, but could never understand how the constitution of the Republic should in his case be binding; so confident in his own greatness that he knew nothing of envy or of hatred, courteously acknowledged other men's merits, and compassionately forgave other men's faults; an excellent officer and a refined diplomatist, without presenting the offensive special stamp of either calling; uniting Hellenic culture with the fullest national feeling of a Roman, an accomplished speaker, and of graceful manners—Publius Scipio won the hearts of soldiers and of women, of his countrymen and of the Spaniards, of his rivals in the senate and of his greater Carthaginian antagonist. Soon his name was on every one's lips, and his was the star which seemed destined to bring victory and peace to his country.—*The History of Rome*, B. iii. ch. vi.

6a.—DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

[HELPS, 1817.

[ARTHUR HELPS, born in 1817, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, has held several official appointments, and was made Clerk of the Privy Council in 1859. His first work, "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," published anonymously, appeared in 1841. The first series of "Friends in Council" was published in May, 1847, and the second series in July, 1849. "Companions of my Solitude" appeared in 1851, and the "Spanish Conquest of America" in 1855. Mr. Helps is the author of several other works.]

VASCO NUNEZ resolved, therefore, to be the discoverer of that sea,

and of those rich lands to which Comogre's son had pointed, when, after rebuking the Spaniards for their "brabbling"* about the division of the gold, he turned his face towards the south. In the peril which so closely impended over Vasco Nunez, there was no use in waiting for reinforcements from Spain: when those reinforcements should come, his dismissal would come too. Accordingly, early in September, 1513, he set out on his renowned expedition for finding "the other sea," accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burthens.

Following Poncha's guide, Vasco Nunez and his men commenced the ascent of the mountains, until he entered the country of an Indian chief called Quarequa, whom they found fully prepared to resist them. The brave Indian advanced at the head of his troops, intending to make a vigorous attack; but they could not withstand the discharge of the fire-arms. Indeed, they believed the Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their hands—not an unreasonable fancy—and, flying in the utmost terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued. The rout was a bloody one, and is described by an author, who gained his information from those who were present at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. The king and his principal men were slain, to the number of six hundred. Speaking of these people, Peter Martyr makes mention of the sweetness of their language, saying that all the words in it might be written in Latin letters, as was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants of Hispaniola. This writer also mentions, and there is reason for thinking that he was correctly informed, that there was a region, not two days' journey from Quarequa's territory, in which Vasco Nunez found a race of black men, who were conjectured to have come from Africa, and to have been shipwrecked on this coast. Leaving several of his men who were ill, or over-weary, in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guides from this country, the Spanish commander pursued his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on the 25th of September, 1513, he came near to the top of a mountain, from whence the South Sea was visible. The distance from Poncha's chief town to this point was forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, but Vasco Nunez and his men took twenty-five days to accomplish it, as they suffered much from the roughness of the ways and from the want of provisions.

••A little before Vasco Nunez reached the height, Quarequa's Indians informed him of his near approach to the sea. It was a sight in

* i.e., quarrelling.

beholding which for the first time any man would wish to be alone. Vasco Nunez bade his men sit down while he ascended, and then, in solitude, looked down upon the vast Pacific—the first man of the Old World, so far as we know, who had done so. Falling on his knees, he gave thanks to God for the favour shown to him, in his being permitted to discover the sea of the South. Then with his hand he beckoned to his men to come up. When they had come, both he and they knelt down, and poured forth their thanks to God. He then addressed them in these words: “You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being accomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that we ought to be certain; for, as it has turned out true, what King Comogre’s son told of this sea to us, who never thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he told us of there being incomparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother, who have assisted us, so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favour us, that we may enjoy all that there is in it.”

Afterwards, they all devoutly sang the “Te Deum Laudamus;” and a list was drawn up, by a notary, of those who were present at this discovery, which was made upon St. Martin’s day.

Every great and original action has a prospective greatness—not alone from the thought of the man who achieves it, but from the various aspects and high thoughts which the same action will continue to present and call up in the minds of others to the end, it may be, of all time. And so a remarkable event may go on acquiring more and more significance. In this case, our knowledge that the Pacific, which Vasco Nunez then beheld, occupies more than one half of the earth’s surface, is an element of thought which in our minds lightens up and gives an awe to this first gaze of his upon those mighty waters. To him the scene might not at that moment have suggested much more than it would have done to a mere conqueror; indeed Peter Martyr likens Vasco Nunez to Hannibal showing Italy to his soldiers.

Having thus addressed his men, Vasco Nunez proceeded to take formal possession, on behalf of the kings of Castille, of the sea, and of all that was in it; and, in order to make memorials of the event, he cut down trees, formed crosses, and heaped up stones. He also inscribed the names of the monarchs of Castille upon great trees in the vicinity.—*The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies*, vol. i. Book vi. ch. i.

61.—DIFFERENT MINDS.

[EMERSON, 1803.]

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON, son of a Unitarian Minister at Boston, was born in 1803, graduated at Harvard College in 1821, and was ordained Minister of the second Unitarian Church at Boston. He published "Literary Ethics, an Oration," in 1838, and "Nature, an Essay," in 1839. The first series of his essays appeared in 1841, and the second series in 1844. He visited England in 1825 and in 1849, and on the latter occasion delivered a series of lectures on "Representative Men," which have since been published both in England and America. His "English Traits" appeared in 1856, and "The Conduct of Life" in 1860. Mr. Emerson published a volume of poems in 1846, and has contributed largely to American periodicals. Many of his works have been republished in England.]

IN every man's mind some images, words, and facts remain, without effort on his part to imprint them, which others forget, and afterwards these illustrate to him important laws. All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have, first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud, and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end it shall ripen into truth, and you shall know why you believe.

Each mind has its own method! A true man never acquires after college rules. What you have aggregated in a natural manner surprises and delights when it is produced. For we cannot oversee each other's secret! And hence the differences between men in natural endowment are insignificant in comparison with their common wealth. Do you think the porter and the cook have no anecdotes, no experiences, no wonder for you? Everybody knows as much as the servants. The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with thoughts. They shall one day bring a lantern and read the inscriptions. Every man, in the degree in which he has wit and culture, finds his curiosity inflamed concerning the modes of living and thinking of other men, and especially those classes whose minds have not been subdued by the drill of school education.

This instinctive action never ceases in a healthy mind, but becomes richer and more frequent in its information through all states of culture. At last comes the æra of reflection, when we not only observe, but take pains to observe; when we of set purpose sit down to consider an abstract truth; when we keep the mind's eye open, whilst we converse, whilst we read, whilst we act, intent to learn the secret law of some class of facts.

What is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye an abstract truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw on this side and on that. I seem to know what he meant, who said, "No man can see God face to face and live."

For example, a man explores the basis of civil government. Let him intend his mind without respite, without rest, in one direction. His best heed long time avails him nothing. Yet thoughts are flitting before him. We all but apprehend, we dimly forebode the truth. We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take form and clearness to me. We go forth, but cannot find it. It seems as if we needed only the stillness and composed attitude of the library, to seize the thought. But we come in, and are as far from it as at first. Then, in a moment, and unannounced, the truth appears. A certain wandering light appears, and is the distinction, the principle we wanted. But the oracle comes, because we had previously laid siege to the shrine. It seems as if the law of the intellect resembles that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire, the breath by which the heart now draws in, then hurls out the blood—the law of undulation. So now you must labour with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great soul showeth.—*Twelve Essays*, No. xi.

62.—THE CHARACTER OF ABSALOM.*

[DRYDEN, 1631—1701.

[JOHN DRYDEN, born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631, was descended from Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Canons Ashby, in that county, and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. At an early age he wrote several small poems. His first dramatic effort, "The Wild Gallant," appeared in 1663. In 1670 he was appointed poet laureate, which office was, on account of his being a Roman Catholic, transferred to Thomas Shadwell in 1689. Dryden was a most prolific writer. The productions by which he is best known are the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," published in 1668, the satire of "Absalom and Achitophel," in 1681, "The Blind and the Panther," in 1687, his translation of Virgil, which appeared in 1697, and his Fables in 1699. The well known "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" was included in the last mentioned volume. Dryden died in Gerard Street, London, May 1, 1701, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works were published in four volumes in 1695, and in eighteen volumes in 1808. The latter, with notes and Life of Dryden by Sir Walter Scott, was republished in 1821. A "Life of Dryden" was prefixed to Samuel Derrick's edition of his Miscellaneous Works, in 1760, and one by Mitford to the Aldine edition of his Poetical Works, published in 1832. Dr. Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets" remarks—"Of Dryden's works it was said by Pope that he could select from them better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply." Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion, of our metre, the refine-

* Intended for the Duke of Monmouth.

ment of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught *sapere cunctari*, to think naturally and express forcibly. Though Davis has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He showed us the true bounds of a translator's liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden; *litteratiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*: 'He found it brick, and left it marble.'"]

ACHITOPHEL still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom. •
Not that he wished his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate :
But, for he knew his title not allowed,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd :
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these.
Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky ;
Thy longing country's darling and desire ;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire :
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promised land ;
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage :
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream !
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless :
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim, °
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name ;
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign !
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise ;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight !
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be,
Or gathered ripe, or eat upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate :
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,
(For human good depends on human will),

Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent :
But, if unseized, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dared when fortune called him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage ;
But shun the example of declining age :
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people thronged to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand ;
But like the Prince of Angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward with diminished light :
Betrayed by one poor plot to public scorn
(Our only blessing since his cursed return) :
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scattered by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends and round beset with foes ?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews :
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,
Foment the war, but not support the king :
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite ;
Or, if they should, their interest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their altered hearts
From David's rule : and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a general gain by such a cause ?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the sight, but solid power :

And nobler is a limited command,
 Given by the love of all your native land,
 Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

Asalom and Achitophel, pt. i.

63.—ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

[TILLOTSON, 1630—1694.]

[JOHN TILLOTSON, the son of a clothier, born at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, in 1630, was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, and obtained a fellowship in 1651. He was ordained in 1660, and appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and lecturer at St. Laurence's Church, Jewry, in 1664. From this time his rise was rapid, having been appointed prebendary of Canterbury in 1669, dean in 1672, prebendary of St. Paul's in 1675, and canon residentiary of St. Paul's in 1677; clerk of the closet to William III. in April, 1689, dean of St. Paul's in 1690, and archbishop of Canterbury in April, 1691. Tillotson, who married Miss French, a niece of Oliver Cromwell, and step-daughter of Bishop Wilkins, died November 22, 1694. The first volume of his Sermons, many of which were published separately, appeared in 1671, the second in 1678, the third in 1682, the fourth in 1694, and the remaining ten volumes were brought out after his death. "The Rule of Faith," a reply to Sergeant's "Sure Footing in Christianity," &c., appeared in 1666. Several editions of his collected works have been published. An account of his life appeared in 1717, and another, by T. Birch, was prefixed to a folio edition of his works published in 1752. Hallam (Lit. Hist., part iv. chap. 2) remarks:—"The sermons of Tillotson were for half a century more read than any in our language. They are now bought almost as waste paper, and hardly read at all. Such is the fickleness of religious taste, as abundantly numerous instances would prove."]

PHILOSOPHY hath given us several plausible rules for the attaining of peace and tranquillity of mind, but they fall very much short of bringing men to it. The very best of them fail us upon the greatest occasions. But the Christian religion hath effectually done all that which philosophy pretended to and aimed at. The precepts and promises of the Holy Scriptures are every way sufficient for our comfort, and for our instruction in righteousness, to correct all the errors, and to bear us up under all the evils and adversities of human life; especially that holy and heavenly doctrine which is contained in the admirable sermons of our Saviour, whose excellent discourses when we read, what philosopher do we not despise? None of the philosophers could, upon sure grounds, give that encouragement to their scholars which our Saviour does to his disciples:—"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

This is the advantage of the Christian religion sincerely believed and

practised, that it gives perfect rest and tranquillity to the mind of man; it frees us from the guilt of an evil conscience, and from the power of our lusts, and from the slavish fear of death and of the vengeance of another world. It builds our comfort upon a rock, which will abide all storms, and remain unshaken in every condition, will last and hold out for ever. "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, (saith our Lord,) I will liken him to a wise man who built his house upon a rock."

In short, religion makes the life of man a wise design, regular and constant to itself, because it unites all our resolutions and actions in one great end; whereas without religion, the life of man is a wild, and fluttering, and inconstant thing, without any certain scope and design. The vicious man lives at random, and acts by chance; for he that walks by no rule can carry on no settled and steady design. It would pity a man's heart to see how hard such men are put to it for diversion, and what a burden time is to them; and how solicitous they are to devise ways not to spend it but to squander it away; for their great grievance is consideration, and to be obliged to be intent upon anything that is serious. They hurry from one vanity and folly to another; and plunge themselves into drink, not to quench their thirst, but their guilt; and are beholden to every vain man, and to every trifling occasion that can but help to take time off their hands. Wretched and inconsiderate men!—who have so vast a work before them, the happiness of all eternity to take care of and provide for, and yet are at a loss how to employ their time: so that irreligion and vice makes life an extravagant and unnatural thing, because it perverts and overthrows the natural course and order of things. For instance, according to nature men labour to get an estate, to free themselves from temptations to rapine and injury; and that they may have wherewithal to supply their own wants, and to relieve the needs of others. But now the covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them; and starves himself in the midst of plenty, and most unnaturally cheats and robs himself of that which is his own; and makes a hard shift to be as poor and miserable with a great estate as any man can be without it. According to the design of nature, men should eat and drink that they may live; but the voluptuous man only lives that he may eat and drink. Nature, in all sensual enjoyments, designs pleasure, which may certainly be had within the limits of virtue: but vice rashly pursues pleasure into the enemies' quarters, and never stops till the sinner be surrounded, and seized upon by pain and torment.

So, that, take away God and religion, and men live to no purpose—without proposing any worthy and considerable end of life to themselves. Whereas the fear of God, and the care of our immortal souls,

fixeth us upon one great design, to which our whole life, and all the actions of it, are ultimately referred. "When we acknowledge God," says Lactantius, "as the author of our being, as our sovereign, and our judge, our end and our happiness is then fixed;" and we can have but one reasonable design, and that is, by endeavouring to please God, to gain his favour and protection in this world, and to arrive at the blissful enjoyment of Him in the other, "In whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."—*Sermons on several Subjects and Occasions*. Sermon 28—Joshua xxiv. 1: *Objections against the True Religion Answered*.

64.—OF OBSCURITY.

[COWLEY, 1618—1667.

[ABRAHAM COWLEY, the son of a grocer, born in London in 1618, was educated at Westminster, and Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems, entitled "Poetic Blossoms," published in 1633, contained "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," said to have been written when he was only ten years old. Ejected from Cambridge on account of his royalist opinions in 1643, he settled in St. John's College, Oxford. Cowley, who was employed by the royal family, accompanied the Queen to Paris in 1646. He returned in 1656, when he published an edition of his poems, and took the degree of M.D. in Dec. 1657, but did not practise. In 1665 he retired to Chertsey, where he died July 28, 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser. A monument was erected to his memory by the Duke of Buckingham in 1675. An edition of his works, with a "Life of Cowley," by Bishop Sprat, was published in 1688. Dr. Johnson (*Lives of Poets*) says: "Cowley, Milton, and Pope might be said to 'lisp in numbers,' and have given such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds seems scarcely credible." And in another part of his memoir, Dr. Johnson remarks: "He was in his own time considered as of unrivalled excellence." Clarendon represents him as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him; and Milton is said to have declared that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley. With respect to his prose, Dr. Johnson says: "His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation." Hallam (*Lit. Hist.*, pt. iv. ch. 7), remarks: "His few essays may even be reckoned among the earliest models of good writing."]

WHAT a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying, or being envied; from receiving or paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields of Carthage; Venus herself

A vail of thickened air around them cast,
That none might know, or see them, as they passed.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well—that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterwards, there were never two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that: whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctors, and the hangman, more than the Lord Chief Justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus,"* or, "This is that Incitatus,"† when they were led prancing through the streets, as "This is that Alexander," or "This is that Domitian;" and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives. What it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural; and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back

* The name of one of Alexander's horses. † The name of one of Domitian's horses.

to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "*muta persona*," I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise—nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath whether he had not played his farce very well.—*Several Discourses, by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose*, Book iii.

65.—THE BARBER OF BAGDAD.

[MORIER, 1780—1849.

[JAMES MORIER, born in 1780, published an account of a tour in the East, entitled "*A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople in 1808-9*," in 1812. Appointed Secretary to Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., the British Ambassador to Persia in 1810, he published "*A Second Journey through Persia to Constantinople between the years 1810-6*," &c., in 1818. His first work of fiction, "*The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*," published in 1824, was followed by "*The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan in England*" in 1828. Morier, who wrote some other novels, amongst which "*Zohrab, the Hostage*," published in 1832, and "*Ayesha, the Maid of Kars*," published in 1834, are the best known, died at Brighton March 30, 1849.]

IN the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashtd, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blind-folded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad; and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop, and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words, "*For all the wood that was upon the ass*." The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded

his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber; "I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain: that was our agreement." "How!" said the other, in great amazement; "who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible." In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the *cadi*, and stated his griefs: the *cadi* was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter went to a higher judge; he also patronized Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti himself; who, having pondered over the question, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran; and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well-known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. "Friend," said the caliph, "the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood; but——" Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied.

Here then I made a pause in my narrative, and said (whilst I extended a small tin cup which I held in my hand), "Now, my noble audience, if you will give me something, I will tell you what the caliph said to the wood-cutter." I had excited great curiosity, and there was scarcely one of my hearers who did not give me a piece of money.

"Well then," said I, "the caliph whispered to the wood-cutter what he was to do, in order to get satisfaction from the barber, and what that was I will now relate. The wood-cutter, having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might enjoy the dexterity

of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. "He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently." Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. "This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him." "Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; "it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehanum*;" and forthwith drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. "Tis well," said the commander of the faithful: "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. "Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the caliph to the barber; "was not that your agreement?" Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of treating it like a true believer?" "You may say right," said the caliph; "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences." The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.—*The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, vol. i. ch. xiii.

66.—THE CHARACTER OF WALLENSTEIN.

[SCHILLER, 1759—1805.

[FRIEDRICH SCHILLER, born at Marbach, on the banks of the Neckar, November 10, 1759, was enrolled as a student of law at Stuttgart in 1773. This profession he exchanged for that of medicine in 1775, and took his degree in 1780. His mind was, however, directed to literature, and he published "The Robbers" in 1781. The drama was produced with great success at Mannheim in 1782. He wrote numerous dramas and poems, and was appointed Professor of History at Jena in 1789, where he composed "The History of the Thirty Years' War." The tragedy of "Wallenstein" was published in 1799; "Maria Stuart" appeared in 1800, and "William

Tell" in 1804. A collected edition of his prose and poetical works, translated into English, appeared in the Standard Library of Mr. Bohn, who remarks in the preface: "Schiller undoubtedly ranks as the greatest genius of Germany. Equally celebrated as a poet, philosopher, and historian, he essayed every species of literary composition, and excelled in all. His works bear the unequivocal impress of a master mind." He died May 9, 1805, at Weimar, to which place he had retired on quitting Jena in 1799. His life, by Thomas Carlyle, appeared in 1833, and Palleske's *Memoir*, translated by Lady Wallace, in 1859.]

Thus did Wallenstein,* at the age of fifty, terminate his active and extraordinary life. To ambition he owed both his greatness and his ruin; with all his failings, he possessed great and admirable qualities, and, had he kept himself within due bounds, he would have lived and died without an equal. The virtues of the ruler and the hero, prudence, justice, firmness, and courage, are strikingly prominent features in his character; but he wanted the gentler virtues of the man, which adorn the hero, and make the ruler beloved. Terror was the talisman with which he worked; extreme in his punishments as in his rewards, he knew how to keep alive the zeal of his followers, while no general of ancient or modern times could boast of being obeyed with equal alacrity. Submission to his will was more prized by him than bravery; for, if the soldiers work by the latter, it is on the former that the general depends. He continually kept up the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, and profusely rewarded the readiness to obey even in trifles; because he looked rather to the act itself than its object. He once issued a decree, with the penalty of death on disobedience, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order, than pulling off his gold-embroidered sash, he trampled it under foot; Wallenstein, on being informed of the circumstance, promoted him on the spot to the rank of colonel. His comprehensive glance was always directed to the whole, and in all his apparent caprice, he steadily kept in view some general scope or bearing. The robberies committed by the soldiers in a friendly country, had led to the severest orders against marauders; and all who should be caught thieving were threatened with the halter. Wallenstein himself having met a straggler in the open country upon the field, commanded him to be seized without trial, as a transgressor of the law, and in his usual voice of thunder, exclaimed, "Hang the

* Albrecht Wensel Eusebius, Duke of Mecklenburg and Count of Waldstein, commonly called Wallenstein, was put to death at the Castle of Eger, February 25, 1634, by a band of soldiers, ordered by the Emperor Ferdinand II. to take him dead or alive. This great general, who distinguished himself against Gustavus Adolphus during the Thirty Years' War, fell a victim to the treachery of Piccolomini and others, who represented to the Emperor that he had conspired against him.

fellow," against which no opposition ever availed. The soldier pleaded and proved his innocence, but the irrevocable sentence had gone forth. "Hang then innocent," cried the inexorable Wallenstein, "the guilty will have then more reason to tremble." Preparations were already making to execute the sentence, when the soldier, who gave himself up for lost, formed the desperate resolution of not dying without revenge. He fell furiously upon his judge, but was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed before he could fulfil his design. "Now let him go," said the Duke, "it will excite sufficient terror."

His munificence was supported by an immense income, which was estimated at three millions of florins yearly, without reckoning the enormous sums which he raised under the name of contributions. His liberality and clearness of understanding raised him above the religious prejudices of his age: and the Jesuits never forgave him for having seen through their system, and for regarding the Pope as nothing more than a Bishop of Rome.

But as no one ever yet came to a fortunate end who quarrelled with the church, Wallenstein also must augment the number of its victims. Through the intrigues of the monks he lost, at Ratisbon, the command of the army, and at Egra his life; by the same arts, perhaps, he lost what was of more consequence, his honourable name and good repute with posterity.

For in justice it must be admitted that the pens which have traced the history of this extraordinary man are not untinged with partiality, and that the treachery of the Duke, and his designs upon the throne of Bohemia, rest not so much upon proven facts as upon probable conjecture. No documents have yet been brought to light which disclose with historical certainty the secret motives of his conduct; and among all his public and well-attested actions there is, perhaps, not one which could not have had an innocent end. Many of his most obnoxious measures proved nothing but the earnest wish he entertained for peace; most of the others are explained and justified by the well-founded distrust he entertained of the Emperor, and the excusable wish of maintaining his own importance. It is true, that his conduct towards the Elector of Bavaria, and the dictates of an implacable spirit, look too like an unworthy revenge; but still, none of his actions perhaps warrant us in holding his treason proved. If necessity and despair at last forced him to deserve the sentence which had been pronounced against him while innocent, still this, if true, will not justify that sentence. Thus Wallenstein fell, not because he was a rebel, but he became a rebel because he fell. Unfortunate in life, that he made a victorious party his enemy, and still more unfortunate in death, that the same party survived him and wrote his history.—*History of the Thirty Years' War*, Book iv.

67.—THE PYRAMIDS.

[BELZONI, 1778—1823.]

[GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI, the son of a barber, was born at Padua in 1778, and educated at Rome for the priesthood. Showing little inclination for the sacred calling, he quitted Rome in 1800, and visited other parts of Europe, arriving in England in 1803. In this country, where he took a wife and resided some years, he obtained a livelihood by exhibiting feats of strength at the theatres. He repaired to Egypt in 1815 for the purpose of constructing an hydraulic machine for Mehemet Ali, but was compelled to abandon the work on account of the opposition of the people. At the suggestion of Mr. Burckhardt, Mr. Salt employed Belzoni to remove the colossal bust then recently discovered at Thebes. This task he accomplished, and, under the auspices of Mr. Salt, he made a second journey into Egypt and Nubia in 1817, and discovered some important ruins at Carnac. Belzoni quitted Egypt in 1819, having explored in various directions, and, on his arrival in England in 1820, published a narrative of his discoveries. He opened an exhibition of his Egyptian antiquities in London in 1821, and set off for Africa in 1823, intending to proceed to Timbuctoo, but fell a victim to dysentery at Gato, in Benin, December 3, 1823.]

So much has been already said about the pyramids, that very little is left to observe respecting them. Their great appearance of antiquity certainly leads us to suppose, that they must have been constructed at an earlier period than any other edifices to be seen in Egypt. It is somewhat singular that Homer does not mention them; but this is no proof that they did not exist in his time: on the contrary, it may be supposed they were so generally known that he thought it useless to speak of them. It appears that in the time of Herodotus, as little was known of the second pyramid as before the late opening,* with this exception, that in his time the second pyramid was nearly in the state in which it was left when closed by the builders, who must have covered the entrance with the coating so that it might not be perceived. But at the time I was fortunate enough to find my way into it, the entrance was concealed by the rubbish of the coating, which must have been nearly perfect at the time of Herodotus: notwithstanding this, we were as much in the dark in this present age as he was in his. We know, however, now, that it has been opened by some of the rulers or chiefs of Egypt—a fact that affords no small satisfaction to the inquirer on the subject of these monuments. Some persons, who would rather let this circumstance remain in obscurity, regretted that I should have found the inscription on the wall, which proved it to have been opened at so late a period as very little more than a thousand years ago; but I beg them to recollect that the present opening has

* Belzoni, in 1817, succeeded in opening the Pyramid of Cephren. With the Chevalier Friedani, he explored the interior, and discovered the sarcophagus in the great chamber.

not only made known this very interesting circumstance, but has thrown much light on the manner in which these enormous masses were erected, as well as explained the purposes for which they were made.

The circumstance of having chambers and a sarcophagus (which undoubtedly contained the remains of some great personage), so uniform with those in the other pyramid, I think leaves very little question but that they were erected as sepulchres; and I really wonder that any doubt has ever existed, considering what could be learned from the first pyramid, which^u has been so long open. This contains a spacious chamber with a sarcophagus; the passages are of such dimensions as to admit nothing larger than the sarcophagus; they had been closely shut up by large blocks of granite from within, evidently to prevent the removal of that relic. Ancient authors are pretty well agreed in asserting that these monuments were erected to contain the remains of two brothers, Cheops and Cephren, kings of Egypt. They are surrounded by other smaller pyramids, intermixed with mausoleums on burial grounds. Many mummy-pits have been continually found there; yet with all these proofs, it has been asserted that they were erected for many other purposes than the true one, and nearly as absurd as that they served for granaries.

Some consider them as built for astronomical purposes, but there is nothing in their construction to favour this supposition. Others maintain that they were meant for the performance of holy ceremonies by the Egyptian priests. Anything, in short, for the sake of contradiction, or to have something new to say, finds its advocate. If the ancient authors had advanced that they were erected for treasuries, the moderns would have agreed perhaps more in conformity with the truth, that they were made for sepulchres; and they would not have failed to see plainly these circumstances, which clearly prove the facts, and which are not noticed as they ought to be. I will agree with others thus far, that the Egyptians, in erecting these enormous masses, did not fail to make their sides due north and south, and consequently, as they are square, due east and west. Their inclination, too, is such as to give light to the north side at the time of the solstice. But even all this does not prove in the least that they were erected for astronomical purposes, though it is to be observed that the Egyptians connected astronomy with their religious ceremonies, as we found various zodiacs not only among the temples, but in their tombs also.—*Narrative of the Operations and Recent Researches in Egypt and Nubia. Second Journey.*

68.—A LOVER'S HEART SERVED UP AS A DISH.

• [HOWELL, 1594—1666.

[JAMES HOWELL, born near Brecknock about 1594, was educated at Jesus College, Oxford. He was appointed manager of a patent glass manufactory in London, and travelled on the continent from 1619 to 1621, in which year he was elected a fellow of Jesus College. He became secretary to Lord Scrope in 1626, secretary to an extraordinary embassy to Denmark in 1632, and having filled various appointments, obtained the clerkship of the Council at Whitehall in 1640. Howell, sent to the Fleet in 1643, was liberated soon after the execution of Charles I., and at the Restoration was appointed historiographer royal. He died Nov. 1666, and was buried in the Temple Church. Howell was a prolific writer. His best known works are "Dendrologia, Dodona's Grove, or the Vocal Forest," a poem published in 1640, and the "Epistolæ Ho-Eliaſæ: Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, &c." of which the first volume appeared in 1645, and the second in 1655.]

BEING* lately in France, and returning in a coach from Paris to Rouen, I lighted upon the society of a knowing gentleman, who related to me a choice story, which, peradventure, you may make some use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of an ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy Castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them, but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention, they shuffled up a forced match 'twixt her and one Monsieur Fayel, who was a great heir. Captain Coucy hereupon quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound, not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodgings, he languished some days; but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to entrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do; which was, that after his death he should get his body to be opened, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot to be baked to powder; then to put the powder into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Fayel's hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her; and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle Fayel. The said servant did as

* This letter, addressed to Ben Jonson, is dated Westminster, May 3, 1635.

his master had commanded him, and so went to France; and coming one day to Mons. Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, and examined him, because he knew he was Captain Coucy's servant; and, finding him timorous and faltering in his speech, he searched him and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what was therein: he dismissed the bearer with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Mons. Fayel going in, sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relished dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing, and commanded him to bring it in himself after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly, Mons. Fayel commanded all to avoid the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife; however, since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a consumption, therefore he had provided her with a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her: thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish; and afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last, she had eaten Coucy's heart, and so drew the box out of his pocket and showed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, this is a precious cordial indeed; and so licked the dish, saying, it is so precious, that 'tis pity to put ever any meat upon it. So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone dead.

This gentleman told me that this sad story is painted in Coucy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.—*Familiar Letters*, Book 1, lect. 6, letter 20.

69.—THE MUSICAL CONTEST.

[FORD, 1586.]

[JOHN FORD, born at Ilstington, Devon, in 1586, became a member of the Middle Temple November 16, 1602, and attained certain success in his profession. "Fame's Memorial," an elegy on the death of the Earl of Devonshire, his first poetical production, appeared in 1606. According to the practice of that time, Ford assisted Webster, Decker, and others in the composition of plays. His first dramatic production, "The Lover's Melancholy," was acted Nov. 24, 1628, and printed in 1629. "The Brokent Heart" and "Love's Sacrifice," appeared in 1633, "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck" in 1634, the comedy of "The Fancies Chaste and Noble" in 1638, and the comedy of "The Ladies' Trial" in 1639. In conjunction with Decker, he wrote "The Sun's Darling," a moral masque, printed in 1657. His dramatic works, with explanatory notes, were edited by Gifford in 1827. Another edition, with a biography, by Hartley Coleridge, appeared in 1840. It is supposed that about 1639 Ford retired to his native place, where he soon after died. Gifford says, "The style of Ford is altogether original, and his own. Without the majestic march which distinguishes the poetry of Massinger, and with little or none of that light and playful humour which characterises the dialogue of

Fletcher, or even of Shirley, he is yet elegant, and easy, and harmonious, and though rarely sublime, yet sufficiently elevated for the most pathetic tones of that passion on whose romantic energies he chiefly delighted to dwell.*]

SCENE.—THE PALACE AT FAMAGOSTA. *Amethus and Menaphon discoursing.*

Men. : A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth ;
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high,
Than mere creations are : to add delight,
I'll tell you how I found him.

Amet. : Prithee do.

Men. : Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Temple, bred in me,
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came ; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me : I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.

Amet. : I cannot yet conceive, what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. : I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather
Indeed, entranced my soul : as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.

Amet. : And so do I ; good ! on——

Men. : A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well shaped youth could touch, she su^r her own ;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes

Reply to a for a voice, and for a sound,

Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe

- That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. : How did the rivals part ?

Men. : You term them rightly ;

For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—

Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last

Into a pretty anger, that a bird

Whom art had never taught cliffs,* moods, or notes,

Should vie with him for mastery, whose study

Had busied many hours to perfect practice :

To end the controversy, in a rapture

Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,

So many voluntaries, and so quick,

That there was curiosity and cunning,

Concord in discord, lines of differing method

Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. : Now for the bird.

Men. : The bird, ordained to be

Music's first martyr, strove to imitate

These several sounds : which, when her warbling throat

Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,

And brake her heart ! It was the quaintest sadness,

To see the conqueror upon her hearse,

To weep a funeral elegy of tears ;

That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide

Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me

A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. : I believe thee.

Men. : He looked upon the trophies of his art,

Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried :

" Alas poor creature ! I will soon revenge

" This cruelty upon the author of it ;

" Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,

" Shall never more betray a harmless peace

" To an untimely end : " and in that sorrow,

As he was pashing it against† a tree,

I suddenly stept in.

Amet. : Thou hast discoursed

A truth of mirth and pity.

—*The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Scene i.

* A term in music.

† i.e., dashing in pieces.

70.—GOD'S LAW MANIFESTED BY CREATION.

[HOOKER, 1553—1600.

[RICHARD HOOKER was born at Heavytree, near Exeter, in 1553, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He was appointed Lecturer on Hebrew in the University in 1579, and Master of the Temple in 1585. Anxious to obtain leisure to complete his great work on "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," he applied to Whitgift, who conferred upon him the living of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, in 1591, and he was made a prebendary of Salisbury in the same year. The first four books of "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" appeared in 1594; the fifth, in 1597; and the sixth, seventh, and eighth books did not appear until 1647, nearly half a century after his death, which took place Nov. 2, 1600, at Bishopsbourne, Kent, to which living he had been presented by Queen Elizabeth, July 7, 1595. Hallam ("Lit. Hist.," pt. ii., ch. i.) speaks of the Ecclesiastical Polity as "A monument of real learning, in profane as well as theological antiquity." In the seventeenth century Hooker received the surname of Judicious. His life, written by Isaac Walton, was published in 1670.]

WHEREFORE to come to the law of nature: albeit thereby we sometimes mean that manner of working which God hath set for each created thing to keep; yet forasmuch as those things are termed most properly natural agents, which keep the law of their kind unwittingly, as the heavens and elements of the world, which can do no otherwise than they do; and forasmuch as we give unto intellectual natures the name of Voluntary Agents, that so we may distinguish them from the other; expedient it will be, that we sever the law of nature observed by the one from that which the other is tied unto. Touching the former, their strict keeping of one tenure, statute, and law, is spoken of by all, but hath in it more than men have as yet attained to know, or perhaps ever shall attain, seeing the travail of wading herein is given of God to the sons of men;* that perceiving how much the least thing in the world hath in it more than the wisest are able to reach unto, they may by this means learn humility. Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: "God said, let there be light: let there be a firmament: let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place: let the earth bring forth: let there be lights in the firmament of heaven." Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of His accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him:

* Eccles. iii. 9, 10. See Bacon's Advancement of Learning, bk. ii., "Knowledge as are pyramids, whereof history is the basis," &c., &c.

secondly, to show, that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will: "He made a law for the rain;"* He gave his "decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment."† Now if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course,‡ should, as it were, through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief: what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?—*Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, bk. i. ch. iii. § 2.

* Job xxviii. 26.

† Jer. v. 22.

‡ Psalm xix. 5.

71.—ON TYRANNY AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF MERCENARIES BY TYRANTS.

[SIR W. RALEIGH, 1552—1618.

[WALTER RALEIGH, born at Hayes, near Budleigh, in Devonshire, in 1552, entered Oriel College, Oxford, in 1568, went as a volunteer to France in 1569, and served in the continental wars for several years. Received with favour at Court, he was knighted, and took part in expeditions for planting colonies in North America. Raleigh distinguished himself in various engagements with the Spanish Armada in 1588. In 1595 he sailed in search of the fabulous El Dorado, and having made some conquests in South America, on his return in 1595 published an account of his voyage, under the title "The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana." He distinguished himself at the capture of Cadiz in 1596, and took Payal in 1597; but on the death of Elizabeth he fell out of favour, and was tried for high treason at Winchester, and found guilty in September, 1603. Though deprived, he remained a prisoner in the Tower thirteen years, during which time he wrote the fragment of "The History of the World," published in 1614. Having obtained his release, he sailed for Guiana in 1617, and on his return to England in July, 1618, was arrested at the instigation of the Spaniards, whose possessions in the new world he had assailed. On the 28th of October, 1618, the sentence was passed upon him, and he was beheaded, Oct. 29. Hallam remarks ("Lit. Hist.," pt. iii. ch. 7), "We should expect from the prison hours of a soldier, a courtier, a busy intriguer in state affairs, a poet and man of genius, something well worth our notice, but hardly a prolix history of the ancient world, hardly disquisitions on the sites of Paradise and the travels of Cain." Sir W. Raleigh's biography has been written by several authors. His Life, by Oldys, appeared in 1735; by T. Birch, in 1751; by A. Cayley, in 1805; by Mrs. Thompson, in 1830; by P. F. Tytler, in 1833; by M. Napier, in 1853; and by C. Whitehead, in 1854. The "Edinburgh Review," vol. lxxi. contains an article on Sir Walter Raleigh, and a biography is given by Wood in his "Athen. Oxon."]

THAT which we properly call tyranny is a violent form of government, not respecting the good of the subject, but only the pleasure of the commander. I purposely forbear to say, that it is the unjust rule of one over many: for very truly doth Cleon, in Thucydides,* tell the Athenians, that their dominion over their subjects was none other than a mere tyranny; though it were so, that they themselves were a great city, and a popular estate. Neither is it peradventure greatly needful, that I should call this form of commanding violent; since it may well and easily be conceived, that no man willingly performs obedience to one regardless of his life and welfare, unless himself be either a madman, or (which is little better) wholly possessed with some extreme passion of love.

The practice of tyranny is not always of a like extremity; for some lords are more gentle than others to their very slaves; and he that is most cruel to some is mild enough towards others, though it be but for

his own advantage. Nevertheless, in large dominions, wherein the ruler's discretion cannot extend itself unto notice of the difference which might be found between the worth of several men; it is commonly seen that the taste of sweetness, drawn out of oppression, hath so good a relish, as continually inflames the tyrant's appetite, and will not suffer it to be restrained within any limits of respect. Why should he seek out bounds to prescribe unto his desires, who cannot endure the face of one so honest, as may put him in remembrance of any moderation? It is much that he hath gotten by extorting from some few; by sparing none, he should have riches in goodly abundance: he hath taken a good deal from every one; but every one could have spared more: he hath wrung all their purses, and now he hath enough; but (as covetousness is never satisfied) he thinks that all this is too little for a stock, though it were indeed a good yearly income. Therefore he deviseth new tricks of robbery, and is not better pleased with the gains than with the art of getting. He is hated for this, and he knows it well; but he thinks by cruelty to change hatred into fear. So he makes it his exercise to torment and murder all whom he suspecteth: in which course, if he suspect none unjustly, he may be said to deal craftily; but if innocency be not safe, how can all this make any conspirator to stand in fear, since the traitor is no worse rewarded than the quiet man? Wherefore he can think upon none other security than to disarm all his subjects, to fortify himself within some strong place, and, for defence of his person and state, to hire as many lusty soldiers as shall be thought sufficient.

These must not be of his own country; for if not every one, yet some one or other might chance to have a feeling of the public misery. This considered, he allures unto him a desperate rabble of strangers, the most dishonest that can be found; such as have neither wealth nor credit at home, and will therefore be careful to support him by whose only favour they are maintained. Now, lest any of these, either by detestation of his wickedness, or (which in wicked men is most likely) by promise of greater reward than he doth give, should be drawn to turn his sword against the tyrant himself, they shall all be permitted to do as he doth; to rob, to ravish, to murder, and to satisfy their own appetites in most outrageous manner: being thought so much the more assured to their master, by how much the more he sees them grow hateful to all men else. Considering in what age and in what language I write, I must be fain to say that these are not dreams; though some Englishmen, perhaps, that were unacquainted with history, lighting upon this leaf, might suppose this discourse to be

little better. This is to show both how tyranny grows to stand in need of mercenary soldiers, and how those mercenaries are, by mutual obligation, firmly assured unto the tyrant.—*The History of the World*, Book v. ch. ii. sect. ii. § i.

72.—OLD LONDON FROM OLD ST. PAUL'S.

[AINSWORTH, 1805.

[WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, born at Manchester, February, 1805, and educated for the bar, embraced literature as a profession at an early age. Having contributed to several periodicals he published his first novel, "Sir John Chiverton," in 1825. "Rookwood" appeared in 1834, "Crichton" in 1837, and the first chapter of "Jack Sheppard" in Bentley's Miscellany for January, 1839. "Old St. Paul's" was published in the "Sunday Times" in 1841. In addition to these works Mr. Ainsworth is the author of a large number of historical romances, some of which have been translated into various modern languages. He edited "Bentley's Miscellany" from 1839 to 1841, established "Ainsworth's Magazine" in 1842, became editor and proprietor of the "New Monthly Magazine" in 1845, and again editor and proprietor of "Bentley's Miscellany" in 1854. A collected edition of his works has been published in a cheap form.]

RESOLVED to free himself at any hazard, Leonard Holt once more repaired to the summit of the tower of the Cathedral, and, leaning over the balustrade, gazed below. It was a sublime spectacle, and, in spite of his distress, filled him with admiration and astonishment. He had stationed himself on the south side of the tower, and immediately beneath him lay the broad roof of the transept, stretching out to a distance of nearly two hundred feet. On the right, surrounded by a double row of cloisters, remarkable for the beauty of their architecture, stood the convocation, or chapter-house. This exquisite building was octagonal in form, and supported by large buttresses, ornamented on each gradation by crocketed pinnacles. Each side, moreover, had a tall pointed window, filled with stained glass, and was richly adorned with trefoils and cinquefoils. Further on, on the same side, was the small low church dedicated to St. Gregory, overtopped by the southwestern tower of the mightier parent fane.

It was not, however, the cathedral itself, but the magnificent view it commanded, that chiefly attracted the apprentice's attention. From the elevated point on which he stood, his eye ranged over a vast tract of country, bounded by the Surrey hills, and at last settled upon the river, which in some parts was obscured by a light haze, and in others tinged with the ruddy beams of the newly-risen sun. Its surface was spotted, even at this early hour, with craft, while innumerable vessels of all shapes and sizes were moored to its banks. On the left, he

noted the tall houses covering London Bridge; and on the right, traced the sweeping course of the stream as it flowed from Westminster. On this hand, on the opposite bank, lay the flat marshes of Lambeth; while nearer stood the old bull-baiting and bear-baiting establishments, the flags above which could be discerned above the tops of the surrounding habitations. A little to the left was the borough of Southwark, even then a large and populous district—the two most prominent features in the scene being Winchester-house, and St. Saviour's old and beautiful church.

Filled with wonder at what he saw, Leonard looked towards the east, and here an extraordinary prospect met his gaze. The whole of the city of London was spread out like a map before him, and presented a dense mass of ancient houses, with twisted chimneys, gables, and picturesque roofs—here and there overtopped by a hall, a college, an hospital, or some other lofty structure. This vast collection of buildings was girded in by grey and mouldering walls, approached by seven gates, and intersected by innumerable narrow streets. The spires and towers of the churches shot up into the clear morning air—for, except in a few quarters, no smoke yet issued from the chimneys. On this side, the view of the city was terminated by the fortifications and keep of the Tower. Little did the apprentice think, when he looked at the magnificent scene before him, and marvelled at the countless buildings he beheld, that, ere fifteen months had elapsed, the whole mass, together with the mighty fabric on which he stood, would be swept away by a tremendous conflagration. Unable to foresee this direful event, and lamenting only that so fair a city should be a prey to an exterminating pestilence, he turned towards the north, and suffered his gaze to wander over Finsbury-fields, and the hilly ground beyond them—over Smithfield and Clerkenwell, and the beautiful open country adjoining Gray's-inn-lane.

So smiling and beautiful did these districts appear, that he could scarcely fancy they were the chief haunts of the horrible distemper. But he could not blind himself to the fact that in Finsbury-fields, as well as in the open country to the north of Holborn, plague-pits had been digged and pest-houses erected; and this consideration threw such a gloom over the prospect, that, in order to dispel the effect, he changed the scene by looking towards the west. Here his view embraced all the proudest mansions of the capital, and tracing the Strand to Charing Cross, long since robbed of the beautiful structure from which it derived its name, and noticing its numerous noble habitations, his eye finally rested upon Whitehall: and he heaved a sigh as he thought that the palace of the sovereign was infected by as foul a moral taint as the hideous disease that ravaged the dwellings of his subjects.

At the time that Leonard Holt gazed upon the capital, its picturesque beauties were nearly at their close. In a little more than a year and a quarter afterwards, the greater part of the old city was consumed by fire; and though it was rebuilt, and in many respects improved, its original and picturesque character was entirely destroyed.

It seems scarcely possible to conceive a finer view than can be gained from the dome of the modern cathedral at sunrise on a May morning, when the prospect is not dimmed by the smoke of a hundred thousand chimneys—when the river is just beginning to stir with its numerous craft, or when they are sleeping on its glistening bosom—when every individual house, court, church, square, or theatre, can be discerned—when the eye can range over the whole city on each side, and calculate its vast extent. It seems scarcely possible, we say, to suppose at any previous time it could be more striking; and yet, at the period under consideration, it was incomparably more so. Then, every house was picturesque, and every street a collection of picturesque objects. Then, that which was objectionable in itself, and contributed to the insalubrity of the city, namely, the extreme narrowness of the streets, and overhanging stories of the houses, was the main source of their beauty. Then the huge projecting signs, with their fantastical iron-work—the conduits—the crosses (where crosses remained)—the may-poles—all were picturesque; and as superior to what can now be seen, as the attire of Charles the Second's age is to the ugly and disfiguring costume of our own day.—*Old St. Paul's*.

73.—REFLECTIONS ON THE TRIAL OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[RAPIN, 1661—1725.]

[PAUL DE RAPIN, Sieur of Thoyras, was born at Castres in 1661, of a Protestant family, which came originally from Savoy. He studied at Saumur, and entered the profession of the law. Soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), he went to Holland and entered the service of William of Orange, whom he accompanied to England in 1688. He settled at Wesel in 1707, and applied himself to the composition of his famous work, the "History of England," which took him seventeen years to finish. It appeared in French at the Hague, in 9 vols., in 1726-7. It was translated into English by Tindal* in 1732. Rapin died at Wesel, May 16, 1725.]

It is hardly to be questioned that Mary's death was determined, when Elizabeth and her Council resolved to have her tried by commissioners.

* Nicholas, nephew of Matthew Tindal, was born in 1687, and educated at Oxford. He was appointed chaplain to Greenwich Hospital in 1738, and died June 27, 1774.

But it must not be imagined that it was their intention to punish her for attempting the life of Elizabeth. If that had been all, they would never have proceeded to extremities, but would, doubtless, have been satisfied with putting it out of her power to contrive any such plots for the future, which would have been easy, by confining her more closely. But it was not so easy to hinder the Pope, the King of Spain, the House of Guise, the English catholics, the Irish, the Scottish malcontents, from considering her as a princess to whom of right belonged the two crowns of England and Scotland, and from using their continual endeavours to restore her to the throne of Scotland, and place her on that of England, even in Elizabeth's life-time. Though she had been so closely confined, that she could not herself have been concerned in these plots, it would not have prevented her friends from acting in her favour; nothing, therefore, but her death, could break their measures, and put an end to the plots which were daily framing on her account. So, it might with truth be said, that as Elizabeth's death was Mary's life, so Mary's death alone could preserve Elizabeth, and with her, liberty and the Protestant religion in England. But as it was not likely Mary, who was the younger, should depart first out of this world by a natural death, recourse was to be had to violence, that the Queen and the realm might be freed from their imminent danger. The share Mary had in Camden's conspiracy, and which probably was greater than what Camden intimates, was not, therefore, the cause of her condemnation, but the pretence used to be rid of a queen, on whose life Elizabeth's adversaries built all their hopes. It was, therefore, Mary's own friends that occasioned her misfortune by serving her too zealously, or rather by making her their instrument to execute their grand project against the Protestant religion. The Pope flattered himself with restoring, by her means, the Catholic religion in England; and the English catholics looked upon her as the only person that could free them from the intolerable yoke of a Protestant Government. Philip II. saw no other way to subdue the Netherlanders. In short, the House of Guise, whose ambitious projects are well known, thought to find in her an infallible means to crush the Huguenots of France, who supported the title of the lawful heir to the crown of that kingdom. Mary herself gave too much countenance to all these plots. She was so imprudent, as, being a prisoner incessantly to confound two things, which could well be distinguished and separated; I mean, her liberty, and her title to the crown of England. She thereby gave Elizabeth occasion to confound these two, and to ruin her, in order to preserve her own life and crown.

These were the real motives of Mary's condemnation. If we consider them politically, they may be said to be good and necessary;

but it happens very frequently that policy is repugnant to justice and equity. Upon this condemnation it is that Elizabeth's enemies have triumphed; and, indeed, it is a very fit subject for rhetoric. But if it is considered who they were that exclaimed the loudest against Elizabeth, they will be found to be the very persons who would have murdered her to set Mary on the throne of England. Had they succeeded in their design, would their deed have been more just or more agreeable to the precepts of the Christian religion? Doubtless it would, were the thing to be tried by the principle of the adversaries to Elizabeth and her religion. But if it were allowed by the laws of religion, justice, and equity, to take away the life of Elizabeth, in order to set Mary on the throne, and restore the Catholic religion in England, was it less allowable for the English to put Mary to death, in order to preserve their queen and religion from the destruction they were continually threatened with? Let us say rather, these maxims are equally blameable and repugnant to the rules of the Gospel, to whatever party they are applied.—*The History of England*. Book xvii.

74.—LAKE NYASSA.

[LIVINGSTONE, 1817.

[DAVID LIVINGSTONE, of humble parentage, born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, in 1817, was in a great measure self-educated. He was admitted a licentiate of the faculty of physicians and surgeons in 1838, and offered himself to the London Missionary Society for Missionary work in Africa. In 1840 he was ordained, and set out for South Africa. Here he laboured until 1856, when he left for England, where he arrived Dec. 12. During his sojourn in Africa he went on several exploring expeditions, and became well acquainted with the interior and many of the savage tribes. He is said to have traversed no less than 11,000 miles of African territory. His "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," appeared in 1857. Having been appointed British Consul at Quilimane in 1858, Dr. Livingstone again left for Africa, explored the Zambesi, made further discoveries, and returned July 20, 1864. His "Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries," was published in November, 1865. Dr. Livingstone has given a short account of his early life in the introduction to his "Missionary Travels."]

LOOKING back to the southern end of Lake Nyassa, the arm from which the Shire flows was found to be thirty miles long, and from ten to twelve broad. Rounding Cape Maclear, and looking to the south-west, we have another arm which stretches some eighteen miles southward, and is from six to twelve miles in breadth. These arms give the southern end a forked appearance; and with the help of a little imagination, it may be likened to the "boot-shape" of Italy. The narrowest part is about the ankle, eighteen or twenty miles. From

this it widens to the north, and in the upper third or fourth it is fifty or sixty miles broad. The length is over 200 miles. The direction in which it lies is as near as possible due north and south. Nothing of the great bend to the west, shown in all the previous maps, could be detected by either compass or chronometer—and the watch we used was an excellent one. The season of the year was very unfavourable. The “smokes” filled the air with an impenetrable haze, and the equinoctial gales made it impossible for us to cross to the eastern side. When we caught a glimpse of the sun rising from behind the mountains to the east, we made sketches and bearings of them at different latitudes, which enabled us to secure approximate measurements of the width. These agreed with the times taken by the natives at the different crossing-places—as Tseuga and Molamba. About the beginning of the upper third, the lake is crossed by taking advantage of the island Chizumara, which name in the native tongue means the “ending;” further north they go round the end instead, though that takes several days.

The lake appeared to be surrounded by mountains, but it was afterwards found that these beautiful tree-covered heights were, on the west, only the edges of high table-lands. Like all narrow seas encircled by highlands, it is visited by sudden and tremendous storms. We were on it in September and October, perhaps the stormiest season of the year, and were repeatedly detained by gales. At times, while sailing over the blue water with a gentle breeze, suddenly and without any warning was heard the sound of a coming storm, roaring on with crowds of angry waves in its wake. We were caught one morning with the sea breaking all around us, and, unable either to advance or recede, anchored a mile from shore, in seven fathoms. The furious surf on the beach would have shivered our slender boat to atoms, had we tried to land. The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests, driven into spray, streaming behind them. A short lull followed each triple charge. Had one of these white-maned seas struck our frail bark, nothing could have saved us; for they came on with resistless force; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us, they broke in foam, but we escaped. For six weary hours we faced these terrible trios, any one of which might have been carrying the end of our expedition in its hoary head. A low, dark, detached, oddly-shaped cloud came slowly from the mountains, and hung for hours directly over our heads. A flock of night-jars (*cometornis vexillarius*), which on no other occasion come out by day, soared above us in the gale, like birds of evil omen. Our black crew became sea-sick and unable to sit up or keep the boat's head to the sea. The natives and our land party stood on the high cliffs looking at us and exclaiming, as the

waves seemed to swallow up the boat, "They are lost!—they are all dead!" When at last the gale moderated, and we got safely ashore, they saluted us warmly, as after a long absence. From this time we trusted implicitly to the opinions of our seaman, John Neil, who, having been a fisherman on the coast of Ireland, understood boating on a stormy coast, and by his advice we often sat cowering on the land for days together waiting for the surf to go down. He had never seen such waves before. We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor; and, did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, would call Nyassa the "Lake of storms."

Lake Nyassa receives no great affluents from the west. The five rivers we observed in passing did not at this time appear to bring in as much water as the Shire was carrying out. They were from fifteen to thirty yards wide, and some too deep to ford; but the evaporation must be very considerable. These streams, with others of about the same size from the mountains on the east and north, when swollen by the rains, may be sufficient to account for the rise in the lake without any large river. The natives nearest the northern end denied the existence of a large river there, though at one time it seemed necessary to account for the Shire's perennial flow. Distinct white marks on the rocks showed that, for some time during the rainy season, the water of the lake is three feet above the point to which it falls towards the close of the dry period of the year. The rains begin here in November, and the permanent rise of the Shire does not take place till January. The western side of Lake Nyassa, with the exception of the great harbour to the west of Cape Maclear, is a succession of small bays of nearly similar form, each having an open sandy beach and pebbly shore, and being separated from its neighbour by a rocky headland, with detached rocks extending some distance out to sea. The great south-western bay referred to would form a magnificent harbour, the only really good one we saw to the west.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858—1864, ch. xix.*

75.—ON MAGNETISM.

[BARON VON HUMBOLDT, 1769—1859.

[FREDERICK HENRY ALEXANDER, Baron von Humboldt, was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. He early distinguished himself in studies referring to physical nature, by contributions to various German periodicals. In 1799 he set out on a scientific voyage to South America, returning in 1804, and an account of his travels,

under the title "Voyage to the Interior of America," appeared between 1807 and 1817. In 1829 Humboldt set out again on a journey of scientific discovery to the Asiatic region of the Russian empire, and after his return published "Fragments of Asiatic Geology and Climatology" in 1831. His great work, "Cosmos," a general survey of the physical phenomena of the Universe, appeared between the years 1845 and 1858. This indefatigable author and traveller, who wrote several other works, died May 6, 1859.]

BUT whatever be the cause of the internal temperature of our planet, and of its limited or unlimited increase in the deeper strata, it still leads in this Essay to present a general picture of nature, through the intimate connexion of all the primary phenomena of matter, and through the common bond which surrounds the molecular forces into the obscure domain of magnetism. Changes of temperature elicit magnetical and electrical currents. Terrestrial magnetism, whose principal character in the threefold manifestation of its force is an uninterrupted periodic changeableness, is ascribed either to the unequally heated mass of the earth itself, or to those galvanic currents which we consider as electricity in motion, as electricity in a circuit returning into itself. The mysterious march of the magnetic needle is equally influenced by the course of the sun, and change of place upon the earth's surface. The hour of the day can be told between the tropics by the motion of the needle, as well as by the oscillations of the mercury in the barometer. It is suddenly, though only passingly, affected by the remote aurora, by the glow of heaven which emanates in colours at one of the poles. When the tranquil hourly motion of the needle is disturbed by a magnetical storm, the perturbation frequently proclaims itself over hundreds and thousands of miles, in the strictest sense of the word simultaneously, or it is propagated gradually, in brief intervals of time, in every direction over the surface of the earth. In the first case the simultaneousness of the storm might serve, like the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, fire signals, and well observed shooting stars, within certain limits for the determination of geographical longitudes. It is seen with amazement that the tremblings of two small magnetic needles, were they suspended deep in subterraneous space, measure the distance that intervenes between them; that they tell us how far Kasan lies east from Göttingen, or from the banks of the River Seine. There are regions of the earth where the seaman, enveloped for days in fog, without sight of the sun or stars, without all other means of ascertaining the time, can still accurately determine the hour by the variation of the dip of the needle, and know whether he be to the north or south of the port towards which he would steer his course.

If the sudden perturbation of the needle in its hourly course makes known the occurrence of a magnetic storm, the seat of the perturbing

cause—whether it be to seek in the crust of the earth itself, or in the upper regions of the air—remains, to our extreme regret, as yet undetermined. If we regard the earth as an actual magnet, then are we compelled, according to the decision of the deep thinking founder of a general theory of terrestrial magnetism, Frederick Gauss, to admit, that every eighth of a cubic metre, or thirty-seven tenths of a cubic foot of the earth, possesses, on an average, at least as much magnetism as a one pound magnetic bar. If iron and nickel, and probably cobalt also—not chrome, as was long supposed—be the only substances which become permanently magnetic, and retain polarity by a certain coercive force, the phenomena of Arago's rotative magnetism and Faraday's induced currents, assure us, on the other hand, that probably all terrestrial substances may passingly comport themselves magnetically. From the experiments of the first of the great natural philosophers just mentioned, water, ice, glass, and charcoal affect the oscillations of the needle precisely as quicksilver does in the rotatory experiments. Almost all substances show themselves in a certain degree magnetic when they are conductors—that is to say, when they are traversed by a current of electricity.—*Cosmos*.

76.—THE COMBAT BETWEEN TANCRED AND ARGANTES.

[TASSO, 1544—1595. FAIRFAX, — 1632.

[TORQUATO TASSO, born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, studied law at the University of Padua, and wrote his first poem, "Rinaldo," at the age of eighteen. It was dedicated to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, who took the young poet into his service as a gentleman attendant. Tasso fell in love with Laura Peperara, a lady of Mantua, in 1564, to whom he addressed many sonnets. He was afterwards captivated by the Princess Eleonora, sister of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, and the passion led to loss of favour and imprisonment. A complete edition of his great epic poem, "Godfrey of Bulloigne; or the Recovery of Jerusalem," in twenty cantos, was published at Parma in 1581, and at Mantua in 1584. Tasso visited Rome for the last time in Nov., 1594, when the Pope and the Senate decreed that he was to be solemnly crowned with the laurel leaf in the Capitol, but the poet fell ill and died April 25, 1595. There are several English translations of the "Jerusalem," which has been rendered into most modern languages. Edward Fairfax, from whose version the following extract is taken, was a native of Yorkshire. His translation appeared in 1600, and he died in 1632. Hoole's life of Tasso appeared in 1762, Black's in 1810, and Milman's in 1850. There are numerous biographies of the poet. Hallam says: "'The Jerusalem' is read with pleasure in almost every canto. No poem, perhaps, if we except the 'Æneid,' has so few weak or tedious pages; the worst passages are the speeches, which are too diffuse."]

TANCRED of body active was and light,
Quick, nimble, ready both of hand and foot :
But higher by the head the Pagan knight
Of limbs far greater was, of heart as stout.

Tancred laid low and traversed in his fight,
 Now to his ward retired, now struck out;
 Oft with his sword his foe's fierce blows he broke,
 And rather chose to ward than bear his stroke.

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought,
 Unlike in gesture, like in skill and art;
His sword outstretched before him far he brought,
Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce his heart:
 •To catch his point Prince Tancred strove and sought,
 But at his breast or helm's unclosed part
 He threatened death, and would with stretched-out brand
 His entrance close and fierce assaults withstand.

With a tall ship so doth a galley fight,
 When the still winds stir not th' unstable main,
 Where this in nimbleness as that in might
 Excels; that stands, this goes and comes again,
 And shifts from prow to poop with turnings light:
 • Meanwhile the other doth unmoved remain,
 And on her nimble foe approacheth nigh,
 Her mighty engines tumbleth down from high.

The Christian sought to enter on his foe,
 Voiding his point, which at his breast was bent;
 Argentès at his face a thrust did throw,
 Which while the Prince awards and doth prevent,
 His ready hand the Pagan turned so
 That all defence his quickness far o'erwent,
 And pierced his side, which done, he said, and smiled—
 "The craftsman is in his own craft beguiled—"

Tancredie bit his lips for scorn and shame,
 Nor longer stood on points of fence and skill,
 But to revenge so fierce and fast he came,
 As if his hand could not o'ertake his will;
 And at his vizor aiming just, 'gan frame
 To his proud boast an answer sharp; but still
 Argantes broke the thrust, and at half-sword,
 Swift, hardy, bold, in stept the Christian lord;

With his left foot fast forward 'gan he stride,
 And with his left the Pagan's right arm hent;
 With his right hand meanwhile the man's right side
 He cut, he wounded, mangled, tore, and rent:—

"To his victorious teacher," Tancred cried,
"His conquered scholar hath this answer sent."—
Argantes chafed, struggled, turned and twined,
Yet could not so his captive arm unbind :

His sword at last he let hang by the chain,
And griped his hardy foe in both his hands ;
In his strong arms Tancred caught him again,
And thus each other held and wrapt in bands.
With greater might Alcides did not strain
The giant Anteus on the Sylvian sands ;
On hold-fast knots their brawny arms they cast,
And whom he hateth most each held embraced.

Such was their wrestling, such their shocks and throws,
That down at once they tumbled both to ground ;
Argantes (were it hap or skill, who knows ?)
His better hand loose and in freedom found ;
But the good Prince, his hand more fit for blows,
With his huge weight the Pagan underbound ;
But he, his disadvantage great that knew,
Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew.

Far slower rose th' unwieldy Saracine,
And caught a rap ere he was reared upright :
But as against the blust'ring winds a pine
Now bends his top, now lifts his head on height,
His courage so, when it 'gan most decline,
The man reinforced and advanced his might,
And with fierce change of blows renewed the fray,
Where rage for skill, horror for art bore sway.

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down railed,
But from the Pagan ran whole streams of blood,
Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage quailed,
As fires decay which fuel want for food.
Tancred, that saw his feeble arm now failed
To strike his blows, that scant he stirred or stood,
Assuaged his anger and his wrath allayed,
And stepping back, thus gently spoke and said :—

"Yield, hardy knight, and chance of war, or me,
Confess to have subdued thee in this fight ;
I will no trophy, triumph, spoil of thee,
Nor glory wish, nor seek a victor's right."—

More terrible than erst herewith grew he,
 And all awaked his fury, rage, and might,
 And said—"Dar'st thou of 'vantage speak or think,
 Or move Argantes once to yield or shrink ?

"Use, use thy 'vantage ; thee and fortune both
 I scorn, and punish will thy foolish pride."—
 As a hot brand flames most ere it forth go'th,
 And, dying, blazeth bright on every side ;
 So he (when blood was lost) with anger wroth,
 • Revived his courage, when his puissance died ;
 And would his latest hour, which now drew nigh,
 Illustrate with his end, and nobly die.

He joined his left hand to her sister strong,
 And with them both let fall his weighty blade.
 Tancred, to ward his blow, his sword up flung,
 But that it smote aside, nor there it stayed,
 But from his shoulder to his side along
 It glanced, and many wounds at once it made :
 Yet Tancred feared nought, for in his heart
 Found coward dread no place, fear had no part.

His fearful blow he doubled,*but he spent
 His force in waste, and all his strength in vain ;
 For Tancred from the blow against him bent
 Leaped aside, the stroke fell on the plain :
 With thine own weight o'erthrown to earth thou went,
 Argantes stout, nor could'st thyself sustain,
 Thyself thou threwest down, O happy man !
 Upon whose fall none boast or triumph can.

His gaping wounds the fall set open wide,
 The streams of blood about him made a lake ;
 Helped with his left hand, on one knee he tried
 To rear himself, and new defence to make.
 The courteous prince stepped back, and "Yield thee," cried ;
 No hurt he proffered him, no blow he strake.
 Meanwhile, by stealth, the Pagan false him gave
 A sudden wound, threat'ning with speeches brave.

Herewith Tancredie furious grew, and said—
 "Villain ! does thou my mercy so despise ?"
 Therewith he thrust and thrust again his blade,
 And through his ventral pierced his dazzled eyes.

Argantes died, yet no complaint he made,
 But as he furious lived he careless died;
 Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce, and void of fear,
 His motions last, last looks, last speeches were.

—*Godfrey of Bulloigne; or, the Recovery of Jerusalem*, Book xix.
 § xi—xxvi.

77.—THE APOSTLES FISHERS OF MEN.

[BISHOP LATIMER, 1472—1555.]

[HUGH LATIMER, born at Thorcaston, in Leicestershire, in 1472, finished his education at Cambridge. Having, in 1535, been made Bishop of Worcester, he laboured zealously in his see, and became one of the most active promoters of the Reformation. On the passing of the Six Acts in 1539, Latimer resigned his bishopric, and on coming to London soon after to obtain surgical advice, was thrown into the Tower. Here he remained a prisoner six years. On the accession of Edward VI. he obtained his liberty, but refused, on account of his great age, to resume his see. When Mary came to the throne, he was again committed to the Tower, and suffered at the stake at Oxford, with Ridley, Oct. 16th, 1555. Several of his sermons were published during his lifetime, and they have since been collected and reprinted. Hallam says ("Lit. Hist.," part 1, ch. vi.): "They are read for their honest zeal and lively delineation of manners. They are probably the best specimens of a style then prevalent in the pulpit, and which is still not lost in Italy, nor among some of our own sectaries; a style that came at once home to the vulgar, animated and effective, picturesque and intelligible, but too unsparing both of ludicrous associations and commonplace invective." At the stake he encouraged his fellow-sufferer, Ridley, in these memorable words—"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." His life, by William Gilpin, appeared in 1755, and is given in the first volume of his *Lives of the Reformers*, published in 1809. A life, by Dr. Watkins, is prefixed to an edition of Latimer's "*Fruitful Sermons*," published in 1824, and a memoir, by the Rev. G. E. Corrie, is prefixed to the edition of his works, published by the Parker Society in 1844.]

THIS is the gospel (Matthew iv. 18—20) which is read in the church this day: and it sheweth unto us how our Saviour called four persons to his company; namely, Peter and Andrew, James and John, which were all fishers by their occupation. This was their general vocation; but now Christ our Saviour called them to a more special vocation. They were fishers still, but they fished no more for fish in the water, but they must fish now for men, with the net which was prepared to the same purpose, namely, with the gospel; for the gospel is the net wherewith the apostles fished after they came to Christ, but specially after his departing out of this world: then they went and fished throughout the whole world. And of these fishers was spoken a great while ago by the prophet: for so it is written—"Behold, saith the Lord, I will send out many fishers to take them; and after that will I

send hunters to hunt them out from all mountains and hills, and out of the caves of stone." By these words God signified by his prophets,* how those fishers, that is, the apostles, should preach the gospel, and take the people therewith, (that is, all they that should believe,) and so bring them to God. It is commonly seen that fishers and hunters be very painful people both; they spare no labour to catch their game, because they be so desirous and so greedy over their game, that they care not for pains. Therefore our Saviour chose fishers, because of these properties, that they should be painful and spare no labour; and then that they should be greedy to catch men, and to take them with the net of God's word, to turn the people from wickedness to God. Ye see, by daily experience, what pain fishers and hunters take; how the fisher watcheth day and night at his net, and is ever ready to take all such fishes that he can get, and come in his way. So, likewise, the hunter runneth hither and thither after his game; leapeth over hedges, and creepe.h through rough bushes; and all this labour he esteemeth for nothing, because he is so desirous to obtain his prey, and catch his venison. So all our prelates, bishops, and curates, parsons and vicars, should be as painful and greedy in casting their nets; that is to say, in preaching God's word; in shewing unto the people the way to everlasting life; in exhorting them to leave their sins and wickedness. This ought to be done of them, for thereunto they be called of God; such a charge they have. But the most part of them set, now-a-days, aside this fishing; they put away this net; they take other business in hand: they will rather be surveyors, or receivers, or clerks in the kitchen, than to cast out this net: they have the living of fishers, but they fish not, they are otherways occupied. But it should not be so; God will plague and most heinously punish them for so doing. They shall be called to make account one day, where they shall not be able to make answer for their misbehaviours, for not casting out this net of God's word, for suffering the people to go to the devil, and they call them not again, they admonish them not. Their perishing grieveth them not; but the day will come when they shall repent from the bottom of their hearts; but then it will be too late: then they shall receive their well deserved punishment for their negligence and slothfulness, for taking their living of the people, and not teaching them.

- The evangelists speak diversely of the calling of these four men, Peter, Andrew, James and John. Matthew saith, that "Jesus called them, and they immediately left their nets, and followed him."† Luke

* Jer. xvi. 16.

† Matthew iv. 20.

saith that our Saviour "stood by the Lake of Genezareth, and there he saw two ships standing by the lake side, and he entered in one of these ships, which was Peter's, and desired him that he would thrust it a little from land : and so he taught the people ; and after that, when he had made an end of speaking, he said to Simon Peter, cast out thy net in the deep : and Simon answered, we have laboured all night and have taken nothing ; nevertheless at thy commandment I will loose forth the net. And when they had cast it out they enclosed a great multitude of fishes. Now Peter, seeing such a multitude of fishes, was beyond himself, and fell down at Jesus's knees, saying, Lord, go from me, for I am a sinful man : for he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes, which they had taken. And there were also James and John the sons of Zebedee. And Jesus said unto Peter, Fear not from henceforth thou shalt catch men : and they brought the ships to land, and forsook all and followed him."* So ye hear how Luke describeth this story, in what manner of ways Christ called them ; and though he make no mention of Andrew, yet it was like that he was amongst them too, with Peter, John and James. The evangelist John, in the first chapter, describeth this matter of another manner of ways, but it pertaineth all to one end and to one effect : for it was most like that they were called first to come in acquaintance with Christ, and afterwards to be his disciples, and so in the end to be his apostles, which should teach and instruct the whole world. John the Evangelist saith, that Andrew was a disciple of John Baptist ; and when he had seen his master point to Christ with his finger, saying, " Lo the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world"†—(they used in the law to offer lambs for the pacifying of God : now John called Christ the right Lamb which should take away indeed all the sins of the world) ; now when Andrew heard wherunto Christ was come, he forsook his master John, and came to Christ ; and fell in acquaintance with him, asked him where he dwelled ; and, finding his brother Simon Peter he told him of Christ, and brought him to Him. He brought him not to John, but to Christ : and so should we do too ; we should bring to Christ as many as we could, with good exhortations and admonitions. Now Christ seeing Peter, said unto him, " Thou art Simon the son of Jonas ; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation a stone : "‡ signifying that Peter should be a stedfast fellow, not wavering hither and thither.—*Sermon on Matthew iv. 18, 19, and 20, preached on St. Andrew's Day, 1552.*

* Luke v. 1—11.

† John i. 29.

‡ John i. 42.

78.—KNOWLEDGE OF MANKIND.

[HAZLITT, 1778—1830.]

[WILLIAM HAZLITT, son of a Unitarian minister, was born at Maidstone, April 10, 1778, and became a student at the Unitarian College, at Hackney, in 1793. He left college in 1795, visited Paris in 1802, and having devoted himself to literary pursuits, published anonymously "An Essay on the Principles of Human Action" in 1803. Hazlitt, who contributed to various periodicals, delivered a course of lectures on the History of English Philosophy in 1813. The "Round Table," a collection of essays which appeared in 1817, was followed by numerous works, amongst which "Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," published in 1821, and "A Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," in 1828, are best known. Sir A. Alison remarks: "In critical disquisitions on the leading characters and works of the drama he is not surpassed in the whole range of English literature." He died Sept. 18, 1830. A life by his son is prefixed to, "Literary Remains," published in 1836.]

A KNOWLEDGE of mankind is a little more than Sir Pertinax's instinct of *bowing*, or of never standing upright in the presence of a great man, or of that great blockhead the world. It is not a perception of truth, but a sense of power, and an instant determination of the will to submit to it. It is, therefore, less an intellectual acquirement than a natural disposition. It is on this account that I think both cunning and wisdom are a sort of original endowments, or attain maturity much earlier than is supposed, from their being moral qualities, and having their seat in the heart rather than the head. The difference depends on the *manner* of seeing things. The one is a selfish, the other is a disinterested view of nature. The one is the clear open look of integrity, the other is a contracted and blear-eyed obliquity of mental vision. If any one has but the courage and honesty to look at an object as it is in itself, or divested of prejudice, fear, and favour, he will be sure to see it pretty right; as he who regards it through the refractions of opinion and fashion, will be sure to see it distorted and falsified, however the error may redound to his own advantage. Certainly, he who makes the universe tributary to his convenience, and subjects all his impressions of what is right or wrong, true or false, black or white, round or square, to the standard and maxims of the world, who never utters a proposition but he fancies a patron close at his elbow who overhears him, who is even afraid in private to suffer an honest conviction to rise in his mind, lest it should mount to his lips, get wind, and ruin his prospects in life, ought to gain something in exchange for the restraint and force put upon his thoughts and faculties: on the contrary, he who is confined by no such petty and debasing trammels, whose comprehension of mind is "in large heart enclosed," finds his inquiries and his views expand in a degree commensurate with the universe around him; makes truth welcome wher-

ever he meets her, and receives her cordial embrace in return. To see things divested of passion and interest, is to see them with the eye of history and philosophy. It is easy to judge right, or at least to come to a mutual understanding in matters of history, and abstract morality. Why then is it so difficult to arrive at the same calm certainty in actual life? Because the passions and interests are concerned, and it requires so much more candour, love of truth, and independence of spirit to encounter "the world and its dread laugh," to throw aside every sinister consideration, and grapple with the plain merits of the case. To be wiser than other men is to be honestest than they; and strength of mind is only courage to see and speak the truth. Perhaps the courage may be also owing to the strength; but both go together and are natural, and not acquired. Do we not see in fables the force of the moral principle in detecting the truth? The only effect of fables is, by making inanimate or irrational things actors in the scene, to remove the case completely from our own sphere, to take our self-love off its guard, to simplify the question; and yet the result of this obvious appeal is allowed to be universal and irresistible. Is not this another example that "the heart of man is deceitful above all things;" or, that it is less our incapacity to distinguish what is right, than our secret determination to adhere to what is wrong, that prevents our discriminating one from the other? It is not that great and useful truths are not manifest and discernible in themselves; but little dirty objects get between them and us, and from being near and gross, hide the lofty and distant. The first business of the patriot and the philanthropist is to overleap this barrier, to rise out of this material dross. Indignation, contempt of the base and grovelling, makes the philosopher no less than the poet; and it is the power of looking beyond self, that enables each to inculcate moral truth and nobleness of sentiment, the one by general precepts, the other by individual example.—*Sketches and Essays.*

79.—BALTHIAZAR CLAËS IN HIS LABORATORY.

[BALZAC, 1799—1850.

[HONORÉ DE BALZAC, born at Tours, May 20, 1799, and educated at the college at Vendôme, was afterwards placed with a notary at Paris, where he began writing for the press. Between 1821—7, he published several tales under the assumed name of Horace de St. Aubin, and in 1826, commenced as a partner in a printing and book-selling business, which did not prove successful. The first novel published with his own name, "*Les Derniers Chouans, ou la Bretagne en 1800*," appeared at Paris in 1829. This was followed by a long series of works of fiction, several of which have been translated into the English language. His "*La Peau de Chagrin*," published at Paris in 1839, first rendered him famous. The Countess Eveline

de Hanska, wife of a Polish nobleman, possessing large estates, wrote Balzac a complimentary letter on the publication of the "*Médecin de Campagne*" in 1835. This led to a correspondence; the Countess, to whom he dedicated his novel "*Sera-phim*," became a widow, and they were married in 1848. He tried to write dramas, but failed. A complete edition of his works in 20 vols. was published at Paris 1853-5. Balzac died at Paris Aug. 18, 1850.

A BANKER of the city came to demand payment of a bill of exchange for ten thousand francs, accepted by Claës. Marguerite having requested the banker to wait during the day, and evincing regret that she had not been made aware of this bill coming due, the latter informed her that the house of Protez and Chiffreville had nine others, of the same amount, falling due from month to month.

"All is said!" cried Marguerite; "the hour is come!"

She sent for her father, and walked with hasty steps and in great agitation about the parlour, talking to herself. "Find a hundred thousand francs!" said she, "or see our father in prison! What is to be done?"

Balthazar did not come down. Tired of waiting for him, Marguerite went up to the laboratory. On entering, she found her father in an immense apartment, strongly lighted, furnished with machines, and heavy pieces of glasswork; here and there books, tables loaded with products, ticketed and numbered. Everywhere the disorder which the profession of the savant drags in its train, offensive to Flemish habits. This collection of long-necked bottles, retorts, metals, fantastically-coloured crystallizations, sketches fastened against the walls, or cast upon the stoves, was dominated by the figure of Balthazar Claës, without his coat, his shirt-sleeves tucked up like those of a workman, and his open breast covered with hair as white as that on his head. His eyes were intensely, frightfully, fixed upon a pneumatic machine. The recipient of this machine was surmounted and closed by a lens of double convex glasses; the interior was filled with alcohol, and it collected in the powerful focus the rays of the sun, which entered by one of the compartments of the little garret window. The recipient, the plateau of which was isolated, communicated with the wires of an immense voltaic pile.

Lemulquinier, occupied in moving the plateau of this machine, mounted on a movable axle, in order to keep the lens in a direction perpendicular to the rays of the sun, rose up, with a face black with dust, exclaiming—

"Ah, mademoiselle, don't come in!"

The aspect of her father, who, almost kneeling before his machine, received the light of the sun full upon his bald, bumpy head, the thin hairs of which resembled fine silver wire; his countenance contracted by fearful expectation; the singularity of the objects which sur-

rounded him; the obscurity of most parts of this immense loft from which gleamed strange machines—all contributed to strike Marguerite, who exclaimed in an accent of terror,—

"My father is mad!" She approached him, and whispered in his ear—"Send away Lemulquinier."

"No, no, my child; I want him. I expect the issue of a beautiful experiment, which nobody has dreamt of. We have been three days watching for a ray of the sun. I have found the means of submitting metals, in a perfect void, to concentrated sun-rays and electric currents. Look, then; in a moment the most energetic action a chemist has in his power is about to be displayed, and I alone——"

"Yes, father, but instead of vapourizing metals, you ought to keep them to discharge your bills of exchange!"

"Wait! wait! I tell you."

"M. Mersktus has been here, father; he demands ten thousand francs within four hours!"

"Yes, yes, I know; presently will do for that. I did sign a bill for some such trifle, which would be due this month; that is true; but I thought I should have found the absolute. Good God! if it were a July sun my experiment would be completed!" He clutched his thin grey hair, seated himself in an old cane chair, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Monsieur is right. All this is owing to that beggarly sun; it is too weak!—the mean, idle——"

"Leave us, Lemulquinier," said she.

"I am engaged in a new experiment, I tell you," said Claës.

"Father, you must forget your experiments," said his daughter to him, when they were left alone; "you have a hundred thousand francs to pay, and you do not possess a farthing. Leave your laboratory, your honour is at stake. What will become of you in prison? Would you stain your grey hairs and the name of Claës by the infamy of bankruptcy? I will oppose myself to it; I will find strength to combat your madness; it would be frightful to see you without bread in your last days. Open your eyes upon your position! exercise a little reason!"

"Madness!" cried Balthazar, who drew himself up, fixed his luminous eyes upon his daughter, crossed his arms upon his breast, and repeated the word madness so majestically, that Marguerite trembled. "Ah, your mother would not have spoken that word!" replied he; "she was not ignorant of the importance of my researches; she studied my science in order to understand me; she knew that I worked for humanity's sake, that there is nothing personal or sordid in me. The sentiment of a woman who loves is, I see, above filial

affection. Yes, love, is the most beautiful of all sentiments! Exercise reason, indeed!" continued he, striking his breast. "Am I wanting in it? Am I not myself? We are poor, my child, very well! I wish it to be so. I am your father,—obey me. I will make you rich when I please. Your fortune! Bah! that is a trifle! When I shall have discovered a dissolvent for carbon, I will fill your parlour with diamonds; and that is a nothing in comparison with what I am in search of. You surely can wait while I am consuming myself in gigantic efforts."

"Father, I have no right to demand an account of you of the four millions you have squandered in this garret without a result. I will not mention my mother, whom you killed. If I had a husband, I should, no doubt, love him as much as my mother loved you, and should be ready to sacrifice everything to you. I have followed her orders in giving myself up to you entirely. I have proved it to you by not marrying, that you might not be forced to render an account of your guardianship. Let us leave the past and think of the present. I am come here to represent a necessity you have yourself created. Money must be had to provide for your bills of exchange,—do you understand that? There is nothing left here that can be seized but the portrait of your ancestor, Van-Clæcs. I come, then, in the name of my mother, who proved too weak to defend her children against their father, and who ordered me to resist you;—I come in the name of my brothers and sister—I come, father, in the name of all the Clæcs, to command you to discontinue your experiments, and to make a fortune by other means before you resume them. If you arm yourself with your paternity, which only makes itself felt to kill us, I have on my part, your ancestors and honour, which speak with a louder voice than chemistry; families take precedence of science. I have been too much your daughter!"

"And would now wish to be my executioner," said he, in a weak voice. Marguerite made her escape, to avoid failing in the part she had undertaken to play: she thought she heard the voice of her mother, when she had said: "*Do not thwart your father too much, love him dearly.*"—*Balthazar, or Science and Love.*

80.—THE WITENA-GEMOT, OR ANGLO-SAXON PARLIAMENT.

[TURNER, 1768—1847.

[SHARON TURNER, born in London, Sep. 24, 1768, was educated at a school in Pentonville, and at an early age was articled to an attorney. The first volume of his "*History of the Anglo-Saxons*" appeared in 1799, and the third in 1805. The three volumes of the "*History of England during the Middle Ages, from the*

Norman Conquest to 1509," appeared in 1814, 1815, and 1823; "The History of the Reign of Henry VIII." in 1826; and "The History of the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth," in 1829. Sharon Turner wrote some poems, and "The Sacred History of the World," in three volumes, which appeared in 1832, 1834, and 1837. He died in Red Lion Square, London, Feb. 13, 1847.]

THE *gemot* of the *witan* was the great council of the Anglo-Saxon nation; their parliament, or legislative and supreme judicial assembly. As the highest judicial court of the kingdom, it resembled our present House of Lords; and in those periods, when the peers of the realm represented territorial property, rather than hereditary dignities, the comparison between the Saxon *witena-gemot* and the Upper House of our modern parliament might have been more correctly made in their legislative capacity. As the German states are recorded by Tacitus to have had national councils, so the continental Saxons are also stated to have possessed them.

If we had no other evidence of the political wisdom of our Gothic or Teutonic ancestors than their institution of the *witena-gemots*, or national parliaments, this happy and wise invention would be sufficient to entitle them to our veneration and gratitude. For they have not only given to Government a form, energy, and direction, more promotive of the happiness of mankind than any other species of it has exhibited, but they are the most admirable provision for adapting its exercise and continuance to all the new circumstances ever arising of society, and for suiting and favouring its continual progress.

Of these assemblies, originating amid the woods and migrations of the Teutonic tribes, one important use has been to remove from the nation that has possessed and preserved them, the reproach, the bondage, and the misery of an immutable legislation. The Medes and Persians made it their right that their laws should never be changed; not even to be improved. This truly barbaric conception, a favourite dogma also with the kingly priests, or priestly kings of the Nile, and even at Lacedæmon, could only operate to curtail society of its fair growth, and to bind all future ages to be as imperfect as the past. It may produce such a political and intellectual monstrosity as Egypt long exhibited, and force a nation to remain a piece of mechanism of bygone absurdity. But internal degradation and discomfort, external weakness, and national inferiority and decay, are the certain accompaniments of a policy so violent and unnatural. ..

Instead of thus making the times of ignorance, national infancy, and incipient experience the standard and the laws of the country's future manhood, the Anglo-Saxon *witena-gemot* or parliament was a wise and parental lawgiver; not bound in the chains of an obsolete anti-

quity, but always providing with a nurturing care; always living, feeling, and acting with the population and circumstances of the day, and providing such regulations, either by alterations of former laws, or by the additions of new ones, as the vicissitudes, novelties, wants, improvement, sentiment, situation, and interest of the co-existing society, in its various classes, were found to be continually needing: sometimes legislating for the benefit of the rich, or the great, or the clergy, or the commercial, or the agriculturist; sometimes for the middling and lower orders; and sometimes collectively for all. Open to petitions stating the grievances from which certain classes or individuals occasionally suffer, and acquiring thus a knowledge of the wants and feelings of society, which no vigilance of its own, or of Government, could by other means obtain: ready to enact new laws, as manifest evils suggest, and reasoning wisdom patronizes, an English parliament, with all its imperfections, many, perhaps, inevitable, is—I speak with reverence, and only use the expression from the want of another as meaning—the nearest human imitation of a superintending Providence which our necessities or our sagacity have as yet produced or devised. The right of petitioning brings before it all the evils, real or imaginary, that affect the population which it guards; and the popular part being new-chosen at reasonable intervals, from the most educated orders of society, is perpetually renewed with its best talents; and, what is not less valuable, with its living and contemporaneous feelings, fears, hopes, and tendencies. No despotic Government, however pure and wise, can have these advantages. It cannot so effectually know what its subjects want. It cannot so well judge what they ought to obtain. It cannot so completely harmonize with the sympathies and flowing mind of the day, because its majesty precludes the acquisition of such identity as a septennial or hexennial election infuses. Whether new members are chosen, or old ones are re-elected, in both cases the election bespeaks their affinity with the hearts and understandings that surround them, and provides the security for a kind, vigilant, and improved legislation, more effectually than any other system has yet imparted. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had all these advantages, though the peculiar state of their society prevented them from having that full benefit of such a noble institution as we now enjoy. But they were petitioned, and they legislated; and the dom-boc, or laws, of every Anglo-Saxon reign that has survived to us contains some improvements on the preceding. Some of their members were also most probably chosen, like our own august parliament. The noble tree was then planted and growing, and had begun to produce fruit, though it had not obtained the majestic strength and dilation, and the beauty

and fertility of that which now overshadows, protects, and distinguishes the British islands and their dependencies.—*The History of the Anglo-Saxons from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest*, Book viii. ch. iv.

81.—MANDINGO NEGRO'S STORY.

[PARK, 1771—1805.

[MUNGO PARK was born Sept. 10, 1771, at a farm on the banks of the Yarrow, near Selkirk, at the Grammar School of which town he received his education. When fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon, and entered the University of Edinburgh in 1789. On completing the course he removed to London, and he went as surgeon of the "Worcester," which sailed for the East Indies in Feb. 1792. Under the auspices of his friend Sir Joseph Banks, and the African Association, Mungo Park left England to explore the Niger, May 22, 1795, and landed near the mouth of the Gambia June 21. After undergoing a variety of adventures he set sail for England, where he arrived Dec. 22, 1797. An account of his travels appeared in 1799. He was married Aug. 2 of that year, and resided for some time at his native place, but accepted the invitation to undertake another expedition into the interior of Africa, and left England Jan. 30, 1805, and reached Goree March 28. The expedition suffered severely from illness, and of forty-four Europeans who left Gambia in April, only three, Park and two soldiers, remained alive in November. The last letter he wrote was addressed to his wife, from Sansanding, Nov. 19, 1805. For some time nothing more was heard of the traveller, and investigation having been instituted, it was found that he had perished in the Niger, into which he plunged to escape from the natives, by whom he had been treacherously assailed. Some journals and letters which he had sent to England a short time before were published in 1815, with a Memoir of this enterprising traveller, by Major Rennell.]

IN the evening we marched out to see an adjoining village belonging to a Slattee named Jemaffoo Mamadoo, the richest of all the Gambia traders. We found him at home; and he thought so highly of the honour done him by this visit, that he presented us with a fine bullock, which was immediately killed, and part of it dressed for our evening's repast.

The Negroes do not go to supper till late; and in order to amuse ourselves while our beef was preparing, a Mandingo* was desired to relate some diverting stories; in listening to which, and smoking tobacco, we spent three hours. These stories bear some resemblance to those in the Arabian Nights Entertainments; but, in general, are of a more ludicrous cast. I shall here abridge one of them for the reader's amusement.

"Many years ago," said the relater, "the people of Doomasansa (a

* The Mandingoes, so called from having originally migrated from Manding, form the bulk of the inhabitants of the countries bordering on the river Gambia.

town on the Gambia) were much annoyed by a lion, that came every night, and took away some of their cattle. By continuing his depredations, the people were at length so much enraged, that a party of them resolved to go and hunt the monster. They accordingly proceeded in search of the common enemy, which they found concealed in a thicket; and immediately firing at him, were lucky enough to wound him in such a manner, that, in springing from the thicket towards the people, he was thrown among the grass, and was unable to rise. The animal, however, manifested such appearance of vigour, that nobody cared to approach him singly; and a consultation was held concerning the properest means of taking him alive; a circumstance, it was said, which, while it furnished undeniable proof of their prowess, would turn out to great advantage, it being resolved to convey him to the coast, and sell him to the Europeans. While some persons proposed one plan, and some another, an old man offered a scheme. This was, to strip the roof of a house of its thatch, and to carry the bamboo frame (the pieces of which are well secured together by thongs), and throw it over the lion. If, in approaching him, he should attempt to spring upon them, they had nothing to do but to let down the roof upon themselves, and fire at the lion through the rafters. This proposition was approved and adopted. The thatch was taken from the roof of a hut, and the lion-hunters, supporting the fabric, marched courageously to the field of battle; each person carrying a gun in one hand, and bearing his share of the roof on the opposite shoulder. In this manner they approached the enemy; but the beast had by this time recovered his strength; and such was the fierceness of his countenance, that the hunters, instead of proceeding any further, thought it prudent to provide for their own safety by covering themselves with the roof. Unfortunately, the lion was too nimble for them; for, making a spring while the roof was setting down, both the beast and his pursuers were caught in the same cage, and the lion devoured them at his leisure, to the great astonishment and mortification of the people of Doomasansa; at which place it is dangerous even at this day to tell the story; for it is become the subject of laughter and derision in the neighbouring countries, and nothing will enrage an inhabitant of that town so much as desiring him to catch a lion alive."—*Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa*, 1795—7, vol. i. ch. 3.

82.—OF THE PICTURES OF THE NINE WORTHIES.

[SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1605—1682.]

[THOMAS BROWNE, born in Cheapside, October 19, 1605, was educated at Winchester, and Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. He followed the medical profession, took the degree of Doctor at Leyden, in 1633, and settled at Norwich in 1636. His first work, the "Religio Medici," published anonymously, in 1642, met with great success, and has been translated into most modern languages. His "Pseudodoxia Epidemica; or Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," appeared in 1646, and his "Hydriotaphia: Urn-burial, or a Discourse of Sepulchral Urns," called by Hallam his "best work," in 1658. He was the author of other works, some of which were not published during his lifetime. A collected edition of his writings, by Archbishop Tenison, appeared in 1684, and a complete edition by S. Wilkins in 1836. Browne, chosen honorary fellow of the College of Physicians in 1665, was knighted by Charles II. on his visit to Norwich in 1671. A life accompanied his posthumous works published in 1712; another was prefixed to the thirteenth edition of the "Religio Medici" in 1736; and Dr. Johnson wrote a memoir for the second edition of the "Christian Morals," published in 1756. Sir Thomas Browne was called "the philosopher of Norwich," at which city he died October 19th, 1682.]

THE pictures of the Nine Worthies are not unquestionable, and to critical spectators may seem to contain sundry improprieties. Some will inquire why Alexander the Great is described upon an elephant: for we do not find he used that animal in his armies, much less in his own person; but his horse is famous in history, and its name alive to this day.† Besides, he fought but one remarkable battle wherein there were any elephants, and that was with Porus, King of India, in which, notwithstanding, as Curtius, Arrianus, and Plutarch report, he was on horseback himself. And if because he fought against elephants he is with propriety set upon their backs, with no less (or greater) reason is the same description agreeable unto Judas Maccabæus, as may be observed from the history of the Maccabees, and also unto Julius Cæsar, whose triumph was honoured with captive elephants, as may be observed in the order thereof set forth by Jacobus Laurus.‡ • And if

* Namely, Joshua, Gideon, Samson, David, Judas Maccabæus, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boulogne. The list varies in different authors. Richard, or Robert Burton, (probably an assumed name for Nath. Crouch,) in his "History of the Nine Worthies," published in 1687, enumerates them thus:—three Gentiles, viz., Hector, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar; three Jews, viz., Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus; and three Christians, viz., Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boulogne. In the pageant of the nine worthies in "Love's Labour's Lost," (Act v. sc. 2) Shakespeare introduces only five out of the nine worthies, the five being Pompey, Alexander, Judas Maccabæus, Hercules, and Hector. A pamphlet, by Richard Johnson, author of "The Seven Champions of Christendom," published in 1592, and reprinted in the "Harleian Miscellany," (vol. viii. p. 437,) entitled "The Nine Worthies of London," gives an account of nine illustrious citizens.

† See page 169, Cowley.

‡ In Splendore Urbis Antiquæ.

also we should admit this description upon an elephant, yet were not the manner thereof unquestionable, that is, in his ruling the beast alone; for beside the champion upon their back, there was also a guide or ruler which sat more forward to command or guide the beast. Thus did King Porus ride when he was overthrown by Alexander; and thus are also the towered elephants described, (Maccabees, ii. 6.) Upon the beasts there were strong towers of wood, which covered every one of them, and were girt fast unto them by devices; there were also upon every one of them thirty-two strong men, beside the Indian that ruled them.

Others will demand, not only why Alexander upon an elephant, but Hector upon an horse; whereas his manner of fighting, or presenting himself in battle, was in a chariot,* as did the other noble Trojans, who, as Pliny affirmeth, were the first inventors thereof. The same way of fight is testified by Diodorus, and thus delivered by Sir Walter Raleigh: "Of the vulgar, little reckoning was made, for they fought all on foot, slightly armed, and commonly followed the success of their captains, who rode not upon horses, but in chariots drawn by two or three horses."† And this was also the ancient way of fight among the Britons, as is delivered by Diodorus, Cæsar, and Tacitus; and there want not some who have taken advantage hereof, and made it one argument of their original from Troy.

Lastly, by any man versed in antiquity, the question can hardly be avoided, why the horses of these worthies, especially of Cæsar, are described with the furniture of great saddles and stirrups; for saddles, largely taken, though some defence there may be, yet that they had not the use of stirrups seemeth of lesser doubt; as Pancirollus hath observed, as Polydore, Virgil, and Petrus Victorius have confirmed, expressly discoursing hereon; as is observable from Pliny, and cannot escape our eyes in the ancient monuments, medals, and triumphant arches of the Romans. Nor is there any ancient classical word in Latin to express them. * * * * * Polybius, speaking of the way which Hannibal marched into Italy, useth the word *βεβημάτωσαι*, that is, saith Petrus Victorius, it was stored with devices for men to get upon their horses, which ascents were termed *bebata*, and in the life of Caius Gracchus, Plutarch expresseth as much. For endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the people, besides the placing of stones at every mile's end, he made at nearer distances certain elevated places

* The use of chariots for war and other purposes is of very ancient origin. See Gen. xiv. 7, and xlv. 27.

† History of the World.

and scalary ascents, that by the help thereof they might with better ease ascend or mount their horses. Now if we demand how cavaliers, then destitute of stirrups, did usually mount their horses, as Lipsius informeth, the unable and softer sort of men had their *αραβοχεις*, or *stratores*, which helped them upon horseback, as in the practice of Crassus, in Plutarch, and Caracalla, in Spartianus, and the later example of Valentinianus, who because his horse rose before, that he could not be settled on his back, cut off the right hand of his strator. But how the active and hardy persons mounted, Vegetius* resolves us, that they used to vault or leap up, and therefore they had wooden horses in their houses and abroad, that thereby young men might enable themselves in this action; wherein by instruction and practice they grew so perfect, that they could vault upon the right or left, and that with their sword in hand. Julius Pollux adviseth to teach horses to incline, dimit; and bow down their bodies, that their riders may with better ease ascend them. And thus may it more causally be made out what Hippocrates affirmeth of the Scythians, that using continual riding they were generally molested with the *sciatica*, or hip gout. Or what Suetonius delivereth of Germanicus, that he had slender legs, but increased them by riding after meals; that is, the humours descending upon their pendulosity, they having no support or suppedaneous stability.

Now if any shall say that these are petty errors and minor lapses, not considerably injurious unto truth, yet is it neither reasonable nor safe to condemn inferior falsities, but rather as between falsehood and truth there is no medium, so should they be maintained in their distances; nor the contagion of the one approach the sincerity of the other.—*Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, book v. ch. 13.

83.—DEMEANOUR IN CHURCH.

[GEORGE HERBERT, 1593—1633.

[GEORGE HERBERT, fifth brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born at Montgomery Castle, April 3, 1593, and educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected Fellow in 1615, public orator in 1619, and having taken orders, was made prebendary of Leighton Bromswold, in 1626. He married and obtained the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury, in 1630, and died of a quotidian ague in February, 1633. His chief work, "The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," was published at Cambridge in 1633. He left a prose work, "A Priest to the Temple; or, the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life," which appeared in 1652. His Life, by Isaac Walton, appeared in 1670, and other biographies have been published.]

* De re Milit.

THOUGH private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love.
 And love is a weight to hearts ; to eyes, a sign.
 We all are but cold suitors, let us move
 Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
 Pray with the most ; for, where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy feet enters the church, be bare.
 God is more there than thou : for thou art there
 Only by his permission. Then beware ;
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings. Quit thy state :
 All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons ; but to prayers most :
 Praying is the end of preaching. Oh, be drest !
 Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost
 A joy, for it, worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee ;
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose, about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart ; that, spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise.
 Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
 Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
 Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part.
 Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
 Christ purged his Temple ; so must thou thy heart.
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
 To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;
 For churches either are heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy judge.
 If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.
 God calleth preaching, folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speak something good. If *all* want sense,
 God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessings which
 Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
 He that, by being at church, escapes the ditch,
 Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine •
With saints on earth, shall with them one day shine.

Jest not at preachers' language or expression.

How know'st thou but *thy* sins made him miscarry?

Then turn thy faults and his into confession.

God sent him whatsoe'er he be. Oh, tarry

And love him for his Master! His condition,

Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

The Temple. The Church Porch.

84.—THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS.

[REV. W. CHILLINGWORTH, 1602—1644.

[WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH, born at Oxford in October, 1602, and educated at the University, was made a Fellow of Trinity College in 1628. He was induced by the Jesuit, Fisher, to renounce the Protestant faith, and to join the Jesuit College at Douay. In 1631 he left the Roman Catholics, and returned to Oxford. His "Religion of Protestants: a Safe Way to Salvation" appeared in 1635. He was made Chancellor of Salisbury in 1639, and during the civil war attached himself to the royal cause. At Arundel Castle he was taken prisoner by the parliamentary army, and died at the bishop's palace at Chichester Jan. 30, 1644. His life, by Dr. Birch, is prefixed to the folio edition of "The Religion of Protestants," published in 1742, and a complete list of his controversial works is given in Kippis's "Biog. Brit." vol. iii. p. 515.]

WHEN I say the religion of Protestants is in prudence to be preferred before yours (the Roman Catholic), as, on the one side, I do not understand by your religion the doctrine of Bellarmine or Baronius, or any other private man amongst you; nor the doctrine of the Sorbonne, or of the Jesuits, or of the Dominicans, or of any other particular company among you, but that wherein you all agree, or profess to agree, "The doctrine of the Council of Trent;" so accordingly on the other side, by the "Religion of Protestants," I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon; nor the Confession of Augusta, Augsburg, or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England, no, nor the harmony of Protestant confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as a perfect rule of their faith and actions; that is, the BIBLE. The BIBLE, I say, the BIBLE only, is the religion of Protestants! Whatsoever else they believe besides it, and the plain, irrefragable, indubitable consequences of it, well may they hold it as a matter of opinion; but as matter of faith and religion, neither can they with coherence to their own grounds believe it

themselves, nor require the belief of it of others, without most high and most schismatical presumption. I for my part, after a long and (as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of "the true way to eternal happiness," do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest to the sole of my foot but upon this rock only. I see plainly and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, the consent of fathers of one age against the consent of fathers of another age, the church of one age against the church of another age. Traditive interpretations of Scripture are pretended; but there are few or none to be found: no tradition, but only of Scripture, can derive itself from the fountain, but may be plainly proved either to have been brought in, in such an age after Christ, or that in such an age it was not in. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of Scripture only for any considering man to build upon. This therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe: this I will profess, according to this I will live, and for this, if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly, lose my life, though I should be sorry that Christians should take it from me. Propose me anything out of this Book, and require whether I believe it or no, and seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this; God hath said so, therefore it is true. In other things I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him; neither shall any man take mine from me. I will think no man the worse man, nor the worse Christian, I will love no man the less, from differing in opinion from me. And what measure I mete to others, I expect from them again. I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that man ought not, to require any more of any man than this, to believe the Scripture to be God's word, to endeavour to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it.

This is the religion which I have chosen after a long deliberation, and I am verily persuaded that I have chosen wisely, much more wisely, than if I had guided myself according to your church's authority.—*The Religion of Protestants*, ch. vi. § 56.

85.—FENELON'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

[STEPHEN, 1789—1859.]

[JAMES STEPHEN, whose father was a Master in Chancery, was born in 1789. Educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he was afterwards called to the bar. He held various official appointments, commencing as counsel of the Colonial Department, and was made

permanent Under-Secretary to the Colonies. On his retirement in 1847, he received the honour of knighthood. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" were published in 1849, under the title "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography." He was made Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1849. His "Lectures on the History of France" appeared in Nov. 1851. Sir James Stephen died at Coblenz, Sept. 16, 1859.]

IN the whole compass of literature, ancient and modern, there is probably nothing in the same style which could bear a comparison with the "Provincial Letters." Their peculiar excellence can be illustrated only by the force of contrast; and, in that sense, the "Letters of Junius" may afford the illustration.

To either series of anonymous satires must be ascribed the praise of exquisite address, and of irresistible vigour. Each attained an immediate and a lasting popularity; and each has exercised a powerful influence on the literature of succeeding times. But here all resemblance ends. No writer ever earned so much fame as Junius with so little claim to the respect or gratitude of his readers. He embraced no large principles; he awakened no generous feelings; he scarcely advocated any great social interest. He gives equally little proof of the love of man, and of the love of books. He contributed nothing to the increase of knowledge, and but seldom ministered to blameless delight. His topics and his thoughts were all of the passing day. His invective is merciless and extravagant; and the veil of public spirit is barely thrown over his personal antipathies and inordinate self-esteem. No man was ever so greatly indebted to mere style; yet, with all its recommendations, his is a style eminently vicious. It is laboured, pompous, antithetical—never self-forgetful, never flowing freely, never in repose. The admiration he extorts is yielded grudgingly; nor is there any book so universally read which might become extinct with so little loss to the world as "The Letters of Junius."

Reverse all this, and you have the characteristics of the "Provincial Letters." Their language is but the transparent, elastic, unobtrusive medium of thought. It moves with such quiet gracefulness as entirely to escape attention, until the matchless perspicacity of discussions, so incomprehensible under any management but his, forces on the mind an inquiry into the causes of so welcome a phenomenon. Pascal's wit, even when most formidable, is so tempered by kindness, as to show that the infliction of pain, however salutary, was a reluctant tribute to his supreme love of truth. His playfulness is the buoyancy of a heart which has no burden to throw off, and is gay without effort. His indignation is never morose, vindictive, or supercilious: it is but philanthropy, kindling into righteous anger and generous resentment, and imparting to them a tone of awful majesty. The unostentatious

master of all learning, he finds recreation in toils which would paralyse an ordinary understanding, yet so sublimated is that learning with the spirit of philosophy, as to make him heedless of whatever is trivial, transient, and minute, except as it suggests or leads to what is comprehensive and eternal.

But the canons of mere literary criticism were never designed to measure that which constitutes the peculiar greatness of the author of the "Provincial Letters." His own claim was to be tried by his peers—by those who in common with him, possess a mental vision purified by contemplating that light in which is no darkness at all, and affections enlarged by a benevolence which, having its springs in heaven, has no limits to its diffusion on earth. Among his ascetic brethren in the valley of Port-Royal, he himself recognised the meet, if not the impartial, judges of his labours. They hailed with transport an ally who, to their own sanctity of manners, and to more than their own genius, added popular arts to which they could make no pretension. We infer, indeed, though doubtfully, that they were taught by the excellent M. Singlin to regard and censure such exultation as merely human. That great spiritual anatomist probably rebuked and punished the glee which could not but agitate the innermost folds of Arnauld's heart, as he read his apologist's exquisite analysis of the *Pouvoir Prochain* and of the *Graces suffisantes qui ne sont pas efficaces*. For history records the misgivings of Mademoiselle Pascal on the question, whether M. Singlin would put up with the indomitable gaiety which would still chequer with some gleams of mirth her brother's cell at Les Granges, even after his preternatural ingenuity had been exhausted in rendering it the most desolate and cheerless of human abodes.—*Essay vi. The Port Royalists.*

86.—THE STORM AT SEA.

[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, 1554—1586.]

[PHILIP SIDNEY, called by Sir Walter Raleigh the English Petrarch, born at Penshurst, in Kent, Nov. 29, 1554, went to school at Shrewsbury in 1564, entered at Christchurch, Oxford, in 1569, and afterwards studied at Cambridge. In 1572 he set out on his travels, and did not return to England until May, 1575. Having held various appointments, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1583, and made by her Governor of Flushing in 1585. In an encounter near Zutphen, September 22, 1586, he received a wound, and after lingering some days, died (October 7) in the arms of his wife, the only daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, to whom he had been married in 1583. His body was brought to England, and, after lying in state, was interred with great ceremony in Old St. Paul's Cathedral, February 16, 1587. None of his works appeared during his lifetime. "The Arcadia," written at Wilton, was published in 1590 under the title "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia."

"Astrophel and Stella," written in 1581, first appeared in 1591. "The Defence of Poesie," composed in 1581, was published in 1595. Sir Philip Sidney contributed several small poems to collections of the period. Halliass (Lit. Hist. part ii. ch. 7) calls him "the first good prose writer in any positive sense of the word," and says of his "Defence of Poesie," "The great praise of Sidney in this treatise is, that he has shown the capacity of the English language for spirit, variety, gracious idiom, and masculine firmness." His life, by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was published in 1652, by Thomas Zouch in 1808, by Julius Lloyd in 1862, and by H. R. F. Bourne in 1862. A notice of this writer appears in Fuller's "Worthies," in Wood's "Athen. Oxon.," and in "The Retrospective Review," vols. ii. and x.]

BUT by that the next morning began a little to make a gilded show of a good meaning, there arose even with the sun, a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven; preparing as it were a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly, making mountains of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness; with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way so ever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay, nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth. Some, indeed, as since was known, after long wandering, returned into *Thessalia*; others recovered *Bisantium*, and served *Enarchus* in his war. But in the ship wherein the princes were, now left as much alone as proud lords be when fortune fails them, though they employed all industry to save themselves, yet what they did was rather for duty to nature than hope to escape so ugly a darkness as if it would prevent the night's coming, usurped the day's right, which, accompanied sometimes with thunders, always with horrible noises of the chasing winds, made the masters and pilots so astonished, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could scarcely, when they directed, hear their own whistle. For the sea strove with the winds which should be louder, and the shrouds of the ship, with a gastful noise to them that were in it, witnessed that their ruin was the wager of the others contention, and the heaven roaring out thunder the more amazed them, as having those powers for enemies. Certainly there is no danger carries with it more honour than that which grows in those floating

kingdoms. For that dwelling-place is unnatural to mankind : and then the terrible~~ness~~ of the continual motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the ear having ugly images ever before it, doth still vex the mind even when it is best armed against it. But thus the day past, if that might be called day, while the cunningest mariners were so conquered by the storm, as they thought it best with stricken sails to yield to be governed by it ; the valiantest feeling inward dismayedness, and yet the fearfullest ashamed fully to show it, seeing that the princes, who wereto part from the greatest fortunes, did in their countenances accuse no point of fear, but encouraging them to do what might be done, putting their hands to every most painful office, taught them at one instant to promise themselves the best, and yet to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyranny of the wind, and the treason of the sea all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it showed itself towards them : till the next morning known to be a morning better by the hour-glass than by the day's clearness, having run fortune as blindly as itself ever was painted, least the conclusion should not answer to the rest of the play, they were driven upon a rock, which, hidden with those outrageous waves, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruel mind, till with an unbelieved violence, but to them that have tried it, the ship ran upon it ; and seeming willinger to perish than to have her course stayed, redoubled her blows till she had broken herself in pieces, and, as it were, tearing out her own bowels to feed the sea's greediness, left nothing with it but despair of safety and expectation of a loathsome end. There was to be seen the divers manner of minds in distress : some sat upon the top of the poop weeping and wailing till the sea swallowed them ; some one more able to abide death, than fear of death, cut his own throat to prevent drowning ; some prayed, and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heavens could not be more angry than they were. But a monstrous cry begotten of many roaring voices, was able to infect with fear a mind that had not prevented it with the power of reason.—*The Arcadia*. Book ii.

87.—WOLSEY'S EXACTIONS.

[REV. J. FOXE, 1517—1587.

[JOHN FOXE, commonly called the Martyrologist, was born at Bosten, in Lincolnshire, in 1517 ; was educated at Oxford, and became Fellow of Magdalen College in 1543. He was deprived of his fellowship July 22, 1545, and travelled abroad till the accession of Elizabeth, when he became a prebend of Salisbury. The first part of his "History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church," otherwise called "Foxe's Book of

Martyrs," was published at Strasburg in 1554, and the first English edition in 1562-3. His "Ecclesiastical History" appeared in 1570. Foxe died April 18, 1587. His life, by S. R. Catley, was published, with an edition of *his work*, 1843-9.]

THIS glorious cardinal, in his *tragicall doings*, did exceed so far all measure of a good subject, *that he became more like a prince than a priest*; for although the King bore the sword, yet he bore the stroke, making (in a manner) the whole realm to bend at his beck, and to dance after his pipe. Such practices and fetches he had, that when he had well stored his own coffers first, he fetched the greatest part of the king's treasure out of the realm, in twelve great barrels full of gold and silver, to serve the Pope's wars: and, as his avaricious mind was never satisfied with getting, as his restless head was so busy, ruffling in public matters, that he never ceased before he had set both England, France, Flanders, Spain, and Italy, together by the ears.

Thus this Legate well following the steps of his master, the Pope, and both of them well declaring the nature of their religion, under the pretence of the Church, practised great hypocrisy; and under the authority of the king, he used great extortion, with excessive taxes and loans, and valuation of every man's substance, so pilling the commons and merchants, that every man complained, but no redress was had. Neither yet were the churchmen altogether free from the pill-axe and poll-axe; from the pilling and polling, I mean, of this cardinal, who, under his power legantine, gave by preventions all benefices belonging to spiritual persons; by which, hard it is to say, whether he purchased to himself more riches or hatred of the spirituality. So far his license stretched, that he had power to suppress divers abbeyes, priories, and monasteries; and so he did, taking from them all their goods, movables, and unmovables, except it were a little pension, left only to the heads of certain houses. By the said power legantine, he kept also general visitations through the realm, sending Doctor John Alein, his chaplain, riding in his gown of velvet, and with a great train, to visit all religious houses; whereat the friars observant, much grudged, and would in nowise condescend thereunto; wherefore they were openly accursed at Paul's Cross, by Friar Forest, one of the same order; so that the cardinal at length prevailed both against them and all others. Against whom great disdain arose among the people, perceiving how, by visitations, making of abbots, probates of testaments, granting of faculties, licenses, and other pollings in his courts legantine, he had made his treasure equal with the king's, and yet every year he sent great sums to Rome. And this was their daily talk against the cardinal.

Besides many other matters and grievances which stirred the hearts of the commons against the cardinal, this was one which much

pinched them ; for that the said cardinal had sent out certain straight commissions in the King's name, that every man should pay the sixth part of his goods. Whereupon there followed great mutterings amongst the commons ; in such sort, that it had almost grown to some riotous commotion or tumult, especially in the parts of Suffolk, had not the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, with wisdom and gentleness stepped in and appeased the same.

Another thing that rubbed the stomachs of many, or rather which moved them to laugh at the cardinal, was this : to see his insolent presumption, so highly to take upon him, as the King's chief councillor, to set a reformation in the order of the King's household, making and establishing new ordinances in the same. He likewise made new officers in the house of the Duke of Richmond, which was then newly begun. In like manner, he ordained a council, and established another household for the Lady Mary, then being princess ; so that all things were done by his consent, and by none other. All this, with much more, he took upon him, making the King believe that all should be to his honour, and that he needed not to take any pains ; insomuch that the charge of all things was committed unto him : whereat many men smiled, to see his great folly and presumption.

At this time the cardinal gave the King the lease of the manor of Hampton Court, which he had of the Lord of St. John's, and on which he had done great cost. Therefore the King again, of his gentle nature, licensed him to lie in his manor of Richmond ; and so he lay there certain times. But when the common people, and especially such as were King Henry the Seventh's servants, saw the cardinal keep house in the royal manor of Richmond, which King Henry the Seventh so much esteemed, it was a marvel to hear how they grudged, saying, " See, a butcher's dog lies in the manor of Richmond ! " These, with many other opprobrious words, were spoken against the cardinal, whose pride was so high, that he regarded nothing : yet he was hated of all men."—*Acts and Monuments*.

88.—LADY HESTER STANHOPE AND THE ARABS.

[KINGLAKE, 1811.

[ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, born at Taunton in 1802, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837. His first work, "Eothen," an account of Eastern travel, was published in 1844. He retired from the bar in 1856, and was elected member for Bridgewater in 1857. The first portion of a "History of the Russian War, 1854-6," appeared in 1863. Mr. Kinglake has contributed to the "Quarterly Review" and other periodicals.]

For hours and hours this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries; but every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again: whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation.

She adverted more than once to the period of her lost sway amongst the Arabs, and mentioned some of the circumstances that aided her in obtaining influence with the wandering tribes. The Bedouin, so often engaged in irregular warfare, strains his eyes to the horizon in search of a coming enemy, just as habitually as the sailor keeps his "bright lookout" for a strange sail. In the absence of telescopes, a far-reaching sight is highly valued; and Lady Hester Stanhope had this power. She told me that on one occasion when there was good reason to expect hostilities, a far-seeing Arab created great excitement in the camp by declaring that he could distinguish some moving objects upon the very farthest point within the reach of his eyes; Lady Hester was consulted, and she instantly assured her comrades in arms that there were indeed a number of horses within sight, but that they were without riders. The assertion proved to be correct; and from that time forth, her superiority over all others, in respect of far sight, remained undisputed.

Lady Hester related this other anecdote of her Arab life. It was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were just beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day, along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that preparations for an engagement were going on; and upon her making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheik at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe, on account of its alliance with the English princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force: he made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest, was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable settlement of the dispute. The Sheik hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part: it was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies; so she resolved to turn away from the people, and trust for help to none, save only her haughty self. The Sheiks affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her, that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves

yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind; and, bidding farewell to the tribe which had honoured and protected her, she turned her horse's head, and rode straight away, without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer; soon it was plain that they were making towards her; and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears. Her face at the time was covered with the yashmack, according to Eastern usage; but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in her stirrups, withdrew the yashmack that veiled the terrors of her countenance, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried out, with a loud voice, "Avaunt!"* The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gun-shots were fired on all sides around her honoured head. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast, prepared to do honour to the heroine; and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly. Lady Hester related this story with great spirit; and I recollect that she put up her yashmack for a moment, in order to give me a better idea of the effect which she produced by suddenly revealing the awfulness of her countenance.

—*Eothen*, ch. viii.

89.—PRECISION OF LANGUAGE.

[HOBBS, 1588—1679.

[THOMAS HOBBS was born at Malmesbury April 5, 1588. Educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, he became private tutor in Lord Hardwicke's (afterwards Earl of Devonshire) family in 1608. He was intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of

* She spoke it, I dare say, in English. The words would not be the less effective for being spoken in an unknown tongue. Lady Hester, I believe, never learnt to speak the *English* with a perfect accent.

Cherbury, Ben Jonson, and Descartes. His translation of "Thucydides" appeared in 1628, and his "Elementa Philosophica de Cive" was published at Paris in 1642, and a second edition was published in Holland in 1647. In the latter year Hobbes was appointed mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. His treatises, entitled "Human Nature," and "De Corpore Politico," appeared in London in 1650, and the "Leviathan" in 1651. Soon after the Restoration a pension of 100*l.* per annum was settled on Hobbes, and in 1666 his "Leviathan" and "De Cive" were censured by Parliament. He wrote his life in Latin verse in 1672, and published his translation of Homer in 1675. A memoir is prefixed to the folio edition of his "Moral and Political Works" published in 1759. Hobbes, called, from the place of his birth, the Philosopher of Malmesbury, died Dec. 4, 1679, in his ninety-second year. An edition of his English and Latin works, first collected and edited by Sir William Molesworth, appeared in 1839-45. Dr. Warburton termed him the terror of his age, and Hallam (Lit. His., Part iii. ch. 3, § 154) says:—"In nothing does Hobbes deserve more credit than in having set an example of close observation in the philosophy of the human mind. If he errs, he errs like a man who goes a little out of the right track, not like one who has set out in a wrong one. The eulogy of Stewart on Descartes, that he was the father of this experimental psychology, cannot be strictly wrested from him by Hobbes, inasmuch as the publications of the former are of an earlier date; but we may fairly say that the latter began as soon, and prosecuted his inquiries farther. It seems natural to presume that Hobbes, who is said to have been employed by Bacon in translating some of his works into Latin, had at least been led by him to the inductive process which he has more than any other employed. But he has seldom mentioned his predecessor's name; and indeed his mind was of a different stamp; less excursive, less quick in discovering analogies, and less fond of reasoning from them, but more close, perhaps more patient, and more apt to follow up a predominant idea, which sometimes becomes one of the 'idola specûs' that deceived him."

SEEING that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words, as a bird in lime twigs, the more he struggles the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call *definitions*, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge, to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid, without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens, that they which trust to books, do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear

themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books; as birds that entering by the chimney, and finding themselves enclosed in a chamber, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech; which is the acquisition of science; and in wrong, or no definitions, lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets; which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men, as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise, or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas,* or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.—*Leviathan*, part i. ch. iv.

90.—CHRISTMAS.

[MRS. GASCOIGNE, 1813.]

[MRS. GASCOIGNE, youngest daughter of John Smith, M.P., of Dale Park, born in 1813, and married to General Gascoigne in 1834, was, at an early age, distinguished for her devotion to literature. Her first work, "Temptation, or a Wife's Perils," appeared in 1839, and was attributed to several authors of note, and, amongst others, to the Hon. Mrs. Norton. "The School for Wives" appeared in 1842, "Evelyn Harcourt" in 1847, and "Belgravia," a poem, in 1851. "Spencer's Cross Manor House," a child's story, "Recollections and Tales of the Crystal Palace," a poem, and "The Next-door Neighbours," a novel, appeared in 1852. Mrs. Gascoigne has contributed to "All the Year Round," and other periodicals. "Doctor Harold," a novel, was published in 1865.]

BUT turn we now, to a more gladsome strain,
 For Christmas comes, and pleasures in its train;
 Thrice happy Christmas, with its festive mirth,
 Its heavenly message, 'Peace—good will on earth'—
 'Blest be the welcome season! blest to all
 Its glad event—its glorious festival!
 Nor rich nor poor at this bright time should mourn;
 For all alike the Saviour Child was born;

* Aquinas, called the Angelic Doctor, born 1224; died March 7, 1274.

And though some hearts be sad—some eyes be dim,
Yet shall He comfort all who come to Him,
And at His bidding, inward strife shall cease,
As once the storm was stayed—and all was peace.
Lo! now the day is come—the wished-for day,
And all this Christian land shines bright and gay.
Around Belgravia's thousand homes, the voice
Of joy and health is heard, and bids rejoice.
From heart to heart the kindly wish is sped,
The rich are merry, and the poor are fed.
The toiling artisan can thankful share
The general rest, and eat his Christmas fare;
The smoke-dried shopman to the country hies,
And revels in the sight of clear blue skies;
The weary clerk, who scribbles all the year,
Can take the pen from his enduring ear
And banquet on the bird, by whose grey wing
He earns the pittance that the feast can bring.
The pallid usher, worn with ceaseless noise,
And freed at length from fifty graceless boys,
His aged mother seeks, and by her side
Forgets his wretched lot, his injured pride,
Looks with a hopeful eye to better things,
And feels the grateful peace that Christmas brings.
Each jocund school-boy to his home departs,
To be received by longing, loving hearts,
To sport and feast at will, and, if he can,
Ride, drive, skate, dance—and be in all a man.
The statesman, burthened with a nation's cares,
For this one day that nation's quiet shares,
Casts off the onerous weight of public life,
And smiles his own old smile upon his wife;
Watches with secret joy his children's play,
And in these hours of peace, rejoices more than they.

Nor is the female world less full of glee;
The moping governess at last is free,
And from the schoolroom, where with patient mind,
She daily drudges, "cabined, cribbed, confined,"
Comes forth—unwonted smiles upon her face,
And in the railroad takes a first-class place;
To London hies, and there with cherished friends,
A joyous Christmas, gay with pleasures, spends;

Dances the old year out, and new year in, .
And, like her betters, seeks fond hearts to win,
Hails blest Vacuna's* short but welcome reign,
And dreads return to plodding life again.
Meanwhile her pupils, wild with youthful glee,
Like her, enjoy the sweets of liberty,
Revel in games, charades, and endless fun,
And do much mischief, leaving tasks undone ;
Lament, like her, the hours' too swift career,
And wish that Christmas lasted all the year.
The sempstress, pale with toil and scanty fare,
Creeps forth to revel in the ambient air,
Glad—for this day hath brought its wonted treat,
One rare for her—a taste of wholesome meat.
The cloak-room damsel, who with well-built shape
Fits on all day the mantle, shawl, and cape,
Surveying in the glass with flippant stare
First her own form, and then the whisp'ring Fair,
Rude to the set her practised eye deems poor,
Cringing to those whose purse is full and sure—
E'en she at length is free, and can to-day
Her figure to the out-door world display,
Can don her own smart shawl—the shop forget,
And spend her hours with some congenial set.
The ancient spinster, who in country town,
Has one small tenement she calls her own,
Boasts now a guest—her favourite brother—come
To spend his Christmas in her humble home.
Together they discourse of bygone years,
Of buried parents—former hopes and fears—
Each past event—each ancient hope and pain,
Till, as they talk, their youth returns again,
And they forget how soon the mouldering stone
That bears those honoured names, must bear their own.

Thus all are happy. On this happiest day,
Sorrow and toil alike seem scared away,
And a short respite from distress and fear
Marks this bright period of the Christian's year.

Belgravia.

* Vacuna, the Goddess of Vacations, whose festival was in December.

91.—THE HOUSEHOLD OF A CHRISTIAN.

[REV. DR. ALFORD, 1810.

[HENRY ALFORD, born in London in 1810, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first work, "Poems and Poetical Fragments," appeared in 1831; "The School of the Heart," and other poems in 1835. He became Fellow of his College in 1835, and from that year till 1853 was Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire. In 1841 he was Hulsean Lecturer in the University of Cambridge, and Examiner of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London from 1841-1857. The first volume of his Greek Testament appeared in 1841. In 1853 he was appointed Minister of Quebec Chapel, and in 1857 Dean of Canterbury. *In addition to the afore-mentioned publications, Dr. Alford is the author of many sermons and other works.]

THE household is not an accident of nature, but an ordinance of God. Even nature's processes, could we penetrate their secrets, figure forth spiritual truths; and her highest and noblest arrangements are but the representations of the most glorious of those truths. That very state out of which the household springs, is one, as Scripture and the Church declare to us, not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, seeing that it sets forth and represents to us the relation between Christ and his Church. The household is a representation, on a small scale, as regards numbers, but not as regards the interests concerned, of the great family in heaven and earth. Its whole relations and mutual duties are but reflexions of those which subsist between the Redeemer and the people for whom He hath given Himself. The household, then, is not an institution whose duties spring from beneath—from the necessities of circumstances merely; but it is an appointment of God, whose laws are His laws, and whose members owe direct account to Him. The father of a household stands most immediately in God's place. His is the post of greatest responsibility, of greatest influence for good or for evil. His it is, in the last resort, to fix and determine the character which his household shall bear. According as he is good or bad, godly or ungodly, selfish or self-denying, so will for the most part the complexion of the household be also. As he values that which is good, not in his professions, for which no one cares, but in his practice, which all observe, so will it most likely be valued also by his family as they grow up and are planted out in the world. Of all the influences which can be brought to bear on man, paternal influence may be made the strongest and most salutary: and whether so made or not, is ever of immense weight one way or the other. For remember, that paternal influence is not that which the father strives to exert merely, but that which in matter of fact he *does* exert. That superior life, ever moving in advance of the young and observing and imitative life of all of us, that source from which all our first ideas came, that voice which sounded deeper into our hearts than all other voices,

day by day, year by year, through all our tender and plastic childhood, will all through life, almost in spite of ourselves, still keep in advance of us, still continue to sound: no other example will ever take so firm hold, no other superiority be ever so vividly and constantly felt. And again remember, this example goes for what it is really worth. Words do not set it—religious phrases do not give it its life and power—it is not a thing of display and effort, but of inner realities, and recurring acts and habits. It is not the raving of the wind round the precipice,—not the sunrise and sunset, clothing it with golden glory,—which moulded it and gave it its worn and rounded form: but the unmarked dropping of the silent waters, the melting of the yearly snows, the gushing of the inner springs. And so it will be, not that which the outward eye sees in him, not that which men repute him, not public praise, nor public blame, that will enhance or undo a father's influence in his household; but that which he really is in the hearts of his family: that which they know of him in private: the worth to which they can testify, but which the outer world never saw; the affections which flow in secret, of which they know the depth, but others only the surface. And so it will be likewise with a father's religion. None so keen to see into a man's religion, as his own household. He may deceive others without; he may deceive himself: he can hardly long succeed in deceiving them. If religion with him be merely a thing put on: an elaborate series of outward duties, attended to for expediency's sake,—something fitting his children, but not equally fitting him: O, none will so soon and so thoroughly learn to appreciate this, as those children themselves: there is not any fact which, when discovered, will have so baneful an effect on their young lives, as such an appreciation. No amount of external devotion will ever counter-balance it: no use of religious phraseology, nor converse with religious people without. But if, on the other hand, his religion is really a thing in his heart: if he moves about day by day as seeing One invisible: if the love of Christ is really warming the springs of his inner life, then, however inadequately this is shown in matter or in manner, it will be sure to be known and thoroughly appreciated by those who are ever living their lives around him.—*Quebec Chapel Sermons*, xxvi. Sermon on Joshua, xxiv. 15.

92.—OF THE ORIGIN AND USE OF MONEY.

[ADAM SMITH, 1723—1790.

[ADAM SMITH, who is said to have laid the foundation of the science of political economy, was born at Kircaldy, June 5, 1723, and received his education at the grammar-school of his native town, the University of Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford. He took up his residence at Edinburgh in 1748, and was elected Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow in 1751, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1752. His "Theory of Moral Sentiments" appeared in 1759. In 1764 Adam Smith accompanied the Duke of Buccleugh on a continental tour which lasted three years. The first edition of the "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" appeared in 1776, and the third edition, with several additions, in 1784. The rectorship of the University of Glasgow was conferred upon him in 1787. On receiving in 1788 the appointment of one of the Commissioners of Customs for Scotland, Adam Smith again took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he died July 8, 1790. His life, by Dugald Stewart, was published in 1795, and another life, by W. Playfair, in 1805.]

WHEN the division of labour has been once thoroughly established, it is but a very small part of a man's wants which the produce of his own labour can supply. He supplies the far greater part of them by exchanging that surplus part of the produce of his own labour, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labour as he has occasion for. Every man thus lives by exchanging, or becomes in some measure a merchant, and the society itself grows to be what is properly a commercial society.

But when the division of labour first began to take place, this power of exchanging must frequently have been very much clogged and embarrassed in its operations. One man, we shall suppose, has more of a certain commodity than he himself has occasion for, while another has less. The former consequently would be glad to dispose of, and the latter to purchase, a part of this superfluity. But if this latter should chance to have nothing that the former stands in need of, no exchange can be made between them. The butcher has more meat in his shop than he himself can consume, and the brewer and the baker would each of them be willing to purchase part of it. But they have nothing to offer in exchange, except the different productions of their respective trades, and the butcher is already provided with all the bread and beer which he has immediate occasion for. No exchange can, in this case, be made between them. He cannot be their merchant, nor they his customers; and they are all of them thus mutually less serviceable to one another. In order to avoid the inconvenience of such situations, every prudent man in every period of society, after the first establishment of the division of labour, must naturally have endeavoured to manage his affairs in such a manner, as to have at all times by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of

some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the produce of their industry.

Many different commodities, it is probable, were successively both thought of and employed for this purpose. In the rude ages of society, cattle are said to have been the common instruments of commerce; and, though they must have been a most inconvenient one, yet in old times we find things were frequently valued according to the number of cattle which had been given in exchange for them.

The armour of Diomedes, says Homer, cost only nine oxen; but that of Glaucus cost an hundred oxen. Salt is said to be the common instrument of commerce and exchanges in Abyssinia; a species of shells in some parts of the coast of India; dried cod at Newfoundland; tobacco in Virginia; sugar in some of the West India Colonies; hides or dressed leather in some other countries; and there is at this day a village in Scotland where it is not uncommon, I am told, for a workman to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop or to the ale-house.

In all countries, however, men seem at last to have been determined by irresistible reasons to give the preference, for this employment, to metals above every other commodity. Metals can not only be kept with as little loss as any other commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they are, but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any number of parts, as by fusion those parts can easily be re-united again; a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which more than any other quality renders them fit to be the instruments of commerce and circulation. The man who wanted to buy salt, for example, and had nothing but cattle to give in exchange for it, must have been obliged to buy salt to the value of a whole ox, or a whole sheep at a time. He could seldom buy less than this, because what he was to give for it could seldom be divided without loss; and, if he had a mind to buy more, he must, for the same reasons, have been obliged to buy double or triple the quantity, the value, to wit, of two or three oxen, or of two or three sheep. If, on the contrary, instead of sheep or oxen, he had metals to give in exchange for it, he could easily proportion the quantity of the metal to the precise quantity of the commodity which he had immediate occasion for.

* Different metals have been made use of by different nations for this purpose. Iron was the common instrument of commerce among the ancient Spartans; copper among the ancient Romans; and gold and silver among all rich and commercial nations.—*An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, vol. i. book i. ch. 4.

93.—PHŒBE PYNCHION'S CHAMBER.

[HAWTHORNE, 1804—1864.]

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, or Hathorne, born at Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804, was contemporary with Longfellow at Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1825. His first literary production was a romance published anonymously at Boston in 1832. The first series of "Twice Told Tales" contributed to an American periodical, appeared in 1837, and the second series in 1842. "Mosses from an Old Manse" appeared in 1846. In 1847 he was appointed surveyor in the custom-house at Salem, and in 1853 American Consul at Liverpool. "The Scarlet Letter" was published in 1850; "The House of the Seven Gables" in 1851; "The Blithedale Romance" in 1852, and "The Life of President Pierce" in 1852. Hawthorne retired from the Consulship in 1857, published "Transformation" in 1860, and died in America, May 19, 1864. Many of this writer's works have been republished in England, though his popularity has suffered from the offensive remarks upon the English people in his last work, "Our Old Home," published in 1862.]

PHŒBE PYNCHION slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted towards the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glow of crimson light came flooding through the window, and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper-hangings in its own hue. There were curtains to Phœbe's bed; a dark, antique canopy and ponderous festoons, of a stuff which had been rich, and even magnificent, in its time; but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed, betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there,—with a bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage,—the dawn kissed her brow. It was the caress which a dewy maiden—such as the Dawn is, immortally—gives to her sleeping sister, partly from the impulse of irresistible fondness, and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclothe her eyes.

At the touch of those lips of light, Phœbe quietly awoke, and, for a moment, did not recognise where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing, indeed, was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and that, whatever might happen next, it was proper, first of all, to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion, from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall stiff chairs; one of which stood close by her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished only just in season to escape discovery.

When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window,

and saw a rose-bush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxurious growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterwards discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts; but, viewed at a fair distance, the whole rose-bush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mould in which it grew. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon,—she was Phœbe's great-great-grand-aunt,—in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden-plot, was now unctuous with nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense up to their Creator; nor could it have been the less pure and acceptable, because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it, as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless staircase, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favoured ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place, which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbush, tossed together by wayfarers through the primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade. No less a portion of such homely witchcraft was requisite, to reclaim, as it were, Phœbe's waste, cheerless, and dusky chamber, which had been untenanted so long—except by spiders, and mice, and rats, and ghosts—that it was all overgrown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of man's happier hours. What was precisely Phœbe's process, we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here and another there; brought some articles of furniture to light, and dragged others into the shadow; looped up or let down a window-curtain; and, in the course of half an hour, had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment. No longer ago than the night before, it had resembled nothing so much as the old maid's heart; for there was neither sunshine nor household fire in one nor the other, and, save for ghosts and ghostly reminiscences, not a guest, for many years gone-by had entered the heart or the chamber.

There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bed-chamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied ex-

perience, as a scene of human life: the joy of bridal nights had throbbed itself away here; new immortals had first drawn earthly breath here; and here old people had died.* But—whether it were the white roses, or whatever the subtle influence might be—a person of delicate instinct would have known at once that it was now a maiden's bed-chamber, and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts. Her dreams of the past night, being such cheerful ones, had exorcised the gloom, and now haunted the chamber in its stead.—*The House of the Seven Gables*, chap. v.

94.—THE GIRONDISTS.

[SIR A. ALISON, BART., 1792.

ARCHIBALD ALISON, born Dec. 29, 1792, at Henley, in Shropshire, of which place his father held the perpetual curacy, and educated at the University of Edinburgh, was called as an advocate to the Scottish bar in 1814, and was appointed deputy-advocate in 1822, which office he held till 1830. His first literary production, "Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland," published at Edinburgh in 1832, is a standard work. It was followed by "The Practice of the Criminal Law" in 1833. The first volume of his great work, "The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Battle of Waterloo" was published in 1839. It was completed in ten volumes, the last of which appeared in 1842. A continuation of the work, under the title "History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852," in nine vols., was brought out between 1852 and 1859. Sir A. Alison, who has written a "Life of the Duke of Marlborough" which appeared in Nov. 1847, and several other works, was created a baronet in 1852. A writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" remarks, "The History of Europe during the French Revolution is by far the most remarkable historical work of the century." He died in 1867.]

THE Girondists were the philosophers of the Revolution. Their ideas were often grand and generous, drawn from the heroes of Greece and Rome, or the more enlarged philanthropy of modern times; their language ever indulgent and seducing to the people; their principles those which gave its early popularity and its immense celebrity to the Revolution. But they judged of mankind by a false standard: their ruinous error consisted in supposing that the multitude could be regulated by the motives which influenced the austere patriots, whom they numbered among their own body. An abstract sense of justice, a passion for general equality, a repugnance for violent governments, distinguished their speeches; but yet from their innovations has sprung the most oppressive tyranny of modern times, and they were at last found joining in many measures of the most flagrant iniquity. The dreadful war which ravaged Europe for twenty years was provoked by their

declamations; the death of the King, the overthrow of the throne, the Reign of Terror, flowed from the principles which they promulgated. It is no apology for such conduct to allege that they were sincere in their desire for a Republic and the happiness of France: the common proverb, that "Hell is paved with good intentions," shows how generally perilous conduct, even when flowing from pure motives, is found to lead to the most disastrous consequences. They were too often, in their political career, reckless and inconsiderate; and thence their eloquence and genius only rendered them the more dangerous from the multitudes who were influenced by such alluring expressions. Powerful in raising the tempest, they were feeble and irresolute in allaying it; invincible in suffering, heroic in death, they were destitute of the energy and practical experience requisite to avert disaster. The democrats supported them as long as they urged forward the Revolution, and became their bitterest enemies as soon as they strove to allay its fury. They were constantly misled by expecting that intelligence was to be found among the lower orders; that reason and justice would prevail with the multitude; and as constantly disappointed by experiencing the invariable ascendant of passion or interest among their popular supporters;—the usual error of elevated and generous minds, and which so frequently unfits them for the actual administration of affairs. Their tenets would have led them to support the constitutional throne, but they were unable to stem the torrent of democratical fury which they themselves had excited, and compelled, to avert still greater disasters, to concur in many cruel measures, alike contrary to their wishes and their principles. The leaders of this party were Vergniaud, Brissot, and Roland; men of powerful eloquence, generous philanthropy, and Roman firmness; who knew how to die, but not to live; who perished because they wanted the audacity and wickedness requisite for success in a Revolution.

The radical and inherent vice of this party was their irreligion; and the dreadful misfortunes in which they involved their country proved how inadequate the most splendid talents are to the management of human affairs, or the right discharge of social duty, without that overruling principle. With all their love of justice, they declared Louis guilty; with all their humanity they voted for his death. The peasants of La Vendée, who trusted only to the rule of duty prescribed in their religion, were never betrayed in the same manner into acts for which no apology can be found. Whenever statesmen abandon the plain rules of duty and justice, and base their conduct on the quicksands of supposed expedience, they are involved in a series of errors which quickly precipitate them into the most serious crimes.

But the greatest efforts of human wisdom or virtue are unequal to direct or sustain the mind in the trying scenes which a Revolution induces: it is the belief of futurity, and a sense of religion alone, which can support humanity in such calamities; and their want of such principles rendered all the genius and philanthropy of the Girondists of no practical avail in stemming the disasters of the Revolution.—*History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815*, vol. i. ch. vi.

95.—SMALL FEET OF THE CHINESE WOMEN.

[LORD MACARTNEY, 1737—1806.]

[GEORGE MACARTNEY, born at Lissanoure, near Belfast, May 14, 1737, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and entered the Inner Temple, London, in 1759. In 1764 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Empress of Russia, and in 1767 Ambassador, which post he resigned. In Jan. 1769, he became Chief Secretary for Ireland; in 1775 Governor of Granada; and in 1780 Governor of Madras. In 1792 was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Peking, and was the first Envoy sent to China, from which country he returned to England in 1794. The title of baron was conferred upon him in 1776, and he obtained an earldom in 1794. He was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in 1796. Lord Macartney died at Chiswick, March 31, 1806. Eneas Anderson published a narrative of this Embassy in 1795, but the best work on the subject, "An Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China," by Sir George Leonard Staunton,* who accompanied Lord Macartney as secretary, was published in 1797. This work was prepared from the papers of Earl Macartney, who is the actual author of many of the descriptions. Sir John Barrow† "Life of Earl Macartney," and a selection from his unpublished papers, appeared in 1807.]

Of most of the latter (Chinese women), even the middle and inferior classes, the feet were unnaturally small, or rather trunated. They appeared as if the fore part of the foot had been accidentally cut off, leaving the remainder of the usual size, and bandaged like the stump of an amputated limb. They undergo, indeed, much torment, and cripple themselves in great measure, in imitation of ladies of higher rank, among whom it is there the custom to stop, by pressure, the growth of the ankle as well as foot from the earliest infancy; and, leaving the great toe in its natural position, forcibly to bend the others, and retain them under the foot, till at length they adhere to, as if

* Born in 1737, died Jan. 12, 1801.

† The author of various works of travel, was born in Lancashire, June 19, 1764, and died in London, Nov. 23, 1848.

buried in the sole, and can no more be separated. Notwithstanding the pliability of the human frame in tender years, its tendency to expansion at that period must, whenever it is counteracted, occasion uneasy sensations to those who are so treated; and before the ambition of being admired takes possession of those victims to fashion, it requires the vigilance of their female parents to deter them from relieving themselves from the firm and tight compresses, which bind their feet and ankles. Where those compresses are constantly and carefully kept on, their feet are symmetrically small. The young creatures are indeed obliged, for a considerable time, to be supported when they attempt to walk. Even afterwards they totter, and always walk upon their heels. An exact model was afterwards procured of a Chinese lady's foot,* from which the opposite engraving has been taken.

This artificial diminutiveness of the feet, though it does not entirely prevent their use, must certainly cramp the general growth, and injure the constitution of those who have been subjected to it. Some of the very lowest classes of the Chinese, of a race confined chiefly to the mountains and remote places, have not adopted this unnatural custom. But the females of this class are held by the rest in the utmost degree of contempt, and are employed only in the most menial domestic offices. So inveterate is the custom, which gives pre-eminence to mutilated before perfect limbs, that the interpreter averred, and every subsequent information confirmed the assertion, that if, of two sisters, otherwise every way equal, the one had thus been maimed, while nature was suffered to make its usual progress in the other, the latter would be considered as in an abject state, unworthy of associating with the rest of the family, and doomed to perpetual obscurity, and the drudgery of servitude.

In forming conjectures upon the origin of so singular a fashion among the Chinese ladies, it is not very easy to conceive why this mode should have been suddenly or forcibly introduced amongst them by the other sex. Had men been really bent upon confining constantly to their homes the females of their families, they might have effected it without cruelly depriving them of the physical power of motion. No such custom is known in Turkey or Hindostan, where women are kept in greater habits of retirement than in China. Opinion, indeed, more than power, governs the general actions of the human race; and so preposterous a practice could be maintained only by the example and persuasion of those who, in their own persons, had submitted to it. Men who have silently approved, and indirectly encouraged it, as those

* An engraving of a Chinese lady's foot appears in the original work.

of India are supposed to do that much more barbarous custom of widows burning themselves after the death of their husbands. But it is not violence, or the apprehension of corporal suffering, but the horror and disgrace in consequence of omitting, and the idea of glory arising from doing, what is considered to be an act of duty, at the expense of life, which leads to such a sacrifice. In that instance ages must have past to ripen prejudices productive of a consequence so dreadful: but the pride of superiority, and the dread of degradation, have been frequently found sufficient to surmount the common feelings of nature; and to many women a voluntary constraint upon the body and mind is, in some degree, habitual. They who recollect the fashion of slender waists in England, and what pains were taken, and sufferings endured, to excel in that particular, will be somewhat less surprised at extraordinary efforts made in other instances. Delicacy of limbs and person has, no doubt, been always coveted by the fair sex, as it has been the admiration of the other. Yet it could not be the extraordinary instance of such in any one lady, though in the most exalted rank, according to the popular story throughout China, that could induce the rest of her sex to put at once such violence upon themselves, in order to resemble her in that respect. The emulation of surpassing in any species of beauty, must have animated vast numbers of all ranks, and have continued through successive ages, to carry it at last to an excess which defeats, in fact, its intended purpose. Whatever a lady may have gained, by the imagined charms of feet decreased below the size of nature, is more than counter-balanced by the injury it does to her health and to her figure; for *grace is not in her steps*, nor animation in her countenance.—*Embassy to China*, chap. ix.

96.—OF HUMILITY.

[OWEN FELTHAM, 1610—1678.

[OWEN FELTHAM was born about 1610, and but few particulars of his life have been preserved. He is supposed to have acted as secretary to the Earl of Thomond, with whom he resided many years. His celebrity rests upon his "Resolves," of which the first part appeared in 1627. He published "A Brief Character of the Low Countries" in 1659, and is believed to have died about 1678. A life by James Cumming was published in 1806. Hallam (Hist. of Lit. Pt. iii. ch. iv. § 35) remarks: "Feltham appears not only a laboured and artificial, but a shallow writer. Among his many faults none strikes me more than a want of depth, which his pointed and sententious manner renders more ridiculous. There are certainly exceptions to this vacuity of original meaning in Feltham; it would be possible to fill a few pages with extracts not undeserving of being read, with thoughts just and judicious, though never deriving much lustre from his diction. He is one of our worst writers in point

of style; with little vigour, he has less elegance; his English is impure to an excessive degree, and full of words unauthorized by any usage. Pédantry, and the novel phrases which Greek and Latin etymology was supposed to warrant, appear in most productions of this period; but Feltham attempted to bend the English idiom to his own affectations. The moral reflections of a serious and thoughtful mind are generally pleasing, and to this perhaps is partly owing the kind of popularity which the 'Resolves' of Feltham have obtained; but they may be had more agreeably and profitably in other books."]

HE that would build lastingly, must lay his foundation low. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves, and fresh in colours; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipt with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's killing blast, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which appears so flourishing. Like the pyramid, he has a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent; and the higher he is, the less does he draw at the top; as if the nearer heaven the smaller he must appear. And, indeed, the nigher man approaches to celestials, and the more he considers God, the more he sees to make himself vile in his own esteem. He who values himself least, shall by others be prized most. Nature swells when she meets a check; but submission in us to others, begets submission in others to us. Force can do no more than compel us; while gentleness and unassumingness calm and captivate even the rude and boisterous. The proud man is certainly a fool; I am sure, let his parts be what they will, in being proud he is so. One thing may assuredly persuade us of the excellence of humility; it is ever found to dwell most with men of the noblest natures. Give me the man that is humble out of judgement, and I shall find him full of parts. Charles the Fifth, appears as great in holding the candle to his departing visitors, as when he was surrounded by his victorious officers. Moses, who was the first and greatest divine, statesman, historian, philosopher, and poet; who, as a valiant general, led Israel out of Egypt; who was renowned for his miracles, and could roll up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his enemies; who was a type of Christ, and styled a friend of God, and, as Ecclesiasticus tells us, *beloved both of God and men*; was nevertheless meek above all that were upon the face of the earth:—and lest our proud dust should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are assured by our Saviour himself, that to be so will be rest to our souls. We are sent to the pismire for industry, to the lion for valour, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility unto God himself, as an attribute more peculiar to his excellence. No man ever lost the esteem of a wise man by stooping to an honest lowness when there was occa-

sion for it. I have known a great duke to fetch in wood to his inferior's fire; and a general of nations descend to a footman's office in lifting up the boot of a coach;—yet, neither thought it a degradation to their dignity. The text gives it to the publican's humility, rather than to the Pharisee's boasting. He may well be suspected to be defective within, that would draw respect to himself by unduly assuming it. What is that man the worse, who lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him who arrogates respect when it is not his due; but the prudence rests with him, who in the serenity of his own worth does not seek for it. I am not troubled, if my dog outruns me. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presumes to usher in day before him. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself enemies, the humble peaceably passes in the shade unenvied. The full sail overturns the vessel, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Humility prevents disturbance: it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. When the two goats met on a narrow bridge over a deep stream, was not that the wiser, which lay down for the other to pass over him, than that one which would rather hazard both their lives by contending? The former preserved himself from danger, and made the latter indebted to him for his preservation. • I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good. He is charitable, who for Christian ends, can be content to part with his due: and he who would take my due from me, wrongs not me so much as himself. I have ever thought it indiscretion to vie it in continued strife. Prevailing is but victory in part. The pride of my opponent may still remain unconquered. If I be subdued, beside my shame, I purchase his contempt, to boot, when yielding out of prudence, I triumph over all, and bring him in to be mine. I had rather be accounted too humble, than be esteemed a little proud. The former tends to virtue and wisdom: the latter to dishonour and vice.—*Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.* Part ii. Of Humility.

97.—ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

[THOMAS GRAY, 1716—1771.

[THOMAS GRAY, the son of a money scrivener, born in Cornhill, Dec. 26, 1716, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He accompanied Horace Walpole on a tour through France and Italy, 1739—1741, and returned to Cambridge to study Civil Law. His "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," written in 1742, appeared in 1747, and the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," commenced in 1742, and completed in 1749, was first published in Feb. 1751. His Pindaric Odes were published at Strawberry Hill in 1757. He declined the Laureateship offered to

him in 1757, and was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1768. Gray died at Cambridge, July 30, 1771. A *Mémoire*, by the Rev. N. Mason, appeared in 1775, and another, by the Rev. J. Mitford, in 1814.]

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow,
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
'To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind, •
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
The little victims play ;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murder'ous band !
Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
• And Shame that sculks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.

The sting of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo ! in the vale of years beneath
 A griesly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their Paradise,
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton.

98.—THE BLESSEDNESS OF GOD'S HOUSE.

[ARCHDEACON HARE, 1795—1855.]

[JULIUS CHARLES HARE, born Sept. 13, 1795, was educated at the Charter House and at Cambridge, and became a fellow of Trinity College in 1818. He obtained the family living of Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex. In 1840 he was appointed archdeacon of Lewes ; in 1851, a prebendary of Chichester ; and in 1853 one of the Queen's chaplains. Archdeacon Hare died Jan. 23, 1855. He is one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth," published in 1827. "The Victory of Faith," a course of sermons, appeared in 1840 ; "The Mission of the Comforter" in 1846, and a "Life of John Sterling" in 1848.]

ONE hour in the house of God is better than a thousand, than a thousand spent in any of the world's houses, even though it be the

world's richest, most luxurious palace. To him who knows the real value of the world's pleasures, who has experienced them, and knows how soon they pall on the heart, this will not seem much to say.* He who had taken his fill of all the world's choicest pleasures, declared of them that they are vanity and weariness and vexation; and every one is sure to make the same discovery, if he has but to spend a long time in them. For one day they may seem to be pleasant; if we had to endure them for a thousand days in succession, there is no pain or toil that we should not hail as a relief from their sickening palsy. You too, my brethren, who do not dwell in palaces, or glut yourselves with the choicer pleasures of the world, must have found out how wearisome your coarser pleasures soon become, and what a refreshment it is to turn from them after a little while, even to the hardest labour. Even a single day spent in pleasure, in revelling, in self-indulgence, is wearisome. What then would a thousand days be!—a heavy burthen, too heavy for man to bear. They would turn a man, body and soul, into a bloated mass of festering diseases. Think of this, brethren; and then think further, what would a thousand years of uninterrupted revelling and self-indulgence be. There would be no need of any other hell; so terrible would this be, that the flames of hell itself would be almost welcome, if they would consume our gnawing pleasures.

Yes, my brethren, assuredly, it is only at the right hand of the Lord, it is only in the house of God, and the courts around it, that there are pleasures which endure for evermore. The pleasures of the world soon turn to pains. The mask drops off, and the serpent's head and fangs shew themselves. •But the pleasures which are to be found in the house of God endure for evermore, and become continually sweeter and more delightful. Of the world's pleasures it may truly be said, that one day spent in them is better than a thousand spent in them. But one day spent in the house of God is not better than a thousand spent in the house of God. To the children of this world, indeed, it seems that all pleasures must partake in the fleeting, changeful nature of their own: and often, when they have been told of the joys of heaven, they have exclaimed that after awhile those pleasures must become insufferably dull and tiresome. But this arises solely from the dulness of their spiritual perceptions, from their having no relish for spiritual pleasures. Alas! too, all, even the ripest Christians, have more or less of this spiritual dulness. As our whole nature became subject to death, when it turned away from God, so did all our feelings and thoughts and purposes become fleeting, transient, perishable. God is eternal: truth is eternal: whatever is of God. His thoughts, his purposes are eternal: but everything that is of man passes away, and

is almost like a foot-print in the sand of the desert, over which the wind blows, and it is gone. Hence we are unable to conceive what would be the blessedness of a thousand days spent in the house of God. Even one day, one whole day, is too much for our spiritual weakness. After a couple of hours we grow faint, weary, distracted,—often before. Hence God has mercifully vouchsafed in training us for heaven, to call us to spend a few hours every week in his presence. He trains us, as children are trained to walk, little by little, first a step or two, then a few more, then more. Yet we are far slower to learn than children are: and even in the course of a long life, few make much progress in learning the blessing of dwelling in God's house.

Hence the natural man will readily agree that one day in God's courts is better than a thousand in them. For one day a man may fancy he could support; but how could he bear up through a thousand? If this, however, be our state of mind, how shall we be fitted for dwelling in God's presence for ever? The painfulness of it to the natural man, the painfulness of dwelling in His light, and His eye piercing ever through all the windings of our hearts and minds, must seem utterly insupportable. Great need, therefore, have we to learn from the Psalmist that one day in his courts is a blessing. And how can we learn it? Only by learning to love God. This is the only way. In proportion as we love God, we shall love to be in His courts. Even human love bears witness of this; even human love declares and feels that one day, with those whom we love dearly, is better than a thousand away from them. So would it also be,—if we really loved God,—if we had ever really tasted the joy of living in His presence, the joy, the blessedness of having our will at one with His will, of looking up to Him with trustful, childly love, as to our Father to whom we have been brought by His only begotten Son.—*Sermons Preached on Particular Occasions.* No. XV. Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

99.—THE PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

[REV. DR. ROBERTSON, 1721—1793.]

[WILLIAM ROBERTSON, born at Borthwick, near Edinburgh, Sept. 19, 1721, was educated at the university of Edinburgh, and obtained the living of Gladsmuir, in 1743. His "History of Scotland" appeared in Feb. 1759. He was made one of the *deans of the chapel royal in 1761, principal of the University of Edinburgh in 1762, and historiographer for Scotland in 1764. He published his "History of Charles V." in 1769, and his "History of America" in 1777. His last work, "An Historical Disquisition Concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India," appeared in 1791, towards the end of which year his health began to fail, and he died at Edinburgh, June 11, 1793. Dugald Stewart published an account of Robertson's Life and Writings in 1801, and his Works, with Life, in 8 vols., appeared in 1825.]

THE progress of science, and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors standards of excellence, and models of imitation for succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of society, when those faculties of the human mind, which have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to most of those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them with an industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by the settlement of so many unpolished tribes in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established, together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste, or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centuries, in that state of ignorance which has been already described. But the events and institutions which I have enumerated, produced great alterations in society. As soon as their operation in restoring liberty and independence to one part of the community began to be felt; as soon as they began to communicate to all the members of society some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had been long sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects. The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations in the Middle Ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales or of Socrates. But, unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature

points out, plunged at once into the depth of abstruse and metaphysical inquiry. They had been converted to the Christian faith, soon after they settled in their new conquests. But they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend or to resolve. These over-curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon, then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of inquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe. It was not, however, this circumstance alone, that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the Eastern Empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, had corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority, they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailable as they were difficult.—*The History of Charles the Fifth. Introductory Chapter: On the State of Society in Europe.*

, 100.—THE GOLDEN GOBLET.

[TIECK, 1773—1853.

[LUDWIG TIECK, born at Berlin, May 31, 1773, and educated at the universities of Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen, published "Almansur," a prose idyll, in 1790, and "Alla Modia," a prose play, in 1791. From this time he produced a succession of tales, novels, and dramas. From an early age he applied himself to the study of the

English language and literature, and in 1817 visited this country for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the literature of the Elizabethan period. Having pursued his researches at the British Museum, and at private collections, he returned to Germany, and settled at Dresden, where he produced a great variety of works. The first volume of his translation of Shakspeare appeared in 1825, and the last in 1829. He took up his residence at Berlin in 1840, at the invitation of Frederick William IV. A collected edition of his works, in 20 vols., appeared at Berlin between the years 1828—1846. Tieck died at Berlin, April 28, 1853. His efforts to make Shakspeare appreciated in Germany entitle him to the gratitude of Englishmen.]

THEY sat down at the table, which was covered with red cloth; and the old man placed something on it which was carefully wrapped up.

"From pity to your youth," he began, "I lately promised to foretell you whether or not you could become happy; and this promise I am willing to fulfil at the present hour, though you recently wished to treat the matter as a jest. You need not alarm yourself, for what I design can happen without danger. I shall make no dread incantations, nor shall any horrible apparition terrify you. The thing which I shall endeavour may fail in two ways; either if you do not love so truly as you have wished to make me believe, for then my labour is in vain, and nothing will show itself; or if you should disturb the oracle, and destroy it by a useless question, or by a hasty movement leaving your seat, the figure would break in pieces. So you must keep yourself quite still."

Ferdinand gave his word; and the old man unfolded from the cloths that which he had brought with him. It was a golden goblet, of very costly and beautiful workmanship; around its broad foot ran a wreath of flowers, twined with myrtles and various other leaves and fruit, highly chased with dim and brilliant gold. A similar ring, only richer, adorned with figures of children, and wild little animals playing with them, or flying before them, wound itself around the centre of the cup. The chalice was beautifully turned; above, it was bent back toward the lips; and within, the gold sparkled with a ruddy glow. The old man placed the goblet between himself and the youth, and beckoned him nearer.

"Do you feel something," said he, "when your eye loses itself in this splendour?"

"Yes," said Ferdinand; "this brightness reflects into my very inmost being,—I might say, I feel it as a kiss in my longing bosom."

"It is right," said the old man. "Now let your eyes no more stray around, but keep them fixed on the glance of this gold, and think as earnestly as you can on your beloved."

Both sat still awhile, and, absorbed in contemplation, beheld the gleaming cup. But soon the old man, with mute gestures, first slowly, and then more quickly, and at last with rapid movement, pro-

cooed with extended finger to draw regular circles around the glow of the goblet. Then he paused, and took the circles from the opposite direction. When he had thus continued for some time, Ferdinand thought he heard music, but it sounded as from without in a distant street. Soon, however, the tones came higher; they struck on his ear louder and louder, and vibrated more distinctly through the air; so that, at last, he felt no doubt but that they issued from the interior of the goblet. The music became still stronger, and of such penetrating power, that the heart of the young man trembled, and tears rose into his eyes. Busily moved the old man's hand in various directions across the mouth of the cup; and it appeared as if sparks from his fingers were convulsively striking and sounding on the gold. Soon the shining points increased, and followed, as on a thread, the motion of his finger; they glittered of various colours, and crowded still more closely on one another, till they rushed altogether in continuous lines. Now it seemed as if the old man in the red twilight was laying a wondrous net over the brightening gold, for at will he drew the beams hither and thither, and wove up with them the opening goblet: they obeyed him, and remained lying like a covering, waving to and fro, and playing into one another. When they thus were fastened, he again described the circles around the rim; the music subsided, and became softer and softer, till it could no longer be perceived, and the bright net-work quivered, as if in agony. It burst in increasing agitation, and the beams rained down drops into the chalice; but out of the fallen drops arose a reddish cloud, which formed itself in manifold circles, and floated like foam over the mouth of the cup. A bright point darted up with the greatest rapidity through the clouded circles. There stood the image; and suddenly, as it were, an eye looked out from the mist; above, golden locks flowed in ringlets; presently a soft blush went up and down the quivering shade; and Ferdinand recognised the smiling countenance of his beloved—the blue eyes, the delicate cheeks, the lovely red mouth. The head waved to and fro, raised itself more distinctly and visibly on the slender white neck, and bowed towards the enraptured youth. The old man kept on describing his circles around the goblet, and thereout issued the glancing shoulders; and at last the whole of the lovely image pressed from out the golden bed, and gracefully waved to and fro.

Ferdinand thought he felt the breath as the beloved form inclined towards him, and almost touched him with burning lips. In his ravishment, he could no longer command himself, but impressed a kiss on the mouth, and endeavoured to grasp the beautiful arm, and quite to raise the lovely form out of its golden prison. Then a violent trembling suddenly struck through the image, as in a thousand frag-

ments the head and body broke together; and a rose lay at the foot of the goblet, in whose blush the sweet smile still appeared. Ferdinand passionately seized it, and pressed it to his mouth. At this ardent longing, it withered and dissolved away in the air.

"Thou hast hardly kept thy word," said the old man, angrily: "thou canst only impute the fault to thyself."

He again wrapped up his goblet, drew aside the curtains, and opened a window. The clear daylight broke in, and Ferdinand, in a melancholy mood, and with many apologies, took his leave of the murmuring old man.—*Tales from the Phantasmus, &c. : The Mysterious Cup.*

101.—INTERCOURSE WITH PRINCES.

[Bp. BURNET, 1643—1715.

[GILBERT BURNET, born at Edinburgh, Sept. 18, 1643, and educated at the College of Aberdeen, after studying law for a short time was licensed to preach in 1661. In 1663 he visited Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and went on a tour on the Continent. In 1669 he was made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and in 1674 resigned the chair and removed to London. Burnet, who held various appointments, retired to the Continent on the accession of James II., and returned as chaplain with William III., who made him Bishop of Salisbury in 1689. This see he held till his death, which occurred in London, March 17, 1715. His first publication, "A Modest and Free Conference between a Conformist and a Non-conformist," appeared in 1669. His "Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton," appeared in 1677, the first volume of "The History of the Reformation in England," in 1679, the second volume in 1681, the Introduction to the third volume in 1712, and the third volume itself in 1715. His "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles," was published in 1699, and the work by which he is best known, "Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time, from the Restoration of King Charles II. to the Conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht," was not published till after his death, 1724—34. A life by his son, Thomas Burnet, the judge, was published with the "History of his Own Time," and another by Le Clerc appeared in 1715. Dryden introduced Burnet as King Buzzard in the "Hind and Panther." Dr. Johnson remarked, "Burnet's History of his Own Time is very entertaining. The style, indeed, is mere chit-chat."]

I HAVE had the honour to be admitted to much free conversation with five of our sovereigns; king Charles the second, king James the second, king William the third, queen Mary, and queen Anne. King Charles's behaviour was a thing never enough to be commended; he was a perfectly well-bred man, easy of access, free in his discourse, and sweet in his whole deportment: this was managed with great art, and it covered bad designs; it was of such use to him, that it may teach all succeeding princes, of what advantage an easiness of access and an obliging behaviour may be: this preserved him; it often disarmed those resentments which his ill conduct in

everything, both public and private, possessed all thinking people with very early, and all sorts of people at last : and yet none could go to him, but they were in a great measure softened before they left him : it looked like a charm, that could hardly be resisted : yet there was no good nature under that, nor was there any truth in him. King James had great application to business, though without a right understanding ; that application gave him a reputation, till he took care to throw it off : if he had not come after king Charles, he would have passed for a prince of a sweet temper, and easy of access. King William was the reverse of all this ; he was scarce accessible, and was always cold and silent ; he minded affairs abroad so much, and was so set on the war, that he scarce thought of his government at home : this raised a general disgust, which was improved by men of ill designs, so that it perplexed all his affairs, and he could scarce support himself at home, whilst he was the admiration of all abroad. Queen Mary was affable, cheerful, and lively, spoke much, and yet under great reserves, minded business, and came to understand it well ; she kept close to rules, chiefly to those set her by the king, and she charmed all that came near her. Queen Anne is easy of access, and hears everything very gently ; but opens herself to so few, and is so cold and general in her answers, that people soon find that the chief application is to be made to her ministers and favourites, who in their turns have an entire credit and full power with her : she has laid down the splendour of a court too much, and eats privately ; so that except on Sundays, and a few hours twice or thrice a week at night in the drawing-room, she appears so little, that her court is as it were abandoned. Out of all these princes' conduct, and from their successes in their affairs, it is evident what ought to be the measures of a wise and good prince, who would govern the nation happily and gloriously.

The first, the most essential, and most indispensable rule for a king, is, to study the interest of the nation, to be ever in it, and to be always pursuing it ; this will lay in for him such a degree of confidence, that he will be ever safe with his people, when they feel they are safe with him. No part of our story shows this more visibly than queen Elizabeth's reign, in which the true interest of the nation was constantly pursued ; and this was so well understood by all, that everything else was forgiven her and her ministers both. Sir Simonds D'Ewes' Journal shows a treatment of parliaments, that could not have been borne at any other time, or under any other administration. This was the constant support of king William's reign, and continues to support the present reign, as it will support all who adhere steadily to it.

A prince, that would command the affections and purses of this nation, must not study to stretch his prerogative, or be uneasy under the re-

straints of law; as soon as this humour shows itself, he must expect that a jealousy of him, and an uneasy opposition to him, will follow through the whole course of his reign; whereas if he governs well, parliaments will trust him, as much as a wise prince would desire to be trusted; and will supply him in every war that is necessary, either for their own preservation, or the preservation of those allies, with whom mutual interests and leagues unite him: but though, soon after the Restoration, a slavish parliament supported king Charles in the Dutch war, yet the nation must be strangely changed, before anything of that sort can happen again.—*History of his own Time*. The Conclusion. S. 661.

102.—THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

[CAPT. SPEKE, 1827—1864.

[JOHN HANNING SPEKE, born in May, 1827, entered the Indian army in 1847, and took part in the Punjab campaign. He went on several exploring expeditions in the Himalayas and Tibet, and in 1858 penetrated to Lake Nyanza, in Central Africa. Accompanied by Capt. Grant, he endeavoured to clear up the mystery, which from the days of Herodotus has puzzled geographers, respecting the real source of the Nile, and in this he to a great extent succeeded. His "Discovery of the Source of the Nile," appeared in 1863. "What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile?" published in 1864, contains an account of this enterprising traveller's African explorations. Capt. Speke was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun whilst shooting in the neighbourhood of Bath, Sept. 15, 1864.]

THE expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the N'yanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making "Usoga an island." But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, or top head of the Nile, is the

southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above 2300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point, round by the west, to where the *great Nile* stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangülé river; whilst from the southernmost point, round by the east, to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the travelled Arabs one and all aver, that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamüezi; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys: and further, those Arabs who crossed the strait when they reached Usoga, as mentioned before, during the late interregnum, crossed no river either.

There remains to be disposed of the "Salt Lake," which I believe is not a salt, but a fresh-water lake; and my reasons are, as before stated, that the natives call all lakes salt, if they find salt beds or salt islands in such places. Dr. Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia towards the Nile. If his information was true on this latter point, then, without doubt, there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this in all probability would also establish a connection between my salt lake and his salt lake which he heard was called Baringo. In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact that the head of the Nile is in 3° south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria N'yanza to be.—*Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, chap. xv.

103.—EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

[REV. R. BURTON, 1576—1640.]

[ROBERT BURTON, born at Lindley in Leicestershire, Feb. 8, 1576, was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in logic and philosophy. In 1616 he became vicar of St. Thomas, and in 1628 rector of Segrave in Leicestershire. He died Jan. 25, 1640. The "Anatomy of Melancholy," by Democritus Junior, appeared in 1621. Dr. Johnson said it "was the only book that ever took him out

of bed two hours earlier than he wished to rise." Lord Byron spoke of it as "the most amazing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused." An account of the author is prefixed to the 11th edition of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" published in 1806.]

MANY and sundry are the means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, to divert those fixed and intent cares and meditations, which in this malady so much offend; but, in my judgment, none so present, none so powerfull, none so apposite, as a cup of strong drink, mirth, musick, and merry company. Ecclus. 40, 20: *Wine and musick rejoyce the heart.* Rhasis (cont. 9 Tract. 15), Altomarus (cap. 7), Celsus Montaltus (c. 26), Ficinus, Bened. Victor. Faventinus, are almost immoderate in the commendation of it; a most forcible medicine Jacchinus calls it; Jason Pratensis, *a most admirable thing, and worthy of consideration, that can so mollifie the minde, and stay those tempestuous affections of it.* *Musica est mentis medicina mæstæ*, a roaring-meg against melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul; *affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits, it erects the minde, and makes it nimble.* Lemnius, *instit. cap. 44.* This it will effect in the most dull, severe, and sorrowfull souls; *expell griefe with mirth, and if there be any cloudes, dust, or dregs of cares yet lurking in our thoughts, most powerfully it wipes them all away.* (Salisbury. *polit. lib. 1 cap. 6*); and that which is more, it will perform all this in an instant—*cheer up the countenance, expell austerity, bring in hilarity,* (Girald. *Camb. cap. 12 Topogr. Hiber.*) *informe our manners, mitigate anger.* Athenæus (*Deipnosophist. lib. 14 cap. 10*) calleth it an infinite treasure to such as are endowed with it.

Dulcisonum reficit tristia corda melos.—(Eobanus Hessus.)

Many other properties Cassiodorus (*epist. 4*) reckons up of this our divine musick, not only to expell the greatest griefs, but *it doth extenuate fears and furies, appeaseth cruelty, abateth heaviness; and, to such as are watchfull, it causeth quiet rest; it takes away spleen and hatred, bee it instrumentall; vocall, with strings, winde, quæ a spiritu, sine manuum dexteritate, gubernetur, &c.* it cures all irksomeness and heaviness of the soul. Labouring men, that sing to their work, can tell as much; and so can souldiers when they go to fight, whom terror of death cannot so much affright, as the sound of trumpet, drum, fife, and such like musick animates; *metus enim mortis*, as Censorinus enformeth us, *musica depellitur.* *It makes a childe quiet*, the nurse's song; and many times the sound of a trumpet on a sudden, bells ringing, a carreman's whistle, a boy singing some ballad tune early in the street, alters, revives, recreates a restless patient that cannot sleep in the night, &c. In a word it is so powerful a thing that it ravisheth the soul, *regina sensuum*, the queen of the senses, by sweet pleasure (which is an happy cure);

and corporall tunes pacifie our incorporeall soul : *sine ore loquens, dominatum in animam exercet*, and carries it beyond itself, helps, elevates, extends it. Scaliger (*exercit. 302*) gives a reason of these effects, *because the spirits about the heart take in that trembling and dancing air into the body, are moved together and stirred up with it*, or else the minde, as some suppose, harmonically composed, is roused up at the tunes of musick. And 'tis not only men that are so affected, but almost all other creatures. You know the tale of Hercules Gallus, Orpheus, and Amphion, (*felices animas* Ovid calls them) that could *saxa movere sono testudinis* &c. make stocks and stones, as well as beasts, and other animals, dance after their pipes : the dog and hare, wolf and lamb,

Vicinumque lupo præbuit agna latus,
Clamosus graculus, stridula cornix, et Jovis aquila,

as Philostratus describes it in his images, stood all gaping upon Orpheus ; and trees, pulled up by the roots, came to hear him ;

Et comitem quercum pinus amica trahit.

Arion made fishes follow him, which, as common experience evinceth, are much affected with musick. All singing birds are much pleased with it, especially nightingales, if we may believe Calcagninus ; and bees among the rest, though they be flying away when they hear any tingling sound, will tarry behinde. *Harts, hinds, horses, dogs, bears, are exceedingly delighted with it.* Scal. *exerc. 302.* Elephants, Agrippa adds *lib. 2 cap. 24.* And in Lydia in the midst of a lake there be certain floating ilands, (if ye will believe it,) that, after musick, will dance.—*Anatomy of Melancholy.*

104.—LIFE COMPARED TO A SEA.

[QUARLES 1592—1644.

[FRANCIS QUARLES, born in Essex in 1592, was educated at Christ College, Cambridge, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn. He was persecuted for his devotion to Charles I., and his library was plundered. This is said to have hastened his death, which occurred September 8, 1644. Though he produced many poetical and prose compositions, he is chiefly known by his "Emblems, Divine and Moral," first published in 1635.]

Let not the water floods overflow me, neither let the deeps swallow me up.
Psalm lxii. 15.

THE world's a sea ; my flesh a ship that's manned
With lab'ring thoughts, and steered by reason's hand,
My heart's the seaman's card whereby she sails ;
My loose affections are the greater sails ;

The top-sail is my fancy, and the gusts
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.
 Prayer is the cable, at whose end appears
 The anchor hope, ne'er slipped but in our fears :
 My will's th' unconstant pilot, that commands
 The stagg'ring keel ; my sins are like the sands :
 Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye
 The pump unused (but in extremes) and dry :
 My conscience is the plummet that does press
 The deeps, but seldom cries, *O fathomless* :
 Smooth calm's security : the gulph, despair ;
 My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare :
 My soul's the passenger, confusedly driven
 From fear to fright ; her landing port is heaven.
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak ;
 My sailors rude ; my steers-man faint and weak :
 My canvas torn, it flaps from side to side :
 My cable's crack't, my anchor's slightly tied,
 My pilot's crazed ; my ship-wrack sands are cloaked ;
 My bucket's broken, and my pump is choaked ;
 My calm's deceitful ; and my gulf too near ;
 My wares are slubbered,* and my fare's too dear :
 My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ;
 O shall my rock-bethreatened soul be drowned ?
 Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;
 Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm :
 Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails,
 Send stiffer courage or send milder gales ;
 Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster ;
 Direct my pilot, and be thou his master ;
 Object the sands to my more serious view,
 Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew :
 New-cast my plummet, make it apt to try ,
 Where the rocks lurk, and where the quick-sands lie ;
 Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care ;
 Cleanse thou my freight ; accept my slender fare ;
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short
 His voyage ; land him in his wished port :

* Nares gives as one of the meanings of to slubber, "to obscure or darken, as by smearing over." He quotes *Othello* i. 3. "You must be content therefore to slubber the gloss of your new fortune with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition."

Thou, then, whom winds and stormy seas obey,
 That through the deep gavest grumbling Israel way,
 Say to my soul, be safe; and then mine eye
 Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.
 O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
 I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will save.

The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the sea-faring soul, that reason cannot govern it.—*St. Ambrose. Apol. post. pro David. cap. 3.*

We labour in the boisterous sea: thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.—*St. Augustine. Soliloq. cap. 35.*

EPIC. II.

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
 In these false coasts; O keep aloof; there's danger:
 Cast forth thy plummet; see a rock appears;
 Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.

Emblems, Divine and Moral, book iii. No. xi.

105.—EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

[REV. DR. ISAAC BARROW, 1630—1677.

[ISAAC BARROW, the son of Thomas Barrow, linen-draper to Charles I., was born in 1630, and educated at the Charterhouse, and Peterhouse and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge. From 1655 to 1659 he travelled on the Continent. He was appointed Greek professor at Cambridge in 1660, and Gresham Professor of Geometry in 1662. Thence he resigned on being made Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University in 1663, and from this he retired in favour of Sir Isaac Newton in 1669. He was presented to a small living in Wales, and a prebendal stall at Salisbury, both of which he resigned on being appointed Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1672. He was chosen vice-chancellor in 1675. During his lifetime he published several mathematical and scientific works, but his theological writings first appeared in the folio edition of his works, edited by Dr. Tillotson, and published in four vols. in 1683—7. A life by Mr. Hill was prefixed. Barrow died May 4, 1677, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Dibdin says: "Barrow had the clearest head with which mathematics ever endowed an individual, and one of the purest and most unsophisticated hearts that ever beat in the human breast." Hallam (*Lit. Hist.*, pt. iv. ch. 2) remarks: "The sermons of Barrow display a strength of mind, a comprehensiveness and fertility, which have rarely been equalled."]

EXAMPLES do more compendiously, easily, and pleasantly inform our minds, and direct our practice, than precepts, or any other way or instrument of discipline. Precepts are delivered in an universal and abstracted manner, naked, and void of all circumstantial attire, without any intervention, assistance, or suffrage of sense; and, consequently, can have no vehement operation upon the fancy, and soon do fly the memory; like flashes of lightning, too subtle to make any great impression, or to leave any remarkable footsteps, upon what they encounter; they must be expressed in nice terms, and digested in exact method; they are various, and in many disjointed pieces conspire to make up an entire body of direction: they do also admit of divers cases, and require many exceptions, or restrictions, which to apprehend distinctly, and retain long in memory, needs a tedious labour, and continual attention of mind, together with a piercing and steady judgment. But good example, with less trouble, more speed, and greater efficacy, causes us to comprehend the business, representing it like a picture exposed to sense, having the parts orderly disposed and completely united, suitably clothed and dressed up in its circumstances; contained in a narrow compass, and perceptible by one glance, so easily insinuating itself into the fancy, and durably resting therein: in it you see at once described the thing done, the quality of the actor, the manner of doing, the minute seasons, measures, and adjuncts of the action; with all which you might not perhaps, by numerous rules, be acquainted; and this in the most facile, familiar, and delightful way of instruction, which is by experience, history, and observation of sensible events. A system of precepts, though exquisitely compacted, is, in comparison, but a skeleton, a dry, meagre, lifeless bulk, exhibiting nothing of person, place, time, manner, degree, wherein chiefly the flesh and blood, the colours and graces, the life and soul of things do consist; whereby they please, affect, and move us: but example imparts thereto a goodly corpulency, a life, a motion; renders it conspicuous, specious, and active, transforming its notional universality into the reality of singular subsistence. This discourse is verified by various experience; for we find in all masters of art and science explicating, illustrating, and confirming their general rules and precepts by particular example. Mathematicians demonstrate their theorems by schemes and diagrams, which in effect, are but sensible instances; orators back their enthymemes (or rational argumentations) with inductions (or singular examples); philosophers allege the practice of Socrates, Zeno, and the like persons of famous wisdom and virtue, to authorize their doctrine: politics and civil prudence is more easily and sweetly drawn out of good history, than out of books *de Republicâ*. Artificers describe models, and set patterns before their disciples, with greater success than if they should

deliver accurate rules and precepts to them. For who would not more readily learn to build, by viewing carefully the parts and frame of a well contrived structure, than by a studious inquiry into the rules of architecture; or to draw by setting a good picture before him, than by merely speculating upon the laws of perspective; or to write fairly and expeditely, by imitating one good copy, than by hearkening to a thousand oral prescriptions; the understanding of which, and faculty of applying them to practice, may prove more difficult and tedious, than the whole practice itself as directed by a copy? Neither is the case much different in moral concerns; one good example may represent more fully and clearly to us the nature of a virtue, than any verbose description thereof can do: in sooner time, and with greater ease, we may learn our duty by regarding the deportment of some excellent person, than by attending to many philosophical discourses concerning it: for instance, if we desire to know what faith is, and how we should rely upon Divine Providence, let us propose to our consideration the practice of Abraham; wherein we may see the Father of the Faithful leaving a most pleasant country, the place of his nativity, and unquestionless most dear unto him under that notion; deserting his home and fixed habitation, his estate and patrimony, his kindred and acquaintance, to wander he knew not where in unknown lands, with all his family, leading an uncertain and ambulatory life in tents, sojourning and shifting among strange people, devoid of piety and civility (among Canaanites and Egyptians) upon a bare confidence in the Divine protection and guidance: we may see him, aged ninety-nine years, yet with a steady belief assuring himself, that he should, by virtue of God's Omnipotent word, become the father of a mighty nation: we may see him upon the first summons of the Divine command, without scruple or hesitancy, readily and cheerfully yielding up his only son (the sole ground of his hope and prop of his family, to whose very person the promise of multiplication was affixed) to be sacrificed and slain; not objecting to his own reason the palpable inconsistency of counsels so repugnant, nor anxiously labouring to reconcile the seeming contrariety between the Divine promises and commands; but resolved as it were (with an implicit faith in God) to believe things incredible, and to rely upon events impossible: contemplating these things, let us say what discourse could so lively describe the nature of true faith, as this illustrious precedent doth.—*Sermon xxxii., On being Imitators of Christ, 1 Cor. iv. 16.*

106.—LORD BYRON'S POETRY.

[FRANCIS JEFFREY, 1773—1850.]

[FRANCIS JEFFREY, born at Edinburgh, Oct. 23, 1773, was educated at the universities of Glasgow, Oxford, and Edinburgh. In 1794 he was called to the Scotch bar, and soon after began to contribute to the "Monthly Review." From 1803 to 1829 he was editor of the "Edinburgh Review." In 1821 he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in 1829 Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and in 1830 Lord Advocate of Scotland. He was elected member for Edinburgh in 1831, and in 1834 was raised to the Scotch bench, and became Lord Jeffrey. He died at Craigmack Castle, near Edinburgh, Jan. 26, 1850. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" were republished in 1844, and a life of Jeffrey, by Lord Cockburn, appeared in 1852. Sir A. Alison says "he was fitted by nature to be a great critic."]

If the finest poetry be that which leaves the deepest impression on the minds of its readers—and this is not the worst test of its excellence—Lord Byron, we think, must be allowed to take precedence of all his distinguished contemporaries. He has not the variety of Scott—nor the delicacy of Campbell—nor the absolute truth of Crabbe—nor the polished sparkling of Moore; but in force of diction, and inextinguishable energy of sentiment, he clearly surpasses them all. "Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn," are not merely the ornaments, but the common staple, of his poetry; and he is not inspired or impressive only in some happy passages, but through the whole body and tissue of his composition. It was an unavoidable condition, perhaps, of this higher excellence, that his scene should be narrow, and his persons few. To compass such ends as he had in view, it was necessary to reject all ordinary agents, and all trivial combinations. He could not possibly be amusing, or ingenious, or playful; or hope to maintain the requisite pitch of interest by the recitation of sprightly adventures, or the opposition of common characters. To produce great effects, in short, he felt that it was necessary to deal only with the greater passions—with the exaltations of a daring fancy, and the errors of a lofty intellect—with the pride, the terrors, and the agonies of strong emotion—the fire and air alone of our human elements.

In this respect, and in his general notion of the end and the means of poetry, we have sometimes thought that his views fell more in with those of the Lake poets, than of any other existing party in the poetical commonwealth: and, in some of his later productions especially, it is impossible not to be struck with his occasional approaches to the style and manner of this class of writers. Lord Byron, however, it should be observed, like all other persons of a quick sense of beauty, and sure enough of their own originality to be in no fear of paltry imputations, is a great mimic of styles and manners, and a great borrower of external character. He and Scott, accordingly, are full of imitations

of all the writers from whom they have ever derived gratification ; and the two most original writers of the age might appear, to superficial observers, to be the most deeply indebted to their predecessors. In this particular instance, we have no fault to find with Lord Byron ; for undoubtedly the finer passages of Wordsworth and Southey have in them wherewithal to lend an impulse to the utmost ambition of rival genius ; and their diction and manner of writing is frequently both striking and original. But we may say, that it would afford us still greater pleasure to find these tuneful gentlemen returning the compliment which Lord Byron has here paid to their talents ; and forming themselves on the model rather of his imitations, than of their own originals. In those imitations they will find that, though he is sometimes abundantly mystical, he never, or at least very rarely, indulges in absolute nonsense—never takes his lofty flights upon mean or ridiculous occasions,—and, above all, never dilutes his strong conceptions, and magnificent imaginations, with a flood of oppressive verbosity. On the contrary, he is, of all living writers, the most concise and condensed ; and, we would fain hope, may go far, by his example, to redeem the great reproach of our modern literature—its intolerable prolixity and redundancy. In his nervous and manly lines, we find no elaborate amplification of common sentiments—no ostentatious polishing of pretty expressions ; and we really think that the brilliant success which has rewarded his disdain of those paltry artifices, should put to shame for ever that puling and self-admiring race, who can live through half a volume on the stock of a single thought, and expatiate over divers fair quarto pages with the details of one tedious description. In Lord Byron, on the contrary, we have a perpetual stream of thick-coming fancies—an eternal stream of fresh-blown images, which seem called into existence by the sudden flash of those glowing thoughts and overwhelming emotions, that struggle for expression through the whole flow of his poetry—and impart to a diction that is often abrupt and irregular, a force and a charm which frequently realize all that is said of inspiration.—*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.*

107.—THE OFFICER AND THE CONVICT.

[GERSTAECKER, 1816.]

[FREDERICK GERSTAECKER, born at Hamburg, May 16, 1816, emigrated to America at an early age, and travelled on foot through Canada and the United States, following the most humble occupations in order to obtain means of existence. On his return to Germany in 1842, he published an account of his travels. His romances,

"The Regulators of Arkansas" appeared in 1846, and the "Pirates of the Mississippi" in 1848. The years between 1849 and 1852 were spent by this enterprising traveller in visiting Australia and various parts of the American continent. Since his return to Germany he has published several works of fiction and books of travel. "The Two Convicts" appeared in 1854.]

LIEUTENANT WALKER sat at the window of M'Donald's room, with his arms crossed on his breast, and looking up in silence and meditation at the Southern Cross, which shone brightly in the firmament. Time passed rapidly—an hour he remained in this posture, without giving a sign of impatience. Below all was silent, and most of the lights which had first cast their rays on the fences, were put out. Nothing stirred—the stillness of death reigned in the house, and nothing was heard but the monotonous ticking of an old German clock, which, with its regular and loud motion, seemed to cut time into small pieces.

The lamp, covered with a dark shade, shed a subdued light over the room. Suddenly steps were heard in the street. The lieutenant listened: they came nearer, and stopped before the house. He could distinctly hear the key in the lock, the door open and shut again, and the steps of some one passing through the dark passage and ascending the stairs.

The lieutenant stood up, but remained by the window. A hand was laid upon the latch—the door opened, and M'Donald entered.

He looked pale and fatigued, but perfectly calm, and without perceiving the stranger, went to the lamp, lifted the shade, and raised the wick.

"Good evening, M'Donald," said the deep and sonorous voice of Lieutenant Walker; and M'Donald, on hearing these sounds, started back, as if stung by an adder. The surprise lasted only a moment. With his left hand he turned the shade of the lamp so as to throw the full light upon the countenance of his antagonist, and with the right he drew a double-barrelled pistol from his pocket, cocked it, and said, in a quiet voice, but choked with suppressed emotion:

"Lieutenant Walker, you have attained your aim; but probably in a sense different from that you expect. You have ventured within the power of a desperate man, and must bear the consequence. For my own part, I am tired of this life. Hunted, pursued like a wild beast, with the blood-hounds on its track, night and day,—who would wish to live thus?"

Lieutenant Walker listened to him quietly, with his arms still crossed upon his breast. At last he said—

"What if I did not come as an enemy—if I brought you peace and quietness, M'Donald!"

"Those are only to be found in the grave!" the unfortunate man replied, in a hollow voice.

"Put down your weapon, sir," continued Walker, in an almost friendly voice. "I am alone; my men are not in the neighbourhood, although they were lying in ambush round the house for an hour or two."

"Betrayed, after all, then," said M'Donald, with a bitter smile.

"You have no cause to complain of that," replied Walker, laughing. "Do not look at me so gloomily. If my heart were not at this moment light and glad—if I brought you only imprisonment and fresh tortures—I should certainly not be laughing. But to-morrow's sun will find you a happier man. I bring you life and liberty."

"Yön?" exclaimed M'Donald, with astonishment, yet not without suspicion.

"It may appear strange to you," said Walker, laughing, "that a lieutenant of the police should engage in such, I might say, negative occupations; but such is the case, nevertheless. But—" he added, suddenly, in a frank manner, "be assured, M'Donald, that, from the day when we fought side by side against the blacks, I felt you were a different man from what the world supposed. From that day it was with reluctance that I fulfilled my duty. I certainly endeavoured to execute it, because it was my duty."

"I do not understand you," said M'Donald, astonished at the extraordinary conduct of the man.

"I will no longer keep you in suspense. Let us sit down!" he added, as, unbuckling his sabre, he placed it in a corner, drew a chair to the table, and sat down. M'Donald, who still held the pistol in his hand, laid it upon a chest of drawers, locked the door to guard against any surprise, and also sat down to the table.

"Still suspicious!" observed Walker, laughing. "But—you are right. I have hitherto done nothing to entitle me to your confidence. Listen to me quietly; the sequel of my short narration will perhaps give you a better opinion of me."

"We met yesterday for the second time, in company," the lieutenant commenced, with a smile; "and I must confess the blue spectacles and your German entirely deceived me. I had no notion you were so well acquainted with a foreign tongue, although your figure and appearance seemed familiar to me. This morning an old acquaintance of ours, allured by the hundred pounds reward offered for your apprehension, disclosed to me that Dr. Schreiber, at Lischke's, was no other than the notorious Jack Loudon."

"Red John!" exclaimed M'Donald, with a smile of contempt.

"Not exactly, although I have since heard that gentleman had a hand in the affair. We caught him this evening, and he will soon get his richly-merited reward—the gallows. No: the informer was once a hut-keeper upon Mr. Powell's station, who was known there under the name of Miller, but whose real name is Hobburg."

"Hobburg!" exclaimed M'Donald, starting from his chair with horror. "That was Miller! Now I understand why that face seemed so familiar to me, and the strange and inexplicable feeling which always came over me when I looked into those eyes!"

"Pray sit still!" said the lieutenant; "you will hear things stranger still. The fellow looked horrible, with his matted hair, pale face, deep-sunken eyes, and trembling limbs—indeed, the very image of one ruined by drink. I was bound to make use of the information, M'Donald; but I give you my word that I would sooner have struck the informer to the ground than arrest you. I therefore issued my orders, sent a constable here in disguise to inquire after you, and surrounded the house, which was to have been searched by my men somewhere about this time. I committed to my sergeant the execution of the enterprise, as I did not wish to have anything further to do with it myself."

"And now?"

"I have sent my men to their quarters, and come to talk over with you the events of this day. Listen. I thought you were under the penalty of law, but I also thought that you were not to be classed with ordinary criminals. Not wishing to see you after you had been arrested, towards evening I rode out of Saaldorf, in order to pay a visit to the magistrate of the next town, intending to return to-morrow morning, when all should, as I hoped, be over. On my way, at a short distance off, I passed a small house, which stands alone by the road-side, nestling in the bush. Hearing wild and heart-rending cries, I stopped my horse. The next instant the thought struck me that my men had maintained they had come upon the tracks of Red John in this neighbourhood. The cry of terror inside was perhaps, I thought, his work; and, turning my horse, I sprang out of the saddle, threw the reins over a bush, took the pistols out of the holsters, and rushed to the door of the hut. I found my weapons were not wanted, but my presence was the more opportune."

"In the middle of the poor but clean room a man was stretched out upon a mattress. This was Miller, or Hobburg, in a state of madness. A pale woman sat in the corner of the room, with clasped hands and fixed looks, and a man, the captain of a German ship in the port of Adelaide, was kneeling by his side. The woman did not even notice my sudden entrance with pistols in my hands. Her eyes

wandered meaningless past me, and were again fixed upon the ground. The captain seemed delighted at my arrival, and, in a fearful state of agitation, he took hold of my hand and led me to the couch of the unfortunate man.

"M'Donald," continued Walker, after a short pause, during which he appeared agitated in an unusual manner, "I will no longer keep you on the rack. You were transported for the murder of an Irish gentleman. Do not interrupt me—I this evening took the depositions of the real murderer, who acknowledged his crime."

"Hohburg!" cried M'Donald, horror-stricken. "Good God!"

"Stung with remorse," Walker continued, with emotion, "and feeling the approach of death, he acknowledged in my presence and that of the German, his crime, and your innocence. Then he tried to rise, to go to Adelaide and give himself up to justice; but his enfeebled body was completely exhausted. He sank back upon the couch and died, uttering curses, in the arms of the captain."—*The Two Convicts*, ch. xxxi.

108.—THE CHARACTER OF JAMES III. OF SCOTLAND.

[TYTLER, 1791—1849.

[PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, born Aug. 30, 1791, the fourth son of Lord Woodhouselee, was educated at Edinburgh, and in 1813 became a member of the Scottish Faculty of Advocates. Tytler applied himself to literature, and published his "Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton," in 1819. His "Memoir of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton" was published in 1823. The first and second volumes of his "History of Scotland" appeared in 1828; the third in 1829; the fourth in 1831; the fifth in 1834; the sixth in 1837; the seventh in 1840; the eighth in 1842; and the ninth in 1843. Tytler, who was the author of numerous other works, obtained a royal pension in 1844, and he died at Malvern, Dec. 24, 1849. A memoir, by J. W. Burgon, was published in 1859.]

WHEN we find the popular historians departing so widely from the truth in the false and partial colouring which they have thrown over the history of this reign, we may be permitted to receive their personal character of the monarch with considerable suspicion. James's great fault seems to have been a devotion to studies and accomplishments which, in this rude and warlike age, were deemed unworthy of his rank and dignity. He was an enthusiast in music, and took delight in architecture, and the construction of splendid and noble palaces and buildings; he was fond of rich and gorgeous dresses, and ready to spend large sums in the encouragement of the most skilful and curious workers in gold and steel; and the productions of these artists, their inlaid armour, massive gold chains, and jewel-hilted daggers, were pur-

chased by him at high prices, whilst they themselves were admitted, if we believe the same writers, to an intimacy and friendship with the sovereign which disgusted the nobility. The true account of this was probably, that James received these ingenious artisans into his palace, where he gave them employment, and took pleasure in superintending their labours—an amusement for which he might have pleaded the example of some of the wisest and most popular sovereigns. But the barons, for whose rude and unintellectual society the monarch showed little predilection, returned the neglect with which they were unwisely treated, by pouring contempt and ridicule upon the pursuits to which he was devoted. Cochrane, the architect, who had gained favour with the king by his genius in an art which, in its higher branches, is eminently intellectual, was stigmatized as a low mason. Rogers, whose musical compositions were fitted to refine and improve the barbarous taste of the age, and whose works were long after highly esteemed in Scotland, was ridiculed as a common fiddler or buffoon; and other artists, whose talents had been warmly encouraged by the sovereign, were treated with the same indignity. It would be absurd, however, from the evidence of such interested witnesses, to form our opinion of the true character of his favourites, as they have been termed, or of the encouragement which they received from the sovereign. To the Scottish barons of this age, Phidias would have been but a stone-cutter, and Apelles no better than the artisan who stained their oaken wainscot. The error of the king lay, not so much in the encouragement of ingenuity and excellence, as in the indolent neglect of those duties and cares of government, which were in no degree incompatible with his patronage of the fine arts. Had he possessed the energy and powerful intellect of his grandfather—had he devoted the greater portion of his time to the administration of justice, to a friendly intercourse with his feudal nobles, and a strict and watchful superintendence of their conduct in the offices entrusted to them, he might safely have employed his leisure in any way most agreeable to him; but it happened to this prince, as it has to many a devotee of taste and sensibility, that a too exquisite perception of excellence in the fine arts, and an enthusiastic love for the studies intimately connected with them, in exclusion of more ordinary duties, produced an indolent refinement, which shrunk from common exertion, and transformed a character originally full of intellectual and moral promise, into that of a secluded, but not unamiable misanthropist. Nothing can justify the king's inattention to the cares of government, and the recklessness with which he shut his ears to the complaints and remonstrances of the nobility; but that he was cruel, unjust, or unforgiving—that he was a selfish and avaricious voluptuary—or that he drew upon himself, by these dark

portions of his character, the merited execration and vengeance of his nobles, is a representation founded on no authentic evidence, and contradicted by the uniform history of his reign and of his misfortunes.—*History of Scotland*, vol. iii. ch. iv.

109.—THE CALMUCKS.

[DR. CLARKE, 1769—1822.

[EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, born at Willington, Sussex, was educated at Cambridge, and acted as tutor and travelling-companion from 1792 to 1799. In the latter year he started on an extensive tour through parts of Europe and Asia, and did not return till 1802. He obtained a college living in 1805, was made professor of mineralogy at Cambridge in 1807, and he presented the university of Cambridge with some of the valuable marbles which he had collected. The first volume of his travels appeared in 1810, the second in 1812, the third in 1813, the fourth in 1816, the fifth in 1819, and the sixth in 1823. His *Life and Remains* by his friend the Rev. W. Otter appeared in 1824. Dr. Clarke died March 9, 1822. Dr. Dibdin says:—"The splendour and celebrity of all travels performed by Englishmen have been exceeded by those of the late and deeply-lamented Dr. Edward Clarke. * * * Upon the whole, if Humboldt be the first, Clarke is the second traveller of his age."]

Of all the inhabitants of the *Russian* empire, the Calmucks are the most distinguished by peculiarity of feature and manner. In personal appearance, they are athletic and revolting. Their hair is coarse and black; their language harsh and guttural. They inhabit Thibet, Bucharia, and the countries lying to the north of Persia, India, and China; but, from their vagrant habits, they may be found in all the southern parts of Russia, even to the banks of the Dnieper. The Cossacks alone esteem them; and intermarry with them. This union sometimes produces women of very great beauty; although nothing is more hideous than a Calmuck. High, prominent, and broad cheek-bones; very little eyes, widely separated from each other; a flat and broad nose; coarse, greasy, jet-black hair; scarcely any eye-brows; and enormous prominent ears; compose no very inviting countenance, however we may strive to do it justice. Their women are uncommonly hardy; and on horseback outstrip their male companions in the race. The stories related of their placing pieces of horse-flesh under the saddle, in order to prepare them for food, are true. They acknowledge that this practice was common among them during a journey, and that a steak so dressed became tender and palatable. In their large camps, they have cutlers, and other artificers in copper, brass, and iron: sometimes goldsmiths, who make trinkets for their women, idols of gold and silver, and vessels for their altars; also persons expert at inlaid work, enamelling, and many arts vainly believed peculiar to

nations in a state of refinement. One very remarkable fact, confirming the observations of other travellers, may bear repetition; namely, that, from time immemorial, the more Oriental tribes of Calmucks have possessed the art of making gunpowder. They boil the efflorescence of nitrate of potass in a strong lye of poplar and birch ashes, and leave it to crystallize; after this, they pound the crystals with two parts of sulphur, and as much charcoal; then, wetting the mixture, they place it in a caldron over a charcoal fire, until the powder begins to granulate. The generality of Calmucks, when equipped for war, protect the head by a helmet of steel with a gilded crest; to this is fixed a net-work of iron rings, falling over the neck and shoulders, and hanging as low as the eye-brows in front. They wear upon their body, after the Eastern manner, a tissue of similar work, formed of iron or steel rings matted together: this adapts itself to the shape, and yields readily to all positions of the body; and ought therefore rather to be called a shirt than a coat of mail. The most beautiful of these are manufactured in Persia, and valued at the price of fifty horses. The cheaper sort are made of scales of tin, and sell only for six or eight horses each: but these are more common among the Chinese and the Mogul territory. Their other arms are lances, bows and arrows, poignards, and sabres. Only the richer Calmucks carry fire-arms: these are therefore always regarded as marks of distinction, and kept with the utmost care in cases made of badgers' skins. Their most valuable bows are constructed of the wild-goat's horn, or of whalebone; the ordinary sort, of maple, or thin slips of elm or fir, fastened together, and bound with a covering of linden or birch bark.

Their amusements are, hunting, wrestling, archery, and horse-racing. They are not addicted to drunkenness, although they hold drinking-parties, continuing for half-a-day at a time, without interruption. Upon such occasions, every one brings his share of brandy and Kôumiss; and the whole stock is placed upon the ground, in the open air; the guests forming a circle, seated around it. One of them, squatted by the vessels containing the liquor, performs the office of cup-bearer. The young women place themselves by the men, and begin songs of love or war, of fabulous adventure, or heroic achievement. Thus the *fête* is kept up; the guests passing the cup round, and singing the whole time, until the stock of liquor is expended. During all this ceremony, no one is seen to rise from the party; nor does any one interrupt the harmony of the assembly by riot or intoxication. In the long nights of winter, the young people of both sexes amuse themselves with music, dancing, and singing. Their most common musical instrument is the *bala-laika*, or two-stringed lyre; often represented in their paintings. These paintings preserve very curious memorials of the ancient super-

stitution of Eastern nations; exhibiting objects of Pagan worship which were common to the earliest mythology of Egypt and of Greece. The arts of painting and music may be supposed to have continued little liable to alteration among the Calmucks from the remotest periods of their history. As for their dances, these consist more in movements of the hands and arms, than of the feet. In winter they play at cards, draughts, backgammon, and chess. Their love of gambling is so great, that they will spend entire nights at play; and lose in a single sitting the whole of what they possess, even to the clothes upon their body. In short, it may be said of the Calmucks that the greatest part of their life is spent in amusement. Wretched and revolting as they seem, they would be indeed miserable if compelled to change their mode of living for that of a more civilized people.—*Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa*, vol. 1. chap. 12.

110.—SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT CHURCH.

[ADDISON, 1672—1719.

[JOSEPH ADDISON, son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, born at Milston, in Wiltshire, May 1, 1672, was educated at Oxford. Having in 1699 obtained a pension of 300*l.* a year, he set out on a Continental tour. He returned in 1702, and remained without employment till 1704, when his celebrated poem, "The Campaign," procured him a Commissionership of Appeals. In 1706 he became Under-Secretary of State, and published his opera of "Rosamond." On the appointment of the Marquis of Wharton as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1709, he became his secretary. It was in this year that the "Tatler" appeared, to which Addison contributed. The "Spectator" was produced Jan. 2, 1711, and was succeeded by the "Guardian," in 1712. The tragedy of "Cato" was brought out in 1713, and the "Freholder," in support of the Government, was commenced in 1715, and continued till 1716. In 1717 Addison was appointed Secretary of State, which office he resigned in 1718, and died at Holland House, Kensington, June 17, 1719. "Whoever," says Dr. Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." Dr. Johnson gives an account of Addison in his "Lives of the Poets." Several editions of his collected works have been published.]

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human Institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme

Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politicks being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave to every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord of the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities and foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel, between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side : and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church : which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place ; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church Service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his Chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe stealers ; while the Parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his prayers either in publick or private this half year ; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people ; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.—*The Spectator*, No. 112 July 9, 1711.

III.—EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

[ROGERS, 1763—1855.]

[SAMUEL ROGERS was born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763. His first publication, "An Ode to Superstition," appeared in 1786, and "The Pleasures of Memory," with other poems, in 1792. "Human Life," a poem, was published in 1819, and "Italy" in 1822. A memoir of Rogers, by the Rev. A. Dyce, appeared in 1856, and his "Recollections," edited by W. Sharpe, in 1859. Rogers died in London, Dec. 18, 1855.]

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time;
Soared in the swing, half pleased, and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that waved their summer-shade;
Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat.

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,
Just tell the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn:

Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
 When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
 Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
 With golden visions, and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
 The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
 Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
 Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw;
 Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
 The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
 Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
 From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
 Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,
 When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :—
 And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
 Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.
 As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
 And traced the line of life with searching view,
 How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
 To learn the colour of my future years !
 Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;
 This truth once known—to bless is to be blest !
 We led the bending beggar on his way,
 (Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey)
 Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
 And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
 As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
 And sighed to think that little was no more;
 He breathed his prayer, " Long may such goodness live !"
 'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
 Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged their flight,
 Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

Pleasures of Memory, part i.

112.—ON THE WRITINGS OF THE APOSTLES.

[DR. PALEY, 1743—1805.]

[WILLIAM PALEY, born at Peterborough in 1743, and educated at Cambridge, was senior wrangler in 1763, and fellow in 1766. He was for some time tutor at Cambridge, and in 1780 obtained a prebendal stall at Carlisle. He became archdeacon in 1782, and chancellor of the diocese in 1785. "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy" appeared in 1785, the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" in 1790, "A View of the Evidences of Christianity" in 1794, and "Natural Theology, or Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity," in 1802. He obtained valuable preferment, and died May 25, 1805. A memoir by G. W. Meadley was published in 1809, and an account of his Life and Writings by his son in 1825.]

No historical fact, I apprehend is more certain, than that the original propagators of Christianity voluntarily subjected themselves to lives of fatigue, danger, and suffering, in the prosecution of their undertaking. The nature of the undertaking; the character of the persons employed in it; the opposition of their tenets to the fixed opinions and expectations of the country in which they first advanced them; their undissembled condemnation of the religion of all other countries; their total want of power, authority or force, render it in the highest degree probable that this must have been the case. The probability is increased, by what we know of the fate of the founder of the institution, who was put to death for his attempt; and, by what we also know of the cruel treatment of the converts to the institution, within thirty years after its commencement: both which points are attested by heathen writers, and, being once admitted, leave it very incredible that the primitive emissaries of the religion, who exercised their ministry, first, amongst the people who had destroyed their master, and, afterwards amongst those who persecuted their converts, should themselves escape with impunity, or pursue their purpose in ease and safety. This probability, thus sustained by foreign testimony, is advanced, I think, to historical certainty, by the evidence of our own books; by the accounts of a writer who was the companion of the persons whose sufferings he relates; by the letters of the persons themselves; by predictions of persecutions ascribed to the founder of the religion, which predictions would not have been inserted in his history, much less have been studiously dwelt upon, if they had not accorded with the event, and which, even if falsely ascribed to him, could only have been so ascribed because the event suggested them; lastly, by incessant exhortations to fortitude and patience, and by an earnestness, repetition, and urgency upon the subject, which were unlikely to have appeared, if there had not been, at the time, some extraordinary call for the exercise of these virtues.

It is made out also, I think with sufficient evidence, that both the

teachers and converts of the religion, in consequence of their new profession, took up a new course of life and behaviour.

The next question is what they did this for. That it was for a miraculous story of some kind or other, is to my apprehension extremely manifest; because, as to the fundamental article, the designation of the person, viz., that this particular person, Jesus of Nazareth, ought to be received as the Messiah, or as a messenger from God, they neither had, nor could have, anything but miracles to stand upon. That the exertions and sufferings of the apostles were, for the story which we have now, is proved by the consideration that this story is transmitted to us by two of their own number, and by two others personally connected with them; that the particularity of the narrative proves, that the writers claimed to possess circumstantial information, that from their situation they had full opportunity of acquiring such information, that they certainly, at least, knew what their colleagues, their companions, their masters taught; that each of these books contains enough to prove the truth of the religion; that, if any one of them therefore be genuine, it is sufficient; that the genuineness however of all of them is made out, as well by the general arguments which evince the genuineness of the most undisputed remains of antiquity, as also by peculiar specific proofs, viz., by citations from them in writings belonging to a period immediately contiguous to that in which they were published; by the distinguished regard paid by early Christians to the authority of these books (which regard was manifested by their collecting of them into a volume, appropriating to that volume titles of peculiar respect, translating them into various languages, digesting them into harmonies, writing commentaries upon them, and, still more conspicuously, by the reading of them in their public assemblies in all parts of the world): by an universal agreement with respect to these books, whilst doubts were entertained concerning some others; by contending sects appealing to them; by the early adversaries of the religion not disputing their genuineness, but, on the contrary, treating them as the depositories of the history upon which the religion was founded; by many formal catalogues of these, as of certain and authoritative writings, published in different and distant parts of the Christian world; lastly, by the absence or defect of the above-cited topics of evidence, when applied to any other histories of the same subject.

These are strong arguments to prove, that the books actually proceeded from the authors whose names they bear (and have always borne, for there is not a particle of evidence to show that they ever went under any other); but the strict genuineness of the books is perhaps more than is necessary to the support of our proposition. For even supposing that, by reason of the silence of antiquity, or the loss of

records, we knew not who were the writers of the four gospels, yet the fact, that they were received as authentic accounts of the transaction upon which the religion rested, and were received as such by Christians at or near the age of the apostles, by those whom the apostles had taught, and by societies which the apostles had founded; this fact, I say, connected with the consideration that they are corroborative of each other's testimony, and that they are farther corroborated by another contemporary history, taking up the history where they had left it, and, in a narrative built upon that story, accounting for the rise and production of changes in the world, the effects of which subsist at this day; connected, moreover, with the confirmation which they receive, from letters written by the apostles themselves, which both assume the same general story, and, as often as occasions lead them to do so, allude to particular parts of it; and connected also with the reflection, that if the apostles delivered any different story, it is lost (the present and no other being referred to by a series of Christian writers, down from their age to our own; being likewise recognised in a variety of institutions, which prevailed, early and universally, amongst the disciples of the religion): and that so great a change, as the oblivion of one story and the substitution of another, under such circumstances, could not have taken place: this evidence would be deemed, I apprehend, sufficient to prove concerning these books, that, whoever were the authors of them, they exhibit the story which the apostles told, and for which, consequently, they acted, and they suffered.—*A View of the Evidences of Christianity*, ch. x. Recapitulation.

13.—KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIND AND ITS FACULTIES.

[DR. REID, 1710—1796.

[THOMAS REID, born at Strachan, in Kincardineshire, April 26, 1710, and educated at the University of Aberdeen, was presented to the living of New Machar, Aberdeenshire, in 1837. He was elected professor of Moral Philosophy of King's College, Old Aberdeen, in 1752, and of the University of Glasgow in 1763. Though an indefatigable student, he did not apply his mind to original composition till late in life. His well-known work, "An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense," appeared in 1763. It was followed by "Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man," published in 1785-8. Mr. Reid, who retired from his professorship in 1781, died Oct. 7, 1796. Dugald Stewart, who was his pupil at Glasgow, published an account of his Life and Writings in 1803.]

SINCE we ought to pay no regard to hypotheses, and to be very suspicious of analogical reasoning, it may be asked, from what source must the knowledge of the mind and its faculties be drawn?

I answer, the chief and proper source of this branch of knowledge is accurate reflection upon the operations of our own minds. Of this source we shall speak more fully, after making some remarks upon two others that may be subservient to it. The first of them is attention to the structure of language.

The language of mankind is expressive of their thoughts, and of the various operations of their minds. The various operations of the understanding, will, and passions, which are common to mankind, have various forms of speech corresponding to them in all languages, which are the signs of them, and by which they are expressed: and a due attention to the signs may, in many cases, give considerable light to the things signified by them.

There are in all languages modes of speech, by which men signify their judgment, or give their testimony; by which they accept or refuse; by which they ask information or advice; by which they command, or threaten, or supplicate; by which they plight their faith in promises or contracts. If such operations were not common to mankind, we should not find in all languages forms of speech, by which they are expressed.

All languages, indeed, have their imperfections—they can never be adequate to all the varieties of human thought; and therefore things may be really distinct in their nature, and capable of being distinguished by the human mind, which are not distinguished in common language. We can only expect, in the structure of languages, those distinctions which all mankind in the common business of life have occasion to make.

There may be peculiarities in a particular language, of the causes of which we are ignorant, and from which, therefore, we can draw no conclusion. But whatever we find common to all languages, must have a common cause; must be owing to some common notion or sentiment of the human mind.

We gave some examples of this before, and shall here add another. All languages have a plural number in many of their nouns; from which we may infer that all men have notions, not of individual things only, but of attributes, or things which are common to many individuals; for no individual can have a plural number.

Another source of information in this subject, is a due attention to the course of human actions and conduct. The actions of men are effects; their sentiments, their passions, and their affections are the causes of those effects; and we may, in many cases, form a judgment of the cause from the effect. The behaviour of parents towards their children gives sufficient evidence even to those who never had children, that the parental affection is common to mankind. It is easy to see,

from the general conduct of men, what are the natural objects of their esteem, their admiration, their love, their approbation, their resentment, and of all their other original dispositions. It is obvious, from the conduct of men in all ages, that man is by his nature a social animal; that he delights to associate with his species; to converse, and to exchange good offices with them.

Not only the actions, but even the opinions of men may sometimes give light into the frame of the human mind. The opinions of men may be considered as the effects of their intellectual powers, as their actions are the effects of their active principles. Even the prejudices and errors of mankind, when they are general, must have some cause no less general; the discovery of which will throw some light upon the frame of the human understanding.—*Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man.* Essay i. ch. v.

114.—JOHN HALIFAX.

[Miss MULOCK, 1826.]

[Miss DINAH MARIA MULOCK, born at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826, turned her attention to literature at an early age. Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," was published in 1849. It was followed by "Olive," which appeared in 1850, "John Halifax, Gentleman," in 1856, and a variety of works, including poetry and books for children. In 1864 Miss Mulock obtained a pension of 100*l.* per annum.]

My robin had done singing, and I amused myself with watching a spot of scarlet winding down the rural road, our house being on the verge where Norton Bury melted into "the country." It turned out to be the cloak of a well-to-do young farmer's wife riding to market in her cart beside her jolly looking spouse. Very spruce and self-satisfied she appeared, and the market-people turned to stare after her, for her costume was a novelty then. Doubtless, many thought as I did, how much prettier was scarlet than duffle grey.

Behind the farmer's cart came another, which at first I scarcely noticed, being engrossed by the ruddy face under the red cloak. The farmer himself nodded good humouredly, but Mrs. Scarletcloak turned up her nose. "Oh, pride, pride!" I thought, amused, and watched the two carts, the second of which was with difficulty passing the farmer's, on the opposite side of the narrow road. At last it succeeded in getting in advance, to the young woman's evident annoyance, until the driver, turning, lifted his hat to her with such a merry, frank, pleasant smile.

Surely, I knew that smile, and the well-set head with its light curly

hair. Also, alas! I knew the cart with relics of departed sheep dangling out behind. It was our cart of skins, and John Halifax was driving it.

"John! John!" I called out, but he did not hear, for his horse had taken fright at the red cloak, and required a steady hand. Very steady the boy's hand was, so that the farmer clapped his two great fists, and shouted "Bray-vo!"

But John—my John Halifax—he sat in his cart and drove. His appearance was much as when I first saw him—shabbier, perhaps, as if through repeated drenchings; this had been a wet autumn, Jael had told me. Poor John!—well might he look gratefully up at the clear blue sky to-day; ay, and the sky never looked down on a brighter, cheerier face—the same face, which, whatever rags it surmounted, would, I believe, have ennobled them all.

I leaned out, watching him approach our house; watching him with so great pleasure, that I forgot to wonder whether or no he would notice me. He did not at first, being busy over his horse; until, just as the notion flashed across my mind, that he was passing by our house—also, how keenly his doing so would pain me—the lad looked up.

A beaming smile of surprise and pleasure, a friendly nod, then all at once his manner changed; he took off his cap, and bowed ceremoniously to his master's son.

For the moment, I was hurt; then I could not but respect the honest pride which thus intimated that he knew his own position, and wished neither to ignore nor to alter it; all advances between us must evidently come from my side. So, having made his salutation, he was driving on, when I called after him—

"John! John!"

"Yes, sir. I am so glad you're better again."

"Stop one minute till I come out to you." And I crawled on my crutches to the front door, forgetting everything but the pleasure of meeting him—forgetting even my terror of Jael. What could she say? even though she held nominally the friends' doctrine—obeyed in the letter at least, "Call no man your master"—what would Jael say if she found me, Phineas Fletcher, talking in front of my father's respectable mansion with the vagabond lad who drove my father's cart of skins?

But I braved her, and opened the door. "John, where are you?"

"Here," (he stood at the foot of the steps, with the reins on his arm); "did you want me?"

"Yes. Come up here; never mind the cart."

But that was not John's way. He led the refractory horse, settled

him comfortably under a tree, and gave him in charge to a small boy. Then he bounded back across the road, and was up the steps to my side in a single leap.

"I had no notion of seeing you. They said you were in bed yesterday." (Then he *had* been enquiring for me!) "Ought you to be standing at the door this cold day?"

"It is quite warm," I said, looking up at the sunshine and shimmering.

"Please go in."

"If you'll come too."

He nodded, then put his arm around mine, and helped me in, as if he had been a big elder brother, and I a little ailing child. Well nursed and carefully guarded as I had always been, it was the first time in my life I ever knew the meaning of that rare thing—tenderness. A quality different from kindness, affectionateness, or benevolence, a quality which can exist only in strong, deep, and undemonstrative natures, and therefore in its perfection is oftenest found in men. John Halifax had it more than any one, woman or man, that I ever knew.

"I'm glad you're better," he said, and said no more. But one look of his expressed as much as half a dozen sympathetic sentences of other people.

"And how have you been, John? How do you like the tan-yard? Tell me, frankly."

He pulled a wry face, though comical withal, and said, cheerily—"Everybody must like what brings them their daily bread. It's a grand thing for me not to have been hungry for nearly thirty days."

"Poor John!" I put my hand on his wrist—his strong, brawny wrist. Perhaps the contrast involuntarily struck us both with the truth—good for both to learn—that Heaven's ways are not so unequal as we sometimes fancy they seem.

"I have so often wanted to see you, John. Couldn't you come in now?"

He shook his head, and pointed to the cart. That minute, through the open hall-door, I perceived Jagl sauntering leisurely home from market.

Now, if I was a coward, it was not for myself this time. The avalanche of ill words I knew must fall—but it should not fall on him, if I could help it.

"Jump up on your cart, John. Let me see how well you can drive. There—good bye, for the present. Are you going to the tan-yard?"

"Yes—for the rest of the day." And he made a face as if he did not quite revel in that delightful prospect. No wonder!

"I'll come and see you there this afternoon."

"No?" with a look of delightful surprise. "But you must not—you ought not."

"But I *will*!" And I laughed to hear myself actually using that phrase. What would Jael have said?

What—as she arrived just in time to receive a half malicious, half ceremonious bow from John, as he drove off—what that excellent woman did say, I have not the slightest recollection. I only remember that it did not frighten and grieve me as such attacks used to do; that, in her own vernacular, it all "went in at one ear, and out at t'other;" that I persisted in looking out until the last glimmer of the bright curls had disappeared down the sunshiny road—then shut the front door, and crept in, content.—*John Halifax, Gentleman.*

115.—THE THESES OF LUTHER.

[MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, 1794.

[JEAN HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, born at Geneva, Aug. 16, 1794, was educated at the university of his native town and at Berlin, and became pastor of a French church in Hamburg. From 1815 to 1830 he was chaplain to the late King of Holland at Brussels. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Church History at the new college at Geneva. His first work was a volume of sermons published at Hamburg. The first volume of his "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century" appeared in 1835, and has been translated into most modern languages. D'Aubigné has published numerous other works.]

At length the year 1517 arrived; Luther's theses were published; they were circulated through Christendom, and penetrated ~~also into~~ the monastery where the scholar of Annaberg was concealed. He hid himself in a corner of the cloister with another monk, John Voigt, that he might read them at his ease. Here were the selfsame truths he had heard from his father: his eyes were opened; he felt a voice within him responding to that which was then re-echoing through Germany, and great consolation filled his heart. "I see plainly," said he, "that Martin Luther is the reaper I saw in my dream, and who taught me to gather the ears." He began immediately to profess the doctrine that Luther had proclaimed. The monks grew alarmed as they heard him; they argued with him, and declared against Luther, and against his convent. "This convent," replied Myconius, "is like our Lord's sepulchre: they wish to prevent Christ's resurrection, but they will fail." At last his superiors, finding they could not convince him, interdicted him for a year and a half from all

intercourse with the world, permitting him neither to write nor receive letters, and threatening him with imprisonment for life. But the hour of his deliverance was at hand. Being afterwards nominated pastor of Zwickau, he was the first who declared against the papacy in the churches in Thuringia. "Then," said he, "was I enabled to labour with my venerable father Luther in the gospel-harvest." Jonas describes him as a man capable of doing everything he undertook.

No doubt there were others besides to whose souls Luther's propositions were a signal of life. They kindled a new flame in many cells, cottages, and palaces. While those who had entered the convents in quest of good cheer, an idle life, or respect and honours, says Mathesius, began to load the name of Luther with reproaches, the monks who lived in prayer, fasting, and mortification, returned thanks to God, as soon as they heard the cry of that eagle whom Huss had announced a century before. Even the common-people, who did not clearly understand the theological question, but who only knew that this man assailed the empire of the lazy and mendicant monks, welcomed him with bursts of acclamation. An immense sensation was produced in Germany by these daring propositions. Some of the reformer's contemporaries, however, foresaw the serious consequences to which they might lead, and the numerous obstacles they would encounter. They expressed their fears aloud, and rejoiced with trembling.

"I am much afraid," wrote the excellent canon of Augsburg, Bernard Adelmann, to his friend Pirckheimer, "that the worthy man must give way at last before the avarice and power of the partisans of indulgences. His representations have produced so little effect, that the Bishop of Augsburg, our primate and metropolitan, has just ordered, in the pope's name, fresh indulgences for St. Peter's at Rome. ~~Let him~~ Let him ~~baste~~ baste to secure the aid of princes; let him beware of tempting God; for he must be void of common sense if he overlooks the imminent peril he incurs." Adelmann was delighted on hearing it rumoured that Henry VIII. had invited Luther to England. "In that country," thought the canon, "he will be able to teach the truth in peace." Many thus imagined that the doctrine of the Gospel required the support of the civil power. They knew not that it advances without this power, and is often trammelled and enfeebled by it.

Albert Kranz, the famous historian, was at Hamburg on his death-bed, when Luther's theses were brought to him? "Thou art right, Brother Martin," said he; "but thou wilt not succeed. . . . Poor monk! Go to thy cell and cry, 'Lord! have mercy upon me!'"

An aged priest of Hexter, in Westphalia, having received and read the theses in his parsonage, shook his head, and said in Low German,

"Dear Brother Martin! if you succeed in overthrowing this purgatory and all these paper dealers, you will be a fine fellow indeed!" Erbernius, who lived a century later, wrote the following doggerel under these words:—

"What would the worthy parson say,
If he were living at this day?"

Not only did a great number of Luther's friends entertain fears as to this proceeding, but many even expressed their disapprobation.

The Bishop of Brandenburg, grieved at seeing so violent a quarrel break out in his diocese, would have desired to stifle it. He resolved to effect this by mildness. "In your theses on indulgences," said he to Luther, through the Abbot of Lenin, "I see nothing opposed to the Catholic truth; I myself condemn these indiscreet proclamations; but for the love of peace and for regard to your bishop, discontinue writing upon this subject." Luther was confounded at being addressed with such humility by so great a dignitary. Led away by the first impulse of his heart, he replied with emotion: "I consent: I would rather obey than perform miracles, if that were possible."

The elector beheld with regret the commencement of a combat that was justifiable, no doubt, but the results of which could not be foreseen. No prince was more desirous of maintaining the public peace than Frederick. Yet, what an immense conflagration might not be kindled by this spark! What violent discord, what rending of nations might not this monkish quarrel produce! The elector gave Luther frequent intimations of the uneasiness he felt.

Even in his own order and in his own convent at Wittenberg, Luther met with disapprobation. The prior and sub-prior were terrified at the outcry made by Tetzl and his companions. They repaired trembling and alarmed to Brother Martin's cell, and said: "Pray do not bring disgrace upon our order! The other orders, and especially the Dominicans, are already overjoyed to think that they will not be alone in their shame." Luther was moved at these words; but he soon recovered and replied: "Dear fathers! if this work be not of God, it will come to naught; but if it be, let it go forwards." The prior and sub-prior made no answer. "The work is still going forwards," added Luther, after recounting this anecdote, "and, God willing, it will go on better and better unto the end. Amen."—

History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century, vol. i. book iii. ch. vi.

116.—THE CLIMATE OF PALESTINE.

[DR. KITTO, 1814—1854.]

[JOHN KITTO, the son of humble parents, was born at Plymouth, Dec. 4, 1804, and part of his childhood was passed in a workhouse, where he learned the trade of a shoemaker. Through the kindness of a Mr. Grove, of Exeter, he was enabled to indulge his literary tastes, and his first work, "Essays and Letters," appeared in 1825. Having studied at the Missionary College at Islington, in May, 1829, he accompanied Mr. Grove on a tour in the East, returning to England in 1833. He laboured zealously at literature. His "Pictorial Bible" appeared in 1835, the "Pictorial History of Palestine" in 1839—40, and "Journal of Sacred Literature," 1848—53. He wrote other works, and in 1844 the University of Giessen conferred upon him the doctor's degree. He died at Cannstadt, in Würtemberg, whither he had repaired for the benefit of his health, Nov. 25, 1854. His *Life* by Dr. J. E. Ryland, appeared in 1856, and another by Professor Eadie in 1858.]

THE climate of Palestine naturally varies in different situations. In the valleys and plains it is very warm, but upon the mountains cool; but on the average temperate. The climate differs from the temperate parts of Europe more by the changes of wet and dry seasons than by the temperature itself. The medium warmth for Jerusalem is, according to Schubert, 64° Fahrenheit. In summer, however, it is about 84° or 86°, though the heat may occasionally rise even to 104°. The heat is greater in the plains and valleys of the Jordan and about the Dead Sea, where an almost tropical climate prevails. On the longest day the sun rises just before five, and sets just before seven o'clock; the shortest day continues from a little after seven until a little before five; therefore the greatest length of day is about fourteen hours and twelve minutes, and the shortest nine hours and forty-eight minutes. As in the Bible, equally for summer and winter, ~~twelve hours~~ a day are reckoned from the rising to the setting of the sun, and also twelve for the night, the length of the hour necessarily varied in summer and winter. There are properly but two seasons in Palestine; the cold and the warm, or rather the rainy and the dry. The rainy season comes on not suddenly but by degrees. The rain comes mostly from the west or west-north-west, and lasts two or three days successively, falling particularly during the night. The wind then turns to the east, and many days of fine weather follow. After this first autumn rain the husbandmen sow the winter seed, particularly barley. Later on in the season the rain is less heavy, and occurs at longer intervals, but during no part of the winter does it entirely cease. Snow often falls in January and February, but seldom lies longer than a day at most. Hail also occurs during this time; the ground is, however, never frozen, and ice is very rare.

The cold attains its greatest height in December and January;

towards the end of February the weather is very fine; in March more or less rain still falls, but seldom after this time. The whole season from October to March may be regarded as one continued rainy season, occasionally broken by intervals of fine weather. By "the early and the latter rains" of the Bible are properly meant but the first autumnal and the latter spring rains. The suitability of those designations arises from the fact that the autumnal rains in October agree with the beginning of the old Jewish year. Throughout the winter the roads of Palestine are dirty, uneven, and slippery; but when the rain ceases, the foulness soon passes off, and the roads become hard, but never even.

During the months of April and May the sky is generally serene, the air soft and balmy, and the aspect of nature in years of the customary rain, green and refreshing to the eye. It is the fine season of which is said in Solomon's Song ii. 11—13, "Now the winter is past, the rain is over, and the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her new figs, the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

Showers of rain do indeed still occur, but they are mild and refreshing. In ordinary seasons, from the cessation of the spring showers till October and November, no rain falls throughout the year, and the sky is mostly clear. The nights are generally cool, often with heavy dew.

From June to August the heat is continually increasing, sometimes insupportably so. Its influence and the total want of rain soon destroys the fresh green of the fields, and invests the whole country with an aspect of sterility and barrenness; all that is left of green is found in the foliage of the dispersed fruit-trees, and in the vineyards and millet-fields. In September the nights begin to wax cold, and the heat of the day decreases, after having dried and burnt up as it were the whole country; the cisterns are nearly dry; the few streams and brooks are exhausted; and inanimate as well as animate nature revives and exults in the return of rain. Mists and clouds begin now to show themselves; and showers fall at intervals until October, when the true rainy season of the year commences its periodical return. Thunder-storms are very rare in summer, but are frequent and heavy in the season of rain.—*Scripture Lands, described in a Series of Historical, Geographical and Topographical Sketches.*—Canaan—Climate and Seasons.

117.—SAGACITY OF THE POODLE.

[JESSE, 1780—1868.]

[EDWARD JESSE, born at Hutton, Cranswick, Yorkshire, in January, 1780, and educated privately, entered the public service at an early age, and was private secretary to Lord Dartmouth, when President of the Board of Control. Mr. Jesse having held various appointments, was made a Commissioner of Hackney Carriages in 1812, and retired on a pension in 1830. He is the author of several popular works, amongst which "Anecdotes of Dogs," published in 1846, and "Favourite Haunts and Studies," in 1847, may be mentioned. Mr. Jesse died in 1868.]

A SHOE-BLACK on the Pont Neuf at Paris, had a poodle dog, whose sagacity brought no small profit to his master. If the dog saw a person with well-polished boots go across the bridge, he contrived to dirty them, by having first rolled himself in the mud of the Seine. His master was then employed to clean them. An English gentleman, who had suffered more than once from the annoyance of having his boots dirtied by a dog, was at last induced to watch his proceedings, and thus detected the tricks he was playing for his master's benefit. He was so much pleased with the animal's sagacity, that he purchased him at a high price and conveyed him to London. On arriving there, he was confined to the house till he appeared perfectly satisfied with his new master and his new situation. He at last, however, contrived to escape, and made his way back to Paris, where he rejoined his old master, and resumed his former occupation. I was at Paris some years ago, where this anecdote was related to me, and it is now published in the records of the French Institute.

Nor is this a solitary instance of the extraordinary sagacity of the poodle. A lady of my acquaintance had one for many years, who was her constant companion both in the house and in her walks. When, however, either from business or indisposition, her mistress did not take her usual walk on Wimbledon Common, the dog, by jumping on a table took down the maid servant's bonnet, and held it in her mouth till she accompanied the animal to the Common.

A friend of mine had a poodle dog, who was not very obedient to his call when he was taken out to run in the fields. A small whip was therefore purchased, and the dog one day was chastised with it. The whip was placed on a table in the hall of the house, and the next morning it could not be found. It was soon afterwards discovered in the coal cellar. The dog was a second time punished with it, and again the whip was missed. It was afterwards discovered that the dog had attempted to hide the instrument by which pain had been inflicted on him. There certainly appears a strong approach to reason in this proceeding of the dog. Cause and effect seem to have been associated in his mind if his mode of proceeding may be called an effort of it.

The following anecdotes prove the strong affection and perseverance of the poodle. The late Duke of Argyll had a favourite dog of this description, who was his constant companion. This dog, on the occasion of one of the Duke's journeys to Inveraray Castle, was, by some accident or mistake, left behind in London. On missing his master, the faithful animal set off in search of him, and made his way into Scotland, and was found early one morning at the gate of the castle.

The anecdote is related by the family, and a picture shown of the dog.

A poor German artist who was studying at Rome, had a poodle dog, who used to accompany him, when his funds would allow it, to an ordinary frequented by other students. Here the dog got scraps enough to support him. His master, not being able to support the expense, discontinued his visits to the ordinary. His dog fared badly in consequence, and at last his master returned to his friends in Germany, leaving his dog behind him. The poor animal slept at the top of the stairs leading to his master's room, but watched in the day time at the door of the ordinary, and when he saw his former acquaintances crowding in, he followed at their heels, and thus gained admittance, and was fed till his owner came back to resume his studies.—*Anecdotes of Dogs: The Poodle.*

118.—SLOTH AND ACTIVITY.

[POLLOK, 1799—1827.

[ROBERT POLLOK, born at Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, in 1799, and educated at Glasgow, was licensed as a preacher in 1826. He wrote some stories, published under the title of "Tales of the Covenanters," and his "Course of Time," an epic poem in ten books, appeared in March, 1827. The author fell a victim to consumption, and died at Southampton, on his way to Italy, Sept. 15, 1827, just six months after the publication of his poem. His Life, by his brother, was published in 1843.]

Two principles from the beginning strove
In human nature—still dividing man—
Sloth and activity; the lust of praise,
And indolence that rather wished to sleep.
And not unfrequently in the same mind
They dubious contest held; one gaining now,
And now the other crowned, and both again
Keeping the field, with equal combat fought.
Much different was their voice. Ambition called
To action; sloth invited to repose.

Ambition early rose, and, being up,
Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest ;
Sloth lay till midday, turning on his couch,
Like ponderous door-upon its weary hinge,
And having rolled him out, with much ado,
And many a dismal sigh and vain attempt,
He sauntered out, accoutred carelessly—
With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,
Somniferous, that weighed the object down
On which its burden fell—an hour or two,
Then with a groan retired to rest again.
The one, whatever deed had been achieved,
Thought it too little, and too small the praise ;
The other tried to think—for thinking so
Answered his purpose best—that what of great
Mankind could do had been already done ;
And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.
Different in mode, destructive both alike.
Destructive always indolence ; and love
Of fame destructive always too, if less
Than praise of God it sought, content with less ;
Even then not current, if it sought his praise
From other motive than resistless love :
Though base, mainspring of action in the world ;
And under name of vanity and pride,
Was greatly practised on by cunning men.
It oped the niggard's purse, clothed nakedness,
Gave beggars food, and threw the Pharisee
Upon his knees, and kept him long in act
Of prayer ; it spread the lace upon the fop,
His language trimmed, and planned his curious gait ;
It stuck the feather on the gay coquette,
And on her finger laid the heavy load
Of jewellery. It did—what did it not ?—
The gospel preached, the gospel paid, and sent
The gospel ; conquered nations ; cities built ;
Measured the furrow of the field with nice
Directed share ; shaped bulls, and cows, and rams ;
And threw the ponderous stone ; and pitiful,
Indeed, and much against the grain, it dragged
The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool,
Through learning's halls, and made him labour much
Abjectively, though sometimes not unpraised

He left the sage's chair, and home returnèd,
 Making his simple mother think that she
 Had borne a man. In schools, designed to root
 Sin up, and plant the seeds of holiness
 In youthful minds, it held a signal place.
 The little infant man, by nature proud,
 Was taught the Scriptures by the love of praise,
 And grew religious as he grew in fame.
 And thus the principle, which out of heaven
 The devil threw, and threw him down to hell,
 And keeps him there, was made an instrument
 To moralize and sanctify mankind,
 And in their hearts beget humility:
 With what success it needs not now to say.

Course of Time, Book vi.

119.—THE FAITHFUL MINISTER.

[REV. T. FULLER, 1608—1661.

[THOMAS FULLER, born at St. Peter's, Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, of which his father was rector, in June, 1608, was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was made fellow of Sidney College, prebendary of Salisbury, and rector of St. Benet's, Cambridge, in 1631. His first work, a poem, entitled "David's Heinous Sin, Hearty Repentance, Heavy Punishment," appeared in 1631. His "History of the Holy War" was published at Cambridge in 1639. • Fuller, who removed to London, and was lecturer at the Savoy, took part with the King in the Civil War, and having been appointed his chaplain, followed the royal army from place to place. In spite of his numerous avocations and the troubled state of the kingdom, he composed and published numerous works. His "Pisgah-Sight of Palestine" appeared in London in 1650, his "Church History of Britain, from the birth of Christ to 1648," at the same place in 1655. At the Restoration he resumed the lectureship of the Savoy, his prebendaryship at Salisbury, was chosen chaplain extraordinary to Charles II., and was created D.D. of Cambridge, by a mandamus dated Aug. 2, 1660. He died of a fever, known as the "new disease," Aug. 16, 1661. His "History of the Worthies of England" was published after his death, in one vol. fol., in 1662. Fuller wrote numerous other works. A life, by an anonymous author, appeared in 1661; and "Memorials of his Life and Works," by the Rev. A. T. Russell, in 1844. Coleridge says of him:—"Next to Shakespeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous; the degree in which any given faculty, or combination of faculties, is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what we would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted of a galaxy of great men. In all his numerous volumes, on so many different subjects, it is scarcely too much to say, that you will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted for itself as a motto or as a maxim."]

1. *He endeavours to get the general love and good-will of his parish.* This he doth not so much to make a benefit of them as for them, that his ministry may be more effectual; otherwise he may preach his own heart out, before he preacheth anything into theirs. The good conceit of the physician is half a cure, and his practice will scarce be happy where his person is hated; yet he humours them not in his doctrine to get their love: for such a spaniel is worse than a dumb dog. He shall sooner get their goodwill by walking uprightly, than by crouching and creeping. If pious living and painful labouring in his calling will not win their affections, he counts it gain to lose them. As for those who causelessly hate him, he pities and prays for them; and such there will be. I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince.

2. *He is strict in ordering his conversation.* As for those who cleanse blurs with blotted fingers, they make it the worse. It was said of one who preached very well, and lived very ill, *That when he was out of the pulpit, it was a pity he should ever go into it, and when he was in the pulpit, it was a pity he should ever come out of it:* but our minister lives sermons. And yet I deny not but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen who open a gate on the wrong side, may by the virtue of their office open heaven for others, and shut themselves out. * * *

6. *He will not offer to God of that which costs him nothing, but takes pains aforehand for his sermons.* Demosthenes never made any oration on the sudden; yea, being called upon he never rose up to speak, except he had well studied the matter: and he was wont to say, *That he showed how he honoured and revered the people of Athens, because he was careful what he spake unto them.* Indeed if our minister be surprised with a sudden occasion, he counts himself rather to be excused than commended, if, premeditating only the bones of his sermons, he clothes it with flesh *extempore*. As for those whose long custom hath made preaching their nature, that they can discourse sermons without study, he accounts their examples rather to be admired than imitated.

7. *Having brought his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart, before he preaches it to his people.* Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Some have questioned ventriloquy when men strangely speak out of their bellies, whether it can be done lawfully or no: might I coin the word *cordiloquy*, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts, sure all would count this lawful and commendable. * * *

11. *His similes and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible.* Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors,

and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote.

12. *He provideth not only wholesome but plentiful food for his people.* Almost incredible was the painfulness of Baronius, the compiler of the voluminous Annals of the Church, who for thirty years together preached three or four times a week to the people. As for our minister, he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat which was on the table before, than that which is hot from the spit, raw and half roasted. Yet in repetition of the same sermon, every edition hath a new addition, if not of new matter, of new affections. *Of whom, saith St. Paul, we have told you often, and now we tell you weeping.*

13. *He makes not that wearisome, which should ever be welcome.* Wherefore his sermons are of an ordinary length except on an extraordinary occasion. What a gift had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who being to expound the prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not. * * *

19. *He is careful in the discreet ordering of his own family.* A good minister and a good father may well agree together. When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his stove with one hand dandling his child in the swaddling-clouts, and in the other hand holding a book and reading it. Our minister also is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by his cheerful giving it. He loveth also to live in a well-repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully. A clergyman who built his house from the ground, wrote in it this counsel to his successor—

*"If thou dost find an house built to thy mind
Without thy cost,
Serve thou the more God and the poor;
My labour is not lost."*

20. *Lying on his death-bed he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy:* and they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts. He is so far from that base jealousy that his memory should be outshined by a brighter successor, and from that wicked desire that his people may find his worth by the worthlessness of him that succeeds, that he doth heartily pray to God to provide them a better pastor after his decease. As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to die fat. It is well if he hath gathered any flesh, being more in blessing than bulk.—*Holy and Profane State*, Book ii. ch. 9.

120.—THE POOR RELATION.

[CHARLES LAMB, 1775—1834.]

[CHARLES LAMB, born in the Temple, Feb. 18, 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital, became a clerk in the India Office in 1792, from which he retired with a pension in 1825. He lived in intimacy with Coleridge and Wordsworth, and published some poems jointly with the first mentioned. His first work, "John Woodvil," a drama, appeared in 1801. He is best known by the "Essays of Elia," published in the "London Magazine," and reprinted in 1823. The "Tales from Shakespeare," partly written by his sister, appeared in 1807, and "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare" in 1808. Lamb died in London Dec. 27, 1834. His Works, with a sketch of his Life, by Mr. Justice Talfourd, appeared in 1838, and "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, comprising his unpublished Letters, with Sketches of his Contemporaries," by Mr. Justice Talfourd, in 1848.]

A POOR Relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of our prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's-head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when—the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one

speculateth upon his condition ; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependant ; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend ; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table ; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather ; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote—of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as “ he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture ; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet ; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable ; his compliments perverse ; his talk a trouble ; his stay pertinacious ; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun—and that is—~~a female~~—Poor Relation. You may do something with the other ; you may pass him off tolerably well ; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “ He is an old humourist,” you may say, “ and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “ She is plainly related to the L—’s ; or what does she at their house ?” She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflamandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send

her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant Sir; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsichord.

* * * * *

This theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity; his words few or none; and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning; a captive—a statey being led out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose parental residence was on the plain; a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so they were called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain.

Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred; even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster; in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me: “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—“Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated!”² John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront; but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781), where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.—*Last Essays of Elia.*

121.—THE SNOW STORM.

[PROFESSOR WILSON, 1785—1854.]

[JOHN WILSON, born at Paisley, May 18, 1785, educated at the universities of Glasgow and Oxford, took up his residence about 1808, at Windermere, where he lived in companionship with Southey and Wordsworth. His “Isle of Palms, and other Poems,” appeared in 1812. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1815, and published his second poem, “The City of the Plague, and other Poems,” in 1816. “Blackwood’s Magazine,” to which he contributed largely under the *nom de plume* of Christopher North, was established in 1817. He was appointed Professor of Moral

Philosophy at the university of Edinburgh in 1820. His principal prose works are "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," published in 1822; "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay" in 1823; and "The Foresters" in 1825. A pension of 300*l.* per annum was settled upon him in 1851; he resigned his professorship in 1852, and died at Edinburgh April 2, 1854. His works, including the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," written for "Blackwood's Magazine," edited by Professor Ferrier, appeared in 1855-58, and a "Life," by Mrs. Gordon, in 1862.]

LITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sang to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow;—friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls round her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half-way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song, and, had there been a human eye to look upon it there, it might have seen a shadow upon her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep!" thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and, thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of the sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted—and, shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow—of a mother and a child frozen to death on that very moor—and in a moment, she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep; for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her, so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child—and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through, in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this—she was to be frozen to death, and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirkyard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer;" and, drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover—"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden, having prayed to her Father in Heaven—then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he too had sunk

down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.—*The Snow Storm.*—*A Short Story.*

122.—OLD INVENTIONS REVIVED.

[SMILES, 1816.

[SAMUEL SMILES, born at Haddington in 1816, and educated for the medical profession, practised as a surgeon at Leeds, and became editor of the *Leeds Times*. He was appointed Secretary to the Leeds and Thirsk Railway in 1845, and to the London and South Eastern in 1852. In addition to contributions to the "Quarterly Review," and other periodicals, Mr. Smiles is the author of several works, the best known being "The Life of George Stephenson," published in 1857; "Self-Help," in 1859; "Lives of the Engineers," in 3 vols. 8vo, in 1861-2, and "Industrial Biography" in 1863.]

STEAM-LOCOMOTION, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blasco de Garay made his experiment in the harbour of Barcelona as early as 1543; Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steam-boat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller of Dalswinton in 1788. Sages and poets have frequently foreshadowed inventions of great social moment. Thus Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his *Botanic Garden*, published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might almost be regarded as prophetic:—

- Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! arise
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car.

Denis Papin first threw out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthey, another Frenchman, in 1782 projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise by subterranean tubes, after the method recently patented and brought into operation by the London Pneumatic Despatch Company. The balloon was an ancient Italian invention, revived by Mongolfier long after the original had been forgotten. Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabe Googe, the translator of a book from the German entitled "The whole Arte and Trade of Husbandrie," published in 1577, in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of the reaping-machine as a

worn-out invention—a thing “which was wont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kinde of carre with a couple of wheeles, and the front armed with sharp syckles, whiche forced by the beaste through the corne, did cut down al before it. This tricke,” says Googe, “might be used in leuell and champion countreys; but with us it wolde make but ill-favoured woorke.” The Thames Tunnel was thought an entirely new manifestation of engineering genius; but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon, and that under the wide mouth of the harbour at Marseilles (a much more difficult work), show that the ancients were beforehand with us in the art of tunneling. Macadamized roads are as old as the Roman empire; and suspension bridges, though comparatively new in Europe, have been known in China for centuries.

There is every reason to believe—indeed it seems clear—that the Romans knew of gunpowder, though they only used it for purposes of fireworks; while the secret of the destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether. When gunpowder came to be used for purposes of war, invention busied itself upon instruments of destruction. When recently examining the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice, we were surprised to find numerous weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries embodying the most recent English improvements in arms, such as revolving-pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, embodying Sir William Armstrong's modern idea, though in a rude form, had been fished up from the bottom of the Adriatic, where the ship armed with them had been sunk hundreds of years ago. Even Perkins's steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes. The Congreve rocket is said to have an Eastern origin, Sir William Congreve having observed its destructive effects when employed by the forces under Tippu Saib in the Mahratta war, on which he adopted and improved the missile, and brought out the invention as his own.

Coal-gas was regularly used by the Chinese for lighting purposes long before it was known amongst us. Hydropathy was generally practised by the Romans, who established baths wherever they went. Even chloroform is no new thing. The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and in his works he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his *Traité des Opérations sans Douleur*, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anæsthetics is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their nepenthe and mandragora; the Chinese their mayo, and the Egyptians their hachisch (both preparations of Cannabis Indica), the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of

chloroform. What is perhaps still more surprising is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions, that of sun-painting by the daguerreotype, was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci, whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher, have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter. The idea, thus early born, lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerreotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphantie de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of *Giphantie*. Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt, making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copper-plate has been found amongst the old household lumber of Matthew Boulton (Watt's partner), having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.

In like manner the invention of the electric telegraph, supposed to be exclusively modern, was clearly indicated by Scherwenter in his *Délassements Physico-Mathématiques*, published in 1636; and he there pointed out how two individuals could communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle. A century later, in 1746, Le Monnier exhibited a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens at Paris, showing how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire 950 fathoms in length; and in 1753 we find one Charles Marshall publishing a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scots Magazine*, under the title of "An expeditious Method of conveying Intelligence." Again, in 1760, we find George Louis Lesage, professor of mathematics at Geneva, promulgating his invention of an electric telegraph, which he eventually completed and set to work in 1774. This instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other and enclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk mounted with a little ball of elder-wood suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the bar, the elder-ball at the opposite end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later we find Arthur Young, in his *Travels in France*, describing a similar machine invented by a M. Lomond of Paris, the action of which he also describes. In these and similar cases, though the idea was born and the model of the invention was actually made, it still waited the advent of the scientific mechanical inventor who should bring it to perfection, and embody it in a practical working form.—*Industrial Biography*, ch. x.

123.—AN AFRICAN KING.

[LANDER, 1804—1834.

[RICHARD LANDER, born in Cornwall in 1804, was by trade a printer. The Government, anxious to solve the mystery of the source of the Niger, formed an expedition, consisting of Clapperton, Capt. Pearce, Messrs. Dickson and Morrison. Richard Lander went as servant to Clapperton. The travellers left England in August, 1825; Clapperton and Richard Lander, their companions having died on the journey, reached Sakkatu, in the interior of Africa. Overcome with fatigue and vexation, Clapperton died at Chalgery, near Sakkatu, April 13, 1827. Lander returned to England in 1830. He published "Records of Capt. Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa." He was sent by the Government to make further researches in Africa, and returned to England in 1830; his "Journal of an Expedition to Explore the Course and Termination of the Niger" appeared in 1832; in which year he again left for Africa, and having penetrated to the Niger, received a wound in a skirmish with the natives, of which he died at Fernando Po, Jan. 27, 1834.]

AFTER crossing the river Formosa, which is about a mile in width, we arrived at Badagry at five o'clock in the afternoon, and were comfortably accommodated in the dwelling of Mr. Houtson, who had previously resided at that place. The house, like every other in the town, except the king's, is constructed of bamboo cane, and has but one story. On Friday, the 2nd of December, the king, Adólee, sent us a present of a bullock, a fine pig, and some fowls; and on the following day honoured us with a visit, in all the pomp and barbarous magnificence of African royalty. He was mounted on a diminutive black horse, and followed by about one hundred and fifty of his subjects, who danced and capered before and behind him; whilst a number of musicians, performing on native instruments of the rudest description, promoted considerably the animation and vivacity of their motions and gestures. He was gorgeously arrayed in a scarlet cloak, literally covered with gold lace, and white kerseymere trowsers sippilarly embroidered. His hat was turned up in front with rich bands of gold lace, and decorated with a splendid plume of white ostrich feathers, which, waving gracefully over his head, added not a little to the imposing dignity of his appearance! Close to the horse's head marched two boys, each carrying a musket in his right hand: they wore plain scarlet coats, with white collars and large cocked hats, tastefully trimmed with gold lace, which costly material all classes excessively admire. Two fighting chiefs accompanied their sovereign on foot, and familiarly chatted with him as he advanced. On approaching within a short distance of us, the monarch dismounted, and squatting himself on the ground outside our house, an umbrella was unfurled and held over his head, whilst a dozen of his wives stood round their lord and master

"With diverse-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool!"

for the atmosphere was sultry and the heat oppressive. After paying our respects to our august visitor,—to do him honour, I was desired to hoist an English union-jack over him. This was the climax^o of his glory and his pride; he was sensibly delighted, and looked as childishly vain as a girl when she first puts on a new dress. All hands now began to drink rum, and the spectacle became highly and singularly grotesque. Laying aside all pretensions to superiority of rank, his Badagrian majesty forgot his illustrious birth, and was as cheerful and merry as the meanest and most jovial of his subjects. Seated on the ground, his splendid dress glittering in the rays of the sun, surrounded by his generals, pages, and wives, with a British flag held by a white floating over his princely head,—his soul softened by the most inspiring and delicious music; and his animal spirits exhilarated by large and repeated draughts of his favourite cordial,—he was in a transport of joy, and looked and spoke as if he had been the happiest man in the universe; while the shouts and bustle of the people, the cracking of fingers and clapping of hands, the singing, and dancing, and capering, all was so novel, and so African, that it made an impression on my memory, which will never be erased from it. This debauch continued for a couple of hours; when all the rum being consumed, and Adólee becoming rather tipsy, his majesty begged me to favour him, before his departure, with a tune on my bugle horn, of which he had formed the most extravagant notions. To this modest request I cheerfully acceded, and played several English and Scotch airs, until I became so completely exhausted that my breath was entirely spent, the king not permitting me to drop the instrument till then. Owing either to the effects of the liquor Adólee had partaken of so freely, or to the sound of the music, &c., he was quite in ecstasy, and shook hands and thanked me at the close of every tune. The king then remounted, and the procession returned in the same order, and performed the same antics as when it came. Captain Clapperton and his associates accompanied the monarch to his palace; whilst I and my companions repaired to our peaceful habitation.—*Records of Capt. Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa*, vol. i. ch. iii. •

124.—PEPYS AT THE ASSAY OFFICE. •

[PEPYS, 1633—1703.

[SAMUEL PEPYS, the son of a tailor, was born in London, Feb. 23, 1633, and educated at St. Paul's School and Magdalen College, Cambridge. He was appointed to a clerkship connected with the Exchequer in 1658, Clerk of the Acts of the Navy in June, 1660, and Secretary to the Admiralty in 1673. Having been committed to the

Tower, May 22, 1679, for a supposed hostility to the Protestant cause, he was released without trial, and, after accompanying Lord Dartmouth to Tangier, resumed his post at the Admiralty. Pepys was appointed President of the Royal Society. He died May 26, 1703. He left his books, MSS., &c., to Magdalen College, Cambridge. His diary, from 1659—1669, deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, from the original short-hand, edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke, appeared in 1825. Pepys was the author of "Memoirs relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England for ten years, determined December, 1688," published in 1690, and one or two smaller treatises. His "Life, Journals, and Correspondence, including a Narrative of his Voyage to Tangier, and Residence there," appeared in 1841.]

MAY 19, 1663, with Sir John Minnes to the Tower; and by Mr. Slingsby and Mr. Howard, Comptroller of the Mint, we were shown the method of making this new money. That being done, the Comptroller would have us dine with him and his company, the King giving them a dinner every day. And very merry and good discourse upon the business we have been upon, and after dinner went to the Assay Office, and there saw the manner of assaying of gold and silver, and how silver melted down with gold do part, [upon] just being put into aqua-fortis, the silver turning into water, and the gold lying whole, in the very form it was put in, mixed of gold and silver, which is a miracle; and, to see no silver at all, but turned into water, which they can bring again into itself out of the water: and at table they told us of two cheats, the best I ever heard. One of a labourer discovered to convey away bits of silver cut out for pence by swallowing them, and so they could not find him out, though, of course, they searched all the labourers: but, having reason to doubt him, they did, by threats and promises, get him to confess, and did find 7*l.* of it in his house at one time. The other, of one that got a way of coyning as good and passable, and large as the true money is, and yet saved fifty per cent. to himself, which was by getting moulds made to stamp groats like old groats, which is done so well, and I did beg two of them, which I keep for rarities, that there is not better in the world, and is as good and better than those that commonly go, which was the only thing that they could find out to doubt them by, besides the number that the party do go to put off, and then, coming to the Comptroller of the Mint, he could not, I say, find out any other thing to raise any doubt upon, but only their being so truly round or near it. He was neither hanged nor burned; the thing was thought so ingenious, and being the first time they could ever trap him in it, and so little hurt to any man in it, the money being as good as commonly goes. They now coin between 16 and 24,000 pounds in a week. At dinner they did discourse very finely to us of the probability that there is a vast deal of money hid in the land, from this: that in King Charles's time there was near ten millions of money coined, besides what was

then in being of King James's and Queen Elizabeth's, of which there is a good deal at this day in being. Next, that there was but 750,000*l.* coined of the Harp and Crosse money,* and of this there was 400,000*l.* brought in upon its being called in. And from very good arguments they find that there cannot be less of it in Ireland and Scotland than 100,000*l.*; so that there is but 150,000*l.* missing; and of that, suppose that there should be not above 50,000*l.* still remaining, either melted down, hid, or lost, or hoarded up in England, there will then be but 100,000*l.* left to be thought to have been transported. Now, if 750,000*l.* in twelve years' time lost but a 100,000*l.* in danger of being transported, then 10,000,000*l.* in thirty-five years' time will have lost but 3,888,880*l.* and odd pounds; and, as there is 650,000*l.* remaining after twelve years' time in England, so, after thirty-five years' time, which was within this two years, there ought in proportion to have been resting 6,111,120*l.* or thereabouts, besides King James and Queen Elizabeth's money. Now, that most of this must be hid is evident, as they reckon, because of the dearth of money immediately upon the calling-in of the State's money, which was 500,000*l.* that come in; and then there was not any money to be had in this City, which they say to their own observation and knowledge was so. And, therefore, though I can say nothing in it myself, I do not dispute it.—*Diary of Samuel Pepys.* 1663.

185.—THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

[BROWNING, 1812.]

[ROBERT BROWNING, born at Camberwell in 1812, was educated at the University of London. His first acknowledged work, "Paracelsus," was published in 1836. His tragedy, "St. Asaph," appeared in 1837, and was brought upon the stage, Macready playing the chief character. Browning has written numerous dramas and poems, the best known being "Pippa Passes," published in 1841; "Bells and Pomegranates" in 1842; and "Men and Women" in 1855. In 1852, Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, who died at Florence, June 29, 1861.]

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
 "Praise God," sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned
 By which the daily meal was earned.

* This was the money coined by the Commonwealth, having on one side a shield bearing the cross of St. George, and on the other a shield, bearing a harp.—*Hawkins's English Coins*, p. 208.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;
O'er the work his boy's curls fell ;

But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, " Praise God : "

Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, " Well done ;
" I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

" As well as if thy voice to-day
" Were praising God the Pope's great way.

" This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
" Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite " Would God that I
" Might praise him, that great way, and die ! "

Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in Heaven, " Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth,

Entered in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well :

And morning, evening, noon, and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew ;
The Man put off the Stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent
And ever lived on earth content.

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
"There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so
"New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways
"I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career
Came back upon him clear.

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade
Till on his life the sickness weighed:

And in his cell when death drew near
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
"And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel's sphere,
"Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
"Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again
"The early way—while I remain.

"With that weak voice of our disdain,
 "Take up Creation's pausing strain.

"Back to the cell and poor employ :
 "Become the craftsman and the boy !"

Theocrite grew old at home ;
 A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome.

"One vanished as the other died :
 They sought God side by side.

Bells and Pomegranates, No. vii. : *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*.

126.—GENTLENESS.

[DR. H. BLAIR, 1718—1799.]

[HUGH BLAIR, born at Edinburgh, April 7, 1718, was educated at the university of his native city, and entered the church. From 1762 to 1783 he was Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University. His sermons, in five volumes, appeared 1777-1801, and his lectures in 1783. He died Dec. 27, 1799. A life by Dr. James Finlayson appeared in 1801.]

I BEGIN with distinguishing true gentleness from passive tameness of spirit, and from unlimited compliance with the manners of others. That passive tameness, which submits without struggle to every encroachment of the violent and assuming, forms no part of Christian duty ; but, on the contrary, is destructive of general happiness and order. That unlimited complaisance, which, on every occasion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is so far from being a virtue, that it is itself a vice, and the parent of many vices. It overthrows all steadiness of principle ; and produces that sinful conformity with the world which taints the whole character. In the present corrupted state of human manners, always to assent and to comply is the very worst maxim we can adopt. It is impossible to support the purity and dignity of Christian morals, without opposing the world on various occasions, even though we should stand alone. That gentleness, therefore, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear. It gives up no important truth from flattery. It is indeed not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit, and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value. Upon this solid ground only, the polish of gentleness can with advantage be superinduced.

It stands opposed, not to the most determined regard for virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is, properly, that part of the great virtue of charity which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants. Forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries. Meekness restrains our angry passions; candour, our severe judgments. Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of human attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery.* Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle *wisdom which is from above*, with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments, the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which even in such instances the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat, that may at least carry its appearance. Virtue is the universal charm. Even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem or win the heart of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners, of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and let me add, nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing. For no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflexion on our own failings and wants; and from just views of the condition and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents; which feels for everything that is human; and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing

habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation; administers reproof with tenderness; confers favour with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension, and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets, of others. It delights above all things to alleviate distress, and if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome. It seeks to please, rather than to shine and dazzle; and conceals with care that superiority, either of talents or of rank, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit and that tenor of manners, which the Gospel of Christ enjoins, when it commands us to *bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to please every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men.* Sermons, No. vi. *On Gentleness.* James iii. 17.

127.—THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

[BURKE, 1730—1797.]

[EDMUND BURKE, born in Dublin, Jan. 1, 1730, was educated at the university of his native city, and studied for the English bar, though he was never called. His first work, "Vindication of Natural Society," was published anonymously in 1756, and his essay, "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," appeared the same year. He was appointed private secretary to Mr. W. G. Hamilton, Irish Secretary, in 1761, entered parliament in 1766, and having filled the office of Paymaster of the Forces, retired in 1794. He was instrumental in bringing Warren Hastings to trial for his Indian administration; and the speech which he delivered on that occasion extended over four days. Burke wrote several treatises and pamphlets. The well-known "Reflections on the French Revolution" appeared in 1790. His last work was "Thoughts on a Regicidal Peace." Burke died at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, July 9, 1797. A "Life," by Charles M. Cormick, appeared in 1797; by Dr. Bisset, in 1800; by Dr. Croly, in 1840; and by Jas. Napier, in 1862. Hallam (Lit. His. pt. iii. ch. 3, § 75) says: "Burke, perhaps, comes, of all modern writers, the nearest to him;"* but though Bacon may not be more profound than Burke, he is more copious and comprehensive." Sheridan spoke of him "as a gentleman whose abilities, happily for the glory of the age in which we live, are not entrusted to the perishable eloquence of the day, but will live to be the admiration of that hour, when all of us shall be mute, and most of us forgotten."]

* Lord Bacon.

FROM Magna Charta to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an *entailed inheritance* derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity; as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage; and a House of Commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

The policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflexion; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflexion, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper, and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides the people of England well know, that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission; without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free; but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts; wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a position of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new; in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood; binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties; adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections; keeping inseparable,

and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree, and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and ensigus armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men; on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom, than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

128.—THE KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE.

[THACKERAY, 1811—1863.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, born at Calcutta in 1811, was educated at the Charter House and the university of Cambridge, though he did not take a degree. He studied as an artist at Rome, and wrote several sketches for "Fraser's Magazine," under the pseudonyms Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and George Fitz-Boodle, Esq. His "Paris Sketch-book" appeared in 1840, and the first number of the work which rendered him so popular, a serial, "Vanity Fair," appeared in 1846; "Pendennis" followed, in two vols. 8vo., in 1850; and "The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.," in three vols. 8vo. in Nov. 1852. His "Lectures on the Humorists," first delivered at Willis's Rooms in 1851, and on the "Four Georges," were afterwards published. For two years he edited the "Cornhill Magazine," of which the first number appeared in Jan. 1860. Though called to the bar in 1848, Thackeray never practised. He retired in his usual health Dec. 23, 1863, and the following morning was found dead in his bed.]

COLLEGES, schools, and inns of court, still have some respect for aptitude, and maintain a great number of the customs and institutions of our ancestors, with which those persons who do not particularly regard

their forefathers, or perhaps are not very well acquainted with them, have long since done away. A well-ordained workhouse or prison is much better provided with the appliances of health, comfort, and cleanliness, than a respectable Foundation School, a venerable College, or a learned Inn. In the latter place of residence men are contented to sleep in dingy closets, and to pay for the sitting-room and the cupboard, which is their dormitory, the price of a good villa and garden in the suburbs, or of a roomy house in the neglected squares of the town. The poorest mechanic in Spitalfields has a cistern and an unbounded supply of water at his command; but the gentlemen of the inns of court, and the gentlemen of the universities, have their supply of this cosmetic fetched in jugs by laundresses and bedmakers, and live in abodes which were erected long before the custom of cleanliness and decency obtained among us. There are individuals still alive who sneer at the people and speak of them with epithets of scorn. Gentlemen, there can be but little doubt that your ancestors were the Great Unwashed: and in the Temple especially, it is pretty certain, that, only under the greatest difficulties and restrictions, the virtue which has been pronounced to be next to godliness could have been practised at all.

Old Grump, of the Norfolk Circuit, who had lived for more than thirty years in the chambers under those occupied by Warrington and Pendennis, and who used to be awakened by the roaring of the shower-baths which those gentlemen had erected in their apartments,—a part of the contents of which occasionally trickled through the roof into Mr. Grump's room,—declared that the practice was absurd, new-fangled, dandyfied folly, and daily cursed the laundress who slopped the staircase by which he had to pass. Grump, now much more than half a century old, had indeed never used the luxury in question. He had done without water very well, and so had our fathers before him. Of all those knights and baronets, lords and gentlemen, bearing arms, whose escutcheons are painted upon the walls of the famous hall of the Upper Temple, was there no philanthropist good-natured enough to devise a set of Hummums for the benefit of the lawyers, his fellows and successors? The Temple historian makes no mention of such a scheme. There is Pump Court and Fountain Court, with their hydraulic apparatus, but one never heard of a bencher disporting in the fountain; and can't but think how many a counsel learned in the law of old days might have benefited by the pump. • •

Nevertheless, those venerable Inns which have the Lamb and Flag and the Winged Horse for their ensigns, have attractions for persons who inhabit them, and a share of rough comforts and freedom, which men always remember with pleasure. I don't know whether the student of law permits himself the refreshment of enthusiasm,

or indulges in poetical reminiscences as he passes by historical chambers, and says, "Yonder Eldon lived—upon this site Coke misused upon Lyttleton—here Chitty toiled—here Barnwell and Alderson joined in their famous labours—here Byles composed his great work upon bills, and Smith compiled his immortal leading cases—here Gustavus still toils, with Solomon to aid him:" but the man of letters can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were—and Sir Roger de Coverley walking in the Temple Garden, and discoursing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the *Covent Garden Journal*, while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage.

If we could but get the history of a single day as it passed in any one of those four-storied houses in the dingy court where our friends Pen and Warrington dwelt, some Temple Asmodeus might furnish us with a queer volume. There may be a great parliamentary counsel on the ground-floor, who drives up to Belgravia at dinner time, when his clerk, too, becomes a gentleman, and goes away to entertain his friends, and to take his pleasure. But a short time since he was hungry and briefless in some garret of the Inn; lived by stealthy literature; hoped, and waited, and sickened, and no clients came; exhausted his own means and his friends' kindness; had to remonstrate humbly with duns, and to implore the patience of poor creditors. Ruin seemed to be staring him in the face, when, behold, a turn of the wheel of fortune, and the lucky wretch in possession of one of those prodigious prizes which are sometimes drawn in the great lottery of the Bar. Many a better lawyer than himself does not make a fifth part of the income of his clerk, who, a few months since, could scarcely get credit for blacking for his master's unpaid boots. On the first floor, perhaps, you will have a venerable man whose name is famous, who has lived for half a century in the Inn, whose brains are full of books, and whose shelves are stored with classical and legal lore. He has lived alone all these fifty years, alone and for himself, amassing learning, and compiling a fortune. He comes home now at night only from the club, where he has been dining freely, to the lonely chambers where he lives a godless old recluse. When he dies, his Inn will erect a tablet to his honour, and his heirs burn a part of his library. Would you like to have such a prospect for

your old age, to store up learning and money, and end so? But we must not linger too long by Mr. Doomsday's door. Worthy Mr. Grump lives over him, who is also an ancient inhabitant of the Inn, and who, when Doomsday comes home to read Catullus, is sitting down with three steady seniors of his standing, to a steady rubber at whist, after a dinner at which they have consumed their three steady bottles of Port. You may see the old boys asleep at the Temple Church of a Sunday. Attorneys seldom trouble them, and they have small fortunes of their own. On the other side of the third landing, where Pen and Warrington live, till long after midnight, sits Mr. Paley, who took the highest honours, and who is a fellow of his college, who will sit and read and note cases until two o'clock in the morning; who will rise at seven and be at the pleader's chambers as soon as they are open, where he will work until an hour before dinner-time; who will come home from Hall and read and note cases again until dawn next day, when perhaps Mr. Arthur Pendennis and his friend Mr. Warrington are returning from some of their wild expeditions. How differently employed Mr. Paley has been! He has not been throwing himself away: he has only been bringing a great intellect laboriously down to the comprehension of a mean subject, and in his fierce grasp of that, resolutely excluding from his mind all higher thoughts, all better things, all the wisdom of philosophers and historians, all the thoughts of poets; all wit, fancy, reflexion, art, love, truth altogether—so that he may master that enormous legend of the law, which he proposes to gain his livelihood by expounding. Warrington and Paley had been competitors for university honours in former days, and had run each other hard; and everybody said now that the former was wasting his time and energies, whilst all people praised Paley for his industry. There may be doubts, however, as to which was using his time best. The one could afford time to think, and the other never could. The one could have sympathies, and do kindnesses; and the other must needs be always selfish. He could not cultivate a friendship or do a charity, or admire a work of genius, or kindle at the sight of beauty or the song of a sweet bird—he had no time, and no eyes for anything but his law-books. All was dark outside his reading-lamp. Love, and Nature, and Art (which is the expression of our praise and sense of the beautiful world of God), were shut out from him. And as he turned off his lonely lamp at night, he never thought but that he had spent the day profitably, and went to sleep alike thankless and remorseless. But he shuddered when he met his old companion Warrington on the stairs, and shunned him as one that was doomed to perdition.—*Pendennis*, chap. xxix.

129.—EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

[FROUDE, 1818.]

[JAMES ANTONY FROUDE, born at Dartington, Devonshire, April 23, 1818, was educated at Westminster and the university of Oxford, where he obtained the Chancellor's prize for the "English Essay" in 1842, and the same year was elected fellow of Exeter College. He contributed to the "Lives of the English Saints," and wrote "The Shadows of the Clouds," published in 1847; and "The Nemesis of Faith" in 1848. He is best known by his "History of England," commencing at the Reformation, of which vols. i. and ii. appeared in 1856; vols. iii. and iv. in 1858; vols. v. and vi. in 1860; and vols. vii. and viii. in 1863.]

AT daybreak More was awoke by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, and to tell him it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. "I am much bounden to the king," he said, "for the benefits and honours he has bestowed on me; and so help me God, most of all I am bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world."

Pope told him the king desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold." "Mr. Pope," he answered, "you do well to give me warning, for otherwise I had purposed somewhat to have spoken; but no matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness's command."

He afterwards discussed the arrangements for the funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present; and when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears.

"Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope," More said, "and be not discomfited, for I trust we shall once see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone, he dressed in his most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner who was to do him so great a service.* Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer suit; but that his intended liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him nothing, but rather loved him extremely."

So about nine of the clock he was brought by the Lieutenant out of the Tower; his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven. He had been unpopular as a judge, and

* The executioner received the clothes worn by the sufferer.

one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him ; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston. "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the *Miserere* psalm* on his knees ; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said, "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short. Take heed therefore that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said ; and binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt, and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured, "that has not committed treason." With which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever.

"So," concludes his biographer, "with alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe, which no sooner had severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade nor decay ; and then he found those words true which he had often spoken, that a man may lose his head and have no harm."

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their colour from the simplicity of his faith ; and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced than in that last scene lighted with its lambent humour.—*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, vol. ii. ch. ix.

* Psalm ii.

130.—"THE KING OF ALL THE FRIENDLY ISLES."

[CAPT. COOK, 1728—1779.]

[JAMES COOK, born at Marton, in Yorkshire, Oct. 27, 1728, was apprenticed to a haberdasher, and afterwards went to sea. Having accepted the command of an expedition to the Pacific Ocean, he left Plymouth in the *Endeavour*, Aug. 26, 1768, and after visiting Otaheite, New Zealand, and Australia, arrived in the Downs June 12, 1771. Captain Cook left Plymouth on his second voyage July 13, 1772, returning to England July 26, 1775. Soon after his return Captain Cook tendered his services to attempt the discovery of the North West Passage, and sailed from Plymouth in the *Resolution*, July 12, 1776. During the voyage he visited the Sandwich Islands, in one of which he was killed in a skirmish with the natives, Feb. 14, 1779. His account of the second voyage appeared in 1777, and the account of the third voyage, edited from Capt. Cook's papers, by Capt. James King, appeared in 1784. His Life, by Dr. Kippis, was published in 1788. Dibdin remarks:—"The spirit, disinterestedness, penetration, physical and intellectual energies of Captain James Cook fitted him in an especial manner for the various and extraordinary discoveries which he so successfully accomplished, and to which, alas! he fell a victim and a sacrifice. Never were such labours closed by such a tragical catastrophe; and if the eulogies of the good and the wise of all countries be grateful to departed spirits, surely there is no spirit which can be soothed with purer attestations of worth, and higher acknowledgments of excellence, than that of this unparalleled and most unfortunate commander."]

ON the 6th (May, 1777,) we were visited by a great chief from Tongataboo, whose name was Feenou, and whom Taipa was pleased to introduce to us as King of all the Friendly Isles. I was now told, that, on my arrival, a canoe had been dispatched to Tongataboo with the news; in consequence of which, this chief immediately passed over to Annamooka. The officer on shore informed me, that when he first arrived, all the natives were ordered out to meet him, and paid their obeisance by bowing their heads as low as his feet, the soles of which they also touched with each hand, first with the palm, and then with the back part. 'There could be little room to suspect that a person, received with so much respect, could be any thing less than the king.

In the afternoon I went to pay this great man a visit, having first received a present of two fish from him, brought on board by one of his servants. As soon as I landed, he came up to me. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, tall, but thin, and had more of the European features than any I had yet seen here. When the first salutation was over, I asked if he was the king. For, notwithstanding what I had been told, finding he was not the man whom I remembered to have seen under that character during my former voyage, I began to entertain doubts. Taipa officiously answered for him, and enumerated no less than one hundred and fifty-three islands, of which, he said, Feenou was the sovereign. After a short stay, our new visitor, and five or six of his attendants, accompanied me on board. I gave

suitable presents to them all, and entertained them in such a manner, as I thought would be most agreeable.

In the evening, I attended them on shore in my boat, into which the chief ordered three hogs to be put, as a return for the presents he had received from me. I was now informed of an accident which had happened, the relation of which will convey some idea of the extent of the authority exercised here over the common people. While Feenou was on board my ship, an inferior chief, for what reason our people on shore did not know, ordered all the natives to retire from the post we occupied. Some of them having ventured to return, he took up a large stick, and beat them most unmercifully. He struck one man, on the side of his face, with so much violence, that the blood gushed out of his mouth and nostrils; and, after lying some time motionless, he was at last removed from the place in convulsions. The person who had inflicted the blow, being told that he had killed the man, only laughed at it; and it was evident that he was not in the least sorry for what had happened. We heard, afterwards, that the poor sufferer had recovered.

The *Discovery* having found again her small bower anchor, shifted her berth on the 7th; but not before her best bower cable had shared the fate of the other. This day, I had the company of Feenou at dinner; and also the next day, when he was attended by Taipa, Toobou, and some other chiefs. It was remarkable, that none but Taipa was allowed to sit at table with him, or even to eat in his presence.

I own that I considered Feenou as a very convenient guest, on account of this etiquette. For, before his arrival, I had generally a larger company than I could well find room for, and my table overflowed with crowds of both sexes. For it is not the custom at the Friendly Islands, as it is at Otaheite, to deny to their females the privilege of eating in company with the men.—*A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean*, vol. i. sh. iv.

131.—FORTITUDE IN ADVERSITY.

[R. GREENE, 1550—1592.

[ROBERT GREENE, born at Norwich, in 1550, was educated at Cambridge, and after taking his degree visited Spain, Italy, and other parts of the Continent: He is said to have entered the church, and to have been one of the Queen's chaplains in 1576. His first work in prose, entitled "Mamillia, or the Triumph of Pallas, a Mirror or Looking Glass for the Ladies of England," appeared in 1583. "Arcadia, or Menaphon," was first published in 1587. These were followed by numerous works in prose and verse. His "Groat's Worth of Wit," containing the well-known allusion to Shakespeare, appeared in 1592. Greene wrote several dramatic pieces, none of which were published until after his death, which occurred Sept. 3, 1592. "The History of Orlando Furioso," "A Looking Glass for London and England,"

and "The Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," his three best known dramas, though often acted during his lifetime, were first published in 1594. His *Life*, by the Rev. A. Dyce, is prefixed to an edition of his works published in 1837. Hallam remarks (*Lit. Hist.*, part ii. ch. 6): "Greene succeeds pretty well in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakespeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in his historic plays effective and brilliant. There is great talent shown, though upon a very strange canvas, in Greene's 'Looking Glass for London and England.'"]

SEPHESTIA, thou seest no physic prevails against the gaze of the basilisk, no charm against the sting of the tarantula, no prevention to divert the decree of the Fates, nor no means to recall back the baleful hurt of Fortune. Incurable sores are without Avicenna's* aphorisms, and therefore no salve for them but patience. Then, my SEPHESTIA, sith† thy fall is high and fortune low, thy sorrows great and thy hope little, seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all upon this, *solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*, "it is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in their sorrow." Chance is like Janus, double-faced, as well full of smiles to comfort as of frowns to dismay; the ocean at the dearest ebb returns to a full tide; when the eagle means to soar highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest dales: so fareth it with Fortune, who in her highest extremes is most inconstant; when the tempest of her wrath is most fearful, then look for a calm; when she beats thee with nettles, then think she will strew thee with roses; when she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigal, SEPHESTIA. Thus are the arrows of Fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird halcyon, that changeth colour with the moon, which, however she shoots them, pierce not so deep but they may be cured. But, SEPHESTIA, thou art daughter to a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crown; banished from the pleasures of the court to the painful fortunes of the country; parted for love from him thou canst not but love; from MAXIMUS,‡ SEPHESTIA, who for thee hath suffered so many disfavours as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this; is not Hope the daughter of Time? Have not stars their favourable aspects, as they have froward opposition? Is there not a Jupiter as there is a Saturn? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as far as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee, SEPHESTIA, Juno foldeth in her brows the volumes of the destinies; whom melancholy Saturn deposeth from a crown, she

* Avicenna, whose real name was Abu Ali Al-Hossein Abdallah Ibn Sina, an Arabian philosopher and physician, was born at Charnatain, near Bokhara, in 980, and died on a journey to Hamadan in 1037.

† Since.

‡ This person is the husband of Sephestia.

mildly advanceth to a diadem ; then fear not, for if the mother live in misery, yet hath she a sceptre for the son : let the unkindness of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of MAXIMUS be supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who, being too young for Fortune, lies smiling on thy knee, and laughs at Fortune. Learn by him, SEPHESTIA, to use patience, which is like the balm in the Vale of Jehosaphat, that findeth no wound so deep but it cureth : thou seest already Fortune begins to change her view, for after the great storm that pent our ship, we found a calm* that brought us safe to shore ; the mercy of Neptune was more than the envy of Æolus, and the discourtesy of thy father is proportioned with the favour of the gods. Thus, SEPHESTIA, being copartner of thy misery, yet do I seek to allay thy martyrdom ; being sick to myself, yet do I play the physician to thee, wishing thou mayst bear thy sorrows with as much content as I brook my misfortunes with patience.—*Arcadia, or Menaphon.*

132.—THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

[WORDSWORTH, 1770—1850.

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, born at Cockermouth April 7, 1770, was educated at Cambridge. During some continental tours he imbibed republican principles. His first publication, "Descriptive Sketches during a Pedestrian Tour on the Italian, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps," appeared in 1793 ; "An Evening Walk, an epistle in verse, addressed to a Young Lady," was published the same year. In June, 1797, he formed an acquaintance with Coleridge, and the "Lyrical Ballads," their joint production, appeared in 1798. Wordsworth removed to Rydal Mount in 1813, and the same year obtained the appointment of distributor of stamps for Westmoreland. "The Excursion" appeared in 1814, and "The Prelude, or Growth of the Poet's Mind, an Autobiographical Poem," in 1850. He received the degree of D.C.L. from the university of Oxford in 1839, resigned his appointment as Distributor of Stamps in 1842, receiving a pension of £300 per annum, and succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate in 1843. Wordsworth, who died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850, was one of the most distinguished of the Lake Poets, ridiculed by Lord Byron,*

* Next comes the dull disciple of the school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend 'to shake off toil and trouble,
'And quit his books for fear of growing double.'†
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose ;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;

† Lyrical Ballads. The Tables Turned.

the "Edinburgh Review," and writers of that period. His "Life," by Dr. Wordsworth, Archdeacon of Westminster, appeared in 1851. Several biographies have been published. "Wordsworth, a biography," by E. Paxton Hood, appeared in 1856.]

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light
 Blends with the solemn colouring of the night ;
 'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
 And round the west's proud lodge their colours throw,
 Like Una shining on her gloomy way,
 The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray ;
 Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall ;
 Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale,
 Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.
 With restless interchange at once the bright
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.
 No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze
 On lovelier spectacle in fairy days ;
 When gentle spirits urged a sportive chase,
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's face ;
 While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
 Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steep.
 —The lights are vanished from the watery plains :
 No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
 Unheeded night has overcome the vales :
 On the dark earth the wearied vision fails ;
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain ;
 Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
 Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar ;
 • And towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
 Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.

And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
 Contain the essence of the true sublime.
 Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
 The idiot mother of "an idiot boy,"
 A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
 And like his bard, confounded night with day ;
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,
 That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away:
Yet still the tender, vacant, gloom remains:
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird who ceased, with fading light, to thread
Silent the hedge, or steamy rivulet's bed,
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon
Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,
While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,
And pours a deeper blue to Æther's bound;
Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds to fold
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

Above yon eastern hill, where darkness broods,
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods;
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
Even now she shews, half-veiled, her lovely face:
Across the gloomy valley flings her light,
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;
And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,
To the green corn of summer autumn's hue.
Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own morn;
'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
The weary hills, imperious, blackening near;
—Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant scene,
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between)
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,
'Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.

But now the clear bright moon her zenith gains,
 And, rimy without speck, extend the plains :
 The deepest cleft the mountain's front displays,
 Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays ;
 From the dark-blue faint silvery threads divide
 The hills, while gleams below the azure tide ;
 Time softly treads ; throughout the landscape breathes
 A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths
 Of charcoal-smoke, that o'er the fallen wood
 Steal down the hill, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,
 Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.
 Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,
 To catch the spiritual music of the hill,
 Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,
 Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,
 The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,
 The boat's first motion—made with dashing oar ;
 Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,
 Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn ;
 The sportive outcry of the mocking owl ;
 And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl ;
 The distant forge's swinging thump profound ;
 Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

Poems. An Evening Walk.

133.—CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[REV. DR. CHALMERS, 1780—1847.]

[THOMAS CHALMERS, born at Anstruther, March 17, 1780, and educated at the university of St. Andrews, was ordained minister of Kilmany in 1803, and transferred to Glasgow in July, 1815. He was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at the university of St. Andrews in 1823, and Professor of Theology at the university of Edinburgh in 1824. He received the degree of D.C.L. from the university of Oxford, and was the leader in the Free Church Movement, which took place in 1843. Dr. Chalmers, who was a prolific writer, is best known by "The Evidence and Authority of the Christian Revelation," published in 1814, and the Bridgewater treatise, "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man," in 1833. He died at Edinburgh, May 30, 1847. "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers," by Dr. W. Hanna, appeared in 1851.]

MAN is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its allevia-

tion? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realized, "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality, or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations, and so "the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the face of the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and, from the amphitheatre of sentient Nature, there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of Nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the

demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and what exposes them to like sufferings from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments, whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties, there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate; and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance; an unfold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it, only serves to aggravate its horrors.—*Sermon on Cruelty to Animals*. Proverbs xii. 10.

134.—CHARACTER OF LORD MANSFIELD.*

[JUNIOUS. —

[THE question of the authorship of the Letters of Junius, which has given rise to much controversy, remains unsolved, though it is now generally attributed to Sir Philip Francis.† The first letter with this signature was published in "The Public Advertiser," January 21, 1769, and the last, the 44th, Jan. 21, 1772. Other letters by the same writer appeared under different signatures. In these anonymous contributions the policy of the Grafton and North Administrations was assailed, and many of the more prominent members were singled out for censure. Lord Macaulay, in a letter to John Murray, dated Albany, January 3, 1852, remarks on the question of authorship: "Lord Lyttleton's claims to the authorship of Junius are better than those of Burke or Barré, and quite as good as those of Lord George Sackville or Single-Speech Hamilton. But the case against Francis, or, if you please, in favour of Francis, rests on grounds of a very different kind, and on coincidences such as would be sufficient to convict a murderer."]

THE mischiefs you have done this country are not confined to your interpretation of the laws. You are a minister, my Lord, and, as such, have long been consulted. Let us candidly examine what use you have made of your ministerial influence. I will not descend to little matters, but come at once to those important points, on which your resolution was waited for, on which the expectation of your opinion kept a great part of the nation in suspense.—A constitutional question arises upon a declaration of the law of parliament, by which the freedom of election, and the birth-right of the subject, were supposed to have been invaded.—The King's servants are accused of violating the constitution.—The nation is in a ferment.—The ablest men of all parties engage in the question, and exert their utmost abilities in the discussion of it.—What part has the honest Lord Mansfield acted? As an eminent judge of the law, his opinion would have been respected.—As a peer, he had a right to demand an audience of his sovereign, and inform him that his ministers were pursuing unconstitutional measures.—Upon other occasions, my Lord, you have no difficulty in finding your way into the closet. The pretended neutrality of belonging to no party will not save your

* William Murray, born at Perth, March 2, 1704, and educated at Oxford, was called to the bar in 1731. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1743, and King's Attorney in 1754. He became Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1756, taking the title of Baron Mansfield, and was created an Earl in 1776. His house was burned during the Gordon Riots. Retiring from the bench in 1788, he died March 20, 1793.

† Born in Dublin, Oct. 20, 1740, went to India in 1774, became a member of the Council of Bengal, and fought a duel with Warren Hastings. He returned to England in 1781, was elected a member of the House of Commons in 1784, received the order of the Bath in 1806, and died Dec. 22, 1818.

reputation. In questions merely political, an honest man may stand neuter. But the laws and constitution are the general property of the subject;—not to defend is to relinquish;—and who is there so senseless as to renounce his share in a common benefit, unless he hopes to profit by a new division of the spoil? As a lord of parliament you were repeatedly called upon to condemn or defend the new law declared by the House of Commons. You affected to have scruples, and every expedient was attempted to remove them.—The question was proposed, and urged to you in a thousand different shapes.—Your prudence still supplied you with evasion;—your resolution was invincible. For my own part, I am not anxious to penetrate this solemn secret. I care not to whose wisdom it is intrusted, nor how soon you carry it with you to your grave. You have betrayed your opinion by the very care you have taken to conceal it. It is not from Lord Mansfield that we expect any reserve in declaring his real sentiments in favour of government, or in opposition to the people; nor is it difficult to account for the motions of a timid, dishonest heart, which neither has virtue enough to acknowledge truth, nor courage to contradict it.—Yet you continue to support an administration which you know is universally odious, and which, on some occasions, you yourself speak of with contempt. You would fain be thought to take no share in government, while, in reality, you are the main spring of the machine.—Here, too, we trace the *little*, prudential policy of a Scotchman.—Instead of acting that open, generous part, which becomes your rank and station, you meanly skulk into the closet, and give your sovereign such advice as you have not spirit to avow or defend. You secretly ingross the power, while you decline the title of minister; and though you dare not be Chancellor, you know how to secure the emoluments of the office.—Are the seals to be for ever in commission, that you may enjoy five thousand pounds a year?—I beg pardon, my Lord;—your fears have interposed at last, and forced you to resign.—The odium of continuing Speaker of the House of Lords, upon such terms, was too formidable to be resisted. What a multitude of bad passions are forced to submit to a constitutional infirmity! But though you have relinquished the salary, you still assume the rights of a minister.—Your conduct, it seems, must be defended in parliament.—For what other purpose is your wretched friend, that miserable serjeant, posted to the House of Commons? Is it in the abilities of Mr. Leigh to defend the great Lord Mansfield?—Or is he only the Punch of the Puppet-show, to speak as he is prompted by the Chief Juggler behind the curtain?

In public affairs, my Lord, cunning, let it be ever so well wrought, will not conduct a man honourably through life. Like bad money,

it may be current for a time, but it will soon be cried down. It cannot consist with a liberal spirit, tho' it be sometimes united with extraordinary qualifications. When I acknowledge your abilities, you may believe I am sincere. I feel for human nature when I see a man, so gifted as you are, descend to such vile practice.—Yet do not suffer your vanity to console you too soon. Believe me, my good Lord, you are not admired in the same degree in which you are detested. It is only the partiality of your friends that balances the defects of your heart with the superiority of your understanding. No learned man, even among your own tribe, thinks you qualified to preside in a court of common law. Yet it is confessed that, under *Justinian*, you might have made an incomparable *Prætor*.—It is remarkable enough, but I hope not ominous, that the laws you understand best, and the judges you affect to admire most, flourished in the decline of a great empire, and are supposed to have contributed to its fall. Here, my Lord, it may be proper for us to pause together.—It is not for my own sake that I wish you to consider the delicacy of your situation. Beware how you indulge the first emotions of your resentment. This paper is delivered to the world, and cannot be recalled. The persecution of an innocent printer cannot alter facts, nor refute arguments.—Do not furnish me with farther materials against yourself.—An honest man, like the true religion, appeals to the understanding, or modestly confides in the internal evidence of his conscience. The impostor employs force instead of argument, imposes silence where he cannot convince, and propagates his character by the sword.—*Letter to Lord Mansfield, Nov. 14, 1770.*

135.—MIDNIGHT VISIT TO A FATHER'S GRAVE. •

[MRS. RADCLIFFE, 1764—1823.]

[ANN WARD, born in London, July 9, 1764, was married in 1787 to William Radcliffe, afterwards proprietor and editor of the "English Chronicle." Her first work, "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne; a Highland Story," appeared in 1789, "A Sicilian Romance," in 1790, "The Romance of the Forest," in 1791, "The Mysteries of Udolpho: A Romance," in 1794, and "The Italian: or, the Confessional of the Black Penitent, a Romance," in 1797. Mrs. Radcliffe, who wrote other works and some poetry, is called by Dr. Drake "the Shakespeare of romance writers, who to the wild landscape of Salvator Rosa, has added the softer graces of a Claude." A memoir is prefixed to one of her works published in 1826, and Sir Walter Scott's *Life* appears in vol. xi. of Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*. Mrs. Radcliffe died Feb. 7, 1823.]

It was several days after the arrival of Madame Cheron's servant before Emily was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey to

La Vallée. On the evening preceding her departure, she went to the cottage to take leave of La Voisin and his family, and to make them a return for their kindness. The old man she found sitting on a bench at his door, between his daughter and his son-in-law, who was just returned from his daily labour, and who was playing upon a pipe that in tone resembled an oboe. A flask of wine stood beside the old man, and, before him, a small table with fruit and bread, around which stood several of his grandsons, fine rosy children, who were taking their supper, as their mother distributed it. On the edge of the little green that spread before the cottage, were cattle and a few sheep reposing under the trees. The landscape was touched with the mellow light of the evening sun, whose long slanting beams played through a vista of the woods, and lighted up the distant turrets of the chateau. She paused a moment, before she emerged from the shade, to gaze upon the happy group before her—on the complacency and ease of healthy age, depicted on the countenance of La Voisin; the maternal tenderness of Agnes, as she looked upon her children; and the innocence of infantine pleasures, reflected in their smiles. Emily looked again at the venerable old man, and at the cottage: the memory of her father rose with full force upon her mind, and she hastily stepped forward, afraid to trust herself with a longer pause. She took an affectionate and affecting leave of La Voisin and his family: he seemed to love her as his daughter, and shed tears: Emily shed many. She avoided going into the cottage, since she knew it would revive emotions such as she could not now endure.

One painful scene yet awaited her—for she determined to visit again her father's grave; and that she might not be interrupted, or observed, in the indulgence of her melancholy tenderness, she deferred her visit till every inhabitant of the convent, except the nun who promised to bring her the key of the church, should be retired to rest. Emily remained in her chamber till she heard the convent bell strike twelve, when the nun came, as she had appointed, with the key of a private door that opened into the church; and they descended together the narrow winding staircase that led thither. The nun offered to accompany Emily to the grave, adding, "It is melancholy to go alone at this hour;" but the former, thanking her for the consideration, could not consent to have any witness of her sorrow; and the sister, having unlocked the door, gave her the lamp. "You will remember, sister," said she, "that in the east aisle, which you must pass, is a newly opened grave: hold the light to the ground, that you may not stumble over the loose earth." Emily, thanking her again, took the lamp, and, stepping into the church, sister Mariette departed. But Emily paused a moment at the door; a sudden fear came over her, and she

returned to the foot of the staircase, where as she heard the steps of the nun ascending, and, while she held up the lamp, saw her black veil waving over the spiral balusters, she was tempted to call her back. While she hesitated, the veil disappeared, and in the next moment, ashamed of her fears, she returned to the church. The cold air of the aisles chilled her; and their deep silence and extent, feebly shone upon by the moonlight, that streamed through a Gothic window, would at any other time have awed her into superstition; now, grief occupied all her attention. She scarcely heard the whispering echoes of her own steps, or thought of the open grave, till she found herself almost on its brink. A friar of the convent had been buried on the preceding evening, and, as she had sat alone in her chamber at twilight, she heard at a distance the monks chanting the requiem for his soul. This brought freshly to her memory the circumstances of her father's death; and as the voices, mingling with a low querulous peal of the organ, swelled faintly, gloomy and affecting visions had arisen upon her mind. Now she remembered them, and, turning aside to avoid the broken ground, these recollections made her pass on with quicker steps to the grave of St. Aubert; when, in the moonlight that fell athwart a remote part of the aisle, she thought she saw a shadow gliding between the pillars. She stopped to listen, and not hearing any footstep, believed that her fancy had deceived her, and, no longer apprehensive of being observed, proceeded. St. Aubert was buried beneath a plain marble, bearing little more than his name, and the date of his birth and death, near the foot of the stately monument of the Villerois. Emily remained at his grave, till a chime, that called the monks to early prayers, warned her to retire; then she wept over it a last farewell, and forced herself from the spot. After this hour of melancholy indulgence, she was refreshed by a deeper sleep than she had experienced for a long time, and, on awakening, her mind was more tranquil and resigned than it had been since St. Aubert's death.—*Mysteries of Udolpho*, vol. i. ch. ix.

136.—THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN MARY.

[REV. J. STRYPE, 1643—1737.]

[JOHN STRYPE, the son of John Van Strype, a refugee from Brabant, was born at Stepney, Nov. 1, 1643, and educated at St. Paul's School, and the university of Cambridge. He was appointed to the perpetual curacy of Theydon-Bois, in Essex, in 1669, and obtained other preferment. His "Life of Archbishop Cranmer" was published in 1694; his "Life of Sir Thomas Smith" in 1698; his "Annals of the Reformation" 1709—31; and "Ecclesiastical Memorials" 1721—33. This prolific

author wrote other historical and biographical works, all of which were republished at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1812—28. He died at Hackney, Dec. 11, 1737^Q

Now, while all was in confusion and disturbance, every one running to arms, as he stood affected either to Jane* or Mary; and the realm seemed generally to verge towards the latter; great were the fears and anxieties that possessed the hearts of the best men, and such as loved King Edward's reformation. For they were very apprehensive, that the good religion and pious orders established in his reign were going to wreck. They dreaded Mary's marriage with some popish foreigner; and they foresaw how she, being so nearly related to the Emperor, that professed enemy of *reformation*, would take her measures of rule and government by his influence and direction. The faithful preachers, very painfully, in their several places, set before the people their imminent danger, and shewed them, that this judgment of the loss of their excellent king was come upon them for their unprofitableness under those opportunities of grace and spiritual knowledge they enjoyed under him; and that this was the effect of God's angry hand. They exhorted them much to steadfastness, and by no means to comply with the popish superstitions that were now ready to break in upon them. Which if they did, they assured them utter destruction was at hand; otherwise, that there was a door open, after some sorrowful days, for their deliverance.

Knox,[†] the Scotchman, who was one of the chief preachers of the nation then, at this time, and for some time before, preached in Buckinghamshire: and just while the great tumult was in England, and Sir Edward Hastings, Sir Edmund Peckham, and others, were busy in that county raising forces, he preached at Amersham before a great assembly: where, with sorrowful heart and weeping eyes, (as he tells us of himself,) he fell into this exclamation: "O England! now is God's wrath kindled against thee; now hath he begun to punish, as he hath threatened a long while by his true prophets and messengers. He hath taken from thee the crown of thy glory, and hath left thee without honour, as a body without a head. And this appeareth to be only the beginning of sorrows, which appear to increase. For I perceive that the heart, the tongue, and hand of one Englishman is

* Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, born in 1537, married to Lord Guildford Dudley in May, 1553, proclaimed Queen July 10, 1553, was tried Nov. 13, 1553, and beheaded at the Tower, at the same time as her husband, Feb. 12, 1554.

† Born in 1505, professed himself a Protestant in 1543, resided in England from 1549 to 1554, and was one of Edward the Sixth's chaplains. He died at Edinburgh, Nov. 24, 1572.

bent against another, and division to be in the whole realm : which is an assured sign of desolation to come. O England, England ! dost thou not consider, that thy commonwealth is like a ship sailing on the sea ? If thy mariners and governors shall one consume another, shalt thou not suffer shipwreck in short process of time ? O England, England ! alas ! these plagues are poured upon thee, for that thou wouldest not know the most happy time of thy gentle visitation. But wilt thou yet obey the voice of thy God, and submit thyself to his holy word ? Truly, if thou wilt, thou shalt find mercy in his sight, and the state of thy commonweal shall be preserved. But, O England, England ! if thou obstinately wilt return into Egypt, that is, if thou contract marriage, confederacy, or league with such princes as do maintain and advance idolatry, such as the Emperor, which is no less enemy unto Christ than ever was Nero ; if for the pleasure and friendship of such princes, I say, thou return to thy old abominations before used under Papistry ; then, assuredly, O England ! thou shalt be plagued and brought to desolation, by the means of those whose favour thou seekest, and by whom thou art procured to fall from Christ, and to serve Antichrist." These were the lessons now inculcated upon the people.

Mary, therefore, the only child surviving of Queen Katharine of Spain, King Henry's first wife, succeeded Queen of England ; one very much addicted to the Pope and papal superstitions. She, or rather some of her friends in London for her, on the 19th day of July, that is, thirteen days after King Edward's death, issued out a proclamation, entitling herself *supreme Head of the Churches of England and Ireland*, signifying to her loving subjects, "that she took upon her the crown imperial of the realms of England and Ireland, and title of France ; and that she was in lawful and just possession of the same : assuring them, that in reputing and taking her for their natural liege sovereign Lady and Queen, they should find her their benign and gracious Lady, as others her most noble progenitors had been." But Grafton, the printer of this proclamation, found her not so ; soon after turning him out of his place of printing state-papers, (which he seems to have had by letters patent from King Edward, or his father,) and constituting John Cawood her printer in his room. And this, no question, because Grafton was a Protestant, and had printed the Bible in English, and the public books of religion in the former reign : nor was this all the hard measure he found ; for the next month he was clapped up in prison.

She was proclaimed between five and six of the clock in the afternoon, by four trumpeters and three heralds of arms. There were present the Earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury, Pembroke, also the Lord

Treasurer, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Cobham, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Sir John Mason, the Lord Mayor, and divers other noblemen. This proclamation was published at the Cross in Cheap : from whence they went unto St. Paul's ; and there was sung *Te Deum laudamus*, with songs, and the organs playing. All the bells throughout London rung ; every street enlightened with bonfires, and everywhere tables set out furnished with beer and wine for all comers ; and much money thrown about. By which significations the people showed their complacency in the right legal heir's succession.

The Duke of Northumberland,* who was departed a few days ago with a force against the Queen, to establish his daughter-in-law, (who, by his means, was seated upon the throne,) thought he had secured all at home : but the nobles, as soon as he was gone, and, some of them his confidants, turned about for Mary. And on the 21st of July, the Duke being then in Cambridge, was seized as a traitor, with divers lords and knights in his company. And, on the same day, was Queen Mary proclaimed in the same town ; and so throughout all England. And thus, on a sudden, all that fine-spun laboured artifice of constituting a new queen, contrary to a law in force, came to nothing, and brought ruin upon the contrivers.—*Ecclesiastical Memorials*.

137.—EXCAVATIONS AT NIMROUD.

[LAYARD, 1817.

[AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD was born in Paris, March 5, 1817. In 1839 he travelled through Albania to Constantinople, where he acted as correspondent to a London newspaper. In 1845 he commenced his excavations at Nineveh, and succeeded in exhuming several specimens of Assyrian art, many of which have been placed in the British Museum. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1850, and sat for Aylesbury from that year till 1857, when he lost his seat. In 1860 he was returned for Southwark, and in 1861 was re-appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His "Nineveh and its Remains" appeared in 1848, and "Monuments of Nineveh" in 1849.]

I HAD slept little during the night. The hovel in which we had taken shelter, and its inmates, did not invite slumber ; but such scenes and companions were not new to me : they could have been forgotten, had my brain been less excited. Hopes, long cherished, were now to be realized, or were to end in disappointment. Visions of palaces under ground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions, floated before me.

* Was taken prisoner at Cambridge July 21, 1553, sent to the Tower July 25, tried Aug. 18, and beheaded Aug. 22.

After forming plan after plan for removing the earth, and extricating these treasures, I fancied myself wandering in a maze of chambers from which I could find no outlet. Then again, all was re-buried, and I was standing on the grass-covered mound. Exhausted, I was at length sinking into sleep, when hearing the voice of Awad, I rose from my carpet, and joined him outside the hovel.

The day already dawned; he had returned with six Arabs, who agreed for a small sum to work under my direction.

The lofty cone and broad mound of Nimroud broke like a distant mountain on the morning sky. But how changed was the scene since my former visit! The ruins were no longer clothed with verdure and many-coloured flowers; no signs of habitation, not even the black tent of the Arab, was seen upon the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally swept the whirlwind dragging with it a cloud of sand. About a mile from us was the small village of Nimroud, like Naifa, a heap of ruins.

Twenty minutes' walk brought us to the principal mound. The absence of all vegetation enabled me to examine the remains with which it was covered. Broken pottery and fragments of bricks, both inscribed with the cuneiform character, were strewn on all sides. The Arabs watched my motions as I wandered to and fro, and observed with surprise the objects I had collected. They joined, however, in the search, and brought me handfuls of rubbish, amongst which I found with joy the fragment of a bas-relief. The material on which it was carved had been exposed to fire, and resembled, in every respect, the burnt gypsum of Khorsabad. Convinced from this discovery that sculptured remains must still exist in some part of the mound, I sought for a place where excavations might be commenced with a prospect of success. Awad led me to a piece of alabaster which appeared above the soil. We could not remove it, and on digging downward, it proved to be the upper part of a large slab. I ordered all the men to work round it, and they shortly uncovered a second slab to which it had been united. Continuing in the same line, we came upon a third; and, in the course of the morning, laid bare ten more, the whole forming a square, with one stone missing at the N.W. corner. It was evident that the top of a chamber had been discovered, and that the gap was its entrance. I now dug down the face of the stones, and an inscription in the cuneiform character was soon exposed to view. Similar inscriptions occupied the centre of all the slabs, which were in the best preservation; but plain, with the exception of the writing. Leaving half the workmen to uncover as much of the chamber as possible, I led the rest to

the S.W. corner of the mound, where I had observed many fragments of calcined alabaster.

I dug at once into the side of the mound, which was here very steep, and thus avoided the necessity of removing much earth. We came almost immediately to a wall, bearing inscriptions in the same character as those already described; but the slabs had evidently been exposed to intense heat, were cracked in every part, and, reduced to lime, threatened to fall to pieces as soon as uncovered.

Night interrupted our labours. I returned to the village well satisfied with their result. It was now evident that buildings of considerable extent existed in the mound; and that although some had been destroyed by fire, others had escaped the conflagration. As there were inscriptions, and as a fragment of a bas-relief had been found, it was natural to conclude that sculptures were still buried under the soil. I determined to follow the search at the N.W. corner, and to empty the chamber partly uncovered during the day.—*Nineveh and its Remains*, vol. i. ch. ii.

138.—THE STRAND.

[LEIGH HUNT, 1784—1859.

[JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, born at Southgate, Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784, was educated at Christ's Hospital. In 1808 he became joint editor of the "Examiner," and from this time devoted himself entirely to literature. His first effort, "Juvenilia, or a Collection of Poems written between the ages of twelve and sixteen," appeared in 1801; "The Story of Rimini, a Poem," appeared in 1816; "Recollections of Lord Byron," in 1828; the "Legend of Florence, a play," in 1840; and "The Town, its Character and Events," in 1848. Leigh Hunt, who was a most prolific writer, established various periodicals and wrote several successful dramas. He received a pension from the Crown in 1847, and died at Highgate, Aug. 28, 1859.]

IN going through Fleet Street and the Strand, we seldom think that the one is named after a rivulet, now running underground, and the other from its being on the banks of the river Thames. As little do most of us fancy that there was once a line of noblemen's houses on the one side, and that, at the same time, all beyond the other side, to Hampstead or Highgate, was open country, with the little hamlet of St. Giles's in a copse. So late as the reign of Henry VIII. we have a print containing the village of Charing. Citizens used to take an evening stroll to the well now in St. Clement's Inn.

In the reign of Edward III. the Strand was an open country road, with a mansion here and there, on the banks of the river Thames, most probably a castle or stronghold. In this state it no doubt re-

mained during the greater part of the York and Lancaster period. From Henry VII.'s time the castles most likely began to be exchanged for mansions of a more peaceful character. These gradually increased; and in the reign of Edward VI. the Strand consisted, on the south side, of a line of mansions with garden walls; and on the north, of a single row of houses, behind which all was field. The reader is to imagine wall all the way from Temple Bar to Whitehall, on his left hand, like that of Kew Palace, or a succession of Burlington Gardens; while the line of humbler habitations stood on the other side, like a row of servants in waiting.

As wealth increased, not only the importance of rank diminished, and the nobles were more content to recollect James's advice of living in the country (where, he said, they looked like ships in a river, instead of ships at sea), but the value of ground about London, especially on the river side, was so much augmented, that the proprietors of these princely mansions were not unwilling to turn the premises into money. The civil wars had given another jar to the stability of their abodes in the metropolis; and in Charles the Second's time the great houses finally gave way, and were exchanged for streets and wharfs. An agreeable poet of the last century lets us know what he used to think of this great change in going up the Strand.

"Come, Fortescue, sincere experienced friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and e'en thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls;
Me, business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's famed structure reared its frame:
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warmed,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charmed,
Now hangs the bellman's song; and pasted here
The coloured prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorned the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more."

The Town, vol. i. chap. iv.

139.—ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS,

[KIRKE-WHITE, 1785—1806.

[HENRY KIRKE-WHITE, born at Nottingham, March 21, 1785, was placed at a stocking-loom, and then articled to a lawyer. A small volume, entitled "Clifton Grove, and other Poems," published by him in 1803, attracted the attention of Southey. In 1804 he went to Cambridge, and fell a victim to consumption, Oct. 19, 1806. His remains, with an account of his life by Robert Southey, appeared in 1807. Byron alludes to Kirke-White's untimely fate in the following lines in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:"—

"Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroyed her-favourite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

YE many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominions!—Planets, and central orbs
Of other systems;—big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp!—To you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewildered,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring,
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wond'rous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"
In varied harmonies. The glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene. The Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,"
Responding to the Seraphim. O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height?
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds? Almighty God!
Thou, the dread Author of these wondrous works,
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence? Thou canst;
For Thou art full of universal love,
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds, and honours of the world appear!
How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatched the slow-paced night?—Why on the page,
The schoolman's laboured page, have I employed
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one, can that unbodied fame,
 For which thou barterest health and happiness,
 Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?
 Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
 Of everlasting punishment condign?
 Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!
 How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!
 Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
 And, oh! 'assist me so to live on earth,
 That I may die in peace, and claim a place
 In thy high dwelling. All but this is folly,
 The vain illusions of deceitful life.

Remains.

140.—REDEEMED FROM SIN.

[*ASP. TRENCH, 1807.*

[*RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, born Sep. 9, 1807, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1829, and was soon afterwards ordained. His first publication, "Salvation, and other Poems," appeared in 1838. Mr. Trench, who was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, 1845-6, having held various appointments in the church, was made Dean of Westminster in 1856, and Archbishop of Dublin, Jan. 1, 1864. In addition to numerous poems, Dr. Trench is the author of several volumes of sermons, and other works, the best known being "Notes on the Parables," published in 1841; "Notes on the Miracles of our Lord," in 1846, and "Five Lectures on the Study of Words," in 1851.]*

WHAT again is "Know thyself"—that great saying of the heathen philosophy, in which, when it turned from being merely physical and a speculation about natural appearances, the sun, the moon and the stars, to the making of man and man's being the region in which it moved, the riddles of humanity the riddles which it sought to solve—what was that "Know thyself," that great word in which it embodied and expressed so well its own character and aim, and all that it proposed to effect, but a preparation afar off for a higher word, the "Repent ye," of the Gospel? Since, let that precept only be faithfully carried out, and in what else could it issue but repentance? or at least in what else but in an earnest longing after this great change of heart and life? For out of this self-knowledge what else can grow but self-loathing? So that men being once come, as they presently must, to a consciousness of their error and their departure from goodness and truth, should hate themselves, and flee from themselves to whatever higher guide was offered them; to the end that they might become different men, and not remain the same which before they were.

What could man behold himself, if only he beheld himself aright, but, to use the wonderful comparison of Plato, as that sea-god, in whom the pristine form was now scarcely to be recognised, so were some limbs of his body broken off, and some marred and battered by the violence of the waves, while the rest shells and stones and sea-weed had clung and overgrown them, till he bore a resemblance rather to some monster than to that which by nature he was? What was man but such a wreck of his nobler self, what but such a monster could he show in his own eyes, if only he could be prevailed to fix those eyes steadfastly upon himself?

And when men, thus learning their fall, and how great it was, learned also to long for their restoration, very interesting and instructive is it to observe how Christ realized for yearning souls not only the very thing which they asked for, but that in the very forms under which they had asked it; most instructive to observe how the very language of Scripture, in which it sets forth the gifts which a Saviour brings, was a language which more or less had been used already to set forth the blessings which men wanted, or which from others they had most imperfectly obtained. The Gospel falls in not only with the wants of souls, but with the expression of those wants.

Thus there had continually spoken out in men a sense of that which they needed to be done for them, as a *healing*, as a binding up of hurts, a stanching of wounds. The art of the physician did but image forth a higher cure and care, which should concern itself not with the bodies, but with the souls, of men. They were but the branches of one and the same discipline, so much so, that the same god who was conceived master in one, the soother of passions, was master also in the other, the healer of diseases. It was conceived of sins as of stripes and wounds, leaving their livid marks, their enduring scars, on the miserable souls which had committed them, and which carried those evidences of their guilt, visibly impressed on them for ever, into that dark world, and before those awful judgment-seats, whither after death they were bound.—*Hulsean Lectures for 1845*. Lect. vi. Romans vii. 21, 23.

141.—THE FAVOURITE OF THE PEOPLE.

[DELOLME, 1740—1806.

[JEAN LOUIS DELOLME, born at Geneva, in 1740, followed the profession of an advocate. In consequence of the very prominent part which he took in political affairs he was compelled to quit his native country, and he settled in England. For many years he lived in great poverty, devoting himself almost entirely to literary

labours. His "Constitution de l'Angleterre," &c., written in French, was published at Amsterdam, in 1771, and the English edition, translated by himself, appeared under the title of "The Constitution of England," in 1772. "The History of the Flagellants, or the Advantages of Discipline," appeared in 1777, and was re-issued under a new title, "Memorials of Human Superstition," in 1784. Delolme, who wrote some smaller treatises, returned to Switzerland in 1775, and died July 16, 1806. His life, by John Macgregor, is prefixed to an edition of "The Constitution of England," published in Bohn's Standard Library in 1853. Junius speaks of this work as "A performance deep, solid, and ingenious."]

THE only man, therefore, who, to persons unacquainted with the constitution of England, might at first sight appear in a condition to put the government in danger, would be one who, by the greatness of his abilities and public services, might have acquired in a high degree the love of the people, and obtained a great influence in the House of Commons.

But how great soever this enthusiasm of the public may be, barren applause is the only fruit which the man whom they favour can expect from it. He can hope neither for a dictatorship, nor a consulship, nor in general for any power under the shelter of which he may at once safely unmask that ambition with which we might suppose him to be actuated, or, if we suppose him to have been hitherto free from any, grow insensibly corrupt. The only door which the constitution leaves open to his ambition, of whatever kind it may be, is a place in the administration, during the pleasure of the king. If, by the continuance of his services, and the preservation of his influence, he becomes able to aim still higher, the only door which again opens to him is that of the House of Lords.

But this advance of the favourite of the people towards the establishment of his greatness is at the same time a great step towards the loss of that power which might render him formidable.

In the first place, the people, seeing that he is become much less dependent on their favour, begin, from that very moment, to lessen their attachment to him. Seeing him moreover distinguished by privileges which are the objects of their jealousy, I mean their political jealousy, and member of a body whose interests are frequently opposite to theirs, they immediately conclude that this great and new dignity cannot have been acquired but through a secret agreement to betray them. Their favourite, thus suddenly transformed, is going, they make no doubt, to adopt a conduct entirely opposite to that which has till then been the cause of his advancement and high reputation, and, in the compass of a few hours, completely to renounce those principles which he has so long and so loudly professed. In this, certainly, the people are mistaken; but yet neither would they be wrong, if they feared that a zeal hitherto so warm, so constant, I will

even add, so sincere, when it concurred with their favourite's private interest, would—by being thenceforth often in opposition to it—become gradually much abated.

Nor is this all; the favourite of the people does not even find in his new dignity all the increase of greatness and *éclat* that might at first be imagined. Hitherto he was, it is true, only a private individual; but then he was the object in which the whole nation interested themselves: his actions and words were set forth in tife public prints; and he everywhere met with applause and acclamation.

All these tokens of public favour are, I know, sometimes acquired very lightly; but they never last long, whatever people may say, unless real services are performed: now, the title of benefactor to the nation, when deserved, and universally bestowed, is certainly a very handsome title, and which does nowise require the assistance of outward pomp to set it off. Besides, though he was only a member of the inferior body of the legislature, we must observe, he was the first; and the word *first* is always a word of very great moment.

But now that he is made a lord, all his greatness, which hitherto was indeterminate, becomes defined. By granting him privileges established and fixed by known laws, that uncertainty is taken from his lustre which is of so much importance in those things which depend on imagination; and his value is lowered, just because it is ascertained.—*The Constitution of England*. Book ii. chap. i.

142.—MR. PECKSNIFF AND HIS PUPIL.

[DICKENS, 1812.

[CHARLES DICKENS, born at Portsmouth in 1812, was for a short time an attorney's clerk, and then became a reporter. Some of his contributions to the *Morning Chronicle* were republished in 1836, under the title "Sketches by Boz." This was his first work. The first number of the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," completed in twenty parts, appeared in 1837. "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby" followed in 1839, and "Martin Chuzzlewit" in 1844. Mr. Dickens was the first editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, which appeared in Jan. 1837. In 1841, he visited America, and on his return in 1842, published his "American Notes for General Circulation." In 1843 he published "A Christmas Carol," a new style of Christmas book, of which series four more appeared, viz., "The Chimes" in 1844, "The Cricket on the Hearth" in Jan. 1846, "The Battle of Life" in Dec. 1846, and "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" in Dec. 1848. Mr. Dickens was the first editor of the *Daily News*, established Jan. 1, 1846, and he brought out a new weekly periodical entitled "Household Words" in 1851. It ceased in 1859, when "All the Year Round" was established in its place. Mr. Dickens is the author of several other works. The first number of "Our Mutual Friend" appeared in May, 1864.]

MR. PECKSNIFF had clearly not expected them for hours to come; for he was surrounded by open books, and was glancing from volume to volume, with a black-lead pencil in his mouth, and a pair of compasses in his hand, at a vast number of mathematical diagrams, of such extraordinary shapes that they looked like designs for fireworks. Neither had Miss Charity expected them, for she was busied, with a capacious wicker basket before her, in making impracticable nightcaps for the poor. Neither had Miss Mercy expected them, for she was sitting upon her stool, tying on the—oh, good gracious!—the petticoat of a large doll that she was dressing for a neighbour's child; really, quite a grown-up doll, which made it more confusing: and had its little bonnet dangling by the ribbon from one of her fair curls, to which she had fastened it, lest it should be lost, or sat upon. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive a family so thoroughly taken by surprise as the Pecksniffs were on this occasion.

"Bless my life!" said Mr. Pecksniff, looking up, and gradually exchanging his abstracted face for one of joyful recognition. "Here already! Martin, my dear boy, I am delighted to welcome you to my poor house!"

With this kind greeting, Mr. Pecksniff fairly took him to his arms, and patted him several times upon the back with his right hand the while, as if to express that his feelings during the embrace were too much for utterance.

"But here," he said, recovering, "are my daughters, Martin: my two only children, whom (if you ever saw them) you have not beheld—ah, these sad family divisions!—since you were infants together. Nay, my dears, why blush at being detected in your every-day pursuits? We had prepared to give you the reception of a visitor, Martin, in our little room of state," said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling, "but I like this better—I like this better!"

Oh, blessed star of Innocence, wherever you may be, how did you glitter in your home of ether, when the two Miss Pecksniffs put forth, each her lily hand, and gave the same, with mantling cheeks, to Martin! How did you twinkle, as if fluttering with sympathy, when Mercy, reminded of the bonnet in her hair, hid her fair face and turned her head aside: the while her gentle sister plucked it out, and smote her, with a sister's soft reproof, upon her buxom shoulder!

"And how," said Mr. Pecksniff, turning round after the contemplation of these passages, and taking Mr. Pinch in a friendly manner by the elbow, "how has our friend here used you, Martin?"

"Very well indeed, sir. We are on the best terms, I assure you."

"Old Tom Pinch!" said Mr. Pecksniff, looking on him with affectionate sadness. "Ah! It seems but yesterday that Thomas was

a boy, fresh from a scholastic course. Yet years have passed, I think, since Thomas Pinch and I first walked the world together!"

Mr. Pinch could say nothing. He was too much moved. But he pressed his master's hand, and tried to thank him.

"And Thomas Pinch and I," said Mr. Pecksniff, in a deeper voice, "will walk it yet, in mutual faithfulness and friendship! And if it comes to pass that either of us be run over, in any of those busy crossings which divide the streets of life, the other will convey him to the hospital in Hope, and sit beside his bed in Bounty!"

"Well, well, well!" he added in a happier tone, as he shook Mr. Pinch's elbow, hard. "No more of this! Martin, my dear friend, that you may be at home within these walls, let me show you how we live, and where. Come!"

With that he took up a lighted candle, and, attended by his young relative, prepared to leave the room. At the door he stopped.

"You'll bear us company, Tom Pinch?"

Ay, cheerfully, though it had been to death, would Tom have followed him: glad to lay down his life for such a man!

"This," said Mr. Pecksniff, opening the door of an opposite parlour, "is the little room of state I mentioned to you. My girls have pride in it, Martin! This," opening another door, "is the little chamber in which my works (slight things at best) have been concocted. Portrait of myself, by Spiller. Bust by Spoker. The latter is considered a good likeness. I seem to recognise something about the left-hand corner of the nose, myself."

Martin thought it was very like, but scarcely intellectual enough. Mr. Pecksniff observed that the same fault had been found with it before. It was remarkable it should have struck his young relation too. He was glad to see he had an eye for art.

"Various books, you observe," said Mr. Pecksniff, waving his hand towards the wall, "connected with our pursuit. I have scribbled myself, but have not yet published. Be careful how you come up stairs. This," opening another door, "is my chamber. I read here when the family suppose I have retired to rest. Sometimes I injure my health, rather more than I can quite justify to myself, by doing so; but art is long and time is short. Every facility you see for jotting down crude notions, even here."

These latter words were explained by his pointing to a small round table, on which were a lamp, divers sheets of paper, a piece of India rubber, and a case of instruments: all put ready, in case an architectural idea should come into Mr. Pecksniff's head in the night; in which event he would instantly leap out of bed, and fix it for ever.

Mr. Pecksniff opened another door on the same floor, and shut it

again, all at once, as if it were a Blue Chamber. But before he had well done so, he looked smilingly round, and said, "Why not?"

Martin couldn't say why not, because he didn't know anything at all about it. So Mr. Pecksniff answered himself, by throwing open the door, and saying:

"My daughters' room. A poor first-floor to us, but a bower to them. Very neat. Very airy. Plants you observe; hyacinths; books again; birds." These birds, by the bye, comprised in all one staggering old sparrow without a tail, which had been borrowed expressly from the kitchen. "Such trifles as girls love are here. Nothing more. Those who seek heartless splendour, would seek here in vain."

With that he led them to the floor above.

"This," said Mr. Pecksniff, throwing wide the door of the memorable two-pair front; "is a room where some talent has been developed, I believe. This is a room in which an idea for a steeple occurred to me, that I may one day give to the world. We work here, my dear Martin. Some architects have been bred in this room: a few, I think, Mr. Pinch?"

Tom fully assented; and, what is more, fully believed it.

"You see," said Mr. Pecksniff, passing the candle rapidly from roll to roll of paper, "some traces of our doings here. Salisbury Cathedral from the north. From the south. From the east. From the west. From the south-east. From the nor'-west. A bridge. An alms-house. A jail. A church. A powder-magazine. A wine-cellar. A portico. A summer-house. An ice-house. Plans, elevations, sections, every kind of thing. And this," he added, having by this time reached another large chamber on the same story, with four little beds in it, "this is your room, of which Mr. Pinch here, is the quiet sharer. A southern aspect; a charming prospect; Mr. Pinch's little library, you perceive; everything agreeable and appropriate. If there is any additional comfort you would desire to have here at any time, pray mention it. Even to strangers—far less to you, my dear Martin—there is no restriction on that point."

It was undoubtedly true, and may be stated in corroboration of Mr. Pecksniff, that any pupil had the most liberal permission to mention anything in this way that suggested itself to his fancy. Some young gentlemen had gone on mentioning the very same thing for five years without ever being stopped.

"The domestic assistants," said Mr. Pecksniff, "sleep above; and that is all." After which, and listening complacently as he went, to the encomiums passed by his young friend on the arrangements generally, he led the way to the parlour again.—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, chap. v.

143.—THE ISLAND OF UTOPIA.

[SIR T. MORE, 1480—1535.]

[THOMAS MORE, born in Milk Street, London, in 1480, was educated at Oxford, where he formed a friendship with Erasmus. He applied himself to the study of the law, was made a Privy Councillor in 1516, and Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523. Henry VIII. sought his society, and on the fall of Wolsey in 1529 gave him the Great Seal Oct. 17. Sir Thomas More, disapproving of the King's divorce from Catherine of Aragon, resigned the Chancellorship May 16, 1532, was attainted in 1534, condemned for denying the King's supremacy July 1, 1535, and beheaded on Tower Hill July 6.* He was the author of several works; the best known of which are his "Life of Richard III." written in English, and first published in 1641, and the "Utopia," written in Latin, published in 1515, of which a translation by Ralphe Robynson appeared in 1551. It has been frequently translated. Bishop Burnet's version was published in 1684. There are numerous biographies of this illustrious man, of whom Erasmus wrote, "What mind was ever framed by nature more gentle, more pleasing, more gifted? It is incredible what a treasure of old books is found here† far and wide. There is so much erudition, not of a vulgar and ordinary kind, but recondite, accurate, ancient, both Latin and Greek, that you would not seek anything in Italy but the pleasure of travelling."]

THE island of Utopia, in the middle of it, where it is broadest, is two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower towards both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent: between its horns, the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds; there is no great current in the bay, and the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbour, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce: but the entry into the bay, what by rocks on one hand, and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and so is not dangerous; on the top of it there is a tower built, in which a garrison is kept. The other rocks lie under water, and are very dangerous. The channel is known only to the natives, so that if any stranger should enter into the bay without one of their pilots, he would run a great danger of shipwreck: for even they themselves could not pass it safe if some marks that are on their coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost.

On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbours, and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they

report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent. Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), and brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they do now far excel all the rest of mankind; having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite about them, and in order to that, he made a deep channel to be digged, fifteen miles long: that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants to work at it, but likewise his own soldiers: and having set vast numbers of men to work, he brought it to a speedy conclusion, beyond all men's expectations. By this, their neighbours, who laughed at the folly of the undertaking at first, were struck with admiration and terror when they saw it brought to perfection. There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built. The manners, customs, and laws of all their cities are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow: the nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it. Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, for consulting about their common concerns: for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the centre of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. Every city has so much ground set off for its jurisdiction that there is twenty miles of soil round it assigned to it; and where the towns lie wider they have much more ground: no town desires to enlarge their bounds; for they consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords of their soil. They have built over all the country farm-houses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labour. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family, and over thirty families there is a magistrate settled. Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed out two years in the country; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, which they must teach those that come to them the next year from the town. By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors in it, which might otherwise be fatal to them and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a

shifting of the husbandmen, that none may be forced against his mind to follow that hard course of living too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it, that they desire leave to continue many years in it. These husbandmen labour the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but they lay vast numbers of eggs in a gentle and equal heat, in which they are hatched; and they are no sooner out of the shell and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding of them; for they do not put them to any work either of ploughing or carriage, in which they employ oxen: for though horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge and with less trouble: and when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labour they are good meat at last. They sow no corn but that which is to be their bread, for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes pure, and sometimes boiled with honey or licorice, with which they abound, and though they know exactly well how much corn will serve every town, and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more and breed more cattle than are necessary for their own consumption; and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbours. When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it; and the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them, for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly despatch it all in one day.—*Utopia, or the Happy Republic; a Philosophical Romance.* Book ii.

144.—MECCA.

[BURCKHARDT, 1784—1817.

[JEAN LOUIS BURCKHARDT, born at Lausanne in Switzerland, Nov. 24, 1784, was educated at Leipsic and Göttingen. He came to London in 1806, and left Malta, under the auspices of the African Association, to explore the route of Hornemann in

the interior of Africa, Feb. 14, 1809. Having visited Damascus, Aleppo, Nubia, Mount Sinai, Upper Egypt, Mecca, he was seized with dysentery at Cairo, whilst waiting for the Fezzan caravan, and died Oct. 15, 1817, without having attained the main object of his mission—a visit to Central Africa. The African Association undertook the publication of his journals. His “Travels in Nubia” appeared in 1819; “Travels in Syria and the Holy Land,” in 1822; “Travels in Arabia,” in 1829; “Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys,” in 1830, and “Arabic Proverbs; or the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians illustrated from their Proverbial Sayings,” in 1830. A life of Burckhardt is prefixed to his “Travels in Arabia.”]

MEKKA is dignified among the Arabs with many lofty-sounding titles. The most common are Om el Kora (the mother of towns); El Mosherefe (the noble); Beled al Ameyn (the region of the faithful). Firuzabadi, the celebrated author of the *Kamus*, has composed a whole treatise on the different names of Mekka. This town is situated in a valley, narrow and sandy, the main direction of which is from north to south; but it inclines towards the north-west near the southern extremity of the town. In breadth this valley varies from one hundred to seven hundred paces, the chief part of the city being placed where the valley is most broad. In the narrower part are single rows of houses only, or detached shops. The town itself covers a space of about fifteen hundred paces in length, from the quarter called El Shebeyka, to the extremity of the Mala; but the whole extent of ground comprehended under the denomination of Mekka, from the suburb called Djerouel (where is the entrance from Djidda) to the suburb called Moabede (on the Tayf road), amounts to three thousand five hundred paces. The mountains inclosing this valley (which before the town was built, the Arabs had named Wady Mekka or Bekka) are from two to five hundred feet in height, completely barren and destitute of trees. The principal chain lies on the eastern side of the town; the valley slopes gently towards the south, where stands the quarter called El Mesfale (the low place). The rain-water from the town is lost towards the south of Mesfale in the open valley named Wadyel Tarafeyn. Most of the town is situated in the valley itself; but there are also parts built on the sides of the mountains, principally of the eastern chain, where the primitive habitations of the Koreysah and the ancient town appear to have been placed.

Mekka may be styled a handsome town: its streets are in general broader than those of eastern cities; the houses lofty, and built of stone; and the numerous windows that face the street gives them a more lively and European aspect than those of Egypt or Syria, where the houses present but few windows towards the exterior. Mekka (like Djidda) contains many houses three stories high; few at Mekka are whitewashed; but the dark grey colour of the stone is much preferable to the glaring white that offends the eye in Djidda. In most

towns of the Levant the narrowness of a street contributes to its coolness: and in countries where wheel-carriages are not used, a space that allows two loaded camels to pass each other is deemed sufficient. At Mekka, however, it was necessary to leave the passages wide, for the innumerable visitors who here crowd together; and it is in the houses adapted for the reception of pilgrims and other sojourners, that the windows are so contrived as to command a view of the streets.—*Travels in Arabia.*

145.—THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

[W. H. RUSSELL, 1821.

[WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, born at Lily Vale, in the county of Dublin, March 28, 1821, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, joined the staff of the *Times* in 1843, and was called to the bar in 1850. His letters in the *Times* from the Crimea, which attracted considerable attention, were republished in 1855-6, and have gone through several editions. Mr. Russell joined Lord Clyde's head-quarters in India in 1857, went as special correspondent to America in 1861, and was on board the *Great Eastern* in the unsuccessful attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph in 1865. Mr. Russell's "Diary in India" appeared in 1860, "My Diary North and South" in 1863, and "The Atlantic Telegraph" in 1865. The *Army and Navy Gazette* was established by Mr. Russell in 1859.]

THE cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the

levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came? "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators; but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant looking enemy, but the time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards: it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another

moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.

This Russian Horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say "Well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue the enemy. Their loss was very slight—about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.—*The War, from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan.*

146.—THE LAST DAY.

[DR. YOUNG, 1684—1765.]

[EDWARD YOUNG, born at Upham in June, 1684, was educated at the University of Oxford. His first poem, an "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne," was published in 1713. "A Poem on the Last Day" appeared during the same year. "Busiris," a tragedy, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1719, and "The Revenge" in 1721. Young, who took

the degree of LL.D. in 1719, entered into holy orders in 1728, and was afterwards appointed chaplain to George II. He wrote other works in prose and verse, the principal being "The Universal Passion," seven satires, 1725-6; "The Complaint; or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality," in eight parts, 1742-3; the "Centaur not Fabulous," in 1755; and his last work, "Resignation," in two parts, in 1762. He was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales in 1761, and he died April 12, 1765, at Welwyn, Herts, to which living he had been presented in 1730. A life of Young was prefixed to an edition of his works published in 1802; another, by the Rev. J. Mitford, appeared in 1834; and another, by J. Doran, in 1851.]

INDULGENT God! oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 For bounty so profuse to human kind,
 Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
 Shall I, who some few years ago, was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express—
 Was Nothing; shall I live, when every fire
 And every star shall languish and expire?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of *Love Divine!*
 But oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
 The judge, descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summoned to the Bar.
 This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
 Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
 Expect not here the known successful arts
 To win attention, and command our hearts;
 Fiction, be far away; let no machine
 Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;
 Behold the God of *Gods* indeed descend,
 And worlds unnumbered his approach attend!
 Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepared,
 And fenced around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below:

And every age, and nation, pours along ;
 Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng :
 Adam salutes his youngest son ; no sign
 Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart ?
 What volumes have been swelled, what time been spent,
 To fix a hero's birthday, or descent ?
 What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
 To see the glorious race of antient days ?
 To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
 Illustrious on record before the flood ?

Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
 Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands,
 How vast the concourse ! not in number more
 The waves that break on the resounding shore,
 The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
 The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above :
 Those overwhelming armies, whose command
 Said to one empire, *Fall* ; another *Stand* :
 Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
 Roused the broad front, and called the battle on :

Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud *Cannæ's* field,
 Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
 (Another blow had broke the fates' decree,
 And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
 Immortal *Blenheim*, famed *Ramillia's* host,
 They All are here, and here they All are lost :
 Their millions swell to be discerned in vain,
 Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

The Last Day.

147.—RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

[REV. E. BICKERSTETH, 1786—1850.

[EDWARD BICKERSTETH, born at Kirby Lonsdale, Westmoreland, March 19, 1786, commenced life as a solicitor, entered the Church in 1815, and was sent by the Church Missionary Society, to re-organize their mission stations in Africa. Having accomplished this work, he was appointed secretary to the Church Missionary Society, and in 1830 exchanged this post for the living of Watton, Herts, where he laboured till his death, which occurred Feb. 24, 1850. The Rev. E. Bickersteth, who was a prominent member of the Evangelical section of the Church of England,

published numerous sermons and other works. "Scripture Help, designed to assist in reading the Bible profitably," "The Christian Student," and "The Restoration of the Jews," are the best known. A collected edition of his works, in 17 vols., appeared in 1853.]

IMMENSE have been the stones of offence laid in the way of the Jews, by ages of wrong and injury, insult and oppression, and more especially by ages of a degraded Christianity. Look only at the present state of the Christian world, wherever the Jews are scattered and dispersed.

The churches on the Continent, with the exception of the comparatively small, though, blessed be God, increasing number of the faithful followers of Christ, have been described as divided into two great sects; one, baptized infidels, and the other, worshippers of images, all professing to be followers of Jesus, but not doing the things which he commands. And to this day the Jews are exposed to insult and oppression of varied kinds, and are suffering wrongs from Christians in name. They behold, in Roman Catholic countries, not Christianity in its simplicity, holiness, and loveliness, but a spurious profession, deformed with adored crucifixes and images, idolatry of created beings, and innumerable and most gross superstitions: or with ungodly lives of infidel and licentious men. How can they embrace such a Christianity, when they know that for similar sins the Jews endured their first captivity in Babylon, and their descendants have ever since been witnesses against these sins? Nor are things better in the Greek and Eastern churches; in which pictures are honoured, and ignorance, vice, and superstition, dishonour, most fearfully and extensively, the name of Christ.

And do the Protestant churches present no stumbling-blocks to the Jews? Alas! how much must we sigh over our own churches; when they see, in the Reformed churches, infidelity and formality, ungodliness and worldliness, enmity and bitterness, strife and divisions, railing against and devouring each other! Nor do I conceive that our too generally accredited system of spiritualizing the prophecies, taking all the promises to the Christian church, and leaving all the threatenings to the Jewish nation, has been a harmless perversion; however justly spiritual Christians are entitled in Christ Jesus to all the promises of spiritual blessings, and unbelieving Jews have forfeited them while in unbelief: yet is there a rich reserve of blessing for the Jewish nation. Nor let us ever forget the apostle's advice,* not to boast against the branches that are broken off; not to be high-minded, but fear. What is past, we explain literally, and so must we what is to come. To tell the Jews that Zion and Jerusalem mean only the

* Romans xi. 18—20.

Gentile Church; and the land where their forefathers dwelt means only Heaven, is wrongfully to leave a stone of offence in their way.

Oh! when we look back on the dealings of professed Christians with the Jews, we might think that the directions which Christians had received from their divine Master had been, not to labour incessantly in preaching the gospel of peace to them, but "Despise the Jews; mock them in every form; inflict pains and cruelties upon them: leave everywhere stones of offence: make Christianity as hateful to them as possible." Thus have we, in our wickedness, dealt with them in the way of imposing penalties and sufferings, instead of in Christian love, unwearied patience, and Christ-like compassion, mourning over them, and seeking to lead them to their only shepherd and Saviour.

And can we think these wrongs leave no guilt on Christendom? Is it in vain that God has said, "I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy. And I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease: for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction."* Most awful are the divine judgments to be inflicted on impenitent nations that have heretofore punished the Jews. "I will," says God, "feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine."† "I will undo all that afflict thee."‡ "The Lord thy God will put all these curses upon thine enemies, and on them that hate thee, which persecuted thee."§—*Restoration of the Jews. Sermon preached in St. Clement Danes, London, May 8, 1834.*—Isaiah lxii. 10—12.

148.—MEMORY IN DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS.

[DUGALD STEWART, 1753—1828.

[DUGALD STEWART, born in Edinburgh, Nov. 22, 1753, was educated at the High School and University of his native city, and went in 1771 to the university of Glasgow. He took charge of the mathematical classes in the university of Edinburgh in 1772, was appointed Professor of Mathematics June 14, 1775, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1785. The first volume of his first work, "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," appeared in March, 1792, the second volume in 1814, and the third volume in 1827. Mr. Stewart is the author of several other works, the best known being "Philosophical Essays," published in 1810; and "The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man," in 1828. He received the appointment of the writership to the *Edinburgh Gazette* in 1806, and he died at Edinburgh, June 11, 1828. A memoir is given in Sir W. Hamilton's edition of his collected works, published 1854—58.]

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, Memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different

* Zech i. 14 and 15. † Isaiah xlix. 26. ‡ Zeph. iii. 19. § Deut. xxx.

individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity.

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him,—not indeed with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance, as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second, by the multiplicity of speculations, and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the *ipsissima verba* of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original in-

equalities among men in respect to this faculty, which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient, is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanency of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the two first qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a *susceptibility* and *readiness* of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that *permanent retention of select ideas* which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience, and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers, which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others—like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.—*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, ch. vi. § 2.

149.—LOWOOD SCHOOL.

[MRS. NICHOLLS, 1816—1855.]

[CHARLOTTE BRONTË, daughter of a clergyman, was born at Thornton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, April 21, 1816. Her father removed to Haworth, in the same county in 1821, and his wife died soon after, leaving him with six young children, two of whom died at an early age. Charlotte was sent to a school at Cowan Bridge, described in her novel, "Jane Eyre," in 1824, was removed to another school at Roe Head in 1831, and went to a *pensionnat* at Brussels in 1842. On her return home in 1844, her father's sight began to fail. Charlotte and her sisters, Emily Jane,* and Anne,† under the *noms de plume* of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, published a volume of poems in 1846. "Jane Eyre," a novel rejected by many publishers, was accepted by Messrs. Smith and Elder, who brought it out in 1847. This work established her reputation. "Shirley" appeared in 1849, and "Villette" in 1852. In the meantime her two surviving sisters and only brother had been cut off and she was left alone with her aged father, of whose curate, the Rev. A. Nicholls, she became the wife in 1854. Their union was not of long duration, for this gifted woman fell a victim to the disease which had carried off the rest of the family, March 31, 1855. Her life by Mrs. Gaskell,‡ appeared in 1857, and an unfinished novel in the "Cornhill Magazine" for 1860.]

BUSINESS now began: the day's Collect was repeated, then certain texts of Scripture were said, and to these succeeded a protracted reading of chapters in the Bible which lasted an hour. By the time that exercise was terminated, day had fully dawned. The indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth time: the classes were marshalled and marched into another room to breakfast: how glad I was to behold a prospect of getting something to eat! I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before.

The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odour far from inviting. I saw an universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it: from the van of the procession, the tall girls of the first class, rose the whispered words:—"Disgusting! the porridge is burnt again!" "Silence!" ejaculated a voice; not that of Miss Miller, but of one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed but of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided at the other. I looked in vain for her I had first seen the night before; she was not visible: Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange foreign-looking, elderly lady, the French teacher, as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board.

* Born in 1818, died Dec. 19, 1848. † Born in 1820, died May 28, 1849.

‡ Died suddenly at Alton, Nov. 19, 1865.

A long grace was said and a hymn sung ; then the servant brought in some tea for the teachers and the meal began.

Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste ; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess : burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes ; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly : I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it ; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it ; she looked at the others ; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered :—" Abominable stuff ! How shameful !"

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again begun, during which the schoolroom was in a glorious tumult ; for that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used their privilege. The whole conversation ran on the breakfast, which one and all abused roundly. Poor things ! it was the sole consolation they had. Miss Miller was now the only teacher in the room : a group of great girls standing about her, spoke with serious and sullen gestures. I heard the name of Mr. Brocklehurst pronounced by some lips ; at which Miss Miller shook her head disapprovingly ; but she made no great effort to check the general wrath : doubtless she shared in it.

A clock in the schoolroom struck nine ; Miss Miller left her circle, and standing in the middle of the room cried :—" Silence ; to your seats !"

Discipline prevailed : in five minutes the confused throng was resolved into order, and comparative silence quelled the Babel clamour of tongues. The upper teachers now punctually resumed their posts ; but still, all seemed to wait. Ranged on benches down the sides of the room the eighty girls sat motionless and erect : a quaint assemblage they appeared, all with plain locks combed from their faces, not a curl visible ; in brown dresses, made high and surrounded by a narrow tucker about the throat, with little pockets of holland (shaped something like a Highlander's purse), tied in front of their rocks, and destined to serve the purpose of a work-bag : all, too, wearing woollen stockings and country made shoes fastened with brass buckles. Above twenty of those clad in this costume were full-grown girls, or rather young women : it suited them ill, and gave an air of oddity even to the prettiest.—*Jane Eyre*, chap. v.

150.—THE FESTIVAL OF THE BAMBINO.

[WHITESIDE, 1806.]

[JAMES WHITESIDE, born in the county of Wicklow in 1806, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the Irish bar in 1830. In 1843 he was one of the counsel chosen to defend Daniel O'Connell, and in 1848 acted in the same capacity for Mr. Smith O'Brien. In 1851 he was returned for Enniskillen, which borough he represented until 1859, when he was elected for the University of Dublin. Mr. Whiteside acted as Solicitor-General for Ireland in Lord Derby's first administration in 1852, was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland in Lord Derby's second administration in 1858, when he was made a privy councillor for Ireland, and was made Chief Justice for Ireland in July, 1866. His "Italy in the Nineteenth Century" appeared in 1848, and "Vicissitudes of the Eternal City" in 1849.]

WE descend slowly to the piazza before the Capitol and find it crowded with people. Peasants from the Campagna are loitering on the flight of steps parallel to those already described, and leading to the church of S. Maria d'Ara Cœli, built on the site of the celebrated temple of the Capitoline Jove. What means this excitement? It is the festival of the *Benedizione del Bambino*. I am reminded of the history of the Bambino, which shortly before had been given me by an Italian lady, and which I will here set down in her words:—"Many centuries ago a Franciscan pilgrim came to the convent of the Ara Cœli and asked for shelter. This was afforded, and on the departure of the pilgrim he left behind him a small box which lay for a year unnoticed. At the expiration of that time, a monk passing near the chamber where the box lay beheld a great and unusual light. He alarmed the brethren by the intelligence that the convent was on fire. They rushed into the apartment and found no fire, but a marvellous and brilliant lustre shining round the long-forgotten box. It was opened and there was discovered a Bambino, being no other than a figure of the infant Saviour, which had been carved by the Franciscan out of the wood of a peculiar kind of tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke himself, who was distinguished in that art."

Here I ventured to suggest that the Franciscan order of monks did not exist in the time of St. Luke. The Signora, nothing disconcerted, thought they did, and proceeded:

"The Bambino was preserved and adorned, but at first had not the repute it now possesses. A princess, however, borrowed it from the convent, and pleased with the image determined to keep it; accordingly, in execution of her pious fraud, she procured another image, and dressed it up so exactly like the true Bambino that the good monks were deceived, believing that they had got back their own precious deposit, whereas in fact the false image had been palmed upon them. They laid it up carefully and thought no more about the matter, till one day when the monks were all at mass they heard the

great bell ring. This surprised them. They looked about and saw that all the brethren were present. The bell still tolled. They rushed up to the belfry, and lo! they found the veritable Bambino right under the tongue of the bell. Amazed, they brought away the precious relic, and then inquired from the princess to whom they had lent it, what she had done. She, terrified, confessed the imposition, and selling all her jewels bestowed the produce upon the miraculous Bambino, which transported itself from the house of the lady to the belfry of the convent, and rang the great bell to arouse the monks. From that time the Bambino has been the consolation of Rome. When good Christians are dying they send for it. A chosen party of monks, dressed in the habit of their order (a carriage being provided for the sacred image, which is always taken abroad locked in a case), proceed to the bed of the sick man, and then touch his forehead with the head of the Bambino. This was done (said the Signora) when my dear father was dying, and he departed this life in peace."

The above narrative prepared us for the spectacle we were about to witness. We ascended the hundred and twenty-four marble steps facing the Capitol, which are said to have belonged to the Temple of Venus at Rome, and which are worn by the knees of pilgrims and penitents. Now they were crowded by peasants from the Campagna, dressed in their picturesque costume. We entered the church; to the left was the chapel, where the scene of the Nativity was acted by figures as large as life. It was the strangest sight I ever beheld. The Bambino, an image of the infant Jesus, was exposed in front of the stage, with precious stones shining on its wooden forehead. All the other figures were placed suitably to their characters throughout the long stage, the church being dark, the hour four. There was a dim light, showing clearly however the spectacle to the eyes of the devout worshippers. A monk stood on guard over the Bambino, below the stage, and received the contributions of the faithful,—an important part of this business. Seats were arranged on each side of the centre aisle, a space wide enough for a procession being reserved between. The altar at the upper end of the church and the ancient columns, were decorated as for a festa. The Franciscan monks, priests, and friars were chanting. There was a guard in attendance in military costume and with bayonets fixed.

After some time there was a great bustle near the altar, and a grand procession was formed, consisting of priests, an immense train of monks, incense burners, and a flag-bearer carrying a long narrow banner, on which was depicted a monk of the Franciscan order, with the image of a Bambino at his feet. This represented, I believe, the finding of the very image (now to be exhibited) in a miraculous manner. As the procession moved on I followed in the train. What

In all these manœuvres, the greatest care is requisite to avoid the *tongues*, or projections of the ice under water, which are often at the depth of six or eight feet. For the purpose of observing them experienced seamen are placed on each bow, who, on discovering the danger by the green appearance of the water, call out, *Starboard*, or *Port*, as the occasion may require, thereby directing the helmsman to steer clear of it. Although the leading ship has in these cases some disadvantages in forcing through the ice, being the first to break it, and thereby make a passage for the next, yet the ship which follows has difficulties, which more than balance the advantage of sailing through a breach already made; for, if her leader passes between pieces of ice with considerable velocity, through any narrow channel, some of these pieces immediately receive a tendency towards the space the ship had occupied, in order to fill up where the water had been displaced. They therefore rush towards the ship's wake; their motion being also often accelerated by the concussion of the ship against some particular piece, which produces a re-action in the rest. Hence it generally happens, that when the ship astern arrives at the entrance of the channel, she has more difficulties to encounter than her leader, from the accumulation of pieces in the passage. It is also not uncommon for the obstruction to be so great as to render forcing through totally impracticable; this often happened to the *Alexander*, but it only served to redouble the zeal and perseverance of her commander, officers, and crew, who were unremitting in their labours, to keep up with the *Isabella*. The unavoidable detention arising from these circumstances, and the inferiority of that ship in sailing, were not more than sufficient to give me an opportunity of exploring the coast as I passed it, by enabling me, without loss of time, to stand in whenever it was clear, and make the necessary observations.—*Voyage of Discovery*, chap. x. Aug. 27, 1818.

152.—HOW THE VICTORY OF BLENHEIM WAS CELEBRATED.

[BUDGELL, 1685—1736.

[EUSTACE BUDGELL, born at St. Thomas, near Exeter, in 1685, was educated at Oxford, and entered the Inner Temple. Instead of studying for the law, he applied himself to literature, wrote for the *Tatler*, and contributed to the *Spectator* the papers marked X, and to the *Guardian* those marked with an asterisk. He was under-secretary to Addison, and having filled various appointments, was made Accountant and Comptroller-General for Ireland in 1717. He lost a large sum of money by the South Sea scheme. In 1733 he commenced a weekly periodical called the *Bee*. It did not, however, prove successful, and though called to the bar, Budgell became very much reduced in circumstances. Having engaged a boat at

Somerset stairs, whilst it was passing under the bridge, he jumped into the river, and was drowned May 4, 1736. Budgell wrote "Memoirs of the Illustrious Family of the Boyles," of which the second edition appeared in 1732, the first being without date.]

UPON the arrival of the news of the Victory of Blenheim, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, in the Fulness of his Joy, meeting with the late Lord Halifax, told him, It was pity the Memory of such a Victory should be ever forgot. He added, That he was pretty sure his Lordship, who was so distinguished a Patron of Men of Letters, must know some Person whose Pen was capable of doing Justice to the action. My Lord Halifax replied, That he did indeed know such a Person, but would not desire him to write upon the subject his Lordship had mentioned. The Lord Treasurer, entreating to know the Reason of so unkind a Resolution, Lord Halifax briskly told him, That he had long with Indignation observed, that while too many Fools and Blockheads were maintained in their Pride and Luxury, at the expense of the Public, such men as were really an Honour to their Country, and to the age they lived in, were shamefully suffered to languish in Obscurity: That, for his own part he would never desire any Gentleman of Parts and Learning to imploy his Time in celebrating a Ministry who had neither the Justice or Generosity to make it worth his while. The Lord Treasurer calmly replied, That he would seriously consider of what his Lordship had said, and endeavour to give no occasion for such Reproaches for the future; but that in the present Case, he took it upon himself to promise, That any Gentleman whom his Lordship should name to him as a Person capable of celebrating the late Action, should find it worth his while to exert his Genius on that subject.

The Lord Halifax, upon this Encouragement, named Mr. Addison; but insisted that the Lord Treasurer himself should send to him. His Lordship promised to do so; and accordingly desired Mr. Boyle to go to him. Mr. Addison, who was at that Time but indifferently Lodged, was surprized the next Morning with a visit from the Chancellor of the Exchequer; who, after having acquainted him with his business, added, That the Lord Treasurer, to encourage him to enter upon his Subject, had already made him one of the Commissioners of Appeals; but entreated him to look upon that Post only as an Earnest of something more considerable. In short, the Chancellor said so many obliging Things, and in so graceful a manner, as gave Mr. Addison the utmost spirit and encouragement to begin that Poem, which he afterwards published, and entitled, *The Campaign*: a Poem equal to the action it celebrates; and in which that Presence of Mind, for which the late Duke of Marlborough was so remarkable in a Day of Battle

is illustrated by a nobler simile than any to be found in Homer or Virgil.

The Lord Treasurer kept the promise he had made by Mr. Boyle ; and Mr. Addison, soon after the Publication of his Poem, was preferred to a considerable Post.—*Memoirs of the Boyles.*

O
153.—THE GARLAND.

[PRIOR, 1664—1721.

[MATTHEW PRIOR, born at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, July 21, 1664, was educated at Westminster, and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he wrote his first poem, "The Deity." "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse," written in conjunction with Mr. Montague, in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," appeared in 1687. Prior was sent as secretary to the Congress at the Hague, in 1691, and to that of Ryswick in 1697, and of Paris in 1698. He was returned member for East Grinstead in 1701 ; was employed in the negotiations for peace at Utrecht, in 1711 ; and became ambassador at Paris in August, 1713. On the fall of the Harley Administration in 1714, he was dismissed. He suffered various indignities, and Sir Robert Walpole moved his impeachment. Prior, who was released after a short imprisonment, died at Wimpole, the seat of the Earl of Oxford, Sept. 18, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Seven collected editions of his works, with Memoir, have been published. Thackeray classes his writing amongst "the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems." Dr. Johnson ("Lives of the Poets") remarks: "Prior has written with great variety, and his variety has made him popular. He has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace. His works may be distinctly considered as comprising Tales, Love-verses, Occasional Poems, 'Alma' and 'Solomon.'"]

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaft to place
Upon her brow the various wreath ;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day :
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening when she found
Their odours lost, their colours passed ;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,
 When from its lid a pearly tear
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
 My love, my life, said I, explain
 This change of humour : pry'thee tell :
 That falling tear—what does it mean ?

She sighed ; she smiled : and to the flowers
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said :
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
 See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
 And that of beauty are but one :
 At morn both flourished bright and gay,
 Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung ;
 The amorous youth around her bowed ;
 At night her fatal knell was rung :
 I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

Such a she is, who died to-day,
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow ;
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Clœ's sorrow.

Poetical Works.

154.—GOD CALLETH THEE.

[DR. PUSEY, 1800.

[EDWARD BOUVERIE, son of the late Hon. Philip Bouverie, who assumed the name of Pusey by royal licence, was born in 1800. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became Fellow of Oriel College. In 1828 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. He was one of the earnest contributors to the "Tracts for the Times," and a section of the High Church party received the name of Puseyites. On account of a sermon on the Eucharist, he was suspended from preaching before the University in 1843. Dr. Pusey is the author of a variety of pamphlets and sermons. His "Parochial Sermons, 1848—53" appeared in 1857, "The Councils of the Church from the Council of Jerusalem to that of Constantinople, A.D. 381," in 1857, and "The Church of

England a Portion of Christ's one Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity, An Eirenicon, in a letter to the Author of 'The Christian Year,' in 1865.]

THE world is one great mirror. As we are who look into it or on it, so is it to us. It gives us back ourselves, it speaks to us the language of our own hearts. Such as we are, so doth it speak to us of pleasure, gain, honour, vanity, worldly happiness, or of everlasting rest and peace, out of itself, in God. Our inmost self is the key to all. Our ruling thought or passion, the thought or love, that is, which has the mastery of us, and governs us, and occupies our soul, is touched by everything around us. In grief, all things alike, the most joyous or the most sorrowful, suggest to the mourner thoughts of grief; yea, joyous sounds and sights speak mostly, most heavily to it of its own heaviness, or of the absence of the lost object of its love. Self love sees everything as it bears on self; love of pleasure or of gain looks on all, as it may minister to its pleasure or gain, or to envy those which have what it has not. The heart where God dwelleth, is by all things called anew to God; His Blessed Presence draws it by Its Sweetness: or His seeming absence by the very void, may absorb it yet more, by the very vehemence of longing into Himself.

It matters not what things are. Things like or things unlike; things Divine or things devilish; the obedience, order, growth, harmony, beauty of nature, or the disobedience, disorder, decay, discord of men, and the loathsomeness of sin; sounds of harmony, which echo, as it were, the Choirs of Heaven, or sounds of discord, hatred, blasphemy, bad words uttered by the tongue, which "is set on fire of hell;" things good, by their loveliness, or things bad, by their dreadfulness, draw the soul upward to God, or drive it onward, lest, like them, it lose Him.

Everything preaches Eternity to the awakened soul. All love of gain it sees, preaches of Him, the True Riches; all disquiet "about many things," of Him, our Only Rest, all seeking after pleasure, of Him, the Ever-flowing Torrent of Pleasure; all sickness of soul and body, of Him, our soul's Only Health; all things passing, of Him, Who Alone abideth. Perhaps no place may more preach to the soul the vanity of all things beneath the sun, and the Verity of Him, the Eternal Verity, Whose and of Whom, are all things, as the vast solitude of this great, crowded, tumultuous city, "full of stirs," where "all things are full of labour; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing;" where well-nigh all countenances or motions are full of eagerness, anxiety; all bent on something, seeking, but finding not, because they are seeking all things out of God; all but Himself except when, here and there,

they at last become very emptiness, because they know no more what to seek or find, but have lost themselves.

But, chiefly, we know, Brethren, in our inmost selves, that whether we have obeyed the Call, first or last, or, if any are even yet disobeying it or hearing it listlessly, obeying it for awhile in solemn seasons, and then forgetting it, or thinking they obey it when untempted, and then anon, when the temptation comes, ever anew disobeying, we know that we have been called manifoldly, perhaps our whole lives through. All perhaps can recollect when, in their childhood, some Sermon or deep Scripture words touched them, or some grave look or word of parents; or they felt ill at ease, or their soul yearned for something better than this world's poor fleeting vanities; or they felt that within them, not made for this world, which could not rest in it, but soared up and up, as though it would find Him from Whom it came, Whose it is; or they were affrighted within themselves, at thoughts of Judgment; or they were inwardly bidden not to put off turning to God with their whole heart. God adapts His Calls to each several soul. He calleth gently or in Awe; in Love or in some form of displeasure; quickening or checking us; within or without, directly or indirectly, in the secret chambers of the heart or "in the chief place of concourse," "in the openings of the gates," "in the city," "Wisdom," that is Himself, "uttereth Her Words," "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at My Reproof; behold, I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known My Words unto you," (Prov. i. 21-3.) All things stand at His Command; all hearts are in His Hand, Who made them, and for Whom He made them; all things may be the channels of His Holy Inspirations; all times may be seasons of His Grace; all words may convey His Voice to the soul. As "all things work together for good to them that love" (Rom. viii. 28) Him, so may and do all things call us to love Him. All things have, in turn, called to our souls; all nature, the world, grace or sin, shame at our folly and our very misery, have repeated His Words in our ears, "Why stand ye all the day idle?"—*Sermons during the Season from Advent to Whitsuntide*. No. viii.: Matthew xx. 6—7.

155.—VERBAL QUESTIONS MISTAKEN FOR REAL.

[ABP. WHATELY, 1787—1863.]

[RICHARD WHATELY, born in Cavendish Square, London, Feb. 1, 1787, was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and obtained a fellowship in 1811. He was appointed Bampton Lecturer in 1822, President of St. Alban's Hall in 1825, was made Archbishop of Dublin in 1835, and died Oct. 8, 1863. Dr. Whately, who was a most prolific writer, is best known by his "Historic Doubts relative to Napo-

leon," published in 1819; his *Essays*, of which the first series appeared in 1825, the second in 1828, and the third in 1830; and his *Treatises on Logic, Rhetoric, and Political Economy*. This indefatigable writer published a number of charges, sermons, lectures, and treatises on various subjects.]

It is by no means to be supposed that all Verbal Questions are trifling and frivolous. It is often of the highest importance to settle correctly the meaning of a word, either according to ordinary use, or according to the meaning of any particular writer or class of men. But when Verbal Questions are *mistaken* for Real, much confusion of thought and unprofitable wrangling,—what is usually designated as *Logomachy*,—will be generally the result. Nor is it always so easy and simple a task, as might at first sight appear, to distinguish them from each other. For, several objects to which one common name is applied, will often have many points of difference; and yet that name may perhaps be applied to them all [univocally] in the same sense, and may be fairly regarded as the Genus they come under, if it appear that they all agree in what is designated by that name, and that the differences between them are in points not essential to the character of that genus. A cow and a horse differ in many respects, but agree in all that is implied by the term "quadruped," which is therefore applicable to both in the same sense. So also the houses of the ancients differed in many respects from ours, and their ships still more; yet no one would contend that the terms "house" and "ship," as applied to both, are ambiguous, or that *οἶκος* might not fairly be rendered *house*, and *ναῦς* ship; because the essential characteristic of a house is, not its being of this or that form or materials, but its being a dwelling for men; these therefore would be called *two different kinds* of houses, and consequently the term "house" would be applied to each, without any equivocation, [univocally] in the same sense: and so in the other instances.

On the other hand, two or more things may bear the same name, and may also have a resemblance in many points, nay, and may from that resemblance have come to bear the same name, and yet if the circumstance which is essential to each be wanting in the other, the term may be pronounced ambiguous. *E.G.* The word "Plantain" is the name of a common herb in Europe, and of an Indian fruit-tree: both are *vegetables*; yet the term is ambiguous, because it does not denote them *so far forth as they agree*.

Again, the word "Priest" is applied to the Ministers of the Jewish and of the Pagan religions, and also to those of the Christian; and doubtless the term has been so transferred in consequence of their being both *ministers* (in some sort) of religion. Nor would every difference that might be found between the Priests of different religions constitute the term ambiguous, provided such differences

were non-essential to the idea suggested by the word Priest; as *e.g.*, the Jewish Priest served the true God, and the Pagan, false Gods; this is a most important difference, but does not constitute the term ambiguous, because neither of these circumstances is implied and suggested by the term 'Ιερεὺς; which accordingly was applied both to Jewish and Pagan Priests. But the term 'Ιερεὺς does seem to have implied the office of offering *sacrifice*,—atoning for the sins of the people,—and acting as mediator between Man and the object of his worship. And accordingly that term is never applied to any one under the Christian system, except to the ONE great Mediator. The Christian ministers not having that office which was implied as essential in the term 'Ιερεὺς, [sacerdos] were never called by that name, but by that of *πρεσβύτερος*. It may be concluded, therefore, that the term Priest is ambiguous, as corresponding to the terms 'Ιερεὺς and *πρεσβύτερος* respectively, notwithstanding that there are points in which these two agree. These therefore should be reckoned, not two different *kinds* of Priests, but Priests in two different *senses*; since (to adopt the phraseology of Aristotle) the definition of them, so far forth as they are Priests, would be different.

* * * * *

It is evidently of much importance to keep in mind the above distinctions, in order to avoid, on the one hand, stigmatizing, as Verbal controversies, what in reality are not such, merely because the Question turns (as *every* question must) on the applicability of a certain Predicate to a certain Subject; or, on the other hand, falling into the opposite error of mistaking words for things, and judging of men's agreement or disagreement in opinion in every case, merely from their agreement or disagreement in the terms employed.—*Elements of Logic*, Book iv. chap. iv. § 2.

156.—ARTHUR LYGON.

[SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1816.

[CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS, born in 1816, studied for the bar, and distinguished himself in an examination before the Incorporated Law Society. He is the author of several dramas, has contributed largely to periodical literature, and was one of the earliest writers for *Punch*. His best-known novels are "Aspen Court," published in 1855, "The Gordian Knot," in 1858, and "The Silver Cord," which appeared in *Once a Week* in 1861-2.]

"FOUR," remarked St. Mary of the Strand, successor to the tall Maypole that once overlooked what is now the pleasantest, and handsomest, and most English street in London.

The vibration of the Saint's voice had by no means ceased from out of the ears of the passers-by, when, with an honourable promptitude,

and a delicate anxiety not to put the country under the obligation of receiving more service than she had bargained for, groups of gentlemen of all ages and sizes came pouring out at the gate of Somerset House. One might have thought that they had been listening for the summons, and had prepared themselves to obey it on the instant. In the old days, that church did not collect the saints of Drury Lane so rapidly as it now called forth the clerks of the Civil Service.

But not among the early ones at the gate was Mr. Arthur Lygon.

He heard the last stroke of the bell, and the single note with which the little black clock on his mantelpiece ratified the announcement, before he closed the large volume in which he was making entries from some half-printed, half-written papers by his side; and he proceeded to arrange all his documents with the precision of a man who intends to resume an interrupted duty, and who knows the value of order and of time. He was exact, but not the least fidgety—a man, happily married, seldom becomes a fidget at five-and-thirty.

Nor did Arthur Lygon at once take up his hat and depart. A handsome man, happily married, seldom loses, at the age of thirty-five, his bachelor habit of paying some attention to appearances; and Mr. Lygon went to the other end of his comfortable, double-sashed apartment—exclusively his own—brushed his wavy dark brown hair, washed his aristocratic hands, and gave himself that good-natured look-over which a man who has no objectionable vanity, but has the laudable desire to be as presentable as he conveniently can, usually performs before rejoining society. King Henry the Fifth, when courting, vowed that he had never looked in the glass for the love of anything he saw there; and the vows of kings—and emperors—are always truthful; but all of us have not the regal faculty of self-abnegation. Arthur Lygon, finishing his arrangements with a touch at his rather effective brown whiskers, saw, and was perfectly content to see in the glass the reflection of a set of intellectual features, somewhat of the Grecian type, but manifesting much power of decision, despite the good-tempered expression which they habitually wore. He perceived also that the person thus reflected was rather slight, but well made, and a little above the average height, and that his dress was in accordance with the fashion of the day, with a little more lightness and colour about it than one usually sees in the costume of a man of business. Lygon was a good-looking, well-dressed man, and if he had been previously unaware of the fact, he had been told it, with other things of a pleasant character, in one of a highly complimentary series of sketches called *Our Civilians*, which were appearing in a pictorial paper devoted to the immortalising British Worthies of various degrees of worthiness.

In the memoir annexed to the likeness of the civilian in question it

was stated, with perfect accuracy, that Mr. Arthur Lygon had entered the Plaudit Office when young, had risen, by his own merits, to a responsible and lucrative situation, was much liked by his comrades, and much respected by his superiors, and was in every respect a valuable public servant. It was further stated, in classical language, that he had given hostages to society, a process that was explained to mean that he had married Laura, third daughter of Archibald Vernon, of Liphthwaite, in the county of Surrey, and had three children. Society, therefore, had only to purchase the respectable journal containing the sketches of *Our Civilians*, in order to avoid betraying any ignorance upon so important a matter as the social position of Mr. Arthur Lygon, of the Plaudit Office; and if it were in his destiny to distinguish himself in after-time, and to join the legislative assembly of his country, here were materials ready at hand for the Parliamentary Handbooks—one is glad to be able to supply some vindication of the biographical zeal of the present age.—*The Silver Cord: A Story.* Chap. i.

157.—GOLDSMITH PREPARING FOR A MEDICAL DEGREE.

[FORSTER, 1812.

[JOHN FORSTER, born at Newcastle in 1802, and educated at the London University, studied for the bar. In 1834 he became connected with the *Examiner*, of which he obtained the editorship in 1846. He was appointed Secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy in 1856, and a Commissioner in Lunacy in 1861. His "Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England" appeared in 1840; his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," in 1848; his "Biographical and Historical Essays," in 1858; his "Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.," in 1859; his "Debates on the Grand Remonstrance," in 1860; and "Sir John Eliot, a Biography, 1590—1632," in 1864. Mr. Forster has contributed to the "*Quarterly*," the "*Edinburgh*," and the "*Foreign Quarterly*" Reviews.]

THE years of idleness must nevertheless come to a close. To do nothing, no matter how melodiously accompanied by flute and harpsichord, is not what a man is born into this world to do; and it required but a casual word from a not very genial visitor to close for ever Goldsmith's happy nights at uncle Contarine's. There was a sort of cold grandee of the family, Dean Goldsmith of Cloyne, who did not think it unbecoming his dignity to visit the good clergyman's parsonage now and then; and Oliver having made a remark which showed him no fool, the dean gave it as his opinion to Mr. Contarine that his young relative would make an excellent medical man. The hint seemed a good one, and was the dean's contribution to his young relative's fortune. The small purse was contributed by Mr. Contarine; and in the autumn of 1752, Oliver Goldsmith started for Edinburgh, medical student.

Anecdotes of amusing simplicity and forgetfulness in this new

character are, as usual, more rife than notices of his course of study. But, such records as have been preserved of the period rest upon authority too obviously doubtful to require other than a very cursory mention here. On the day of his arrival he is reported to have set forth for a ramble round the streets, after leaving his luggage at hired lodgings where he had forgotten to inquire the name either of the street or the landlady, and to which he only found his way back by the accident of meeting the porter who had carried his trunk from the coach. He is also said to have obtained, in this temporary abode, a knowledge of the wondrous culinary expedients with which three medical students might be supported for a whole week on a single loin of mutton, by a brandered chop served up one day, a fried steak another, chops with onion sauce a third, and so on till the fleshy parts should be quite consumed, when finally, on the seventh day, a dish of broth manufactured from the bones would appear, and the ingenious landlady rested from her labours. It is moreover recorded, in proof of his careless habits in respect to money, that being in company with several fellow-students on the first night of a new play, he suddenly proposed to draw lots with any one present which of the two should treat the whole party to the theatre; when the real fact was, as he afterwards confessed in speaking of the secret joy with which he heard them all decline the challenge, that had it been accepted, and had he proved the loser, he, must have pledged a part of his wardrobe in order to raise the money. This last anecdote, if true, reveals to us at any rate that he had a wardrobe to pledge. Such resource in the matter of dress is one of his peculiarities found generally peeping out in some form or other: and, unable to confirm any other fact in these recollections, I can at least establish that.

But first let me remark that no traditions remain of the character or extent of his studies. It seems tolerably certain that any learned celebrity he may have got in the schools, paled an ineffectual fire before his amazing social repute, as inimitable teller of a humorous story and capital singer of Irish songs. But he was really fond of chemistry, and was remembered favourably by the celebrated Black; other well known fellow-students, as William Farr, and his whilome college acquaintance, Lauchlan Maclean, conceived a regard for him, which somewhat later Farr seems to have had the opportunity of showing; certainly of kind quaker Sleigh, afterwards known as the eminent physician of that name, as painter Barry's first patron, Burke's friend, and one of the many victims of Foote's witty malice, so much may without contradiction be affirmed; and it is therefore to be supposed that his eighteen months' residence in Edinburgh was, on the whole, not unprofitable. It had its mortifications, of course; for all his life had these. "An ugly and a poor man

is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance:" "nor do I envy my dear Bob his blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world; and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it:" are among his expressions of half bitter half good-natured candour, in a letter to his cousin Bryanton.—*The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith*, Book i. chap. iv.

158.—THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE.

[LORD LINDSAY, 1812.

[ALEXANDER WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Lord Lindsay, eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, born in 1812, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1833. Lord Lindsay afterwards travelled in Europe and Asia, and in 1838 published "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land." His "Letter on the Theory and Evidences of Christianity," appeared in 1841; his "Progression by Antagonism," in 1846; his "Sketches of the History of Christian Art," in 1847; and "Lives of the Lindsays," in 1849.]

IN a few minutes more, advancing up a narrow ravine at the extremity of the plain, and passing the garden with its lofty cypresses, we arrived under the walls of the Convent of St. Catherine, a regular monastic fortress—it has exactly the appearance of one, and is indeed, defended by guns against the Arabs. A window, under a projecting shed, was presently opened, and a rope (Sir Frederick Henniker calls it a halter) dropped, by which first our luggage and letter of introduction from the Greek Convent at Cairo, and then ourselves, were hoisted up by a windlass; there once was a door, but it had been walled up, for, whenever it was opened, which only took place on the arrival of the Archbishop, the Bedouins had the right of entrance. For this reason the Archbishops always reside now at Cairo.

The monks are obliged to supply the Bedouins with bread *à discretion*, and an ample provision in that kind was lowered to them after our ascent. No Arabs are ever allowed to enter, except the servants of the convent. The maxim "*quis custodiat ipsos custodes*," is literally acted upon here; our conference with Hussein, the Sheikh or chief protector of the convent, about conveyance to Akaba, was carried on through a hole in the wall; we squatted on one side, and he stood at the other; it was like talking through a key-hole.

We were received by the Superior and some of the monks on the landing-place, but could not answer their greeting, nor make ourselves understood, till Missirie came up, not one of them apparently, speaking any language that we were acquainted with. Modern Greek and Arabic seem to be the only tongues in use here. The Superior, a fine old man, with a mild benevolent countenance, a long beard and

immense moustaches, (sadly in need of Princess Parizade's scissors,) showed us to our apartment, carpeted and divaned in the eastern style, and adorned by a print of the Virgin and Child, with a lamp burning before it; we sat down with him, and he welcomed us kindly to Mount Sinai. He is a Greek from Candia; I had the pleasure of informing him a day or two afterwards, when he told me of his birth-place, that an ancestor of mine, Sia Alexander de Lindesay of Glenesk, a brave and adventurous knight, died there on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, in 1382. Dried fruit and rakie, a strong brandy made from dates, were presented to us while dinner was in preparation—*maigre*, it being Lent.

Father Dimitri ciceroned us over the convent two or three days afterwards. It resembles a little fortified town, irregularly built on the steep side of the mountain, and surrounded by lofty walls; the passages and courts are kept very neat and clean; balconies with wooden balustrades run round each area, on which the doors of the several apartments open; texts of Scripture are inscribed on the walls in every direction—in inextricably contracted Greek.

The principal church, built by the Emperor Justinian, the founder of the convent, is really beautiful; the richly ornamented roof is supported by rows of granite pillars barbarously whitewashed; the pavement is of marble;—the walls are covered with portraits of saints, the Virgin and Child, and scenes from the Bible, in the old Byzantine style of the middle ages: most of them are modern, but some very ancient and very interesting for the history of the art; they are almost all in good preservation. The concha of the tribune displays in mosaic work, contemporary with Justinian, the Transfiguration of our Saviour. The chapels are also full of paintings, some of them Russian, but in the same style, the painting of Russia being a branch of that of Byzantium. The nave is lighted by a superb silver chandelier, presented by Elizabeth of Russia, and I saw several candelabra of great beauty. The reading-desks, &c., are of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl inlaid. In the choir is preserved the coffin in which Saint Catherine's bones are said to repose, and the silver lid of a sarcophagus, embossed with the portrait of Anne of Russia, who intended being buried here.

We put off our shoes from off our feet before approaching the most revered spot on Mount Sinai, or rather Horeb, (as they call this part of the mountain,)—where our Lord is said to have appeared to Moses in the burning bush. This little chapel is gorgeously ornamented; a New Testament in modern Greek, with superbly embossed covers, lies on the altar,—behind it, they show—not exactly the burning bush, but a shrub which they say has flourished there ever since, its lineal descendant. The kind, hospitable monks are not to blame—

they believe as the tale has been handed down to them; but on what authority, we must again and again ask, are these spots pointed out as the scenes mentioned in the Bible?—*Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land. Letters on Edom and the Holy Land, No. i.*

159.—PLATO.

[SIR J. MACKINTOSH, 1765—1832.

[JAMES MACKINTOSH, born at Aldourie, Inverness-shire, Oct. 24, 1765, was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Having studied medicine he settled in London and applied himself to literary pursuits. His "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," in answer to Burke's "*Reflections on the French Revolution*," appeared in 1791, and he was called to the bar in 1795. He defended Peltier, Feb. 21, 1803, was appointed Recorder for Bombay in 1804, and Judge of the Admiralty Court in 1806. He returned to England in 1811, and was elected for Nairn in 1813. Sir James Mackintosh, appointed Professor of Law in the College at Haileybury in 1818, and a member of the Board of Control in 1830, died May 22, 1832. His "*Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy*, chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was re-published in 1830, and his "*History of England*," in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, appeared in 1830—2. His "*History of the Revolution in England in 1688*," with a notice of his life, appeared in 1834, and "*Memoirs of his Life*," edited by his son, in 1835.]

PLATO, the most famous of his scholars,* the most eloquent of Grecian writers, and the earliest moral philosopher whose writings have come down to us, employed his genius in the composition of dialogues, in which his master performed the principal part. These beautiful conversations would have lost their charm of verisimilitude, of dramatic vivacity, of picturesque representation of character, if they had been subjected to the constraint of method. They necessarily pre-suppose much oral instruction. They frequently quote, and doubtless oftener allude to, the opinions of predecessors and contemporaries whose works have perished, and of whose doctrines only some fragments are preserved.

In these circumstances, it must be difficult for the most learned and philosophical of his commentators to give a just representation of his doctrines, if he really framed or adopted a system. The moral part of his works is more accessible. The vein of thought which runs through them is always visible. The object is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness—the highest Beauty, and of that supreme and Eternal Mind, which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love or delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims for their own sake only, he represented the mind of man as raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for those

* Socrates.

high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.

The application to moral qualities of terms which denote outward beauty, though by him perhaps carried to excess, is an illustrative metaphor, as well warranted by the poverty of language as any other employed to signify the acts or attributes of mind. The *beautiful* in his language denoted all that of which the mere contemplation is in itself delightful, without any admixture of organic pleasure, and without being regarded as the means of attaining any farther end. The feeling which belongs to it he called *love*; a word which, as comprehending complacency, benevolence, and affection, and reaching from the neighbourhood of the senses to the most sublime of human thoughts, is foreign from the colder and more exact language of our philosophy; but which perhaps then happily served to lure both the lovers of poetry, and the votaries of superstition to the school of truth and goodness in the groves of the Academy. He enforced these lessons by an inexhaustible variety of just and beautiful illustrations,—sometimes striking from their familiarity, sometimes subduing by their grandeur; and his works are the storehouse from which moralists have from age to age borrowed the means of rendering moral instruction easier and more delightful. Virtue he represented as the harmony of the whole soul;—as a peace between all its principles and desires, assigning to each as much space as they can occupy without encroaching on each other; as a state of perfect health, in which every function was performed with ease, pleasure, and vigour;—as a well-ordered commonwealth, where the obedient passions executed with energy the laws and commands of reason. The vicious mind presented the odious character, sometimes of discord, of war;—sometimes of disease—always of passions warring with each other in eternal anarchy. Consistent with himself, and at peace with his fellows, the good man felt in the quiet of his conscience a foretaste of the approbation of God. “Oh what ardent love would virtue inspire if she could be seen.” “If the heart of a tyrant could be laid bare, we should see how it was cut and torn by its own evil passions, and by an avenging conscience.”

Perhaps in every one of these illustrations, an eye trained in the history of Ethics may discover the germ of the whole, or of a part, of some subsequent theory. But to examine it thus would not be to look at it with the eye of Plato. His aim was as practical as that of Socrates. He employed every topic, without regard to its place in a system, or even always to its force as argument, which could attract the small portion of the community then accessible to cultivation; who, it should not be forgotten, had no moral instructor but the philosopher,

unaided, if not thwarted, by the reigning superstition; for religion had not then, besides her own discoveries, brought down the most awful and the most beautiful forms of moral truth to the humblest station in human society.—*Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* Section ii., Retrospect of Ancient Ethics.

160.—THE FEAST OF ROSES.

[MOORE, 1779—1852.

[THOMAS MOORE, born in Dublin May 28, 1779, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied for the English bar. Though he had before contributed verses to the magazines, his first work, "Odes of Anacreon, translated into English Verse, with Notes," appeared in 1800; and "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little," followed in 1801. Lord Moira procured him a Government appointment at Bermuda, where he arrived in Jan. 1804. This he soon resigned, and after a tour in the United States, which quite cured him of republican views imbibed in early life, he returned to England. His "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," appeared in 1806; "Intercepted Letters; or the Twopenny Post Bag," in 1812; "Lalla Rookh," in 1817; "The Fudge Family in Paris," in 1818; "The Loves of the Angels," in 1823; and "Alciphron," in 1839. In 1835 he obtained a pension of £300 per annum. He was the author of some prose works, the principal being a "Life of Sheridan," published in 1825; a "Life of Byron," in 1830; and a "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," in 1831. He wrote a History of Ireland for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and edited a collected edition of his own poetical works, published in 1840-1. The latter portion of his life was spent at Sloperton Cottage, near Bowood, where he died Feb. 25, 1852. His "Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence," edited by Lord John Russell, appeared in 8 vols. 1852-6, and a "Biography," by H. R. Montgomery, in 1860.]

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
 Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
 Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take.

A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—
 When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
 And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
 Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,

Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
 And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells

Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
 Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines
 The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;

When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Harem of night-flowers stealing away ;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world !

But never yet, by night or day,
In dew of spring or summer's ray,
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay
As now it shines—all love and light,
Visions by day and feasts by night !
A happier smile illumines each brow,
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstasy,—for now
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses ;
The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower,
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,
The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

'Twas when the hour of evening came
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,
When Day had hid his sultry flame
Behind the palms of BARAMOULE,
When maids began to lift their heads,
Refresh'd from their embroidered beds,
Where they had slept the sun away,
And waked to moonlight and to play.
All were abroad—the busiest hive
On BELA's hills is less alive,

When saffron-beds are full in flower,
 Than looked the Valley in that hour.
 A thousand restless torches played
 Through every grove and island shade ;
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set
 On every dome and minaret ;
 And fields and pathways, far and near,
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,
 That you could see, in wand'ring round,
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground.
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve ;
 And there were glancing eyes about,
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out
 In open day, but thought they might
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night.
 And all were free, and wandering,
 And all exclaimed to all they met,
 That never did the summer bring
 So gay a Feast of Roses yet ;—
 The moon had never shed a light
 So clear as that which blessed them there ;
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,
 Nor they themselves looked half so fair.

Lalla Rookh—The Light of the Harem.

161.—INDIFFERENCE OF THE WORLD TO RELIGION.

[Bp. BLOMFIELD, 1786—1857.]

[CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD, born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1786, was educated at Cambridge and became a Fellow of Trinity College. He edited several Greek plays, was appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of London in 1819, was made Bishop of Chester in 1824, and Bishop of London in 1828, and is the author of several Sermons and Charges. His "Twelve Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles" appeared in 1828. Owing to failing health he resigned his bishopric in 1856, and died Aug. 5, 1857. A life by his son was published in 1863.]

WHY does it happen, that when the Church invites her younger members to come forward, and make an open profession of their allegiance to Jesus Christ, and of their devotion to his service, *Choose this day whom ye will serve*, so many still hang back, from ignorant timidity or bashfulness, or from a worse cause, an entire carelessness and unconcern? Why, but because they have never been made to feel the indispensable importance, the absolute necessity of choosing their

religion once for all? and the fault rests too commonly with their parents. Yet it is the duty of their parents, in a far higher degree than it is the duty of their minister, to make their children Christians in understanding, and on principle, as well as by name. What a dreadful responsibility is theirs, who neglect any probable means of putting their children into the way of salvation! What anguish will pierce their hearts, if at the judgment-day their child shall cry out against them, My father and my mother forsook me; they kept me back from Christ; they gave me no preservative against sin; I perish by *their* neglect!

But it is no less incumbent upon *you*, Christian masters and heads of families, to direct your servants, and the younger inmates of your house, in the choice of their religion. When Joshua had proposed to the children of Israel, in the words of the text, *Choose you this day whom ye will serve*, he concluded by declaring, *as for me and my household, we will serve the Lord*. It is a part, a most important part of your duty towards your servants, to assist them, either by your own instructions, or by procuring for them that of others, in forming clear and active notions of religion. It is a part of the duty which you owe to the Church, of which you are members, to bring them into her bosom, and to enable them to profit by her ordinances and means of grace.

To you, my younger friends, let me say, with all the earnestness and sincerity of a real concern for your salvation, *Choose you this day whom ye will serve*. You are old enough to discern between the good and the evil: both are set before you, and God expects that you will make your choice. Do not flatter yourselves that you can remain, for a certain number of years, in a state of neutrality and indifference, and *then* make your election; for that will be in effect choosing at once to serve the world rather than Christ: and you will hereafter be not only less qualified, but less inclined to enter into the service of your Redeemer. Remember, that you have been already solemnly dedicated to him; given to him; redeemed from your lost state; made capable of sanctification, and, in due time, of advancement to glory. This is the great purpose of your life, and ought to be the main object of the whole and every part of it. To choose between Christ and the world, that is, the sinful pleasures of the world, is to choose, in all probability, between happiness and misery in this life, but certainly between eternal bliss and woe in that which is to come. If you *confess not Christ before men*, if you make not an open choice of the Gospel, neither will he *confess you before his Father in heaven*; and if you mean to confess him at all, which you *must* do, to be saved, can there be any period of life so proper for it, as that, when you are first able to form a right judgment of the privileges and

blessings which he offers to you? Believe me, he expects you to come to him now; to bring him the first-fruits of your life; to consecrate to him your reason, yet unperverted; your affection, yet uncorrupt: and in return, he will extend over you the arm of his protecting love; will pour his grace into your hearts; will give you a relish for the things of God; will enlighten you more and more in the saving truths of his Gospel; and will strengthen you to withstand the trials to which your age is most exposed.

But what I say to you, I say to all those, who have no fixed, and well considered, and heartfelt principles of religion; *Choose you this day whom ye will serve.* You think, perhaps, that you are serving God: but it is not serving him, merely to attend the ordinances of public worship, and to abstain from the commission of the more flagrant sins, unless you serve him on principle; from a steady regard to his honour, and a sense of gratitude for the mercies which he has wrought for you in Jesus Christ. It is not serving him, unless you are consistent in your profession and practice; devout in your own closet and in the bosom of your family, as well as at Church; diligent to read the word of God as well as to hear it; actively charitable and beneficent, as well as strictly just and honest; pure and holy in your secret practice and thoughts, as well as in outward appearance; observant of *all* the ordinances of religion, and not of some only, to the neglect of others; cheerfully and devoutly acknowledging the unspeakable mercy of God in the work of your redemption, not only in the ordinary solemnities of public prayer, but in the more characteristic and peculiar act of Christian worship, appointed by the Lord Jesus himself. Certainly no man who has really *chosen* his service, can refuse *him* that mark of honour and thankfulness, or deny *himself* that source of grace and strength.—*Sermons preached in the Parish Church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.* Sermon ix., Choice of a Religion, Joshua xxiv. 15.

162.—OF SLEEPING LAWS.

[BENTHAM, 1748—1832.

[JEREMY BENTHAM, born in London, Feb. 15, 1748, was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and called to the bar in 1772. His first publication, "A Fragment on Government," appeared in 1776. It was followed by "Defence of Usury" in 1786, "Panopticon, or the Inspection House" in 1791, "Books of Fallacies" in 1824, and a variety of works. In 1817 he was made a Bench of Lincoln's Inn, and he died June 6, 1832. A collected edition of his works appeared in 1843, and a life by Bowring in 1838. Bentham says—"In the phrase, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' I then saw delineated for the first time* a plain, as well as a true,

* In a pamphlet by Priestley.

standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or politics.”]

TYRANNY and anarchy are never far asunder. Dearly indeed must the laws pay for the mischief of which they are thus made the instruments. The weakness they are thus struck with does not confine itself to the peccant spot; it spreads over their whole frame. The tainted parts throw suspicion upon those that are yet sound. Who can say which of them the disease has gained, which of them it has spared? You open the statute-book, and look into a clause: does it belong to the sound part, or to the rotten? How can you say? by what token are you to know? A man is not safe in trusting to his own eyes. You may have the whole statute-book by heart, and all the while not know what ground you stand upon under the law. It pretends to fix your destiny: and after all, if you want to know your destiny, you must learn it, not from the law, but from the temper of the times. The temper of the times, did I say? You must know the temper of every individual in the nation; you must know, not only what it is at the present instant, but what it will be at every future one: all this you must know, before you can lay your hand upon your bosom and say to yourself, *I am safe*. What, all this while, is the character and condition of the law? Sometimes a bugbear, at other times a snare: her threats inspire no efficient terror; her promises, no confidence. The canker-worm of uncertainty, naturally the peculiar growth and plague of the unwritten law, insinuates itself thus into the body, and preys upon the vitals of the written.

All this mischief shows as nothing in the eyes of the tyrant by whom this policy is upheld and pursued, and whose blind and malignant passions it has for its cause. His appetites receive that gratification which the times allow of: and in comparison with that, what are laws, or those for whose sake laws were made? His enemies, that is, those whom it is his delight to treat as such, those whose enemy he has thought fit to make himself, are his footstool: their insecurity is his comfort; their sufferings are his enjoyments; their abasement is his triumph.

Whence comes this pernicious and unfeeling policy? It is tyranny's last shift, among a people who begin to open their eyes in the calm which has succeeded the storms of civil war. It is her last stronghold, retained by a sort of capitulation made with good government and good sense. Common humanity would not endure such laws, were they to give signs of life: negligence, and the fear of change, suffer them to exist so long as they promise not to exist to any purpose. Sensible images govern the bulk of men. What the eye does not see, the heart does not rue. Fellow-citizens dragged in crowds, for con-

science sake, to prison, or to the gallows, though seen but for the moment, might move compassion. Silent anxiety and inward humiliation do not meet the eye, and draw little attention, though they fill up the measure of a whole life.

Of this base and malignant policy an example would scarcely be to be found, were it not for religious hatred, of all hatred the bitterest and the blindest. Debarred by the infidelity of the age from that most exquisite of repasts, the blood of heretics, it subsists as it can upon the idea of secret sufferings—sad remnant of the luxury of better times.

It is possible, that, in the invention of this policy, timidity may have had some share; for between tyranny and timidity there is a near alliance. Is it probable? Hardly: the less so, as tyranny, rather than let go its hold, such is its baseness, will put on the mask of cowardice. It is possible, shall we say, that in England forty should be in dread of one: but can it be called probable, when in Ireland forty suffer nothing from fourscore?

When they who stand up in the defence of tyrannical laws on pretence of their being in a dormant state, vouchsafe to say they wish not to see them in any other, is it possible they should speak true? I will not say: the bounds of possibility are wide. *Is it probable? That is a question easier answered. To prevent a law from being executed, which is the most natural course to take? to keep it alive, or to repeal it? Were a man's wishes to see it executed ever so indisputable, what stronger proof could he give of his sincerity than by taking this very course, in taking which he desires to be considered as wishing the law not to be executed? When words and actions give one another the lie, is it possible to believe both? If not, which have the best title to be believed? The task they give to faith and charity is rather a severe one. They speak up for laws against thieves and smugglers: they speak up for the same laws, or worse, against the worshippers of God according to conscience: in the first instance, you are to believe they mean to do what they do; in the other, you are to believe they mean the contrary. Their words and actions are at variance, and they declare it: they profess insincerity, and insist upon *being*, shall we say, or upon *not* being believed. They give the same vote that was given by the authors of these laws; they act over again the part that was acted by the first persecutors: but what was persecution in those their predecessors, is in these men, it seems, moderation and benevolence. This is rather too much. To think to unite the profit of oppression with the praise of moderation, is drawing rather too deep upon the credulity of mankind.

For those who insist there is no hardship in a state of insecurity

there is one way of proving themselves sincere : let them change places with those they doom to it. One wish may be indulged without a breath of charity : may they, and they only, be subject to proscription,* in whose eyes it is no grievance !—*Draught for the Organization of Judicial Establishments compared with the Draught by the Committee of the National Assembly of France*, Tit. vi. § 6.

163.—RUTH'S SORROW.

[MRS. GASKELL, 1820—1865.]

[ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON, born in 1820, married a Unitarian minister, resident in Manchester. Her first work, "Mary Barton," was published anonymously in 1848; "The Moorland Cottage," a Christmas book, in 1850; and "Ruth," a novel, in 1852. Her "Life of Charlotte Brontë" appeared in 1857; and she contributed to *Household Words* and other periodicals. Mrs. Gaskell died suddenly at Alton, Nov. 19, 1865.]

WAS this the end of all? Had he, indeed, gone? She started up, and asked this last question of the servant, who, half-guessing at the purport of the note, had lingered about the room, curious to see the effect produced.

"Iss, indeed, miss; the carriage drove from the door as I came upstairs. You'll see it now on the Ysptyty road, if you'll please to come to the window of No. 24."

Ruth started up, and followed the chambermaid. Ay, there it was, slowly winding up the steep, white road, on which it seemed to move at a snail's pace.

She might overtake him—she might—she might speak one farewell word to him, print his face on her heart with a last look—nay, when he saw her he might retract, and not utterly, for ever, leave her. Thus she thought; and she flew back to her room, and snatching up her bonnet, ran, tying the strings with her trembling hands as she went down the stairs, out at the nearest door, little heeding the angry words of Mrs. Morgan; for the hostess, more irritated at Mrs. Bellingham's severe upbraiding at parting, than mollified by her ample payment, was offended by the circumstance of Ruth, in her wild haste, passing through the prohibited front door.

But Ruth was away before Mrs. Morgan had finished her speech, out and away, scudding along the road, thought-lost in the breathless rapidity of her motion. Though her heart and head beat almost to bursting, what did it signify if she could but overtake the carriage? It was a nightmare, constantly evading the most passionate wishes and endeavours, and constantly gaining ground. Every time it was visible it was in fact more distant, but Ruth

would not believe it. If she could but gain the summit of that weary, everlasting hill, she believed that she could run again, and would soon be nigh upon the carriage. As she ran she prayed with wild eagerness; she prayed that she might see his face once more, even if she died on the spot before him. It was one of those prayers which God is too merciful to grant; but despairing, and wild as it was, Ruth put her soul into it, and prayed it again, and yet again.

Wave above wave of the ever-rising hills were gained, were crossed, and at last Ruth struggled up to the very top and stood on the bare table of moor, brown and purple, stretching far away till it was lost in the haze of the summer afternoon; the white road was all flat before her, but the carriage she sought, and the figure she sought, had disappeared. There was no human being there; a few wild, black-faced mountain sheep, quietly grazing near the road, as if it were long since they had been disturbed by the passing of any vehicle, was all the life she saw on the bleak moorland.

She threw herself down on the ling* by the side of the road, in despair. Her only hope was to die, and she believed she was dying. She could not think; she could believe anything. Surely life was a horrible dream, and God would mercifully awaken her from it? She had no penitence, no consciousness of error or offence: no knowledge of any one circumstance but that he was gone. Yet afterwards — long afterwards — she remembered the exact motion of a bright green beetle busily meandering among the wild thyme near her, and she recalled the musical, balanced, wavering drop of a skylark into her nest, near the heather-bed where she lay. The sun was sinking low, the hot air had ceased to quiver near the hotter earth, when she bethought her once more of the note which she had impatiently thrown down before half mastering its contents. "Oh, perhaps," she thought, "I have been too hasty. There may be some words of explanation from him on the other side of the page, to which, in my blind anguish, I never turned. I will go and find it."

She lifted herself heavily and stiffly from the crushed heather. She stood dizzy and confused with her change of posture; and was so unable to move at first, that her walk was but slow and tottering; but, by-and-by, she was tasked and goaded by thoughts which forced her into rapid motion, as if, by it, she could escape from her agony. She came down on the level ground, just as many gay or peaceful groups were sauntering leisurely home with hearts at ease; with low laughs and quiet smiles, and many an exclamation at the beauty of the summer evening.—*Ruth: a Novel*, chap. viii.

* The heath.

164.—THE GAMES OF GREECE.

[MITFORD, 1744—1827.]

[WILLIAM MITFORD, born in London, Feb. 10, 1744, studied at the university of Oxford, but did not take his degree. In 1761 he succeeded to the family estate, and in 1769 became captain in the South Hampshire Militia, in which corps Gibbon, with whom he became intimate, was a major. His first work, "An Essay upon Harmony in Language, &c.," was published in 1774; the first volume of his "History of Greece" in 1784; the second in 1790, the third in 1796, the fourth in 1808, and the fifth in 1818. His "Observations on the History and Doctrine of Christianity" appeared in 1823. Mitford died Feb. 8, 1827. A memoir, by Lord Redesdale, is prefixed to the edition of the "History of Greece," published in 1829.]

FROM very early times it had been customary among the Greeks to hold numerous meetings for purposes of festivity and social amusement. A foot-race, a wrestling match, or some other rude trial of bodily strength and activity, formed originally the principal entertainment, which seems to have been very similar in character to our country wakes. The almost ceaseless warfare among the little Grecian states gave especial value to military exercises which were accordingly ordinary in those games. Esteem for cudgel-playing among us has arisen from a state of disturbance always formerly to be apprehended, though not so constantly actual, as in elder Greece. The connexion of these games with the warlike character may have occasioned their introduction at funerals in honour of the dead; a custom which, we learn from Homer, was in his time ancient. But all the violence of the early ages was unable to repress that elegance of imagination which seems congenial to Greece. Very anciently a contention for a prize in poetry and music was a favourite entertainment of the Grecian people; and when connected, as it often was, with some ceremony of religion, drew together large assemblies of both sexes. A festival of this kind in the little island of Delos, at which Homer assisted, brought a numerous concourse from different parts by sea; and Hesiod informs us of a splendid meeting for the celebration of various games at Chalcis in Eubœa, where he himself obtained the prize for poetry and song. The contest in music and poetry seems early to have been particularly connected with the worship of Apollo. When this was carried from the islands of the Ægean to Delphi, a prize for poetry was instituted; and thence appear to have arisen the Pythian games. But Homer shows that games, in which athletic exercises and music and dancing were alternately introduced, made a common amusement of the courts of princes; and before his time the manner of conducting them was so far reduced to a system that public judges of the games were of the established magistracy. Thus improved, the games greatly resembled the tilts and tournaments of the

ages of chivalry. Men of high rank only presumed to engage in them : but a large concourse of all orders attended as spectators ; and to keep regularity among these was perhaps the most necessary office of the judges. But the most solemn meetings, drawing together people of distinguished rank and character, often from distant parts, were at the funerals of eminent men. The paramount sovereigns of Peloponnesus did not disdain to attend these, which were celebrated with every circumstance of magnificence and splendour that the age could afford. The funeral of Patroclus, described in the *Iliad*, may be considered as an example of what the poet could imagine in its kind most complete. The games, in which prizes were there contended for, were the chariot-race, the foot-race, boxing, wrestling, throwing the quoit and the javelin, shooting with the bow, and fencing with the spear. And in times when none could be rich or powerful but the strong and active, expert at martial exercises, all those trials of skill appear to have been esteemed equally becoming men of the highest rank ; though it may seem, from the prizes offered and the persons contending at the funeral of Patroclus, the poet himself saw, in the game of the castus, some incongruity with exalted characters.

Traditions are preserved of Games celebrated in Eleia, upon several great occasions, in very early times, with more than ordinary pomp, by assemblies of chiefs from different parts of Greece. Homer mentions such at Elis under King Augeas, contemporary with Hercules, and grandfather of one of the chiefs who commanded the Eleian troops in the Trojan war ; and again at Buprasium in Eleia, for the funeral of Amarynceus, while Nestor was yet in the vigour of youth. But it does not at all appear from Homer that in his time, or ever before him, any periodical festival was established like that which afterward became so famous, under the title of the Olympiad or the Olympian Contest, or, as our writers, translating the Latin phrase, have commonly termed it, the Olympian Games. On the contrary, every mention of such games, in his extant works, shows them to have been only occasional solemnities ; and Strabo has remarked that they were distinguished by a characteristical difference from the Olympian. In these the honour derived from receiving publicly a crown or chaplet, formed of a branch of oleaster, was the only reward of the victor ; but in Homer's games the prizes, not merely honorary, were intrinsically valuable ; and the value was often very considerable. After Homer's age, through the long troubles ensuing from the Dorian conquest, and the great change made in the population of the country, the customs and institutions of the Peloponnesians were so altered and overthrown that even memory of the ancient games was nearly lost.—*History of Greece*, vol. i. ch. iii. § 4.

165.—THE FRIARS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

[SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1792.

[JOHN BOWRING, born at Exeter, October 17, 1792, became the political pupil of Jeremy Bentham, and for some time edited the *Westminster Review*. From 1835 till 1837 he was returned to parliament for the Clyde boroughs, and from 1841 till 1849 for Bolton. In 1849 he was made British consul at Canton. He was knighted in 1854, and the same year appointed Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China and Governor of Hong-Kong. In 1855 he proceeded on a special mission to Siam, and concluded a treaty. His work on the subject, "The Kingdom and People of Siam," was published in 1857. Sir John Bowring, who retired in 1859, published "A Visit to the Philippine Islands" in 1859, and was sent to report on the state of commercial relations with the new kingdom of Italy in 1861.]

THE personal courtesies, the kind reception and multifarious attentions which I received from the friars in every part of the Philippines naturally dispose me to look upon them with a friendly eye. I found among them men worthy of being loved and honoured, some of considerable intellectual vigour; but literary cultivation and scientific acquirements are rare. Occupied with their own concerns, they are little acquainted with mundane affairs. Politics, geography, history, have no charms for those who, even had they the disposition for study, would, in their seclusion and remoteness, have access to few of its appliances. Their convents are almost palatial, with extensive courts, grounds and gardens; their revenues frequently enormous. Though their mode of life is generally unostentatious and simple, many of them keep handsome carriages and have the best horses in the locality; and they are surrounded generally by a prostrate and superstitious population, upon whose hopes and fears, thoughts and feelings, they exercise an influence which would seem magical were it not by their devotees deemed divine. This influence, no doubt, is greatly due to the heroism, labours, sufferings and sacrifices of the early missionaries, and to the admirably organized hierarchy of the Roman Church, whose ramifications reach to the extremest points in which any of the forms or semblances of Christianity are to be discovered. Volumes upon volumes—the folio records of the proceedings of the different religious orders, little known to Protestant readers—fill the library shelves of these Catholic establishments, which are the receptacles of their religious history.

The most extensively influential brotherhood in the Philippines is that of the Augustines (*Agostinos Calzados*), who administer to the cure of more than a million and a half of souls. The barefooted Augustines (*Agostinos Descalzos*, or *Recoletos*) claim authority over about one-third of this number. The Dominicans occupy the next rank, and their congregations are scarcely less

numerous than those of the barefooted Augustines. Next come the Franciscans, who are supposed to rank with the Dominicans in the extent of their authority. Independently of the monastic orders and the superior ecclesiastic authorities, there are but a small number of parochial or secular clergy in the Philippines.

On occasions of installations under the "royal seal," the ceremonies take place in the church of the Augustines, the oldest in Manila, where also the regimental flags receive their benediction, and other public civil festivals are celebrated. A convent is attached to the church. Both the regular Augustines and the Recoletos receive pecuniary assistance from the State. The Franciscans rank next to the Augustines in the number of their clergy.

A source of influence possessed by the friars, and from which a great majority of civil functionaries are excluded, is the mastery of the native languages. All the introductory studies of ecclesiastical aspirants are dedicated to this object. No doubt they have great advantages from living habitually among the Indian people, with whom they keep up the most uninterrupted intercourse, and of whose concerns they have an intimate knowledge. One of the most obvious means of increasing the power of the civil departments would be in encouragement given to their functionaries for the acquirement of the native idioms. I believe Spanish is not employed in the pulpits anywhere beyond the capital. In many of the pueblos there is not a single individual Indian who understands Castilian, so that the priest is often the only link between the government and the community, and, as society is now organized, a necessary link. It must be recollected, too, that the different members of the religious brotherhoods are bound together by stronger bonds and a more potent and influential organization than any official hierarchy among civilians; and the government can expect no co-operation from the priesthood in any measures which tend to the diminution of ecclesiastical authority or jurisdiction, and yet the subjection of that authority to the State, and its limitation wherever it interferes with the public well-being, is the great necessity and the all-important problem to be solved in the Philippines. But here, too, the *Catholic* character of the government itself presents an enormous and almost invincible difficulty. Nothing is so dear to a Spaniard in general as his religion; his orthodoxy is his pride and glory, and upon this foundation the Romish Church naturally builds up a political power and is able to intertwine its pervading influence with all the machinery of the civil government. The Dutch have no such embarrassment in their archipelago.—*A Visit to the Philippine Islands.* Chap. xii., Ecclesiastical Authority.

166.—EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

[DR. ARNOLD, 1795—1842.]

[THOMAS ARNOLD, born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795, was educated at Winchester and at Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship in 1815. He was ordained in 1818, and resided at Oxford until 1819, when he removed to Laleham, near Staines, and became head-master of Rugby School in 1828. He accepted a seat in the Senate of the London University in 1835, retired in 1838, and was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1841. Dr. Arnold, who was a laborious author, is best known by his "History of Rome," his "Lectures on Modern History," and his edition of Thucydides. He published several volumes of sermons. His death occurred at Rugby June 12, 1842, and he was buried in the chancel of the chapel. A life, by the Rev. A. P. Stanley, appeared in 1844.]

EVERY man, from the highest to the lowest, has two businesses; the one his own particular profession or calling, be it what it will, whether that of soldier, seaman, farmer, lawyer, mechanic, labourer, &c.—the other his general calling, which he has in common with all his neighbours, namely, the calling of a citizen and a man. The education which fits him for the first of these two businesses, is called professional; that which fits him for the second, is called liberal. But because every man must do this second business, whether he does it well or ill, so people are accustomed to think that it is learnt more easily. A man who has learnt it indifferently seems, notwithstanding, to get through life with tolerable comfort; he may be thought not to be very wise or very agreeable, yet he manages to get married, and to bring up a family, and to mix in society with his friends and neighbours. Whereas, a man who has learnt his other business indifferently, I mean, his particular trade or calling, is in some danger of starving outright. People will not employ an indifferent workman when good ones are to be had in plenty; and, therefore, if he has learnt his particular business badly, it is likely that he will not be able to practise it at all.

Thus it is that while ignorance of a man's special business is instantly detected, ignorance of his great business as a man and a citizen is scarcely noticed, because there are so many who share in it. Thus we see every one ready to give an opinion about politics, or about religion, or about morals, because it is said these are every man's business. And so they are, and if people would learn them as they do their own particular business, all would do well: but never was the proverb more fulfilled which says that every man's business is no man's. It is worse indeed than if it were no man's; for now it is every man's business to meddle in, but no man's to learn. And this general ignorance does not make itself felt directly,—if it did, it were more likely to be remedied: but the process is long and roundabout; false notions are entertained and acted upon; prejudices and passions multiply; abuses become mani-

fold ; difficulty and distress at last press on the whole community ; whilst the same ignorance which produced the mischief now helps to confirm it or to aggravate it, because it hinders them from seeing where the root of the whole evil lay, and sets them upon some vain attempt to correct the consequences, while they never think of curing, because they do not suspect the cause.

I believe it is generally the case, at least in the agricultural districts, that a boy is taken away from school at fourteen. He is taken away, less than half educated, because his friends want him to enter upon his business in life without any longer delay. That is, the interests of his great business as a man are sacrificed to the interest of his particular business as a farmer or a tradesman. And yet very likely the man who cares so little about political knowledge, is very earnest about political power, and thinks that it is most unjust if he has no share in the election of members of the legislature. I do not blame any one for taking his son from school at an early age when he is actually obliged to do so, but I fear that in too many instances there is no sense entertained of the value of education, beyond its fitting a boy for his own immediate business in life : and until this be altered for the better, I do not see that we are likely to grow much wiser, or that though political power may pass into different hands, that it will be exercised more purely or sensibly than it has been.

"But the newspapers—they are cheap and ready instructors in political knowledge, from whom all may, and all are willing to learn." A newspaper reader, addressing a newspaper editor, must not speak disrespectfully of that with which they are themselves concerned ; but *we* know, Sir, and every honest man connected with a newspaper would confess also, that our instruction is often worse than useless to him who has never had any other. We suppose that our readers have some knowledge and some principles of their own ; and adapt our language to them accordingly. I am afraid that we in many cases suppose this untruly ; and the wicked amongst our fraternity make their profit out of their readers' ignorance, by telling them that they are wise. *But instruction must be regular and systematic ; whereas a newspaper must give the facts of the day or the week,—and if it were to overload these with connected essays upon general principles, it would not be read. I fear that my own letters tax the patience of some of your readers to the utmost allowable length : and that many, perhaps those who might find them most useful, never think of reading them at all. And yet my letters, although the very least entertaining things that could be tolerated in a newspaper, cannot and do not pretend to give instructions to those who are wholly ignorant. All my hope is to set my readers thinking ;

and my highest delight would be that any one should be induced by them to suspect his own ignorance, and to try to gain knowledge where it is to be gained. But assuredly he who does honestly want to gain knowledge will not go to a newspaper to look for it.

No, Sir, real knowledge, like everything else of the highest value, is not to be obtained so easily. It must be worked for,—studied for,—thought for,—and more than all, it must be prayed for. And that is education, which lays the foundation of such habits,—and gives them, so far as a boy's early age will allow, their proper exercise. For doing this, the materials exist in the studies actually pursued in our commercial schools; but it cannot be done effectually, if a boy's education is to be cut short at fourteen. His *schooling* indeed may be ended without mischief, if his parents are able to guide his *education* afterwards; and the way to gain this hereafter, is to make the most of the schooling time of the rising generation,—that finding how much may be done even in their case, within the limited time allowed for their education, they may be anxious to give *their* children greater advantages, that the fruit may be proportionably greater.

It may be that this is impracticable, to which I have only to say that I will not believe it to be so till I am actually unable to hope otherwise; for if it be impracticable, my expectations of good from any political changes are faint indeed. These changes might still be necessary, might still be just, but they would not mend our condition; the growth of evil, moral and political, would be no less rapid than it is now.—*Miscellaneous Works: Education of the Middle Classes.* Letter ii.

167.—THE GRAVE.

[MONTGOMERY, 1771—1854.]

[JAMES MONTGOMERY, the son of a Moravian minister, was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Nov. 4, 1771. After following various occupations, he in 1794 established the *Sheffield Iris*, which he edited until 1825. His first publication, "The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems," appeared in 1806, and was followed by "The West Indies" in 1810; "The World before the Flood" in 1812; and "The Pelican Island and other Poems," in 1827. He obtained a pension from Government in 1835, and died April 30, 1854. Memoirs by Holland and Everett appeared in 1854, and another biography by J. W. King, in 1858.]

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep.
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—O my Mother Earth!
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain guns wild,—I rave;
— Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
—— “I am THE GRAVE!

“The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, Pride!

“Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

“Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

“Lashed by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
By the dread secrets of my womb ;
By Death and Hell ;

"I charge thee LIVE !—repent and pray ;
In dust thine infamy deplore ;
There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER ?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights ?

"O LIVE !—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past :
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER ?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark ?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE !—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow ?

"LIVE !—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told :
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

“ Did WOMAN’S charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove ?
Hath she betrayed thee with a smile,
And sold thy love ?

“ LIVE ! ’twas a false bewildering fire :
• Too often Love’s insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

“ Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty’s eye ;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

“ A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman’s love.

“ — Whate’er thy lot,—whoe’er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

“ A bruised reed He will not break ;
Afflictions all his children feel :
He wounds them for his mercy’s sake,
He wounds to heal.

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore :
’Tis done !—Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

“ Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time’s dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
 GOD'S glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
 A star of day.

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
 SHALL NEVER DIE."

Miscellaneous Poems : The Grave.

168.—THE CONVERSION OF S. AUGUSTINE.

[DEAN STANLEY, 1815.

[ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, born in 1815, and educated at Rugby and at Oxford, became Fellow of University College in 1840, was Select Preacher in 1845, and Canon of Canterbury from 1851 till 1858. Having been Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Canon of Christ Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of London, he in 1864 was appointed Dean of Westminster. Dr. Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold* was published in 1844. He is the author of numerous Sermons and Lectures. His "Historical Memoirs of Canterbury" appeared in 1854, "Sinai and Palestine" in 1855, "Sermons preached in the East" and "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church" in 1863, and "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church," Part II., in 1865.]

AUGUSTINE's youth had been one of reckless self-indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived ; he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins ; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell ; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin,—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them !) can prize too highly,—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated

* See page 392.

Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict,—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sate together, and at last, says Augustine, "When deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears." He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig-tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit, "How long? how long?—to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now?—why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?" "So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart," he says, "when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, 'Take up and read, take up and read.' Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find. . . . Eagerly he returned to the place where his friend was sitting, for there lay the volume of S. Paul's Epistles, which he had just begun to study." "I seized it," he says, "I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell. '*Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying.* But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof.*' No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away."

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses; how his mother's heart was rejoiced; how he was baptized by the great Ambrose; how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher, since the Apostles.

It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of S. Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes. These conver-

sions are, it is true, the exceptions and not the rule of Providence, but such examples as Augustine show us that we must acknowledge the truth of the exceptions when they do occur. It is also an instance how, even in such sudden conversions, previous good influences have their weight. The prayers of his mother, the silent influence of his friend, the high character of Ambrose, the preparation for Christian truth in the writings of heathen philosophers, were all laid up, as it were, waiting for the spark, and, when it came, the fire flashed at once through every corner of his soul. It is a striking instance, also, of the effect of a single passage of Scripture, suddenly but seriously taken to heart. It may come to us as to him, through the voice of a little child, or through the prompting of our own conscience, or through the recurrence of the words in the church service. . . . *The Unity of Evangelical and Apostolical Teaching. Sermons, preached mostly in Canterbury Cathedral. Sermon x., The Doctrine of S. Paul. Rom. xiii. 12-14.*

169.—CONDITION OF THE CHINESE.

[LORD BROUGHAM, 1778—1868.]

[HENRY BROUGHAM, born at Edinburgh, Sep. 19, 1778, was educated at Edinburgh University, and in 1800 was admitted to the Scottish Bar. He was one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, and was called to the English Bar in 1808. He was elected member for Camelford in the Whig interest in 1810. From 1812 till 1816 he was without a seat, but in the latter year was returned for Winchelsea. In 1820 and 1821 he was engaged as Attorney-General to Queen Caroline; in 1825 was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and in 1827 founded the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and became its first President. In Aug. 1830 he was returned for Yorkshire, and having been the same year appointed Lord Chancellor, was raised to the peerage. Lord Brougham is the author of numerous works, the best known being "Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III.," published in 1839—43; "Political Philosophy," in 1840—44; and "Lives of Men of Letters and Science of the Time of George III.," in 1845—6. An edition of his works collected by himself appeared at Edinburgh in 1855—57. "Albert Lunel; or, the Chateau of Languedoc," a novel, suppressed on the eve of publication in 1844, has been attributed to him. Lord Brougham died in 1868.]

THE universal respect in which learning is held, and the privileges allowed to it, have not however made the Chinese carry far their cultivation of it. They afford, on the contrary, a singular instance of a nation early making some progress, and then stopping short for ages; of a people, all of whom possess the instruments of education, the means of acquiring knowledge—a people most of whom have actually acquired some knowledge—and yet none of whom have ever gone beyond the most elementary studies. This can only be ascribed to the absolute form of their government, and the manifest intention which

the sovereigns have always had to limit the literary acquisitions of their subjects. The advantages of keeping quiet and indolent a people so numerous as to be able to crush almost any ruler, and the means of tranquillity which elementary lessons like those of Confucius and his school bestowed, if they were thoroughly learnt, and became, as it were, mixed up with the nature of the people, could not escape the Chinese monarchs. They had a people to deal with whom they found it easy to occupy with such pursuits, and with the innumerable customs and ceremonies which the sacred writings inculcate together with far better things. The occupation was more than harmless—it was most useful in extinguishing fierce and turbulent spirits; and the lessons taught were those of absolute submission to the magistrates, though seasoned with so much other doctrine as prevented them from wearing the appearance of a mere design to secure subordination. Beyond the learning of those books, therefore, the government had no desire that Chinese education should be carried. Accordingly, true orthodoxy is closely confined to the books of Confucius and Mencius, and one or two commentators on them; and the government discountenances by every means the acquisition of any other learning. This is the main cause of the stationary knowledge of the Chinese; and one of the most powerful means used by the government to keep it thus stationary is the preventing of almost all intercourse with foreign nations.

The amount of the learning contained in those writings is very moderate. Many of the maxims are admirable; some indeed closely resembling those of our own religion. Thus Confucius distinctly enjoins the duty of doing unto others as we would be done to by them; nor can anything be more urgent than his injunction to watch the secret thoughts of the heart as the fountains of evil. It is also an admirable precept of his to judge ourselves with the severity we apply to others; and to judge others as mercifully as we do ourselves. But there are wicked doctrines mixed with this pure wisdom, as when men are commanded not to live under the same sky with a father's assassin; and besides, the merit of all moral maxims is much more in the acting upon them than the laying them down. Wisdom is, properly speaking, the doing what wise sayings recommend; and he has made but a small progress in philosophy—even in the philosophy of morals—who has only stored his memory with all the proverbs of Franklin and all the morals of Æsop. There are few men so ignorant as not to know the substance of these aphorisms, though they may never have seen them put in terse language, or illustrated by apt comparisons. The difficulty really lies in acting up to them. Therefore the learning to which the Chinese almost entirely devote themselves is of a very trifling nature

at best. Some of it indeed is positively useless. The Li-ki, or book of rites and customs, contains three thousand of these, all of which are to be learnt and to be scrupulously observed; and there is a council of state with the exclusive office of seeing that this observance is complete—a manifest contrivance of the government to occupy the people with frivolous and harmless studies.

It thus happens that the Chinese, after having, long before any other of the nations now deemed most refined, made a considerable progress in knowledge and still more in the arts, have stopped short as it were on the threshold, and never attempted the rank of a learned or even a very polished nation. Acquainted with paper-making for above seventeen centuries, with printing for more than nine, they have hardly produced a book which could fix the attention of a European reader in the present day; and yet learning is the passport to political honours, and even to power, among them; and books are so highly valued that it is part of their religious observances never to suffer the treading on, or irreverent treatment of, a scrap of printed or written paper how worthless soever. Possessed of the mariner's compass twelve hundred years before it was known in Europe, they have scarcely ever put it to the use which it really can best serve, but creep along their coasts, from headland to headland, like the most ignorant of the South Sea islanders, and rather employ it on shore, where other marks might better serve to guide them. With a kind of glass, or something as near good glass as possible, for ages, they never have yet succeeded in making that most useful and beautiful product of the arts in its transparent state and plastic fabric. Capable of copying the works of the pencil with a minuteness which seems preternatural, both as to colour and form, they are wholly without invention, and, left to themselves, can make nothing like an imitation of nature. Nor in the severer sciences have they made any progress beyond the very first elements, although they have known one or two of the fundamental truths in geometry for hundreds of years, by induction rather than demonstration, and could calculate eclipses of the heavenly bodies long before any other nation had emerged from barbarism. It is equally certain, however, that the amount of knowledge which they have so long attained, the repute in which they have been taught to hold the quiet and sedulous pursuit of it, and the devotion of their attention to it within certain limits, joined to the being debarred from all foreign intercourse, have produced all the effect that could be desired by their rulers; it has so far reclaimed them from the turbulent state of uncivilized tribes as to make them easily ruled, by keeping them quiet, sedentary, inactive, even pusillanimous, without unfolding their faculties

or increasing their knowledge in any degree likely to endanger the security of a system founded mainly upon the permanent position of all and each of its parts.—*Political Philosophy*. Vol. i. chap. vi., Government of China.

170.—MR. GALLOWAY AND HIS CLERKS.

[MRS. HENRY WOOD, 1820.

[MRS. HENRY WOOD, the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, formerly head of a manufacturing firm, was born in Worcestershire in 1820, and married to Mr. Henry Wood at an early age. She commenced her literary career as a contributor to various periodicals. Her first novel, "Danesbury House," which gained the Scottish Temperance prize of £100, appeared in 1860. It was followed by "East Lynne," published in 1861; "The Channings" in 1862; and numerous works.]

Of beauty, Mr. Galloway could boast little; but of his hair he was moderately vain: a very good head of hair it was, curling naturally. But hair, let it be luxuriant enough to excite the admiration of a whole army of coiffeurs, is, like other things in this sublunary world of ours, subject to change; it will not last for ever; and Mr. Galloway's, from a fine and glossy brown, turned, as years went on, to sober grey—nay, almost to white. He did not particularly admire the change, but he had to submit to it; Nature is stronger than we are. A friend hinted that it might be 'dyed.' Mr. Galloway resented the suggestion: anything false was abhorrent to him. When, however, after an illness, his hair began to fall off alarmingly, he thought it no harm to use a certain specific, emanating from one of Her Majesty's physicians; extensively set forth and patronized as an undoubted remedy for the falling off of hair. Mr. Galloway used it extensively in his fear, for he had an equal dread both of baldness and wigs. The lotion not only had the desired effect, but it had more: the hair grew on again luxuriantly, and its grey-whiteness turned into the finest flaxen you ever saw; a light delicate shade of flaxen, exactly like the curls you see upon the heads of blue-eyed wax dolls. This is a fact: and whether Mr. Galloway liked it, or not, he had to put up with it. Many would not be persuaded but what he had used some delicate preparation of dye, hitherto unknown to science: and the suspicion vexed Mr. Galloway. Behold him, therefore, with a perfect shower of smooth, fair curls upon his head, like any young beau.

It was in this gentleman's office that Arthur Channing had been placed, with a view to his becoming ultimately a proctor. To article

him to Mr. Galloway would take a good round sum of money; and this had been put off until the termination of the suit, when Mr. Channing had looked forward to being at his ease, in regard to pecuniary means. There were two others in the same office: the one was Roland Yorke, who was articled; the other was Joseph Jenkins, a thin, spare, humble man of nine-and-thirty, who had served Mr. Galloway for nearly twenty years, earning twenty-five shillings per week. He was a son of old Jenkins the bedesman, and his wife kept a small hosiery shop in High Street. Roland Yorke was, of course, not paid; on the contrary, he had paid pretty smartly to Mr. Galloway for the privilege of being initiated into the mysteries pertaining to a proctor. Arthur Channing may be said to have occupied a position in the office midway between the two. He was to become on the footing of Roland Yorke; but meanwhile, he received a small sum weekly, in remuneration of his services, like Joe Jenkins did. Roland Yorke, in his proud moods, looked down upon him as a paid clerk; Mr. Jenkins looked up to him as a gentleman. It was a somewhat anomalous position; but Arthur had held his own bravely up in it until this blow came, looking forward to a brighter time.

In the years gone by, one of the stalls in Helstonleigh Cathedral was held by the Reverend Dr. Yorke: he had also some time filled the office of sub-dean. He had married, imprudently, the daughter of an Irish peer, a pretty, good-tempered girl, who was as fond of extravagance as she was devoid of means to support it. She had not a shilling; it was even said that the bills for her wedding clothes came in afterwards to Dr. Yorke: but people, you know, are given to talk scandal. Want of fortune had been nothing, had Lady Augusta but possessed common prudence; but she spent the doctor's money faster than it came in. In the course of years Dr. Yorke died, leaving eight children, and slender means for them. There were six boys and two girls. Lady Augusta went to reside in a cheap and roomy house (somewhat dilapidated) in the Boundaries, close to her old prebendal residence, and scrambled on in her careless, spending fashion, never out of debt. She retained their old barouche, and would retain it, and was a great deal too fond of ordering horses from the livery stables and driving out in state. Gifted with good parts and qualities had her children been born; but of training, in the highest sense of the word, she had given them none. George, the eldest, had a commission, and was away with his regiment; Roland, the second, had been designed for the Church, but no persuasion could induce him to be sufficiently attentive to his studies to qualify himself for it; he was therefore placed with Mr. Galloway, and the Church honours were now intended for Gerald. The fourth son, Theodore, was also in

the college school, a junior. Next came two girls, Caroline and Fanny, and there were two little boys younger. Haughty, self-willed, but of sufficiently honourable nature, were the Yorkes. If Lady Augusta had but toiled to foster the good, and eradicate the evil, they would have grown up to bless her. Good soil was there to work upon, as there was in the Channings; but, in the case of the Yorkes, it was allowed to run to waste, or to generate weeds. In short, to do as it pleased.—*The Channings*, chap. v.

171.—SIMON DE MONTFORT, EARL OF LEICESTER.

[HUME, 1711—1776.

[DAVID HUME, born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711, was educated at the university of that city. His friends wished him to study law. For a short time, in 1734, he was placed in a mercantile house, but he resolved to devote himself to literary pursuits, and went to France to study. In 1737 he returned to London, where his first work, a "Treatise on Human Nature," was published in 1739. The first volume of his "Essays" appeared in 1741. The first volume of his "History of England," containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I. was published at Edinburgh in 1754; the second volume appeared in 1756; the third and fourth volumes, containing the history of the House of Tudor, in 1759; and the fifth and sixth, containing the earlier history of the country, in 1762. Hume was appointed Under-Secretary of State in 1766. Resigning this appointment in 1769, he retired to Edinburgh, where he died Aug. 25, 1776. His history, which has gone through numerous editions, was continued to the death of George II. by Smollett, and to the reign of Queen Victoria by the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Hume's autobiography, edited by Adam Smith, was published in 1777. His "Life," by T. E. Ritchie, appeared in 1807, and his "Life and Correspondence, from papers bequeathed by his nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh," edited by J. H. Burton, in 1847.]

ALL these imprudent and illegal measures afforded a pretence to Simon de Mountfort,* Earl of Leicester, to attempt an innovation in the government, and to wrest the sceptre from the feeble and irresolute hand which held it (1258). This nobleman was a younger son, of that Simon de Mountfort, who had conducted with such valour and renown the crusade against the Albigenses; and who, though he tarnished his famous exploits by cruelty and ambition, had left a name very precious to all the bigots of that age, particularly to the ecclesiastics. A large inheritance in England fell by succession to this family; but as the elder brother enjoyed still more opulent possessions in France, and could not perform fealty to two masters, he transferred his right to Simon, his younger brother, who came over to

* The earlier orthography.

England, did homage for his lands, and was raised to the dignity of earl of Leicester. In the year 1238, he espoused Eleanor, dowager of William, earl of Pembroke, and sister to the king; but the marriage of this princess with a subject and a foreigner, though contracted with Henry's consent, was loudly complained of by the earl of Cornwall and all the barons of England; and Leicester was supported against their violence by the king's favour and authority alone. But he had no sooner established himself in his possessions and dignities, than he acquired, by insinuation and address, a strong interest with the nation, and gained equally the affections of all orders of men: he lost, however, the friendship of Henry from the usual levity and fickleness of that prince; he was banished the court: he was recalled; he was entrusted with the command of Guienne, when he did good service and acquired honour; he was again disgraced by the king, and his banishment from court seemed now final and irrevocable. Henry called him traitor to his face; Leicester gave him the lie; and told him that if he were not his sovereign, he would soon make him repent of that insult: yet was this quarrel accommodated, either from the good nature or timidity of the king; and Leicester was again admitted into some degree of favour and authority: but, as this nobleman was become too great to preserve an entire complaisance to Henry's humours, and to act in subserviency to his other minions; he found more advantage in cultivating his interest with the public, and in inflaming the general discontents which prevailed against the administration. He filled every place with complaints against the infringement of the Great Charter, the acts of violence committed on the people, the combination between the pope and the king in their tyranny and extortions, Henry's neglect of his native subjects and barons; and, though himself a foreigner, he was more loud than any in representing the indignity of submitting to the dominion of foreigners. By his hypocritical pretensions to devotion he gained the favour of the zealots and clergy; by his seeming concern for public good he acquired the affections of the public; and, besides the private friendships which he had cultivated with the barons, his animosity against the favourites created a union of interests between him and that powerful order.

A recent quarrel which broke out between Leicester and William de Valence, Henry's half-brother, and chief favourite, brought matters to extremity, and determined the former to give full scope to his bold and unbounded ambition, which the laws and the king's authority had hitherto with difficulty restrained. He secretly called a meeting of the most considerable barons, particularly Humphrey de Bohun high constable, Roger Bigod earl mareschal, and the earls of Warwick

and Gloucester; men who by their family and possessions stood in the first rank of the English nobility. He represented to this company the necessity of reforming the state, and of putting the execution of the laws into other hands than those which had hitherto appeared, from repeated experience, so unfit for the charge with which they were entrusted: he exaggerated the oppressions exercised against the lower orders of the state, the violations of the barons' privileges, the continued depredations made on the clergy; and, in order to aggravate the enormity of his conduct, he appealed to the Great Charter, which Henry had so often ratified, and which was calculated to prevent for ever the return of those intolerable grievances: he magnified the generosity of their ancestors, who, at a great expense of blood, had extorted that famous concession from the crown; but lamented their own degeneracy, who allowed so important an advantage, once obtained, to be wrested from them by a weak prince and by insolent strangers: and he insisted, that the king's word, after so many submissions and fruitless promises on his part, could no longer be relied on; and that nothing but his absolute inability to violate national privileges could thenceforth ensure the regular observance of them.

These topics, which were founded in truth, and suited so well the sentiments of the company, had the desired effect; and the barons embraced a resolution of redressing the public grievances, by taking into their own hands the administration of government. Henry having summoned a parliament, in expectation of receiving supplies for his Sicilian project, the barons appeared in the hall, clad in complete armour, and with their swords by their side. The king, on his entry, struck with the unusual appearance, asked them what was their purpose, and whether they pretended to make him their prisoner: Roger Bigod replied, in the name of the rest, that he was not their prisoner, but their sovereign; that they even intended to grant him large supplies, in order to fix his son on the throne of Sicily; that they only expected some return for this expense and service; and that, as he had frequently made submissions to the parliament, had acknowledged his past errors, and had still allowed himself to be carried into the same path, which gave them such just reason of complaint; he must now yield to more strict regulations, and confer authority on those who were able and willing to redress the national grievances. Henry, partly allured by the hopes of supply, and partly intimidated by the union and martial appearance of the barons, agreed to their demand; and promised to summon another parliament at Oxford, in order to digest the new plan of government, and to elect the persons who were to be entrusted with the chief authority.—*History of England*, chap. xii. § 11.

172.—THE JAVANESE.

[SIR JOHN BARROW, 1764—1848.

[JOHN BARROW, born at Drayley-Beck, in Lancashire, June 19, 1764, at first followed the profession of a schoolmaster. He was appointed private Secretary to Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, and afterwards accompanied Lord Macartney to the Cape of Good Hope. In 1804 he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty, and in this position promoted the advancement of geographical or scientific knowledge. He was created a baronet in 1835, and died Nov. 23, 1848. His "Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa in the Years 1797 and 1798" appeared in 1801—4; his "Travels in China" in 1806; "A Voyage to Cochin China in the Years 1792 and 1793" in 1806; his "Life of Lord Macartney" in 1808; and his "Chronological History of Voyages into the Polar Regions" in 1818. He published "An Autobiographical Memoir" in 1847.]

THE Javanese are, in general, about the middle size of Europeans, straight and well made; all their joints, their hands and their feet, remarkably small; the colour of their skin a deep brown, approaching to black; their eyes are black and prominent; the nose rather broad and somewhat flattened; the upper lip a little projecting, not much thickened, but highly arched. They have a firm steady gait, and seem to feel, or at least to affect, a superiority over the other inhabitants of the island. They rub the head, the face and other parts of the body that are not covered with clothing, with a composition of cocoa-nut oil and sandal wood dust, as a preventive against a too copious perspiration, and the biting of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

They are remarkably temperate in their diet, but neither their temperance nor their moderate labour seems to have the effect of promoting longevity. Females usually marry at ten or twelve years of age, till which time they go nearly naked, wearing only a belt round their loins, with a broad metal plate in front, of an oval or circular form, and sometimes shaped like a heart. Sometimes they wear rings or bracelets round the wrist, chains about the neck, and chaplets of flowers in the hair. When a girl is espoused, she is clad in a loose flowing robe, variously ornamented according to the circumstances of her parents, her hair is more than usually decorated with flowers, and smoothed with a profusion of paste and cocoa-nut oil. In this dress she rides about the town or village, mounted on horseback, and, as emblematic of her chastity, the animal is always a white one, when such is to be had; and she is accompanied by all the friends, the relations and the slaves of both families, and a band of music. But this is often her last public exhibition; for, if she marries into a family of condition, she is then shut up for the remainder of her life.

The diet of the Javanese forms a great contrast with that of the Dutch. A considerable part of it consists in rice, sometimes fried in

oil, and sometimes boiled in plain water, with which are used a few capsules or heads of *Capsicum* or Cayenne pepper, and a little salt, to render more palatable this insipid grain. With the use of animal food a true Javanese is wholly unacquainted, and of milk he is very sparing, except indeed of that liquid substance, sometimes though improperly so called, which abounds in the young cocoa-nut, and which affords a cool and refreshing draught. This tree, and indeed most of the palm tribe, as the date, the sago, and the areca, all supply him with solid food. The chief use of the areca, however, is only as an ingredient in a compound masticatory, consisting, besides this nut, of chunam or lime of shells and *seriboo* or seeds of long pepper, made into a paste and rolled up in the green leaf of betel pepper. This composition, when moistened in the mouth, communicates to the tongue and lips a deep red colour, which turns afterwards to a dark mahogany brown. The teeth of a Javanese being painted black (because monkeys, he observes, have white ones) give to the countenance rather a hideous appearance.—*A Voyage to Cochin China in 1792 and 1793*. Chap. viii., Batavia.

173.—COMETS.

[SIR J. F. W. HERSCHEL, Bt., 1790.

[JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1790, educated at St. John's, Cambridge, was Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman in 1813. He devoted himself to mathematics and astronomy, and in 1826 received a gold medal from the Astronomical Society for his observations on double stars. His "Transactions of the Astronomical Society" appeared in 1830. The Astronomical Society again awarded him, in 1836, their gold medal for his Catalogue of Nebulæ. In 1834 he went to the Cape of Good Hope for the purpose of examining the southern celestial hemisphere, and he completed his observations in 1838. His work giving an account of these valuable labours was published in 1847. His "Treatise on Astronomy" appeared in 1833; his "Manual of Scientific Inquiry" in 1849; and his "Outlines of Astronomy" in 1849. He was made a baronet in 1838, became President of the Royal Society in 1843, and of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1848, was appointed Master of the Mint in 1850, and resigned in 1855. Hallam (Lit. Hist. Part iii, ch. iii. § 61) remarks, "Sir John Herschel in his admirable Discourse on Natural Philosophy,* has added a greater number [of illustrations] from still more recent discoveries, and has also furnished such a luminous development of the difficulties of the *Novum Organum*, as had been vainly hoped in former times."]

THAT feelings of awe and astonishment should be excited by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a great comet, is no way surprising; being, in fact, according to the accounts we have of such

* Published in 1830.

events, one of the most imposing of all natural phenomena. Comets consist for the most part of a large and more or less splendid, but ill-defined nebulous mass of light, called the head, which is usually much brighter towards its center, and offers the appearance of a vivid *nucleus*, like a star or planet. From the head, and in a direction *opposite to that in which the sun is situated*, from the comet appear to diverge two streams of light, which grow broader and more diffused at a distance from the head, and which most commonly close in and unite at a little distance behind it, but sometimes continue distinct for a great part of their course; producing an effect like that of the trains left by some bright meteors, or like the diverging fire of a sky-rocket (only without sparks or perceptible motion). This is the tail. This magnificent appendage attains occasionally an immense apparent length. Aristotle relates of the tail of the comet of 371 B.C., that it occupied a third of the hemisphere, or 60° ; that of A.D. 1618 is stated to have been attended by a train no less than 104° in length. The comet of 1680, the most celebrated of modern times, and on many accounts the most remarkable of all, with a head not exceeding in brightness a star of the second magnitude, covered with its tail an extent of more than 70° of the heavens, or, as some accounts state, 90° ; that of the comet of 1769 extended 97° , and that of the last great comet (1843) was estimated at about 65° when longest. The figure* (Fig. 2, Plate ii.) is a representation of the comet of 1819—by no means one of the most considerable, but which was, however, very conspicuous to the naked eye.

The tail is, however, by no means an invariable appendage of comets. Many of the brightest have been observed to have short and feeble tails, and a few great comets have been entirely without them. Those of 1585 and 1763 offered no vestige of a tail; and Cassini describes the comets of 1665 and 1682 as being as round and as well defined as Jupiter. On the other hand, instances are not wanting of comets furnished with many tails or streams of diverging light. That of 1744 had no less than six, spread out like an immense fan, extending to a distance of nearly 30° in length. The small comet of 1823 had two, making an angle of about 160° , the brighter turned as usual from the sun, the fainter towards it, or nearly so. The tails of comets, too, are often somewhat curved, bending, in general, towards the region which the comet has left, as if moving somewhat more slowly, or as if resisted in their course.

The smaller comets, such as are visible only in telescopes, or with

* The plate is given in the original work.

difficulty by the naked eye, and which are by far the most numerous, offer very frequently no appearance of a tail, and appear only as round or somewhat oval vaporous masses, more dense towards the center, where, however, they appear to have no distinct nucleus, or anything which seems entitled to be considered as a solid body.—*Outlines of Astronomy*, Part I. chap. xi. §§ 556–8.

174.—HENRY THE FIFTH AT AGINCOURT.

[SHAKESPEARE, 1564—1616.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564,* probably educated at "the King's New School," and married to Anne Hathaway in 1582, is believed to have left his native place for London in 1586. On his arrival in the metropolis he is supposed to have been engaged as an actor, afterwards as a writer of plays, and he became a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. Thirty-six dramas, which had been produced on different occasions, were after his death published in the folio of 1623, the first collected edition, which with certain alterations was republished in 1632, in 1664, and in 1685. Shakespeare wrote two poems, the "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593, and "The Rape of Lucrece" in 1594. He left London in 1613, and died at Stratford, April 23, 1616. After the Great Rebellion, the works of Shakespeare fell into comparative neglect, but at the commencement of the last century attention was directed to these extraordinary productions, and criticism, long mistaken and unjust, assumed during the present century a more reverent tone. Samuel Taylor Coleridge,† one of the most learned and acute of Shakesperian students and commentators, wrote as follows:—"Assuredly that criticism of Shakespeare will alone be genial which is reverential. An Englishman, who without reverence—a proud and affectionate reverence—can utter the name of William Shakespeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic." In his admirable "Dissertation on the Science of Method," Coleridge thus castigates critics insensible to his merits:—"Nay, even in his style, how Methodical is our 'sweet Shakespeare.' Sweetness is, indeed, its predominant characteristic; and it has a few immethodical luxuriations of wit; and he may occasionally be convicted of words, which convey a volume of thought, when the business of the scene did not absolutely require such deep meditation. But pardoning him these *dulcia vitia*, who ever fashioned the English Language, or any Language, ancient or modern, into such variety of appropriate apparel, from the 'gorgeous pall of sceptered tragedy,' to the easy dress of flowing pastoral?

'More musical than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green and hawthorn buds appear.'

Who, like him, could so Methodically suit the very flow and tone of discourse to characters lying so widely apart in rank, and habits, and peculiarities, as Holofernes and Queen Katharine, Falstaff and Lear? When we compare the pure English style of Shakespeare with that of the very best writers of his day, we stand astonished at the *Method* by which he was directed in the choice of those words and idioms, which are as fresh now as in their first bloom; nay, which are at the present

* April 23 is the generally-received date.

† See page 13.

moment at once more energetic, more expressive, more natural, and more elegant, than those of the happiest and most admired living speakers or writers.

¶ But Shakespeare was 'not Methodical in the structure of his Fable.' Oh, gentle critic! be advised. Do not trust too much to your professional dexterity in the use of the scalping knife and tomahawk. Weapons of diviner mould are wielded by your adversary: and you are meeting him here on his own peculiar ground, the ground of *Idea*, of Thought, and of inspiration. The very point of this dispute is Ideal. The question is one of *Unity*: and Unity, as we have shown, is wholly the subject of Ideal law. There are said to be three great Unities which Shakespeare has violated; those of Time, Place, and Action. Now the Unities of Time and Place we will not dispute about. Be ours the Poet,

*'qui pectus inaniter angit
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.'*

The Dramatist who circumscribes himself within that unity of Time which is regulated by a stop-watch, may be exact, but is not Methodical; or his Method is of the least and lowest class. But

'Where is he living, clipt in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland,'

who can transpose the scenes of Macbeth, and make the seated heart knock at the ribs with the same force as now it does, when the mysterious tale is conducted from the open heath, on which the Weird Sisters are ushered in with thunder and lightning, to the fatal fight of Dunsinane, in which their victim expiates with life, his credulity and his ambition?"

HENRY V. No, my fair cousin :
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will ! I pray thee, wish not one man more,
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland,* through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight

* This speech, delivered in the English camp before the army, is in reply to the Earl of Westmoreland, who, as Henry V. entered, had expressed the wish

"O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day !"

Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is called the feast of Crispian :
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,*
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, to-morrow is saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars :
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his† mouth as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered :
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile
 This day shall gentle his condition :
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

King Henry V., Act iv. Sc. 3.

175.—CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

[Bp. PEARSON, 1613—1686.

[JOHN PEARSON, born at Snoring, Norfolk, in 1612, and educated at Eton and at Cambridge, took orders in 1639. He was made a prebend of Salisbury, and having

* In some modern editions the line reads,

He that shall *live* this day and see old age.

The quarto has,

He that *outlives* this day, and sees old age.

† Referring to the soldier who takes part in the fight and returns safe home.

acted as Chaplain to Lord Keeper Finch and to other leading men, was in 1650 appointed to the living of St. Clement's, East Cheap. After the Restoration his rise was rapid, and with other preferment he was appointed Margaret Professor of Divinity in 1661, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1662, and Bishop of Chester in 1673. His best known work, "An Exposition of the Creed," was published in 1659, and was afterwards revised and enlarged. "Pearson's Minor Theological Works," with Memoir, Notes by E. Churton, appeared at Oxford in 1842. Bishop Burnet considers Pearson "in all respects the greatest divine of his age," and Hallam terms his "Exposition of the Creed" "a standard book in English divinity." Bishop Pearson died July 16, 1686.]

THE ascent of *Christ* into heaven was not metaphorical or figurative, as if there were no more to be understood by it, but only that he obtained a more heavenly and glorious state or condition after his resurrection. For whatsoever alteration was made in the body of *Christ* when he rose, whatsoever glorious qualities it was invested with thereby, that was not his ascension, as appeareth by those words which he spake to Mary, *Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.** Although he had said before to Nicodemus, *No man [hath] ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven;†* which words imply that he had then ascended; yet even those concern not this ascension. For that was therefore only true, because the Son of Man, not yet conceived in the Virgin's womb, was not in heaven, and after his conception by virtue of the hypostatical union was in heaven: from whence, speaking after the manner of men, he might well say, that he had ascended into heaven; because whatsoever was first on earth and then in heaven, we say ascended into heaven. Wherefore, beside that grounded upon the hypostatical union, beside that glorious condition upon his resurrection, there was yet another, and that more proper ascension: for after he had both those ways ascended, it was still true that he had not yet ascended to his Father.

Now this kind of ascension, by which *Christ* had not yet ascended when he spake to Mary after his resurrection, was not long after to be performed; for at the same time he said unto Mary, *Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father.‡* And when this ascension was performed, it appeared manifestly to be a true local translation of the Son of Man, as man, from these parts of the world below into the heaven above; by which that body, which was before locally present here on earth, and was not so then present in heaven, became substantially present in heaven, and no longer locally present in earth. For when he had spoken unto the disciples, *and blessed them, laying his hands upon them, and so was corporally present*

* John xx. 17.

† John iii. 13.

‡ John xx. 17.

with them, even *while he blessed them, he parted from them, and while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight,** and so he was *carried up into heaven, while they looked steadfastly towards heaven, as he went up.†* This was a visible departure, as it is described; a real removing of that body of *Christ*, which was before present with the apostles; and that body living after the resurrection, by virtue of that soul which was united to it: and therefore the Son of God according to his humanity was really and truly translated from these parts below unto the heavens above, which is a proper local ascension.

Thus was *Christ's* ascension visibly performed in the presence and sight of the apostles, for the confirmation of the reality and the certainty thereof. They did not see him when he rose, but they saw him when he ascended, because an eye-witness was not necessary unto the act of his resurrection, but it was necessary unto the act of his ascension. It was sufficient that *Christ shewed himself* to the apostles *alive after his passion*; ‡ for being they knew him before to be dead, and now saw him alive, they were thereby assured that he rose again: for whatsoever was a proof of his life after death, was a demonstration of his resurrection. But being the apostles were not to see our Saviour in heaven; being the session was not to be visible to them on earth; therefore it was necessary they should be eye-witnesses of the act, who were not with the same eyes to behold the effect.

Beside the eye-witness of the apostles, there was added the testimony of the angels; those blessed spirits which ministered before, and saw the face of God in heaven, and came down from thence, did know that *Christ* ascended up from hence unto that place from whence they came: and because the eyes of the apostles could not follow him so far, the inhabitants of that place did come to testify of his reception; for *behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven.§* We must therefore acknowledge and confess against all the wild heresies of old, that the eternal Son of God, who died and rose again, did, with the same body and soul with which he died and rose, ascend up to heaven; which was the second particular considerable in this Article.—*An Exposition of the Creed.* Article vi.

* Luke xxiv. 50-51.

† Acts i. 9-11.

‡ Acts i. 3.

§ Acts i. 10 and 11.

176.—THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

[SIR W. BLACKSTONE, 1723—1780.

[WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, the posthumous son of a silk mercer, born in London, July 10, 1723, and educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford, was called to the bar in 1746. He was appointed Recorder of Wallingford in 1749, first Vinerian Professor of Law in 1758, was made King's Counsel in 1761, and soon after principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford. After a very successful career he was knighted and made a justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1770. His "Commentaries on the Laws of England" appeared at Oxford in 1765-9. Sir W. Jones speaks of them as "the most correct and beautiful outline that ever was exhibited in any human science." Sir William Blackstone died Feb. 14, 1780.]

THE lords temporal consist of all the peers of the realm (the bishops not being in strictness held to be such, but merely lords of parliament) by whatever title of nobility distinguished, dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, or barons. Some of these sit by descent, as do all ancient peers; some by creation, as do all new-made ones; others, since the union with Scotland, by election, which is the case of the sixteen peers, who represent the body of the Scots nobility. Their number* is indefinite, and may be increased at will by the power of the crown; and once, in the reign of Queen Anne, there was an instance of creating no less than twelve together; in contemplation of which, in the reign of King George the First a bill passed the house of lords, and was countenanced by the then ministry, for limiting the number of the peerage. This was thought, by some, to promise a great acquisition to the constitution, by restraining the prerogative from gaining the ascendant in that august assembly, by pouring in at pleasure an unlimited number of new created lords. But the bill was ill-relished, and miscarried in the house of commons, whose leading members were then desirous to keep the avenues to the other house as open and easy as possible.

The distinction of rank and honour is necessary in every well-governed state, in order to reward such as are eminent for their services to the public, in a manner the most desirable to individuals, and yet without burden to the community; exciting thereby an ambitious yet laudable ardour, and generous emulation in others. And emulation, or virtuous ambition, is a spring of action, which, however dangerous or invidious in a mere republic, or under a despotic sway, will certainly be attended with good effects under a free monarchy, where, without destroying its existence, its excesses may be continually restrained by that superior power from which all honour is derived.

* The number, which varies, is 419 (1868), including 28 representative peers for Ireland and 16 for Scotland. There are in addition 30 archbishops and bishops.

Such a spirit, when nationally diffused, gives life and vigour to the community: it sets all the wheels of government in motion, which, under a wise regulator, may be directed to any beneficial purpose; and thereby every individual may be made subservient to the public good, while he principally means to promote his own particular views. A body of nobility is also more peculiarly necessary in our mixed and compounded constitution, in order to support the rights of both the crown and the people, by forming a barrier to withstand the encroachments of both. It creates and preserves that gradual scale of dignity, which proceeds from the peasant to the prince; rising like a pyramid from a broad foundation, and diminishing to a point as it rises. It is this ascending and contracting proportion that adds stability to any government; for when the departure is sudden from one extreme to another, we may pronounce that state to be precarious. The nobility, therefore, are the pillars, which are reared from among the people, more immediately to support the throne; and, if that falls, they must also be buried under its ruins. Accordingly, when in the last century* the commons had determined to extirpate monarchy, they also voted the house of lords to be useless and dangerous. And since titles of nobility are thus expedient in the state, it is also expedient that their owners should form an independent and separate branch of the legislature. If they were confounded with the mass of the people, and like them had only a vote in electing representatives, their privileges would soon be borne down and overwhelmed by the popular torrent, which would effectually level all distinctions. It is therefore highly necessary that the body of nobles should have a distinct assembly, distinct deliberations, and distinct powers from the commons.

The commons consist of all such men of property in the kingdom, as have not seats in the house of lords; every one of which has a voice in parliament, either personally, or by his representatives. In a free state every man, who is supposed a free agent, ought to be in some measure his own governor; and therefore a branch at least of the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people. And this power, when the territories of the state are small and its citizens easily known, should be exercised by the people in their aggregate or collective capacity, as was wisely ordained in the petty republics of Greece, and the first rudiments of the Roman state. But this will be highly inconvenient, when the public territory is extended to any considerable degree, and the number of citizens is increased. Thus when, after the social war, all the burghers of Italy were admitted free citizens of Rome, and each had a vote in the public assemblies, it became

* This was written during the eighteenth century.

impossible to distinguish the spurious from the real voter: and from that time all elections and popular deliberations grew tumultuous and disorderly; which paved the way for Marius and Sylla, Pompey and Cæsar, to trample on the liberties of their country, and at last to dissolve the commonwealth. In so large a state as ours, it is therefore very wisely contrived that the people should do that by their representatives, which it is impracticable to perform in person; representatives, chosen by a number of minute and separate districts, wherein all the voters are, or easily may be, distinguished. The counties are therefore represented by knights, elected by the proprietors of lands; the cities and boroughs are represented by citizens and burgesses, chosen by the mercantile part, or supposed trading interest of the nation; much in the same manner as the burghers in the diet of Sweden are chosen by the corporate towns, Stockholm sending four, as London does with us, other cities two, and some only one. The number of English representatives is 513, and of Scots 45; in all 558.* And every member, though chosen by one particular district, when elected and returned, serves for the whole realm; for the end of his coming thither is not particular, but general; not barely to advantage his constituents, but the common wealth; to advise his majesty (as appears from the writ of summons) "*de communi consilio super negotiis quibusdam arduis et urgentibus, regem, statum, et defensionem regni Angliæ et ecclesiæ Anglicanæ concernentibus.*" And therefore he is not bound, like a deputy in the united provinces, to consult with, or take the advice of, his constituents upon any particular point, unless he himself thinks it proper or prudent so to do.—*Commentaries on the Laws of England*, Vol. i., Book i., ch. ii.

* This was written before the union with Ireland, for which 100 members were added to the House of Commons. After the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 the House of Commons was thus constituted:—

	Members.
England and Wales	500
Ireland	105
Scotland	53
	<hr/>
	658

Sedbury, returning two members, was disfranchised in 1848, and St. Albans, returning two, in 1852. These vacant seats were in 1861 allotted thus, two to the West Riding of Yorkshire, one to South Lancashire, and one to Birkenhead.

177.—AN IRISH JOCKEY.

[LEVER, 1809.

[CHARLES JAMES LEVER, born in Dublin Aug. 31, 1806, and educated at Cambridge, was brought up to the medical profession. In 1832, he was appointed medical superintendent of a populous district in Ireland, and was afterwards attached to the Legation at Brussels as physician. He edited the "Dublin University Magazine" from 1842 till 1845. The first number of "Harry Lorrequer," his first work, published anonymously, appeared in 1839. This was followed by "Charles O'Malley," in 1841, and a variety of popular works of fiction. He was appointed vice-consul at Spezia, Nov. 26, 1858, and was promoted to Trieste in 1867.]

MR. ULICK BURKE—for I need not say it was he—was a well-looking man, of about eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age. Although his height was below the middle size, he was powerfully and strongly made; his features would have been handsome, were it not for a certain expression of vulgar suspicion that played about the eyes, giving him a side-long look when he spoke; this, and the loss of two front teeth, from a fall, disfigured a face originally pleasing. His whiskers were large, bushy, and meeting beneath his chin. As to his dress, it was in character with his calling; a green coat, cut round in jockey fashion, over which he wore a white "bang up," as it was called, in one pocket of which was carelessly thrust a lash whip; a belcher handkerchief, knotted loosely about his neck, buckskin breeches, reaching far down upon the leg, and top boots completed his costume. I had almost forgotten a hat, perhaps the most characteristic thing of all. This, which once had been white, was now, by stress of time and weather, of a dirty drab colour; its crown dinged in several places, and the leaf jagged and broken, bespoke the hard usage to which it was subjected. While speaking, he held it firmly clutched in his ungloved hand, and, from time to time, struck it against his thigh with an energy of manner that seemed habitual.

His manner was a mixture of timid embarrassment and vulgar assurance, feeling his way, as it were, with one, while he forgot himself with the other. With certain remnants of the class he originally belonged to, he had associated the low habitudes and slang phraseology of his daily associates, making it difficult for one, at first sight, to discover to which order he belonged. In the language of his companions, Ulick Burke "could be a gentleman when he pleased it." How often have we heard this phrase: and with what a fatal mistake is it generally applied. He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else. Circumstances may, and do, every day in life, throw men of cultivated minds, and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but while, with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with

whom they have few, if any sympathies in common, yet never by any accident do they derogate from that high standard that makes them gentlemen. So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may simulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of society, speaking with practised intonation, and bowing with well-studied grace, yet is he no more a gentleman in his thought, or feeling, than is the tinselled actor, who struts the boards, the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being the "gentleman when he likes," is but the mere performance of the character. It has all the smell of the orange-peel and the foot-lights about it, and never can be mistaken by any one who knows the world. But to come back to Mr. Burke.

Having eyed me for a second or two, with a look of mingled distrust and impertinence, he unfolded my note, which he held beneath his fingers, and said,

"I received this from you last night, Mr. ——"

"Hinton," said I, assisting him.

"Mr. Hinton," repeated he, slowly.

"Wont you be seated?" said I, pointing to a chair, and taking one myself.

He nodded familiarly, and placing himself on the window-sill, with one foot upon a chair, resumed:

"It's about O'Grady's business, I suppose, you've come down here; the Captain has treated me very ill."

"You are quite right," said I, coolly, "in guessing the object of my visit; but I must also let you know, that in any observations you make concerning Captain O'Grady, they are made to a friend, who will no more permit his name to be slightly treated than his own."

"Of course," pronounced with a smile of the most insulting coolness, was the only reply. "That, however, is not the matter in hand. *Your friend*, the Captain, never condescended to answer my letter."

"He only received it a few days ago."

"Why isn't he here himself? Is a gentleman rider to be treated like a common jockey that's paid for his race?"

I confess the distinction was too subtle for me, but I said nothing in reply.

"I don't even know where the horse is, nor if he is here at all—will you call that handsome treatment, Mr. Hinton?"

"One thing I am quite sure of, Mr. Burke—Captain O'Grady is incapable of anything unworthy or unbecoming a gentleman; the haste of his departure for foreign service may have prevented him observing certain matters of etiquette towards you, but he has commissioned me to accept your terms. The horse is, or will be here to-night,

and I trust nothing will interrupt the good understanding that has hitherto subsisted between you."

"And will he take up the writ?"

"He will," said I, firmly.

"He must have a heavy book on the race."

"Nearly a thousand pounds."

"I'm sorry for it, for his sake," was the cool reply, "for he'll lose his money."

"Indeed!" said I; "I understand that you thought well of his horse, and that with your riding——"

"Ay; but I wont ride for him."

"You wont ride!—not on your own terms?"

"No; not even on my own terms. Don't be putting yourself into a passion, Mr. Hinton—you've come down to a country where that never does any good; we settle all our little matters here in a social, pleasant way of our own—but, I repeat it, I wont ride for your friend; so you may withdraw his horse as soon as you like; except," added he, with a most contemptuous sneer, "you have a fancy for riding him yourself."

Resolving that whatever course I should follow, I should at least keep my temper for the present, I assumed as much calmness as I could command, and said,

"And what is there against O'Grady's horse?"

"A chestnut mare of Tom Molloy's, that can beat him over any country—the rest are withdrawn; so that I'll have a 'ride over' for my pains."

"Then you ride for Mr. Molloy?" said I.

"You've guessed it," replied he, with a wink, as throwing his hat carelessly on one side of his head, he gave me an insolent nod, and lounged out of the room.

I need not say that my breakfast appetite was not improved by Mr. Burke's visit; in fact, never was a man more embarrassed than I was. Independent of the loss of his money, I knew how poor Phil would suffer from the duplicity of the transaction; and in my sorrow for his sake, I could not help accusing myself of ill-management in the matter. Had I been more conciliating, or more blunt—had I bullied, or bid higher, perhaps a different result might have followed. Alas! in all my calculations, I knew little or nothing of him with whom I had to deal. Puzzled and perplexed, uncertain how to act, now resolving on one course, now deciding on the opposite, I paced my little room for above an hour, the only conviction I could come to being the unhappy choice that poor O'Grady had made when he selected me for his negociator.—*Our Mess. Jack Hinton the Guardsman*, ch. xxi.

178.—MASSACRE OF ENGLISH COLONISTS IN AMERICA BY THE INDIANS.

[BANCROFT, 1800.

[GEORGE BANCROFT, born near Worcester, in Massachusetts, Oct. 3, 1800, was educated at Harvard College, at Göttingen, and Berlin. Having filled various appointments, he was made Secretary to the Navy in 1845, and was sent on a diplomatic mission to England in 1846. The first volume of "The History of the Colonization of the United States" appeared in 1834, the second in 1837, and the third in 1840. This was followed by "The History of the American Revolution," the first volume of which was published in 1852. Both works are included in his "History of America," of which various editions have been published in this country.]

BETWEEN the Indians and the English there had been quarrels, but no wars. From the first landing of colonists in Virginia, the power of the natives was despised; their strongest weapons were such arrows as they could shape without the use of iron, such hatchets as could be made from stone; and an English mastiff seemed to them a terrible adversary. Nor were their numbers considerable. Within sixty miles of Jamestown, it is computed, there were no more than five thousand souls, or about fifteen hundred warriors. The whole territory of the clans, which listened to Powhatan as their leader or their conqueror, comprehended about eight thousand square miles, thirty tribes, and twenty-four hundred warriors; so that the Indian population amounted to about one inhabitant to a square mile. The natives, naked and feeble compared with the Europeans, were nowhere concentrated in considerable villages; but dwelt dispersed in hamlets, with from forty to sixty in each company. Few places had more than two hundred; and many had less. It was also unusual for any large portion of these tribes to be assembled together. An idle tale of an ambuscade of three or four thousand is perhaps an error for three or four hundred; otherwise it is an extravagant fiction, wholly unworthy of belief. Smith once met a party, that seemed to amount to seven hundred; and so complete was the superiority conferred by the use of firearms, that with fifteen men he was able to withstand them all. The savages were therefore regarded with contempt or compassion. No uniform care had been taken to conciliate their goodwill; although their condition had been improved by some of the arts of civilized life. The degree of their advancement may be judged by the intelligence of their chieftain. A house having been built for Opéchanough after the English fashion, he took such delight in the lock and key, that he would lock and unlock the door a hundred times a day, and thought the device incomparable. When Wyatt arrived, the natives expressed a fear lest his intentions should be hostile; he assured them of his wish to preserve inviolable peace; and the emigrants had no use for fire-arms except against a deer or a fowl.

Confidence so far increased, that the old law, which made death the penalty for teaching the Indians to use a musket, was forgotten; and they were now employed as fowlers and huntsmen. The plantations of the English were widely extended in unsuspecting confidence, along the James River and towards the Potomac, wherever rich grounds invited to the culture of tobacco; nor were solitary places, remote from neighbours, avoided; since there would there be less competition for the ownership of the soil.

Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, remained, after the marriage of his daughter, the firm friend of the English. He died in 1618; and his younger brother was now the heir to his influence. Should the native occupants of the soil consent to be driven from their ancient patrimony? Should their feebleness submit patiently to contempt, injury, and the loss of their lands? The desire of self-preservation, the necessity of self-defence, seemed to demand an active resistance; to preserve their dwelling-places, the English must be exterminated; in open battle the Indians would be powerless; conscious of their weakness, they could not hope to accomplish their end except by a preconcerted surprise. The crime was one of savage ferocity; but it was suggested by their situation. They were timorous and quick of apprehension, and consequently treacherous; for treachery, and falsehood are the vices of cowardice. The attack was prepared with impenetrable secrecy. To the very last hour the Indians preserved the language of friendship; they borrowed the boats of the English to attend their own assemblies; on the very morning of the massacre, they were in the houses and at the tables of those whose death they were plotting. "Sooner," said they, "shall the sky fall, than peace be violated on our part." At length, on the twenty-second of March (1622), at midday, at one and the same instant of time, the Indians fell upon an unsuspecting population, which was scattered through distant villages, extending one hundred and forty miles on both sides of the river. The onset was so sudden, that the blow was not discerned till it fell. None were spared; children and women, as well as men, the missionary, who had cherished the natives with untiring gentleness, the liberal benefactors, from whom they had received daily benefits, all were murdered with indiscriminate barbarity, and every aggravation of cruelty. The savages fell upon the dead bodies, as if it had been possible to commit on them a fresh murder.

In one hour three hundred and forty-seven persons were cut off. Yet the carnage was not universal; and Virginia was saved from so disastrous a grave. The night before the execution of the conspiracy, it was revealed by a converted Indian to an Englishman, whom he wished to rescue; Jamestown and the nearest settlements were well

prepared against an attack; and the savages, as timid as they were ferocious, fled with precipitation from the appearance of wakeful resistance. In this manner the most considerable part of the colony was saved.—*A History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent to the Present Time.* Vol. i. ch. v.

179.—CAEN.

[R. BELL, 1800—1867.]

[ROBERT BELL, born at Cork, Jan. 10, 1800, and educated at Dublin, was appointed editor of "The Atlas" in 1828, and with some others projected "The Monthly Chronicle" in 1839. He is the author of two works in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," "The History of Russia," and "The Lives of the Poets." His "Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland" appeared in 1849, and his novel, "The Ladder of Gold," in 1850. He is the author of several historical and biographical works, and edited an annotated edition of the English poets, the first volume of which appeared in 1854. He died April 12, 1867.]

PEOPLE who travel only in their arm-chairs acquire notions of foreign places which reality usually upsets at the first glance. Caen is a sort of *château en Espagne* in the story books. The reader who has been in the habit of exploring the metrical romances and the rural statistics of French love and murder has probably built an aboriginal town for himself in a sequestered district, filled it with a simple population, wearing towering caps and *sabots*, and noted it down in his imagination as Caen. But when he comes to see the place, he will be duly disappointed in finding that the scene of so many sentimental lays and tragedies of unsophisticated passion (for Caen has a celebrity of this description in the annals of romantic crime), is a large, bustling, well-paved town, of 40,000 inhabitants, with not a scrap of poetry about it except the hills and forests, its old Norman churches and sinuous streets. Caen occupies such an irregular site, that the streets run up and down, and in and out, in a very odd way, and the city partakes of the beauty as well as the inconvenience of that circumstance. The principal streets, wide enough for all purposes, are choked up with people from sunrise to sunset; and the moment you step out of your hotel, the deafening noises of the retail business that is going on in these thronged passages, as well as in the elaborately furnished shops, soon satisfy you that, instead of being a paradise of picturesque antiquities, Caen is in fact a hive of hard-working industry.

In the citadel, up to which you must scramble by a narrow toilsome ascent, pleasantly relieved by clusters of women sitting making lace at their open doors and windows, you may read the history of Caen. But as this history is to be found in a hundred and odd books, and as the birth, ad-

ventures, and death of William the Conqueror can present no novel attractions to an English reader, let us hurry into the streets, and look at the people. We must even pass by St. Etienne, sublime in its lofty simplicity, and the old abbeys, and all the other ecclesiastical memorials, grand and beautiful as they are, to peep into the markets, and fill our eyes with coifs and aprons and tinsel caps, as deftly tricked out as if they were freshly mounted for the stage; and staggering old houses, and broken ends of streets, that look very much as if they were "got up" for the same purpose.

The markets throw out some picturesque materials to the eye; but the *ensemble* is distracting. The masses of men, women, and children, congregated about the booths and stands, filling to suffocation every speck of ground, and the odours exhaled from the animal and vegetable composite, arrest you on the edge of the stench. Fortunately it is not in the markets the market business is done, or that we get at the *contour* and customs of the market people. Caen has a special way of its own in carrying on its daily traffic in vegetables and fish, flesh, and fowl. The affairs of the markets are not transacted in the places so called, but up and down through the streets. These ambulatory markets, during the hours of household preparation, give to the town the aspect of a great tumultuous fair. Sometimes there comes a donkey, pattering slowly along, heavily laden with panniers piled sky-high with all kinds of garden produce, and driven by women, with towering snow-white caps shining and streaming in the sun, lemon-coloured shawls, blue petticoats, and *sabots*. Immediately after the donkey, comes trailing up a great puce-coloured horse, toiling between shafts of such inordinate length that, being in advance of the wheels by at least four feet, the draft is thrown to a considerable distance behind him; while the shafts continue to run back to an equal extent beyond the wheels. In the centre of this rude contrivance is raised a kind of basket-work, bearing aloft a whole garden of flowers and fruits, or millinery work, or hardware, or the contents of a butcher's shop, or select extracts from the live and dead stock of a farmyard. These carts are usually escorted by men in blue check frocks and dark trousers, furnished with enormously long and powerful whips, and blowing cows' horns with most discordant energy to announce their approach. Within the cart is seated a woman perched up on a bundle, ready to serve the crowd, through which the lumbering machine moves at a snail's pace. Then comes a young man (sometimes a girl) with a semicircular basket built up flat to his back, and ascending to a considerable height about his head, displaying an attractive variety of articles—geraniums in pots, flowering out tier above tier—crisp broccoli—turnips—beet-root—salad—cabbages; nor

is he satisfied with the ponderous weight he balances so dexterously on his back, but he must needs increase his toil by shrill ear-splitting cries, describing his whole cargo in minute detail. He is not singular in this respect; all the itinerant merchants cry their goods—and their name is legion. It is easy to imagine the prodigious uproar of the scene—the braying of donkeys, dull recipients of blows and *sacres*!—the rumbling of the long carts—the cracking of whips, like irregular volleys of small arms—the Babel of cries—the shrieking of cows' horns—and the din of voices bartering, cheapening, clamouring throughout the length and breadth of the procession. But, happily, it lulls a little towards noon. By that time the townspeople have laid in their stores for dinner, and the occupation of the ambulatory vendors is over for the day. A few of them, with a surplus stock on hand, still straggle about, like drops after a shower, hoping to catch some late customer, or to tempt others, already supplied, with a bargain from the refuse. But the riot is comparatively exhausted, and, with the exception of the clatter of *sabots*, the reverberations of voices down the narrow streets, or an incidental whip or horn dying away in the distance, the town is tolerably tranquil for the rest of the day.—*Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland*. Chap. vi., The Streets of Caen.

180.—OBSERVATIONS ON THE TENCH.

[IZAAK WALTON, 1593—1683.]

[IZAAK WALTON, born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, is supposed to have been apprenticed in London, where he afterwards went into business as a hosier. He married Rachel Flood, a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer, Dec. 27, 1626. She died in Aug., 1640, and in 1647 he married Anne Ken, half-sister to the bishop of that name. His "Life of Donne," prefixed to an edition of his Sermons, appeared in 1640, and as a separate work in 1658. In the meantime the first edition of his great work, "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," was published in 1653. His collection of Sir Henry Wotton's Letters, &c., with Life, appeared in 1651, his "Life of Hooker" in 1665, his "Life of George Herbert" in 1670, and

in 1760. A life, by Dr. Zouch, appeared in 1824, and another by Sir Harris Nicolas in 1833. Many biographies of Walton have been published. "The Complete Angler" has gone through several editions. It is "a work which," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "whether considered as a treatise on the art of angling, or as a beautiful pastoral, abounding in exquisite descriptions of rural scenery, in sentiments of the purest morality, and in an unaffected love of the Creator and his works, has long been ranked amongst the most popular compositions in our language."]

THE Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either: yet Camden observes,

there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius* says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed, that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been (since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub) delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing; or (unless it were casually) without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that they account a profanation. And yet it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive, were a certain cure for the yellow-jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful both dead and alive for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that; my honest humble art teaches no such boldness; there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity, that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them, any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for I hope I may be so bold, that the tench is the physician of fishes, for the pike especially; and that the pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the TENCH. And it is observed, that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry.

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet I am sure he eats pleasantly, and doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few, directions how to catch this Tench, of which I have given you these observations.—*The Complete Angler*, ch. xi. Fourth Day.

* Wm. Rondelet or Rondeletius, born in 1507, died July 18, 1566.

181.—EXCELSIOR.

[LONGFELLOW, 1807.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, born at Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807, and educated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, studied for the law. Having made a tour in Europe, he was appointed professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College in 1829. His first work, "Outre Mer," appeared in 1835, "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night" in 1829, "Ballads and other Poems" in 1841, "Evangeline" in 1847, "The Golden Legend" in 1851, "Hiawatha" in 1855, "Miles Standish" in 1858, "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in 1863, "Flower de Luce" in 1866, and his translation of "Dante" in 1867. Longfellow has written numerous other works.]

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion rung,
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
"The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud the clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
"Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
"Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !

182.—A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

[*ABP. SECKER, 1693—1768.*

[*THOMAS SECKER, born at Sibthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, in 1693, was educated for a Dissenting minister, but afterwards changed his views, and entered the Church, taking holy orders in Dec., 1722, and was soon after made rector of Houghton-le-Spring. Having been rapidly promoted, he was consecrated Bishop of Bristol in 1735, was translated to Oxford in 1737, was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1750, and Archbishop of Canterbury in 1758. Many volumes of his sermons and charges were published during his lifetime, and several collected editions of his works have appeared. He died August 3, 1768. A review of his life and character, by Bishop Porteus,* appeared in 1797.]*

YET all the while, what they call a life of pleasure is very often only an affectation of being pleased. They put on airs of great gaiety, and in truth their pleasures are flat and insipid: they relieve one tasteless scene by another a little different; are miserable in the intervals of their amusements, and far from happy during the continuance of them. Nay indeed, under colour of relaxations, they are, to those who engage thoroughly in them, sore fatigues; from which, whether they will confess it or not, relaxation is much wanted: and some undergo a speedy, and many a lingering, martyrdom to them. If religion enjoined men to mortify and macerate themselves at this rate, what dreadful names

* He was born in 1731, appointed Bishop of London in 1787, and died May 14, 1808.

would it be called ! In all likelihood, were the truth known, numbers would choose a quieter way of living, if one part of them could be sure, that the other would keep them in countenance. It is great pity therefore, but they should mutually explain themselves on this tyranny of fashion : and not go on together in wild chaces of imaginary pleasure, when they had all rather sit still.* But farther, several, that would be sorry to quit their diversions follow them only to banish reflection on some bad or imprudent thing that they have done, or course they are in. Now as this can be no better than a palliative cure, and will usually exasperate the disease, they ought to seek a more effectual remedy. And we should all consider, that probably the same entertainments will not for ever afford us the same delight : and yet by long use it may grow or seem hardly possible to do without them, though they not only misbecome, but even tire us. Nay some, when they have once fixed it in their minds, that happiness consists in gaiety, and find the innocent sorts of gay enjoyments are become tasteless, venture, for the sake of a higher relish, on such as are pernicious even in this world.

Another consideration, both of prudence and duty, is, that the many expences of this public sort of life are excessive ; and to supply them, creditors are frequently left unpaid, except the least deserving ; due provision for children is omitted, and ignominious arts of raising money practised. Or if the votaries of pleasure do observe justice, let them ask their consciences, what proportion of their income goes in works of piety, mercy, encouragement of useful undertakings, and what in luxurious trifles. It will be said that these last do good by setting the poor to labour. But is our intention to do good by them, or only to gratify our vanity and voluptuousness ? Besides, much more good is done by procuring health to the sick, right education to the young, instruction to the ignorant and vicious, or by durable works of general utility and national honour. And employing the lower part of the people in ministering to the luxury of the higher, can no more enrich or support a kingdom, than employing the servants of a private family in the same manner, can enrich or support that.

But one fashionable expence must be particularly mentioned : that which bears the name, often very falsely, of play. Be it for ever so little, consuming much time in it, is the most unimproving and irrational employment that can be. But false shame and emulation frequently raise it to a very incommodious and distressing height, even amongst those who profess to be moderate. And the lengths that others go, are the most speedily and absolutely ruinous of all things. The more calmly men bear their losses, the worse ; if they are the less likely to leave off for it. But usually they feel most tormenting agitations : yet rush on to lose more, from a groundless hope of gain ;

and perhaps at length call in dishonesty to the aid of imprudence. I am unwilling to name the worst act of desperation, to which extravagant and vicious indulgences too frequently lead. But surely it cannot fail to be visible, that deliberately and presumptuously ending an immoral and mischievous life, by the impious and false bravery of a voluntary death, instead of an humble and exemplary penitence, is the completest rebellion against God, of which the heart of man is capable.—*Sermons on Several Subjects*. Sermon V., 2 Tim. iii. 4.

183.—CHANGES IN LANGUAGE ALWAYS IN PROGRESS.

[SIR CHARLES LYELL, BART., 1797.

[CHARLES LYELL, born Nov. 14, 1797, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford, having been called to the bar, was knighted in 1848, received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1855, and was created a baronet Aug. 22, 1864. He was President of the Geological Society in 1836-7, and again in 1850-1. His first work, "The Principles of Geology," published in 1833, was followed by "Elements of Geology" (reprinted under the title of "A Manual of Elementary Geology") in 1838; "Travels in North America" in 1841; "Second Visit to the United States" in 1845; and a treatise on "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation," in 1863. Sir Charles Lyell is the author of numerous contributions to scientific publications, &c.]

BUT another important question still remains to be considered, namely, whether the trifling changes which can alone be witnessed by a single generation, can possibly represent the working of that machinery which, in the course of many centuries, has given rise to such mighty revolutions in the forms of speech throughout the world. Every one may have noticed in his own lifetime the stealing in of some slight alterations of accent, pronunciation or spelling, or the introduction of some words borrowed from a foreign language to express ideas of which no native term precisely conveyed the import. He may also remember hearing for the first time some cant terms or slang phrases, which have since forced their way into common use, in spite of the efforts of the purist. But he may still contend that "within the range of his experience," his language has continued unchanged, and he may believe in its immutability in spite of minor variations. The real question, however, at issue is, whether there are any limits to this variability. He will find on further investigation, that new technical terms are coined almost daily in various arts, sciences, professions, and trades, that new names must be found for new inventions, that many of these acquire a metaphorical sense, and then make their way into

general circulation, as "stereotyped," for instance, which would have been as meaningless to the men of the seventeenth century as would the new terms and images derived from steamboat and railway travelling to the men of the eighteenth.

If the numerous words, idioms, and phrases, many of them of ephemeral duration, which are thus invented by the young and old in various classes of society, in the nursery, the school, the camp, the fleet, the courts of law and the school, and the study of the man of science or literature, could all be collected together and put on record, their number in one or two centuries might compare with the entire permanent vocabulary of the language. It becomes, therefore, a curious subject of enquiry, what are the laws which govern not only the invention, but also the "selection" of some of these words or idioms, giving them currency in preference to others?—for as the powers of the human memory are limited, a check must be found to the endless increase and multiplication of terms, and old words must be dropped nearly as fast as new ones are put into circulation. Sometimes the new word or phrase, or a modification of the old ones, will entirely supplant the more ancient expressions, or, instead of the latter being discarded, both may flourish together, the older one having a more restricted use.

Although the speakers may be unconscious that any great fluctuation is going on in their language,—although when we observe the manner in which new words and phrases are thrown out, as if at random or in sport, while others get into vogue, we may think the process of change to be the result of mere chance,—there are nevertheless fixed laws in action, by which, in the general struggle for existence, some terms and dialects gain the victory over others. The slightest advantage attached to some new mode of pronouncing or spelling, from considerations of brevity or euphony, may turn the scale, or more powerful causes of selection may decide which of two or more rivals shall triumph and which succumb. Among these are fashion, or the influence of an aristocracy, whether of birth or education, popular writers, orators, preachers,—a centralized government organizing its schools expressly to promote uniformity of diction, and to get the better of provincialisms and local dialects. Between these dialects, which may be regarded as so many "incipient languages," the competition is always keenest when they are most nearly allied, and the extinction of any one of them destroys some of the links by which a dominant tongue may have been previously connected with some other widely distinct one. It is by the perpetual loss of such intermediate forms of speech that the great dissimilarity of the languages which survive is brought about. Thus,

if Dutch should become a dead language, English and German would be separated by a wider gap.—*The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* Chap. xxiii.

184.—DIVES AND THE HAND OF DEATH.

[SALA, 1826.

[GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY SALA, born in London in 1826, at an early age became a contributor to "Household Words," and other periodicals. He is the author of numerous works of fiction, most of which made their appearance in some popular periodical, and have since been republished in a separate form. The best known of these productions are—"Twice Round the Clock," which appeared in 1859; "The Baddington Peccage," in 1860; "The Two Prima Donnas," in 1862; "The Seven Sons of Mammon," in 1863; and "Quite Alone," in 1864. Mr. Sala went as a special correspondent to the United States for the *Daily Telegraph* in 1863, wrote "America in the Midst of War," published in 1864, and has visited other countries in the same capacity.]

IF you take a million-rich man, and put him naked and without victuals or a roof to cover him, on a rock, and expose him to the nipping frost and the January blast, it will not be long ere he begins to shiver, and anon to howl in agony and despair; and at last he will crouch prone to his jagged bed and die. But in the very centre of London, with his palaces and his vassals around him, it is difficult for the rich man to feel the cold. On that bare rock his millions in gold or crisp paper would not warm him, unless haply he had needles and thread to sew the money-bags together for raiment. When he is in London, however, the money will buy furred robes and Walls-end coals, and sand-bags to exclude the wind, and well closed chariots to ride in, and Welsh wigs to draw over his head, plush gloves to cover his hands, and hot-water bottles to put to his feet. Railway rugs, scalding soups and drinks, shawls and comforters, are all ready for him and purchasable. The theatres, the churches, the counting-houses, the board-rooms, the marts and exchanges which he frequents, have all their warming apparatus, and become snug and cosy. No; I cannot see how it is possible for the English Dives to shiver,—were even Siberia brought to London, and the North Pole set up in the Strand in lieu of the May-pole which once adorned that thoroughfare. The milliners that serve Dives' wives and daughters may sell as many fans for Christmas balls as for Midsummer picnics; and at Dives' New-year's feasts the ice-creams and the ice-puddings are positively refreshing after the spiced viands and generous wines.

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was the richest of rich men. The quilt of

his bed might have been stuffed with bank-notes instead of eider-down. He could have afforded, had he needed caloric, to have burned one of his own palaces down, and warmed his hands by the conflagration. From his warm bed-room, breakfast-room, and study, his warm carriage took him, swathed in warm wrappers, to the warm sanctum of his warm counting-house. His head clerks wore respirators, and had mulligatawney soup for lunch. The *Times'* City article was carefully warmed for him ere he perused it. His messengers comforted themselves with alamode beef and hot sausages and fried potatoes before roaring fires; and, when they were despatched on errands, slipped into heated taverns in little City lanes, where they hastily swallowed mugs full of steaming egg-hot and cordialized portet. The only cold that could seemingly touch so rich a man as Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was a cold in the head; and what possets, white-wine-wheys, gruels, footbaths, doctors' prescriptions, and hot flannels, were there not in readiness to drive catarrh away from him! Lived there in the whole realm of England one man or boy mad or desperate enough to cast a snow-ball at the millionaire of Beryl Court? I think not. He was above the cold. It was street-people only who were cold, just as the little princess asked the painter who came to take her portrait whether it was not true that "only street-people died." So Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, his sons and their thralls and churls, their tributaries and feudatories, let the street-people shiver as beseemed their degree, flinging them cheques and sovereigns sometimes in their haughty unbending way, and went on, warm and glowing, from a prosperous old year to a prosperous new one, when suddenly a Hand of Ice, that thrilled them all to the very bones and marrow, was laid just above the heart of Mammon, and of his wife, and of his children.

It was the Hand of Death, and it touched each with a cold pang, and went onwards, to touch some transiently, but to grasp others without release. Whoever felt its lightest pressure was chilled and benumbed. The Icy Hand came to Beryl Court and to Onyx Square, and all the gold of Mammondom could not, for that season, bring cheerful warmth again.—*The Seven Sons of Mammon: A Story*, chap. v.

185.—CHATTERTON'S PROCESSES OF INVENTION.

[MASSON, 1822.

[DAVID MASSON was born at Aberdeen, Dec. 2, 1822, and educated at Marischal College and the University of Edinburgh. At an early age he applied himself to literary pursuits, in 1844 repaired to London, and wrote for "*Fraser's Maga-*

zine," and other periodicals. After another residence of about two years' duration in Edinburgh, he returned to London in 1847, and was appointed Professor of the English Language and Literature at University College, in 1852. This post he resigned in October, 1865, on receiving the appointment to the Professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Professor Masson, who has contributed to the quarterly reviews and other periodicals, became editor of "Macmillan's Magazine" in 1859. Amongst other works, he has written "Essays Biographical and Critical: chiefly on English Poets," published in 1856; "Life of John Milton," vol. i. in 1858; "British Novelists and their Styles: a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction," in 1859; and "Recent British Philosophy," in 1865.]

HAD Chatterton put forth this coinage of his brain in the shape of a professed historical romance, all would have been well. But from working so lovingly in the *matter* of antiquity, he contracted also a preference for the antique in *form*. As Scott, in the very process of realizing to himself the Quentin Durwards, the Mause Headriggs, and the Jedediah Cleishbothams of his inimitable fictions, acquired in his own person an antique way of thinking, and a mastery over the antique glossary, if not a positive affection for it, so it became natural to Chatterton, revelling as he did in conceptions of the antique, to draw on, as it were, an ancient-fashioned suit of thought, and make use of antique forms of language. Hence, when, prompted by his literary impulse, he sought to embody in verse any of those traditions or fictions relative to the past time of England which his enthusiasm for the antique had led him to fix upon—as, for example, the story of the Danish invasions of England, the story of the Battle of Hastings, or the story of a tournament in the reign of Edward I.—he found himself obliged by a kind of artistic necessity to impart a quaintness to his style by the use of old vocables and idioms. Persisted in thereafter for the mere pleasure of the exercise, the habit would become exaggerated, till at last it would amount to an ungovernable disposition to riot in the obsolete.

Even so far, however, there was nothing blameworthy. In thus selecting a style artificially antique for the conveyance of his historic fancies, Chatterton, it might be affirmed, had but obeyed the proper instinct of his genius, and chosen that element in which he found he could work best. Every man has his mode, or set of intellectual conditions most favourable for the production and development of what is best in him; and in Chatterton's case this mode, this set of conditions, consisted in an affectation of the antique. For let any one compare the Rowley Poems of Chatterton with his own acknowledged productions, and the conclusion will be inevitable, that his *forte* was the antique, and that here alone lay any preternatural power he possessed. There are, indeed, in his acknowledged poems, felicities of expression and gleams

of genius, showing that even as a modern poet he would certainly in time have taken a high rank; but to do justice to his astonishing abilities, we must read his antique compositions. In the element of the antique Chatterton rules like a master; in his modern effusions he is but a clever boy beginning to handle with some effect the language of Pope and Dryden. Moreover, there is a perceptible moral difference between the two classes of his performances. In his antique poems there is freshness, enthusiasm, and a fine earnest sense of the becoming; throughout the modern ones we are offended by irreverence, malevolence, and a kind of vicious, boyish pruriency. And conscious as Chatterton must have been of this difference; aware as he must have been that it was when he wrote in his artificially-antique style that his invention worked most powerfully, that his heart beat most nobly, and the poetic shiver ran most keenly through his veins—we cannot wonder that he should have given himself up to this kind of literary recreation rather than to any other.

Unfortunately, however, meaner causes were all this while at work—maliciousness towards individuals, craving for notoriety, delight in misleading people, and, above all, want of money. Moreover, for this unhappy combination of moral states and dispositions, it so happened that the Grandfather of Lies had a very suitable temptation ready, in the shape of that most successful literary imposture, the Ossian Poems, then in the first blush of their contested celebrity. Yielding to the temptation, Chatterton resolved to turn what was best and most original in his genius—his enthusiasm for the antique—into the service of his worst propensities. In other words, he resolved to adopt, with certain variations and adaptations to his own case, the trick of Macpherson. That this was the act of one express and distinct determination of his will—a solemn and secret compact with himself, made at a very early period indeed, probably before the conclusion of his fifteenth year—there can be no manner of doubt. The elaboration of his scheme of imposture, however, was gradual. The first exhibition of it, and probably that which suggested much that followed, was the Burgum Hoax,* with its afterthought of the Old English poet, John de Bergham. Of this original trick the Rowley device was but a gigantic expansion. To invent a poet of the past, on whom to father all his own

* Burgum and Catcott were partners in a shop in the pewter trade in Bristol. Chatterton persuaded the former that he was descended from one of the noblest families in England, and gave him a pedigree in manuscript of the family of the De Berghams from the Norman Conquest. In this pedigree, John De Bergham, a poet, was introduced, as the author of several works, and the translator of some part of the Iliad, under the title of "Romance of Troy."

compositions in the antique style, and to give this poet a probable and fixed footing in history, was the essential form of the scheme. That the poet thus invented should be a native of Bristol, and that his date should be in the times of the merchant Canynge, were special accidents determined by Chatterton's position and peculiar capabilities. And thus the two processes of invention, the legitimate and the illegitimate, worked into each other's hands,—Chatterton's previous conceptions of the life and times of Canynge providing him with a proper chronological and topographical environment for his required poet; and his device of the poet giving richness and interest to his romance of Canynge. And, once begun, there were powerful reasons why the deceit should be persevered in—the pleasure of the jest itself; the secret sense of superiority it gave him; its advantage as a means of hooking half-crowns out of people's pockets; and last, though not least, the impossibility of retracting without being knocked down by Barrett* for damaging his history, or kicked by the Catcott† for having made fools of them. Hence, by little and little, the whole organization of the imposture, from the first rumour of old manuscripts up to the use of ochre, black lead, and smoke, in preparing specimens of them.—*Essays Biographical and Critical: chiefly on English Poets.* Essay VI., Chatterton, A Story of the Year 1770, chap. ii.

* Mr. Barrett was a surgeon in good practice at Bristol, and had some reputation as an antiquarian. He was engaged writing a history of Bristol, and Chatterton supplied him with deeds and other ancient documents, likely to be of use to him in his literary undertaking.

† There were two brothers of this name with whom Chatterton had dealings, Mr. George Catcott, Mr. Burgum's partner, and the Rev. George Catcott. In one of his effusions, the poet describes the first mentioned thus:

"Catcott is very fond of talk and fame—
His wish a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure a pewter altar's made
To bear his name and signify his trade;
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead."

Nor was he less severe upon the clergyman, whom he addresses in these lines:

"Might we not, Catcott, then, infer from hence
Your zeal for Scripture hath devoured your sense?"

286.—ADVANTAGES DERIVED FROM INTERCOURSE WITH
FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

[HAKLUYT, 1553—1616.]

[RICHARD HAKLUYT, born in 1553, was educated at Westminster, went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1575, and having at an early age studied narratives of voyages and travels, was appointed lecturer of geography and cosmography in that University. He was made chaplain to the English Embassy at Paris in 1584, and during his residence in that city published at his own expense, in French and English, "Laudonnière's Narrative of the Discovery of Florida." On his return to England, aided by Sir Walter Raleigh, he collected materials for his great work, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries made by the English Nation," published in 1589. This volume was republished with two others in 1598—1600, and a new edition in five volumes appeared in 1809—12. Zouch in his "Life of Sir P. Sidney," says of this indefatigable compiler, "Every reader conversant in the annals of our naval transactions will cheerfully acknowledge the merit of Richard Hakluyt, who devoted his studies to the investigation of those periods of the English history, which regard the improvement of navigation and commerce. He had the advantage of an academical education. He was elected student of Christ Church in Oxford in 1570, and was therefore contemporary with Sidney at the University. To him we are principally indebted for a clear and comprehensive description of those noble discoveries of the English nation, made by sea or over land, to the most distant quarter of the earth. His incomparable industry was remunerated with every possible encouragement by Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Philip Sidney. To the latter, as to a most generous promoter of all ingenious and useful knowledge, he inscribed his first collection of voyages and discoveries, printed in 1582.* Thus animated and encouraged, he was enabled to leave to posterity the fruits of his unvaried labours—an invaluable treasure of nautical information, preserved in volumes, which even at this day affix to his name a brilliancy of reputation, which a series of ages can never efface or obscure." Hakluyt wrote some other works. "A Selection of curious, rare, and early Voyages and Histories of interesting Discoveries, chiefly translated or published by Hakluyt, or at his suggestion, but not included in his celebrated compilation, to which, to Purchas, and other general Collections, this is intended as a Supplement," appeared in 1812. He was appointed to a living in Suffolk, made a prebend of Westminster Abbey, and died November 23, 1616. An island in Baffin's Bay, a promontory in Spitzbergen, and the Hakluyt Society, founded in London in 1846, for the publication of all the earlier voyages and histories, are named after this persevering compiler.]

THERE is a walled towne† not farre from Barbarie, called Hubbed, toward the South from the famous towne Telensin, about six miles: the inhabitants of which towne in effect be all Diers. And it is sayd that thereabout they haue plenty of Anile, and that they occupy that, and also that they use there in their dyings, of the Saffron aforesayd.

* This is not his great work, but his first publication, "Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America," published in 1582.

† The original orthography preserved in this extract will afford the reader an opportunity of judging of the state of the language towards the close of the sixteenth century.

The trueth whereof, in the Southerly ports of the Mediteran sea, is easily learned in your passage to Tripoli, or in returne from thence homeward you may vnderstand it. It is reported at Saffronwalden that a Pilgrim purposing to do good to his countrey, stole an head of Saffron, and hid the same in his Palmers staffe, which he had made hollow before of purpose, and so he brought this root into this realme, with venture of his life: for if he had been taken, by the law of the countrey from whence it came, he had died for the fact. If the like loue in this our age were in our people that now become great trauellers, many knowledges, and many trades, and many herbes and plants might be brought into this realme that might doe the realme good. And the Romans hauing that care, brought from all coasts of the world into Italie all arts and sciences, and all kinds of beasts and fowels, and all herbes, trees, busks and plants that might yeeld profit or pleasure to their countrey of Italie. And if this care had not bene heretofore in our ancestors, then had our life bene sauage now, for then we had not had Wheat nor Rie, Peaze nor Beanes, Barley nor Oats, Peare nor Apple, Vine nor many other profitable and pleasant plants, Bull nor Cow, Sheepe nor Swine, Horse nor Mare, Cocke nor Hen, nor a number of other things that we inioy, without which our life were to be sayd barbarous: for these things and a thousand that we vse more the first inhabitants of this Iland found not here. And in time of memory things haue bene brought in that were not here before, as the Damaske rose by Doctour Linaker,* king Henry the seuenth and king Henrie the eighth,† Physician, the Turkey cocks and hennes about fifty yeres past, the Artichowe in time of king Henry the eight, and of later time was procured out of Italy the Muske rose plant, the plumme called the Perdigwena, and two kinds more by the Lord Cromwell after his trauell, and the Abricot by a French Priest one Wolfe Gardiner to king Henry the eight: and now within these foure yeers there haue bene brought into England from Vienna in Austria diuers kinds of flowers called Tulipas, and those and other procured thither a little before from Constantinople by an excellent man called M. Carolus Clusius.‡ And it is sayd that since we traded to Zante that the plant that beareth the Coren is also brought into this realme from thence; and although it bring not fruit to perfection, yet it may serue for plea-

* Thomas Linacre, M.D., born about 1460, died October 20, 1524.

† The uncertain state of orthography at this period is seen from the fact that such words as Henry, Italy, &c., are spelt in two ways in this extract.

‡ Charles Clusius or De L'Ecluse, a Dutch physician and botanist, born in 1526, died April 4, 1609.

sure and for some vse, like as our vines doe, which we cannot well spare, although the climat so cold will not permit us to have good wines of them. And many other things haue bene brought in, that haue degenerated by reason of the colde climat, some other things brought in haue by negligence bene lost. The Archbishop of Canturburie Edmund Grindall,* after he returned out of Germany brought into this realme the plant of Tamariske from thence, and this plant he hath so increased that there be here thousands of them; and many people haue receiued great health by this plant: and if of things brought in such care were had, then could not the first labour be lost. The seed of Tabacco hath bene brought hither out of the West Indies, it groweth heere, and with the herbe many haue bene eased of the reumes, &c. Each one of a great number of things more woorthy of a iourney to be made into Spain, Italy, Barbarie, Egypt, Zante, Constantinople, the West Indies, and to diuers other places neerer and further off then any of these, yet forsomuch as the poore are not able, and for that the rich settled at home in quiet will not, therefore we are to make sute to such as repaire to forren kingdomes, for other businesses, to haue some care heerein, and to set before their eyes the examples of these good men, and to endeour to do for their parts the like, as their speciall businesses may permit the same. Thus giuing you occasion by way of a little remembrance, to haue a desire to doe your cuntry good, you shall, if you haue any inclination to such good, do more good to the poore ready to stande for reliefe, then euer any subiect did in this realme by building of Almshouses, and by giuing of lands and goods to the reliefe of the poore. Thus may you helpe to driue idleness the mother of most mischiefs out of the realme, and winne you perpetuall fame, and the prayer of the poore, which is more woorth then all the golde of Peru and of all the West Indies.—*Certaine Other most Profitable and Wise Instructions for a principall English Factor at Constantinople.*

187.—THE PROPER STUDY OF HISTORY.

[HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCT. BOLINGBROKE, 1678—1751.]

[HENRY ST. JOHN, born at Battersea October 1, 1678, was educated at Eton and at Oxford, and having travelled some time on the Continent, married in 1700, the daughter of Sir John Winchescomb, Bart., and was returned for the borough of

* Edmund Grindal, born in 1519, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1576, and died July 6, 1583.

Wootton-Bassett in 1701. Having joined the Tory party, he became Secretary of War April 20, 1704, in Godolphin's Administration, and retired with Harley in February 1708. He became one of the Principal Secretaries of State in Harley's Administration in September 1710, was raised to the peerage as Viscount Bolingbroke in 1712, quarrelled with Harley, who was dismissed July 27, 1714, and intrigued in favour of the Stuarts. On the death of Queen Anne, the Whigs obtained the chief authority, and Lord Bolingbroke was dismissed August 28, 1714. He fled to France in March, 1715, was attainted, became Secretary of State to the Pretender, and married (his first wife died in 1718) the Marquise de Vilette in 1720. Having received a pardon, he returned to England in September 1724. His property was restored to him, but he was not allowed to sit in Parliament. He remained abroad from 1735 till 1742, and died December 12, 1751. Lord Bolingbroke is celebrated as an author. Whilst living at his villa at Dawley, near Uxbridge, he enjoyed the society of Swift, Pope, &c., and conducted the *Craftsman*, which commenced December 5, 1725, and opposed Sir Robert Walpole. His "Letters on the Study of History" first appeared in that publication. A collected edition of his works by David Mallet appeared in 1754, and "Letters and Correspondence with State Papers, &c.," by Rev. G. Parke, in 1798. A Life by T. Macknight was published in 1863. Earl Stanhope (*History of England*, vol. 1., chap. i.) says, "As a writer Lord Bolingbroke is, I think, far too little admired in the present day. * * * But surely his style, considered apart from his matter, seems the perfection of eloquence. It displays all the power and richness of the English language; and, in all its changes, never either soars into bombast, or sinks into vulgarity. We may observe with admiration, that, even when defending the cause of tyranny, he knows how to borrow his weapons from the armoury of freedom. The greatest praise of Bolingbroke's style is, that it was the study and the model of the two greatest minds of the succeeding generation—Mr. Burke and Mr. Pitt."]

WHAT has been said concerning the multiplicity of histories, and of historical memorials, wherewith our libraries abound since the resurrection of letters happened, and the art of printing began, puts me in mind of another general rule, that ought to be observed by every man who intends to make a real improvement, and to become wiser as well as better, by the study of history. I hinted at this rule in a former letter, where I said that we should neither grope in the dark, nor wander in the light. History must have a certain degree of probability and authenticity, or the examples we find in it would not carry a force sufficient to make due impressions on our minds, nor to illustrate nor to strengthen the precepts of philosophy and the rules of good policy. But besides, when histories have this necessary authenticity and probability, there is much discernment to be employed in the choice and the use we make of them. Some are to be read, some are to be studied; and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of another's, and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite: the curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously and without distinction whatever falls in its way;

but neither of them digests. They heap crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I knew in this country. He joined, to a more than athletic strength of body, a prodigious memory; and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a day, for five-and-twenty or thirty years; and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into an head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough; but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? he had never spared time to think, all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you press a watch or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision; for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you with pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory: and if he omitted anything, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him and confined him. To ask him a question, was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity, and confused noise, till the force of it was spent: and you went away with all the noise in you ears, stunned and un-informed. I never left him that I was not ready to say to him, "Dieu vous fasse la grace de *"devenir moins savant!"*" a wish that La Mothe le Vayer mentions upon some occasion or other, and that he would have done well to have applied to himself upon many.

'He who reads with discernment and choice, will acquire less learning, but more knowledge: and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others.—*Letters on the Study and Use of History.* Letter IV. Part 2.

188.—THE SKY-LARK.

[SHELLEY, 1792—1821.]

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, Aug. 4, 1792, and educated at Eton, went to Oxford, from which he was expelled in 1811 for having published a pamphlet entitled, "A Defence of Atheism." He contracted a marriage with Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a retired innkeeper, in 1811, was

separated from her in 1813, and after her death married Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.* He took his final departure from England in March, 1818, resided some time at Rome, was with Lord Byron at Venice in 1820, and having settled near Lerica, in the Gulf of Spezia early in 1823, perished July 8 of that year in a squall on his return from a trip to Leghorn. Shelley's best known works are "Queen Mab," published in 1813; "The Revolt of Islam," in 1818; "The Cenci: a Tragedy in Five Acts," in 1817; "Prometheus Unbound: a Lyrical Drama, in Four Acts, with other Poems," and "Adonais: an Elegy on the Death of John Keats" in 1821. Some of his shorter poems,* such as "The Cloud," "The Skylark," and "The Sensitive Plant," are very beautiful. Several memoirs of this poet have been published.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The deep blue thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

* The daughter of William Godwin was born in London in 1798, and died Feb. 1, 1851. She wrote "Frankenstein" and other works.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep ;
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Oh how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught :
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delight and sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

189.—THERE IS A GOD.

[DR. WATTS, 1674—1748.

[ISAAC WATTS, born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, and brought up as a Dissenter, became tutor in Sir John Hartopp's family, at Stoke Newington, in 1696, and an independent minister in 1698, having preached his first sermon July 17. He fell into delicate health, and resided with Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobalds, from 1712 till his death, which occurred Nov. 25, 1748. He received the D.D. degree from the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen in 1728. He wrote "Logic; or, the Right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth," published in 1725; "Dissertations relating to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity" in 1726; "Improvement of the Mind; or, Supplement to the Art of Logic," in 1741; a variety of sermons and lectures and other works. He is, however, best known by his "Psalms and Hymns," which appeared in 1719. A collected edition of his works was published in 1753, and was reissued with a memoir by the Rev. G. Burder in 1810. "Life, Times, and Correspondence," by the Rev. T. Milner, appeared in 1834.]

It must be known by the light of nature, that there is a God, before we can reasonably have any thing to do with Scripture, or believe his word. Now the shortest and plainest way to come at the knowledge of God by the light of nature, is by considering the whole frame of this visible world, and the various parts of it. Hereby we shall not only find that there is a God, but we shall learn in a great measure what is his nature also.

A man cannot open his eyes, but he sees many objects round about him which did not, make themselves: The birds, the beasts and the fishes, the herbs and the trees, the fire and the water, all seem to confess that they were not their own creators, for they cannot preserve themselves: Nor did we give being to ourselves or to them, because we can neither preserve ourselves nor them in being.

Besides there is an infinite variety of instances in the constant regular motions of the planets, the influences of the sun and moon,

in the wondrous composition of plants and animals, and in their several properties and operations, as well as in the very structure of our own bodies, and the faculties of our minds; which sufficiently discover there must be some superior and divine power and wisdom, which both contrived and created their natures and ours, and gave being both to them and us.

Thus it appears that the first notion we have of God, by the light of nature, is the Creator of all things. Thence it follows, that he must be before all those things which he has made; therefore he must be the first of beings.

And it is plain, that he could have no beginning, and that there was no time when God was not; for then he could never have begun to be; since there was nothing that could create him, nor can there be any reason why he should, of himself start out of nothing into being at any moment, if he had not been before: So that since we have proved that there is a God, we may be sure that he ever was, or that he was from all eternity.

Now the same argument which proves that he had no beginning, will infer also, that he can have no end: For as nothing could give him being, nothing can take it away. He depends not, on any thing for leave to exist, since nothing in nature could possibly concur or contribute any thing toward his existence. Nor does his being depend on any arbitrary act of his own will, for he did not create himself. Nor can he himself wish, or will, or desire not to be, because he is perfectly wise, and knows it is best for him for ever to exist; and, therefore, he must exist, or be for ever.

And this is what the learned call a necessary being; that is, one who ever was, and ever must be; without beginning and without end. And this, in many of their writings, is justly made to be the great and eminent distinction between God and the creature; viz. that the creatures might be, or not be, as God pleases; but God always was, and always will be: He must necessarily have a being from everlasting to everlasting.

As his works discover his existence, or his being; so the greatness of his works shows the greatness of his power. He that made all things out of mere nothing, must be Almighty: He that has contrived all things with such exquisite art, must be all wise and all knowing; and he that has furnished this lower world with such innumerable rich varieties of light and food, of colours, sounds, smells, and tastes, and materials for all the conveniences of life, to support and to entertain our natures, he must be a Being of unspeakable goodness.

It appears yet with fuller evidence, that God is the chiefest, the greatest, the wisest, and the best of beings, when we consider more

particularly, that all the power, knowledge, wisdom, and goodness, all the virtues and excellencies, and the very natures of all other beings are derived from God, and given to the creatures by God their Creator; and therefore he must, in some glorious and eminent manner, possess all perfections and excellencies himself, for nothing can give to another that which itself has not.

Thus the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work, as the holy Psalmist* assures us. And thus the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead.†

The light of reason, or nature, further teaches us, that such an almighty Being, who by his own power and wisdom has created all things out of nothing, must needs be the sovereign Lord, the absolute possessor and proprietor of all his creatures, they must be all at his disposal, and under his government. And as for the intelligent parts of his creation, such as men and angels, it is the very law of their natures, that they ought to love, worship, and obey him that made them, to pray to him for what they want, and to praise him for what they receive, and thence he becomes the proper object of worship.

Reason itself assures us, that he who hath shown such exquisite wisdom, even in the formation of his inanimate creatures, and in his disposal and management of them agreeably to those purposes for which they are fitted, will manifest also the same wisdom in governing his intelligent creatures, and bestow those rewards or punishments on them for which they are fitted, agreeably to their tempers, characters, and actions. And this is properly called the righteousness or equity of God, or his governing justice.—*The Christian Doctrine of the Trinity*. Proposition I.

196.—BUTLER'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

[DR. WHEWELL, 1794—1866.]

[WILLIAM WHEWELL, born of humble parentage at Lancaster, in 1794, was educated at the grammar school in his native place, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1816. He was elected Professor of Mineralogy in 1828, resigned in 1832; was made Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1838, and Master of Trinity in 1841. He died from the effects of a fall from his horse, March 5, 1866. Dr. Whewell wrote numerous valuable works, the most important being "History of the Inductive Sciences from the Earliest to the Present Times," published in 1837; "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," in 1840; "Lectures on the

* Psalm xix. 1.

† Rom. i. 20.

History of Moral Philosophy in England," in 1852; "Philosophy of Discovery, Historical and Actual," and "History of Moral Philosophy," in 1860. Dr. Whewell, who wrote several mathematical works, contributed to the Transactions of the Philosophical and other Societies.]

To assert the existence of a Moral Faculty more clearly and positively than had yet been done, without encumbering himself with too systematic a description or definition of its nature, was the merit of Butler, at the period when Hutcheson* was publishing his assertion of the Moral Sense. All truths are seen dimly before they are seen clearly;—are conveyed in a vague and confused shape before they are expressed in a definite and lucid form. The analysis of bodies into their elements employed many generations, and was for centuries most obscurely and imperfectly apprehended; and yet, during these centuries, philosophers were travelling towards the truth, and were at every point obtaining positive truths of great importance. The analysis of the mind, like the analysis of matter, may be imperfect, and yet valuable. It is no proof of an absence of worth and importance in the doctrine of a Moral Faculty, that at first, the boundaries of such a Faculty seem vague, and even its independence questionable. It is of far more importance to prove the *reality* of its office, and to show that its existence gives a consistent and satisfactory account of those moral rules and convictions which the doctrine of consequences cannot explain.

In order to do this without making any superfluous assumption, Butler appears purposely to have shunned any appearance of technical names for the elements of our moral constitution on which he speculated; and to have studiously varied his phrases. Thus he speaks of *man's being a law to himself*; of *a difference in kind among man's principles of action, as well as a difference of strength*; of *an internal constitution* in which conscience has a *natural and rightful supremacy*; along with other forms of expression.

But the course thus taken by Butler had inconveniences as well as advantages. Clarke† adopted the received and metaphysical phraseology of his times, which, so far as moral philosophy was concerned,

* Francis Hutcheson, a native of Ireland, born in 1694, revived a taste for metaphysics in Scotland. He published "An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue" in 1726, and a treatise "On the Nature and Conduct of the Passions" in 1728. He was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow in 1729, and his chief work, "A System of Moral Philosophy," did not appear till after his death, which occurred in 1747.

† Dr. Samuel Clarke, born in 1675, and died May 17, 1729. His works, with some account of the author, by Benjamin (Hoadly), Bishop of Winchester, appeared in 1738.

was not well adapted for tracing out his doctrines in a forcible and clear manner. Butler avoided this error; but was, in this manner, constantly driven to periphrastic and indirect modes of expression which blunt the point and obscure the aim of his reasonings. Hence, though he lays down his arguments in a clear and orderly manner, in good plain language, and with sufficient detail of steps and circumstances, he has always been found, by common readers, a difficult and obscure writer. And this was the opinion entertained of him in his own time by men of the world. "The bishop of Durham," says Horace Walpole, "had been wafted to that see in a cloud of metaphysics, and remained absorbed in it."

Joseph Butler, of whom I speak, was educated for the ministry of the dissenters, but was brought over to the episcopal church by his conviction of its valid claims. When yet young, and unknown, the interest which he took in speculations such as those of Clarke, had led him to enter into a correspondence with that divine, in which he displayed great acuteness and ability. This correspondence is published at the end of the later editions of the *Discourse on the Being and Attributes of God*. Butler soon after became Preacher at the Rolls Chapel (in 1718), and his sermons preached there were published a few years later. It is in these sermons particularly that his moral doctrines are to be found.—*Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England*. Lecture viii.

191.—THE BISHOP'S CHAPLAIN.

[ANTHONY TROLLOPE, 1815.

[ANTHONY TROLLOPE, son of Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, born in 1815, was educated at Winchester and at Harrow, and has written numerous works. "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," published in 1847, was followed by "The Warden, a Novel," in 1855; "Barchester Towers, a Novel," in 1857; "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," in 1859; "Framley Parsonage," in 1861; "Can You Forgive Her?" in 1864; "The Last Chronicle of Barset," a serial, in 1866-7; and numerous works. He has contributed to the "Cornhill Magazine," the "Pall Mall Gazette," and other periodicals.]

MR. SLOPE soon comforted himself with the reflection, that as he had been selected as chaplain to the bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the bishop's gift, without troubling himself with the bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but

he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste, than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore, he, Mr. Slope, would in effect be bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind—Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manœuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would always be on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield, in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe to the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway carriage, and Mr. Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn, and stoop low indeed, if need be, he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order, but such as they are they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves an impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state, and all womankind too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. His looks and tones are extremely severe, so much so that one cannot but fancy that he regards the greater part of the world as being infinitely too bad for his care. As he walks through the streets, his very face denotes his horror of the world's wickedness; and there is always an anathema lurking in the corner of his eye.

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerant of dissent, if so strict a mind can be called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of

Satan; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church seat of a Christian, than a book of prayer printed with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. Most active clergymen have their hobby, and Sunday observances are his. Sunday, however, is a word which never pollutes his mouth—it is always “the Sabbath.” The “desecration of the Sabbath,” as he delights to call it, is to him meat and drink:—he thrives upon that as policemen do on the general evil habits of the community. It is the loved subject of all his evening discourses, the source of all his eloquence, the secret of all his power over the female heart. To him the revelation of God appears only in that one law given for Jewish observance. To him the mercies of our Saviour speak in vain, to him in vain has been preached that sermon which fell from divine lips on the mountain—“Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth”—“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” To him the New Testament is comparatively of little moment, for from it can he draw no fresh authority for that dominion which he loves to exercise over at least a seventh part of man’s allotted time here below.

Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill-made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family, but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences, and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly of the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder: it is not unlike beef,—beef, however, one would say, of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though his lips are thin and bloodless; and his big, prominent, pale brown eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature: it is pronounced straight and well-formed; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red coloured cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration always exudes from him, the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant.

Such is Mr. Slope,—such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the late bishop. Think, oh, my meditative reader, what an associate we have here for those

comfortable prebendaries, those gentlemanlike clerical doctors, those happy well-used well-fed minor canons, who have grown into existence at Barchester under the kindly wings of Bishop Grantly!—*Barchester Towers*. Chap. iv.

192.—LAZARILLO DE TÓRMES, AND ITS IMITATORS.

[TICKNOR, 1791.

[GEORGE TICKNOR, born in Boston, Massachusetts, Aug. 1, 1791, was educated at Dartmouth College, and called to the bar in 1813. He left the United States for Europe in 1815, studied for two years at Göttingen, and was in 1817, while absent in Europe, appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University. In 1819 he returned to the United States, and having laboured in this professorship for fifteen years, he in 1835 again set out for Europe, and travelled on the Continent and in England for three years. His "History of Spanish Literature" appeared, both in New York and London, in 1849, and has been translated into Spanish and German. His "Life of W. H. Prescott, the Historian," was republished in London in 1864. Whilst in England Ticknor became acquainted with Southey and Sir Walter Scott. The latter, writing to Southey, speaks of Ticknor as "a wondrous fellow for romantic lore and antiquarian research, considering his country."]]

THE *Lazarillo** is a work of genius, unlike anything that had preceded it. It is the autobiography of a boy—"little Lazarus"—born in a mill on the banks of the Tórmes, near Salamanca, and sent out by his base and brutal mother as the leader of a blind beggar; the lowest place in the social condition, perhaps, that could then be found in Spain. But such as it is, *Lazarillo* makes the best or the worst of it. With an inexhaustible fund of good humour and great quickness of parts, he learns, at once, the cunning and profligacy that qualify him to rise to still greater frauds and a yet wider range of adventures and crimes in the service successively of a priest, a gentleman starving on his own pride, a friar, a seller of indulgences, a chaplain, and an alguazil, until, at last, from the most disgraceful motives, he settles down as a married man; and then the story terminates without reaching any proper conclusion, and without intimating that any is to follow.

Its object is—under the character of a servant with an acuteness

* Stirling ("Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth," chap. vi.) appears to favour the claim of Juan de Ortega, a monk who died at Yuste in 1557, to whom the work has often been attributed. Ticknor assigns the authorship to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, whom he terms "a scholar and a soldier, a poet and a diplomatist, a statesman and an historian,—a man who rose to great consideration in whatever he undertook, and one who was not of a temper to be satisfied with moderate success, wherever he might choose to make an effort." He was born of illustrious ancestry in Granada, in 1503, and died in April, 1575. "*Lazarillo de Tórmes*" was published at Antwerp in 1553. An English translation by David Rowland appeared in 1586, and another by James Blakeston in 1670.

that is never at fault, and so small a stock of honesty and truth, that neither of them stands in the way of his success—to give a pungent satire on all classes of society, whose condition Lazarillo well comprehends, because he sees them in undress and behind the scenes. It is written in a very bold, rich, and idiomatic Castilian style, that reminds us of the “*Celestina* ;” * and some of its sketches are among the most fresh, and spirited that can be found in the whole class of prose works of fiction ; so spirited, indeed, and so free, that two of them—those of the friar and the seller of dispensations—were soon put under the ban of the Church, and cut out of the editions that were permitted to be printed under its authority. The whole work is short ; but its easy, genial temper, its happy adaptation to Spanish life and manners, and the contrast of the light, good-humoured, flexible audacity of Lazarillo himself—a perfectly original conception—with the solemn and unyielding dignity of the old Castilian character, gave it from the first a great popularity. From 1553, when the earliest edition appeared of which we have any knowledge, it was often reprinted, both at home and abroad, and has been more or less a favourite in all languages, down to our own time ; becoming the foundation for a class of fictions essentially national, which, under the name of the *gusto picaresco*, or the style of the rogues, is as well known as any other department of Spanish literature, and one which the “*Gil Blas*” of Le Sage has made famous throughout the world. Like other books enjoying a wide reputation, the Lazarillo provoked many imitations. A continuation of it, under the title of “*The Second Part of Lazarillo de Tórmes*,” soon appeared, longer than the original, and beginning where the fiction of Mendoza leaves off. But it is without merit, except for an occasional quaintness or witticism. It represents Lazarillo as going upon the expedition undertaken by Charles the Fifth against Algiers in 1541, and as being in one of the vessels that foundered in a storm, which did much towards disconcerting the whole enterprise. From this point, however, Lazarillo’s story becomes a tissue of absurdities. He sinks to the bottom of the ocean, and there creeps into a cave, where he is metamorphosed into a tunny-fish ; and the greater part of the work consists of an account of his glory and happiness in the kingdom of the tunnies. At last he is

* “*The Celestina*,” a dramatic story, is a prose composition, in twenty-one acts, or parts, originally called “*The Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Meliboea*.” The first act, produced about 1480, is attributed to Rodrigo Cota, of Toledo, and the remainder to Fernando de Rojas of Montalvan, a bachelor of laws living at Salamanca. It is called by Ticknor “rather a dramatized romance than a proper drama, or even a well-considered attempt to produce a strictly dramatic effect.”

caught in a seine, and, in the agony of his fear of death, returns, by an effort of his own will, to the human form; after which he finds his way back to Salamanca, and is living there when he prepares this strange account of his adventures.

A further imitation, but not a proper continuation, under the name of "The Lazarillo of the Manzanares," in which the state of society at Madrid is satirized, was attempted by Juan Cortés de Tolosa, and was first printed in 1620. But it produced no effect at the time, and has been long forgotten. Nor was a much better fate reserved for yet another second part of the genuine Lazarillo, which was written by Juan de Luna, a teacher of Spanish at Paris, and appeared there the same year the Lazarillo de Manzanares appeared at Madrid. It is, however, more in the spirit of the original work. It exhibits Lazarillo again as a servant to different kinds of masters, and as gentleman-usher of a poor, proud lady of rank; after which he retires from the world, and, becoming a religious recluse, writes this account of himself, which, though not equal to the free and vigorous sketches of the work it professes to complete, is by no means without value, especially for its style.

The author of the Lazarillo de Tórmes, who, we are told, took the "Amadis" and the "Celestina" for his travelling companions and by-reading, was, as we have intimated, not a person to devote himself to the Church; and we soon hear of him serving as a soldier in the great Spanish armies in Italy—a circumstance to which, in his old age, he alludes with evident pride and pleasure. At those seasons, however, when the troops were unoccupied, we know that he gladly listened to the lectures of the famous professors of Bologna, Padua, and Rome, and added largely to his already large stores of elegant knowledge.—*History of Spanish Literature*. Vol. I., Period II., chap. iv.

193.—TOMBS IN ROME.

•• [REV. J. C. EUSTACE, ——— —1815.

[JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE, descended from an old Lancashire family, was educated at Stonyhurst, and became a Roman Catholic priest. Having travelled in the capacity of a tutor, he met Lord Brownlow and Mr. Rushbrooke at Vienna in 1801, and they agreed to go together on a tour through Italy, of which he gave an account in his best known work. In June, 1814, the Rev. J. C. Eustace accompanied Lord Carrington to Paris, and soon after published a "Letter from Paris." He wrote "An Elegy to the Memory of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke," published in 1797; "A Classical Tour through Italy, AN. MDCCII.," in 1813, and some other works, and is said to have made considerable progress in a poem on the culture of the youthful mind. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1831, says of this Classical Tour, "It is impossible to trace the pages of Eustace—eminent among other tra-

vellers, without feeling a spark of that flame which seems to kindle in his own breast, at the recital of the architectural splendours of the 'ancient city.' The heart swells with a generous and gratulatory emotion while contemplating the elevation of thought, the purity and grandeur of design, which inspired a race of beings to the achievement of works whose consummate skill and astounding magnificence have few or no parallels in the degenerate days of modern times." Eustace died at Naples of a fever in 1815.]

IN ancient times the bodies of the deceased were deposited without the walls, generally along the most frequented roads, where their tombs arose at intervals and under various forms, shaded by cypresses and other funereal plants, and exhibited on both sides a long and melancholy border of sorrow and mortality. Few persons were allowed the honour of being buried in the city or in the Campus Martius, and of the few tombs raised within its space during the republic, one only remains in a narrow street, the *Macello di Corvi* (the Crow's Shambles), near the Capitoline hill. It is of a solid but simple form, and inscribed with the name of *Caius Publicius Bibulus*; and as the only one of that name mentioned in history is distinguished by no brilliant achievement, but only represented as a popular tribune, it is difficult to discover the reason of the honourable exception.

Under the Emperors, certain illustrious persons were allowed tombs in the Campus Martius, or in its neighbourhood; and these monumental edifices at length swelled into superb mausoleums, and became some of the most majestic ornaments of the city. Of these the two principal were the sepulchres of Augustus and of Adrian, and although both belong to the ruins of ancient Rome, and have already been alluded to, yet as they still form even though shattered and disfigured, two very conspicuous features in the modern city, the reader may expect a more detailed description of them.

The best and indeed the only ancient account of the former monument denominated by way of eminence the Mausoleum, is given by Strabo, who represents it as a pendent garden raised on lofty arches of white stone, planted with evergreen shrubs, and terminating in a point crowned with the statue of Augustus. In the vault beneath lay the remains of the Emperor and of his family; at the entrance stood two Egyptian obelisks; round, arose an extensive grove cut into walks and alleys. Of this monument, the two inner walls which supported the whole mass, and the spacious vaults under which reposed the imperial ashes, still remain; a work of great solidity and elevation. Hence it is seen at a considerable distance, and continues still a grand and striking object. The platform on the top was for a considerable time employed as a garden, and covered originally, with shrubs and flowers. It is now converted into a sort of amphitheatre, and surrounded with seats and benches, where the spectators may enjoy in

safety the favourite amusement of bull-baiting. We attended at this exhibition, in which not dogs only but men act as assailants, and we thought it, although conducted with as much precaution, and even humanity as it is susceptible of, too dangerous to amuse persons not accustomed to contemplate hair-breadth escapes. This edifice owes its preservation to its solidity. It has been stripped of its marble, of its pilasters, and of its internal and external decorations; it has belonged successively to numberless individuals, and is still I believe private property. Such a monument, after having escaped so many chances of ruin, ought not to be neglected. Government should purchase it, should disengage it from the petty buildings that crowd around it and conceal its form and magnitude; should case it anew with Tiburtine stone, and devote it under some form or other to public utility. Thus some portion of its former splendour might be restored, and its future existence secured as far as human foresight can extend its influence.—*A Classical Tour through Italy*, third edit. 1815. Vol. II., chap. i.

194.—NEWTON'S THEORY OF THE TIDES.

[SIR D. BREWSTER, 1781—1868.

[DAVID BREWSTER, born at Jedburgh, Dec. 11, 1781, and educated for the Church of Scotland, undertook the editorship of the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" in 1808. He received honorary degrees from various Universities in England and Scotland. In 1815 the Royal Society awarded him the Copley Medal for his discovery of the law of the polarization of light by reflexion; in 1816 the Institute of France adjudged him half of the prize of 3000 francs given for the most important discoveries made in Europe in any branch of science during the two preceding years; and in 1819 the Royal Society awarded him the Rumford gold and silver medals. In 1825 he was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France; in 1832 was knighted by William IV.; and in 1848 was elected one of the eight foreign associates of the Imperial Institute of France. He became principal of the united colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, in 1838, Principal of the University of Edinburgh in 1859, and died Feb. 10, 1868. Sir D. Brewster, who made many important inventions, amongst which lenses for light-houses and the kaleidoscope are best known, wrote "The Martyrs of Science," published in 1846; "More Worlds Than One," being an answer to Dr. Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds," in 1854; "Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," in 1855; numerous scientific works, and contributed to the *Quarterly Reviews*, and to the *Transactions of scientific societies*.]

THE next subject to which Newton applied the principle of gravity, was the tides of the ocean. The philosophers of all ages had recognised the connexion between the phenomena of the tides and the position of the moon. The College of Jesuits at Coimbra, and subsequently Antonio de Dominis and Kepler, distinctly referred the tides to the attraction of the waters of the earth by the moon, but so imperfect was the explanation which was thus given of the phenomena, that

Galileo ridiculed the idea of lunar attraction, and substituted for it a fallacious explanation of his own. That the moon is the principal cause of the tides is obvious from the well-known fact, that it is high water at any given place a short time after she is in the meridian of that place; and that the sun performs a secondary part in their production, may be proved from the circumstance, that the highest tides take place when the sun, the moon, and the earth are in the same straight line,—that is, when the force of the sun conspires with that of the moon; and that the lowest tides take place when the lines drawn from the sun and moon to the earth are at right angles to each other,—that is, when the force of the sun acts in opposition to that of the moon. The most perplexing phenomenon in the tides of the ocean, and one which is still a stumbling-block to persons slightly acquainted with the theory of attraction, is the existence of high water on the side of the earth opposite to the moon, as well as on the side next the earth. To maintain that the attraction of the moon at the same instant draws the waters of the ocean towards herself, and also draws them from the earth in an opposite direction, seems at first sight paradoxical; but the difficulty vanishes when we consider the earth, or rather the centre of the earth, and the water on each side of it, as three distinct bodies, placed at different distances from the moon, and consequently attracted with forces inversely proportional to the squares of their distances. The water nearest the moon will be much more powerfully attracted than the centre of the earth, and the centre of the earth more powerfully than the water farthest from the moon. The consequence of this must be, that the waters nearest the moon will be drawn away from the centre of the earth, and will consequently rise from their level, while the centre of the earth will be drawn away from the waters opposite the moon, which will, as it were, be left behind, and consequently be in the same situation as if they were raised from the earth in a direction opposite to that in which they are attracted by the moon. Hence the effect of the moon's action upon the earth is to draw its fluid parts into the form of an oblong spheroid, the axis of which passes through the moon. As the action of the sun will produce the very same effect, though in a smaller degree, the tide at any place will depend on the relative position of these two spheroids; and will be always equal either to the sum, or to the difference of the effects of the two luminaries. At the time of new and full moon, the two spheroids will have their axes coincident; and the height of the tide, which then will be a *spring* one, will be equal to the sum of the elevations produced in each spheroid considered separately, while at the first and third quarters the axes of the spheroids will be at right angles to each other, and the

height of the tide, which will then be a *neap* one, will be equal to the difference of the elevations produced in each separate spheroid. By comparing the spring and neap tides, Newton found that the force with which the moon acted upon the waters of the earth, was to that with which the sun acted upon them as 4.48 to 1;—that the force of the moon produced a tide of 8.63 feet;—that of the sun one of 1.93 feet;—and both combined, one of 10½ feet,—a result which, in the open sea, does not deviate much from observation. Having thus ascertained the force of the moon on the waters of our globe, he found that the quantity of water in the moon was to that in the earth as 1 to 40, and the density of the moon to that of the earth as 11 to 9.

The motions of the moon, so much within the reach of our own observation, presented a fine field for the application of the theory of universal gravitation. The irregularities exhibited in the lunar motions had been known in the time of Hipparchus and Ptolemy. Tycho had discovered the great inequality called the *variation*, amounting to 37', and depending on the alternate acceleration and retardation of the moon by the action of the sun in every quarter of a revolution: and he had also ascertained the existence of the annual equation. Of these two inequalities, Newton gave a most satisfactory explanation, making the first 36'10", and the other 11'51", differing only a few seconds from the numbers adopted by Tobias Mayer in his celebrated Lunar Tables. The force exerted by the sun upon the moon may be always resolved into two forces, one acting in the direction of the line joining the moon and the earth, and consequently tending to increase or diminish the moon's gravity to the earth; and the other in a direction at right angles to this, and consequently tending to accelerate or retard the motion in her orbit. Now, it was found by Newton that this last force was reduced to nothing, or vanished at the syzygies or quadratures, so that at these four points the described areas are proportional to the times. The instant, however, that the moon quits these positions, the force under consideration, which we may call the tangential force, begins, and it reaches its maximum in the four octants. The force, therefore, compounded of these two elements of the solar force, or the diagonal of the parallelogram which they form, is no longer directed to the earth's centre, but deviates from it at a maximum about thirty minutes, and therefore affects the angular motion of the moon, the motion being accelerated in passing from the quadratures to the syzygies, and retarding in passing from the syzygies to the quadratures. Hence the velocity is, in its mean state, in the octants, a maximum in the syzygies, and a minimum in the quadratures.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* Vol. I., chap. xii.

1795.—HECTOR'S ADDRESS TO THE TROJAN CHIEFS.

[LORD DERBY, 1799—1869.]

[EDWARD GEOFFREY STANLEY, born at Knowsley Park, Lancashire, March 29, 1799, and educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, entered the House of Commons as member for Stockbridge in 1821. Having held office in various administrations, he was summoned to the House of Lords, as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaffe, in Sept. 1844, and succeeded his father as fourteenth Earl of Derby June 30, 1851. From Feb. till Dec. 1852, and from Feb. 1858, till June, 1859, his lordship acted as Prime Minister, was entrusted with the task of forming a third administration in June, 1866, and resigned on account of failing health in February, 1868. Lord Derby, who was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1852, was made a Knight of the Garter in 1859, and published a translation of the "Iliad of Homer" in blank verse in 1865. The proceeds of the sale of the work, which rapidly passed through six editions, are devoted to a scholarship at Wellington College. Died 1869.]

THE sun, now sunk beneath the ocean wave
Drew o'er the teeming earth the veil of night.
The Trojans saw, reluctant, day's decline ;
But on the Greeks thrice welcome, thrice invoked
With earnest prayers, the shades of darkness fell.

The noble Hector then to council called
The Trojan leaders ; from the ships apart
He led them, by the eddying river's side,
To a clear space of ground, from corpses free.
They from their cars dismounting, to the words
Of godlike Hector listened : in his hand
His massive spear he held, twelve cubits long,
Whose glittering point flashed bright, with hoop of gold
Encircled round ; on this he leant, and said,
" Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies ;
I hoped that to the breezy heights of Troy
We might ere now in triumph have returned,
The Grecian ships and all the Greeks destroyed ;
But night hath come too soon, and saved awhile
The Grecian army and their stranded ships.
Then yield we to the night ; prepare the meal ;
Unyoke your horses, and before them place
Their needful forage ; from the city bring
Oxen and sheep ; the luscious wine provide ;
Bring bread from out our houses ; and collect
Good store of fuel, that the livelong night,
Even till the dawn of day, may broadly blaze
Our numerous watchfires, and illumine the Heavens ;
At, even by night, the long-haired Greeks should seek
For the broad bosom of the sea to fly,

That so not unassailed they may embark,
 Nor undisturbed ; but haply some may bear,
 Even to their homes, the memory of a wound
 Received from spear or arrow, as on board
 They leaped in haste ; and others too may fear
 To tempt with hostile arms the power of Troy.
 Then let the sacred heralds' voice proclaim
 Throughout the city, that the stripling youths
 And hoary-headed sires allot themselves
 In several watches to the Heaven-built towers.
 Charge too the women, in their houses each,
 To kindle blazing fires ; let careful watch
 Be set, lest, in the absence of the men,
 The town by secret ambush be surprised.
 Such, valiant Trojans, is the advice I give ;
 And what to-night your wisdom shall approve
 Will I, at morn, before the Trojans speak.
 Hopeful, to Jove I pray, and all the Gods,
 To chase from hence these fate-inflicted hounds,
 By fate sent hither on their dark-ribbed ships.
 Now keep we through the night our watchful guard ;
 And with the early dawn, equipped in arms,
 Upon their fleet our angry battle pour.
 Then shall I know if Tydeus' valiant son
 Back from the ships shall drive me to the walls,
 Or I, triumphant, bear his bloody spoils :
 To-morrow morn his courage will decide,
 If he indeed my onset will await.
 But ere to-morrow's sun be high in Heaven,
 He, 'mid the foremost, if I augur right,
 Wounded and bleeding in the dust shall lie,
 And many a comrade round him. Would to Heaven
 I were as sure to be from age and death
 Exempt, and held in honour as a God,
 Phœbus, or Pallas, as I am assured
 The coming day is fraught with ill to Greece."

The Iliad. Book. VIII.

196.—THE EXCELLENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

[Bp. SHERLOCK, 1678—1761.

[THOMAS SHERLOCK, son of Dr. William Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, born in London in 1768, was educated at Eton and Catherine Hall, Cambridge, where he took his

M.A. degree in 1701. He was made Master of the Temple in 1704, Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and D.D. in 1714, Dean of Chichester in 1716, Bishop of Bangor in 1727, and was transferred to Salisbury in 1734. Having refused the Archbishopric of Canterbury in 1747, he was translated to London in 1748. Dr. Sherlock died July 18, 1761. He is the author of numerous sermons and polemical discourses. "The Use and Intent of Prophecy in the Several Ages of the World: to which are added Four Dissertations," appeared in 1725; "The Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus," in 1729; and "Discourses at the Temple Church," in 1754. An edition of the latter, with a summary and notes, by T. S. Hughes, appeared in 1830.]

RELIGION is founded in the principles of reason and nature; and, without supposing this foundation, it would be as rational an act to preach to horses as to men. A man who has the use of reason cannot consider his condition and circumstances in this world, or reflect on his notions of good and evil, and the sense he feels in himself that he is an accountable creature for the good or evil he does, without asking himself how he came into this world, and for what purpose, and to whom it is that he is, or possibly may be accountable. When, by tracing his own being to the original, he finds that there is one supreme all-wise Cause of all things; when by experience he sees that this world neither is nor can be the place for taking a just and adequate account of the actions of men; the presumption that there is another state after this, in which men shall live, grows strong and almost irresistible; when he considers further the fears and hopes of nature with respect to futurity, the fear of death common to all, the desire of continuing in being, which never forsakes us; and reflects for what use and purpose these strong impressions were given us by the Author of nature; he cannot help concluding that man was made not merely to act a short part upon the stage of this world, but that there is another and more lasting state, to which he bears relation. And from hence it must necessarily follow that his religion must be formed on a view of securing a future happiness.

Since, then, the end that men propose to themselves by religion is such, it will teach us wherein the true excellency of religion consists. If eternal life and future happiness are what we aim at, that will be the best religion which will most certainly lead us to eternal life and future happiness: and it will be to no purpose to compare religions together in any other respects, which have no relation to this end.

Let us then by this rule examine the pretensions of revelation, and, as we go along, compare it with the present state of natural religion, that we may be able to judge 'to whom we ought to go.'

Eternal life and happiness are out of our power to give ourselves, or to obtain by any strength and force, or any policy or wisdom. Could our own arm rescue us from the jaws of death, and the powers of the

kingdom of darkness; could we set open the gates of heaven for ourselves, and enter in to take possession of life and glory, we should want no instructions or assistances from religion; since what St. Peter said of Christ, every man might apply to himself, and say, "I have the words, or means, of eternal life."

But, since we have not this power of life and death, and since there is One who has, who governeth all things in heaven and in earth, who is over all God blessed for evermore, it necessarily follows that either we must have no share or lot in the glories of futurity, or else that we must obtain them from God, and receive them as his gift and favour; and consequently if eternal life be the end of religion, and likewise the gift of God, religion can be nothing else but the means proper to be made use of by us to obtain of God this most excellent and perfect gift of eternal life: for, if eternal life be the end of religion, religion must be the means of obtaining eternal life; and, if eternal life can only be had from the gift of God, religion must be the means of obtaining this gift of God.

And thus far all religions that ever have appeared in the world have agreed: the question has never yet been made by any, whether God is to be applied to for eternal happiness or no; but every sect has placed its excellency in this, that it teaches the properest and most effectual way of making this application. Even natural religion pretends to no more than this: it claims not eternal life as the right of nature, but the right of obedience, and of obedience to God, the Lord of nature: and the dispute between natural and revealed religion is not, whether God is to be applied to for eternal happiness; but only, whether nature or revelation can best teach us how to make this application.

Prayers, and praises, and repentance for sins past are acts of devotion, which nature pretends to instruct and direct us in: but why does she teach us to pray, to praise, or to repent, but that she esteems one to be the proper method of expressing our wants, the other of expressing our gratitude, and the third of making atonement for iniquity and offences against God? In all these acts reference is had to the over-ruling power of the Almighty; and they amount to this confession, that the upshot of all religion is, to please God in order to make ourselves happy.—*Several Discourses preached at the Temple Church. Discourse I., Part II. John vi. 67-69.*

197.—OF THE NATURAL SIGNS OF THE PASSIONS.

[PRIESTLEY, 1733—1804.

[JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, son of a cloth draper, born at Fieldhead, near Leeds, March 13, 1733 (O.S.), educated at a free school and a Dissenting academy at Daventry; became a minister at Needham Market, in Suffolk, in 1755. He became librarian to Lord Shelburne in 1773, and accompanied him on a tour in 1774. His views were very unpopular, and his house at Birmingham was attacked during a riot in July, 1791. He embarked for the United States in 1794, and died there Feb. 6, 1804. His "History and Present State of Electricity" appeared in 1767; his "History and Present State of Discoveries Relating to Vision, Light, and Colours," and his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," in 1772; "An Examination of Dr. Reid's Inquiry into the Human Mind, on the Principles of Common Sense," &c., in 1774; "An History of the Corruptions of Christianity," in 1782; and a variety of works, of which collected editions appeared in 1769, 1807, and 1824. Dr. Johnson says of his theological works, "That they tended to unsettle everything, and yet settled nothing." His life by Corry appeared in 1805, and a memoir commenced by himself, and continued by his son, in 1806-7.]

ONE would think that a man must never have heard of the general principle of the *association of ideas*, who could possibly take it into his head that certain features, modulations of the voice, and attitudes of the body, require any other principle, in order to suggest the idea and belief of certain thoughts, purposes, and dispositions of mind. Dr. Reid* indeed asserts, in proof of this, that "an infant may be put into a fright by an angry countenance, and soothed again by smiles and blandishments." Now I have had children of my own, and have made many observations and experiments of this kind upon them, and upon this authority I do not hesitate absolutely to deny the fact with respect to them; and I have no doubt but that the same is the case with respect to all other infants; unless those of Dr. Reid should be as different from mine as are our notions of human nature. But nature, I believe, is pretty uniform in her operations and productions, how differently soever we may conceive of them.

Dr. Reid talks of an *infant* being put into a fright. On the contrary, I assert that an infant (unless by an infant he should mean a child who has had a good deal of experience, and of course has made many observations on the connections of things) is absolutely incapable of terror. I am positive that no child ever showed the least symptom of fear or apprehension, till he had actually received hurts, and had felt pain; and that children have no fear of any particular person or thing, but in consequence of some connection between that person or thing and the pain they have felt.

* See page 275.

If any instinct of this kind was more necessary than another, it would be the *dread of fire*. But everybody must have observed that infants show no sign of any such thing; for they will as readily put their finger to the flame of a candle as to anything else, till they have been burned. But after some painful experience of this kind their dread of fire becomes one of Dr. Reid's original instinctive principles, and it is as quick and as effectual in its operations as the very best of them.

I, moreover, do not hesitate to say, that if it were possible always to beat and terrify a child with a placid countenance, so as never to assume that appearance but in those circumstances, and always to sooth him with what we call an angry countenance, this natural and necessary connection of ideas that Dr. Reid talks of would be reversed, and we should see the child frightened with a smile, and delighted with a frown.

In fact, there is no more reason to believe that a child is naturally afraid of a frown, than he is afraid of being in the dark; and of this children certainly discover no sign, till they have either found something disagreeable to them in the dark, or have been told that there is something dreadful in it.—*Remarks on Dr. Reid's Inquiry into the Principles of the Human Mind*. Sect. XI.

198.—THE PLAGUE IN LONDON IN 1665.

[DEFOE, 1661—1731.

[DANIEL DE FOE, son of James Foe, a butcher, born in London in 1661, was educated at a Dissenting academy at Newington Green, and added the prefix to his name when he arrived at maturity. His first publication is said to have been a pamphlet against the clergy, published in 1682. He took part in Monmouth's rebellion, but was not punished, though he was fined, put in the pillory, and imprisoned for some of his writings. De Foe, who is a very voluminous author, is best known by his "Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner," which appeared in 1719. Of this book Dr. Johnson said, "nobody ever laid it down without wishing it were longer." His "History of the Great Plague in London in 1665, by a Citizen who continued all the while in London," appeared in 1722; and "Memoirs of a Cavalier," in 1724. Several collected editions of his works have been published, and his life has been written by Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, William Hazlitt, and others. He died April 24, 1731.]

THE Plague, like a great fire, if a few houses only are contiguous where it happens, can only burn a few houses; or if it begins in a single, or, as we call it, a lone house, can only burn that lone house where it begins: but if it begins in a close-built town, or city, and gets a-head, there its fury increases, it rages over the whole place, and consumes all it can reach. * * *

It is true, hundreds, yea thousands of families fled away at this last

Plague, but then of them, many fled too late, and not only died in their flight, but carried the distemper with them into the countries where they went, and infected those whom they went among for safety; which confounded the thing, and made that be a propagation of the distemper, which was the best means to prevent it; and this too is an evidence of it, and brings me back to what I only hinted at before, but must speak more fully to here, namely, that men went about apparently well many days after they had the taint of the disease in their vitals, and after their spirits were so seized, as that they could never escape it; and that all the while they did so, they were dangerous to others, I say, this proves that so it was; for such people infected the very towns they went through, as well as the families they went among; and it was by that means that almost all the great towns in England had the distemper among them, more or less; and always they would tell you such a Londoner or such a Londoner brought it down.

It must not be omitted, that when I speak of those people who were really thus dangerous, I suppose them to be utterly ignorant of their own condition; for if they really knew their circumstances to be such as indeed they were, they must have been a kind of wilful murderers, if they would have gone abroad among healthy people, and it would have verified indeed the suggestion which I mentioned above, and which I thought seemed untrue, viz., that the infected people were utterly careless as to giving the infection to others, and rather forward to do it than not; and I believe it was partly from this very thing, that they raised that suggestion, which I hope was not really true in fact.

I confess no particular case is sufficient to prove a general, but I could name several people within the knowledge of some of their neighbours and families yet living, who shewed the contrary to an extreme. One man, a master of a family in my neighbourhood, having had the distemper, he thought he had it given him by a poor workman whom he employed, and whom he went to his house to see, or went for some work that he wanted to have finished, and he had some apprehensions even while he was at the poor workman's door, but did not discover it fully, but the next day it discovered itself, and he was taken very ill; upon which he immediately caused himself to be carried into an outbuilding which he had in his yard, and where there was a chamber over a workhouse, the man being a brazier; here he lay, and here he died, and would be tended by none of his neighbours, but by a nurse from abroad, and would not suffer his wife, nor children, nor servants, to come up into the room, lest they should be infected, but sent them his blessing and prayers for them by the nurse, who spoke it to them at a distance, and all this for fear

of giving them the distemper, and without which, he knew as they were kept up, they could not have it.

And here I must observe also, that the Plague, as I suppose all distempers do, operated in a different manner on different constitutions; some were immediately overwhelmed with it, and it came to violent fevers, vomitings, insufferable headaches, pains in the back, and so up to ravings and ragings with those pains: others with swellings and tumours in the neck or groin, or armpits, which, till they could be broke, put them into insufferable agonies and torment; while others, as I have observed, were silently infected, the fever preying upon their spirits insensibly, and they seeing little of it, till they fell into swooning, and faintings, and death, without pain.

I am not physician enough to enter into the particular reasons and manner of these differing effects of one and the same distemper, and of its differing operation in several bodies: nor is it my business here to record the observations which I really made, because the doctors themselves have done that part much more effectually than I can do, and because my opinion may in some things differ from theirs: I am only relating what I know, or have heard, or believe, of the particular cases, and what fell within the compass of my view, and the different nature of the infection, as it appeared in the particular cases which I have related; but this may be added too, that though the former sort of those cases, namely, those openly visited, were the worst for themselves as to pain, I mean those that had such fevers, vomitings, headaches, pains, and swellings, because they died in such a dreadful manner, yet the latter had the worst state of the disease; for in the former they frequently recovered, especially if the swellings broke; but the latter was inevitable death; no cure, no help, could be possible, nothing could follow but death; and it was worse also to others, because, as above, it secretly, and unperceived by others, or by themselves, communicated death to those they conversed with, the penetrating poison insinuating itself into their blood in a manner which it is impossible to describe, or indeed conceive.—*The History of the Great Plague in London in 1665.*

199.—THE INFANCY OF EDWARD VI.

[Miss A. STRICKLAND, *circa* 1800.

[AGNES STRICKLAND, born early in the nineteenth century, in childhood showed a taste for poetical composition, and published "Worcester Field; or, the Cavalier," a poem in four cantos, which was favourably noticed by Thomas Campbell. She compiled numerous books for children, and wrote for various periodicals. A selection of her contributions, under the title "Historic Scenes and other Poetic Fancies," appeared in 1850.

Jointly with her sister Elizabeth, she is the authoress of "The Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest," published in 1840-9; and "Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession in Great Britain" in 1850-9. Miss Agnes Strickland's late works are "The Bachelor Kings of England," published in 1861; "How Will It End?" in 1865; and "Lives of the Seven Bishops," in 1866. She has prepared an abridged edition of her larger work for educational purposes.]

THE birth of prince Edward, and the death of the queen, his mother,* were commemorated in elegant Latin lines, in allusion to her father's crest, a phoenix in flames within a crown. The following is the translation, probably intended for the epitaph of the royal mother:

"Here lies the Phoenix, lady Jane,
Whose death a Phoenix bare,
Oh, grief! two Phoenixes one time
Together never were."

Under the festering care of the good gentlewoman who acted as his wet nurse, and whom, in his first lisping accents, he subsequently called "mother Jak," the newborn heir of England throve well, and, as Mr. Secretary Wriothesley, in his despatch announcing the death of the queen, gravely enjoins lord William Howard to testify at the court of France, "sucked like a child of puissance."

A regular household and establishment were appointed for this puissant prince by his august sire, of whom mother Jak and his four rockers were doubtless the most interesting functionaries to his grace, though he had sir William Sidney, the cousin of the king's brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, and progenitor of the accomplished sir Philip Sidney,† for his chamberlain, sir John Cornwallis for the steward of his household, with numerous other gentlemen of ancient name and good reckoning, in his muster roll.

Regulations to be observed in the royal household, for the safety and preservation of the infant prince, were drawn up by Henry himself with great minuteness, prefaced by a declaration that, "even as God himself had the devil repugnant to him, and Christ his antichrist and persecutor, so doubtless the prince's grace, for all his nobility and innocence (albeit he had never offended any one), yet by all likelihood he lacked not envy and adversaries, who either for their ambition, or otherwise to fulfil their malicious perverse mind, would perchance, if they saw opportunity, which God forbid, procure his grace displeasure,"

* Edward VI. was born at Hampton Court, Friday, October 12, 1537, and his mother, Lady Jane Seymour, died October 24, from the excitement and fatigue consequent upon the ceremony which she went through at his christening, Monday, October 15. Edward VI. ascended the throne January 28, 1547, and died July 6, 1553.

† See page 216.

to prevent which it was enjoined that no person of whatsoever rank or degree should approach the cradle without an order under the king's hand. The material of his clothing was to be carefully tested, examined, and considered, lest it might contain any substance of a quality injurious to his grace's health. His linen was to be washed by his own servants, and none other persons were to touch it, and nothing of any kind for his use brought into the nursery till it had been carefully washed and perfumed, the use of perfumes being, by-the-bye, anything but a sanitary practice for an infant, especially of so tender an age as the new-born heir of England. "His food was to be elaborately tested and assayed to avert the danger of poison. The chamberlain or vice-chamberlain was to be present morning and evening, when his grace was washed and dressed, and no unauthorised person was to have access to his apartments, above all, pages and boys were to be excluded, for fear of inconveniences or accidents resulting from their thoughtlessness. No member of his establishment was permitted to approach London during unhealthy seasons, lest they should be the means of conveying infection to his grace; and if any beggar should presume to draw nearer the gates than was appointed for the reception of alms he was to be grievously punished for an example to others."*

The beauty of the royal infant is thus testified by lady Lisle, in a letter to her husband from Hampton Court. "His grace the prince is the goodliest babe that ever I set mine eyen upon. I pray God to make him an old man. I think I should never weary with looking upon him." To Margaret, lady Bryan, the daughter of Humphrey Bourchier, lord Berners, and widow of sir Thomas Bryan, was assigned the office of lady mistress or governess to the young prince, she having faithfully and wisely presided over the early education and conduct of the two princesses his sisters.† Her letters prove her to have been a benevolent, conscientious, and judicious person; and perhaps the amiable and noble qualities which so eminently adorned the character of our young bachelor king were the result of the good seeds implanted by this excellent lady, his earliest preceptress.

The sylvan palace of Havering-bower was chosen for the nursery establishment of the young prince, and lady Bryan duly communicated the most minute particulars connected with him. In one of her letters, apparently in answer to an intimation she had received from Cromwell that she would have to exhibit her princely charge to the lord chancellor and other lords of the council, who had received licence from the king to visit and pay their duty to him, and that the king de-

* Hall's MSS.

† Strype's Memoirs; Ellis; Nichols.

sired her to set him forth to the best advantage, she complains of the unsuitable state of the prince's wardrobe, although she promises "to do her best to accomplish the king's command, with such things as she has to do it with, which," pursues her ladyship, "are but very bare for such a time."

According to the following pitiful statement we find that although Henry VIII. vied with the king of diamonds in his own dress and elaborate decorations, he was not very liberal in distributing rich array and jewellery to his children. "The best coat my lord prince hath," continued lady Bryan, "is tinsel, and that he shall have to wear at that time, with never a good jewel to set on his cap; but I shall order all things the best I can for my lord's honour, so as I trust the king's grace shall be contented withal; and also master vice-chamberlain, and master cofferer, I am sure will do the best diligence that lieth in them in all causes." She communicates in conclusion this pleasing intelligence of the progress of the infant heir of England—"My lord prince is in good health, and now his grace hath four teeth, three full cut and the fourth appeareth."—*Lives of the Bachelor Kings of England*. Edward the Sixth. Chap. ii.

200.—THE NOWROOSE, OR THE NEW YEAR IN PERSIA.

[SIR R. KER PORTER, 1780—1842.]

[Robert Ker Porter, brother of Anna Maria and Jane Porter, the well-known writers of fiction, born at Durham in 1780, at an early age showed a great taste for art. West was so much pleased with his sketches that he obtained admission for him into the Academy, and his battle pieces formed special subjects of admiration. In 1804 he went to Russia, and was appointed historical painter to the Czar. On his return to England he published "Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden, during the years 1805-8," which appeared in 1809. He accompanied Sir John Moore's expedition to Portugal, and paid a second visit to Russia in 1813, in which year his "Narrative of the Campaign in Russia in 1812" appeared. Having travelled in Asia, he published "Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c., during the years 1817-20," in 1821-2. William IV. made him a knight commander of the order of Hanover in 1832. He was appointed consul at Venezuela, and resided at Caracas till 1841, when he paid a last visit to St. Petersburg, where he died, May 4, 1842.]

THE 21st of March, the impatiently anticipated day of the most joyous festival of Persia, at last arrived. It is called the feast of the Nowroose, or that of the commencement of the new year; and its institution is attributed to the celebrated Jemsheed, who, according to the traditions of the country, and the fragments yet preserved of its early native historians, was the sixth in descent from Noah, and the fourth sovereign of Persia, of the race of Kaiomurs, the grandson of

Noah. To Jemsheed the Persians ascribe their best laws, the origin of their useful arts, and the establishment of their chief cities. In short, they give him a reign of seven hundred years. During which period he plants vineyards, and becomes the inventor of wine; he divides his people into classes; he institutes holy festivals; and becomes so prosperous in all his deeds, that he forgets he owes his good fortune to any superior being than himself; and arrogating the powers of a God, he commands his people to worship him. In consequence of this impiety, Divine vengeance pursues him; he is driven from his throne; and at last dies at the feet of a ruthless conqueror. All this is a great confusion of real events, falsely attributed to one man; but which we find recorded in the sacred and profane histories of the countries which once formed the great Persian empire, not of one prince, but of a variety of persons, from Noah until Alexander. This preposterous mistake may, however, be easily accounted for, when we recollect the exaggerating genius of the people; and that all their present records of those times arise from tradition, and a few scattered remnants of former annals, compiled into heroic verse by the imagination of a poet, who lived four hundred years after the archives had been destroyed by the jealousy of the Mahomedan conquerors of Persia; and, consequently, the present narrators may be excused, for the errors of bewildered memories, the difficulty of reconciling fragments, and the creations with which enthusiastic fancy attempted to supply the defects. But to return to the feast of the Nowroose. It is acknowledged to have been celebrated from the earliest ages, in Persia, independent of whatever religions reigned there; whether the simple worship of the One Great Being, or under the successive rites of Magian, Pagan, or Mahomedan institutions. But the account given of its origin is this:—Jemsheed, after dividing time into two kinds of years, civil and religious, and introducing an intercalary month to keep the calendar in due order with the seasons, established the festival in question to commemorate the act, and to take place on the first day of the new solar year; which, according to his arrangement, was to commence at the time of the natural reproduction of all things that conduce to the subsistence of man. The calculation of the year, commonly in use at present in Persia, is by the moon; which makes it some days shorter than our year of Europe. Each month begins and ends with the moon, by whose changes the religious fasts and festivals of their prophet are regulated. But the solar year, which was the division by Jemsheed, begins the moment the sun enters Aries, (from which time is dated the first day of the spring also,) and consists of twelve months, of twenty-nine and thirty days each. It is at the commencement of this solar year that the Nowroose is celebrated. Jem-

sheed fixed upon his capital, as the place of solemnity; and that, probably, was the city of Balk; it having been the residence of his ancestor, Kaïomurs; and afterwards long known as the metropolis of the early Persian monarchs. The feast was to continue six days. On the first, and in the whole assembly of his people, the king bestowed marks of his favour on the humblest class of his subjects, addressing the throng in these terms:

"This is a new day, of a new month, of a new year! I have thus arranged the time, and call you together, that we may be the better enabled to follow nature in her progress. Also, to cement those ties closer which have hitherto united us; and, like the inseparable succession of the seasons, to enjoy in our hearts those blessings which unity ensures."

On the second day of the festival, he rewarded his counsellors and ministers; on the third, he dealt out similar benefits to the learned and skilful; the fourth was appropriated to the reception of his royal relations, and the general mass of nobility; whilst the two remaining days were dedicated to universal rejoicing, feasting, and shows. Thus far, the accounts of the poet Ferdoussi, and the few scattered fragments of history, from which he drew his tale. But in the festival itself, which is on all sides acknowledged to be of so ancient a celebration, that tradition must go back to the patriarchal ages for its institution; and from its being found near the very spot whence the descent from the ark was made; I must own that I see sufficient evidence to admit the probability that it even originated with, or rather was re-appointed by, the venerable antediluvian Patriarch himself. In this light, it may be an interesting subject to all mankind; as a memorial of the creation of the world in six days, of the first spring to man, of the general equality of his race; excepting the filial homage, due to its paternal head; who, before the flood, might at the great anniversary of the world's birth, have thus called the fathers of the families of the earth together, to remind them whence they sprung. In such a case, there can be no doubt that Noah would receive the sacred ordinance, in a direct line from Adam. And after his descent from the ark, which took place at the same vernal season of the year; when the world seemed created afresh, from the destruction of the deluge; and mankind were to spring again, as well as the earth; it does not appear unlikely, that in re-establishing the ancient usage, he would cause it to be considered in a double view, that of commemorating two such similar events, as the creation of the world, and its restoration. Indeed, some writers call the Nowroose *the feast of the waters*; which bears well upon the idea of its having been a memorial of the Deluge. Similar traces, of commemorating the same event; some signal

calamity having befallen the world, and its as extraordinary recovery to newness of life; may be very generally found, in the customs of all nations. In pagan countries, the *Saturnalia* was one instance, oft of many, which evidently pointed to this circumstance; the birth of the world, and the equality of mankind, in the golden age. And, at almost the same period of the year,* we find the feast of the Passover amongst the Jews; which commemorates to them, a mighty deliverance of that people, from a state of civil death in Egypt, to a happy existence, in the possession of Canaan. And we have Easter in the Christian world, as an everlasting remembrance of the awful event at Calvary, and the consequent regeneration of all mankind. Hence, as all these several great festivals, of every age, and every people, were celebrated at the same season of the year; and all evidencing, by record or implication, some grand renewal of benefits to man, I cannot but consider the precedent of them all, as having primarily descended from Adam to Noah; and thence dispersed abroad by use, and tradition, throughout every nation of the earth; to be followed, by the succession of blessings before enumerated.—*Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c., during the years 1817-20.* Vol. I., pp. 316-9.

201.—CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.

[BUCKLE, 1823—1862.

[HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, born at Lee, Kent, November 24, 1823, was educated at a private school near London. The first volume of his unfinished work, the "History of Civilization," appeared in 1857, and the second in 1861. He delivered a lecture, "On the Influence of Women," at the Royal Institution, in 1858. This lecture and an "Essay on Liberty" were published in "Fraser's Magazine." Mr. Buckle died rather suddenly, May 29, 1862.]

I HAVE long since abandoned my original scheme; and I have reluctantly determined to write the history, not of general civilization, but of the civilization of a single people. While, however, by this means, we curtail the field of inquiry, we unfortunately diminish the resources of which the inquiry is possessed. For although it is perfectly true, that the totality of human actions, if considered in long periods, depends on the totality of human knowledge, it must be allowed that this great principle, when applied only to one country, loses something of its original value. The more we diminish our observations, the greater becomes the uncertainty of the average; in other words, the greater the chance of the operation of the larger laws being troubled by the operation of the smaller. The interference of foreign governments; the influence exercised by the opinions,

literature, and customs of a foreign people, their invasions, perhaps even their conquests; the forcible introduction by them of new religions, new laws, and new manners,—all these things are perturbations, which, in a view of universal history, equalize each other, but which, in any one country, are apt to disturb the natural march, and thus render the movements of civilization more difficult to calculate. The manner in which I have endeavoured to meet this difficulty will be presently stated; but what I first wish to point out, are the reasons which have induced me to select the history of England as more important than any other, and therefore as the most worthy of being subjected to a complete and philosophic investigation.

Now, it is evident that, inasmuch as the great advantage of studying past events consists in the possibility of ascertaining the laws by which they were governed, the history of any people will become more valuable in proportion as their movements have been least disturbed by agencies not arising from themselves. Every foreign or external influence which is brought to bear upon a nation is an interference with its natural development, and therefore complicates the circumstances we seek to investigate. To simplify complications is, in all branches of knowledge, the first essential of success. This is very familiar to the cultivators of physical science, who are often able, by a single experiment, to discover a truth which innumerable observations had vainly searched; the reason being, that by experimenting on phenomena, we can disentangle them from their complications; and thus isolating them from the interference of unknown agencies, we leave them, as it were, to run their own course, and disclose the operation of their own law.

This, then, is the true standard by which we must measure the value of the history of any nation. The importance of the history of a country depends, not upon the splendour of its exploits, but upon the degree to which its actions are due to causes springing out of itself. If, therefore, we could find some civilized people who had worked out their civilization entirely by themselves; who had escaped all foreign influence, and who had been neither benefited nor retarded by the personal peculiarities of their rulers,—the history of such a people would be of paramount importance; because it would present a condition of normal and inherent development; it would shew the laws of progress acting in a state of isolation; it would be, in fact, an experiment ready made, and would possess all the value of that artificial contrivance to which natural science is so much indebted. To find such a people as this is obviously impossible; but the duty of the philosophic historian is, to select for his especial study the country in which the conditions have been most closely followed. Now, it will

be readily admitted, not only by ourselves, but by intelligent foreigners, that in England, during, at all events, the last three centuries, this has been done more constantly and more successfully than in any other country. I say nothing of the number of our discoveries, the brilliancy of our literature, or the success of our arms. These are invidious topics; and other nations may perhaps deny to us those superior merits which we are apt to exaggerate. But I take up this single position, that of all European countries, England is the one where, during the longest period, the government has been most quiescent, and the people most active; where popular freedom has been settled on the widest basis; where each man is most able to say what he thinks, and do what he likes; where every one can follow his own bent, and propagate his own opinions; where, religious persecution being little known, the play and flow of the human mind may be clearly seen, unchecked by those restraints to which it is elsewhere subjected; where the profession of heresy is least dangerous, and the practice of dissent more common; where hostile creeds flourish side by side, and rise and decay without disturbance, according to the wants of the people, unaffected by the wishes of the church, and uncontrolled by the authority of the state; where all interests, and all classes, both spiritual and temporal, are most left to take care of themselves; where that meddlesome doctrine called Protection was first attacked, and where alone it has been destroyed; and where, in a word, those dangerous extremes to which interference gives rise having been avoided, despotism and rebellion are equally rare, and concession being recognised as the ground-work of policy, the national progress has been least disturbed by the power of privileged classes, by the influence of particular sects, or by the violence of arbitrary rulers.—*History of Civilization in England*. General Introduction, Chap. v.

202.—TRUE VALOUR.

[BEN JONSON, 1574—1637.

[BENJAMIN, or as he usually wrote his name Ben Jonson, was born in Westminster early in 1574. He was a posthumous child, and his mother contracted a second marriage with a bricklayer. Having received some education at a private school, he was sent to Westminster, and afterwards to Cambridge. He went into business with his father-in-law, but having no inclination for that calling, joined the army in the Low Countries as a volunteer. On his return he became an actor, and having killed an antagonist in a duel, was thrown into prison, where he was converted by a Popish priest. On obtaining his release he took a wife, and to his profession of actor joined that of a writer for the stage. The first piece of which any record remains, was "Every Man in his Humour," produced at the Rose in 1596. Shakespeare played in this comedy when it was performed at the Black Friars in 1598.

This was followed by a number of dramas, as well as masques and entertainments. "The Alchemist" was produced in 1610, and "The New Inn; or, the Light Heart," in 1631. Ben Jonson died August 6, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A common stone, with the "O rare Ben Jonson!" covered his grave. Herrick* wrote

"Here lies JONSON with the rest
Of the poets; but the best.
Reader wouldst thou more have known?
Ask his story, not this stone;
That will speak what this can't tell,
Of his glory. So farewell!"

Scene: A Room in the Inn.

LOVEL. Good colonel Glorious, whilst we treat of valour,
Dismiss yourself.

LORD LATIMER. You are not concerned.

LOVEL. Go drink,
And congregate the hostlers and the tapsters,
The under-officers of your regiment;
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant. [*Exit Tipto.*]

LORD BEAUFORT. How does that differ from true valour?

LOVEL. Thus.

In the efficient, or that which makes it:
For it proceeds from passion, not from judgment:
Then brute beasts have it, wicked persons; there
It differs in the subject; in the form,
'Tis carried rashly, and with violence:
Then in the end, where it respects not truth,
Or public honesty, but mere revenge.
Now confident, and undertaking valour,
Sways from the true, two other ways, as being
A trust in our own faculties, skill, or strength,
And not the right, or conscience of the cause,
That works it: then in the end, which is the victory,
And not the honour.

LORD BEAUFORT. But the ignorant valour,
That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it
To escape the infamy merely——

LOVEL. Is worst of all:

That valour lies in the eyes o' the lookers on;
And is called valour with a witness.

LORD BEAUFORT. Right.

* Rev. Robert Herrick, author of "Hesperides," &c., born in 1591, died October 10, 1634.

LOVEL. The things true valour's exercised about,
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease :
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seen ; about these it is present :
Not trivial things, which but require our confidence.
And yet to those we must object ourselves,
Only for honesty ; if any other
Respects be mixt, we quite put out her light.
And as all knowledge, when it is removed,
Or separate from justice, is called craft,
Rather than wisdom ; so a ruind affecting,
Or undertaking dangers, for ambition,
Or any self-pretext not for the public,
Deserves the name of daring, not of valour.
And over-daring is as great a vice,
As over-fearing.

LORD LATIMER. Yes, and often greater.

LOVEL. But as it is not the mere punishment,
But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not
Fighting or dying, but the manner of it,
Renders a man himself. A valiant man
Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
But worthily, and by selected ways :
He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
His valour is the salt to his other virtues,
They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting-maids,
Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
His magnanimity, his confidence,
His constancy, security, and quiet ;
He can assure himself against all rumour,
Despairs of nothing, laughs at contumelies,
As knowing himself advanced in a height
Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
Touch him with soil !

LADY FRAMPUL. Most manly uttered all !
As if Achilles had the chair in valour,
And Hercules were but a lecturer.
Who would not hang upon those lips for ever,
That strike such music !

The New Inn ; or, the Light Heart. Act iv., Scene 3.

203.—FANATICISM.

[BISHOP WARBURTON, 1698—1779.

[WILLIAM WARBURTON, the son of a lawyer, born at Newark, Dec. 24, 1698, was educated at the Grammar School, Oakham, and was articled to an attorney, April 23, 1714. Having studied theology, he prepared himself for the Church, and was ordained deacon Dec. 22, 1723, and priest March 1, 1727. He was appointed chaplain to the Prince of Wales in 1738, preacher at Lincoln's-inn in 1746, prebend of Durham in 1754, dean of Bristol in 1757, and bishop of Gloucester Dec. 22, 1759. He died at Gloucester June 7, 1779. His first publication, "Miscellaneous Translations, in Prose and Verse, from Roman Poets, Orators, and Historians," appeared in 1723; "The Alliance between Church and State," in 1736; and the work by which he is best known, "The Divine Legation of Moses," in 1737-8. The latter gave rise to considerable controversy. In 1740 he published a "Vindication of Pope's Essay on Man,* in Six Letters, to M. de Crousaz;† and Pope having expressed a wish for a visit, he met the poet May 6, in that year, and spent several days at his villa at Twickenham. They became great friends, and at his death, May 30, 1744, Pope left Warburton the pro-

an edition of Shakespeare, lived on terms of intimacy with some of the most celebrated divines and authors of his time. A collected edition of his works by Bishop Hurd, appeared in 1788. His life, by the Rev. J. S. Watson, was published in 1863.]

It is commonly indeed supposed, that the more wild and extravagant a fanatic temper is, the more clear it must needs be of all fraud and artifice: But both reason and experience are ready to show us our mistake.

Fanaticism is a fire, which heats the mind indeed, but heats without *purifying*. It stimulates and ferments all the passions; but it rectifies none of them: and thus leaving the appetites unsubdued; pride, vanity, and ambition, insinuate themselves into the impotent and disordered mind, under the disguise of purity, holiness, and perfection. And while they are at work, Religion, which lent them these more honest appellations, will be so far from curbing the owner in the use of oblique means, that the strongest influence of fanaticism will be naturally directed to push him upon them, as the best instruments for the ready introduction of what he calls the *truth*.

Nor does the PHYSICAL state of the Enthusiast's mind give any

* See page 14.

† M. de Crousaz (born April 13, 1663, and died March 22, 1750), Professor of Philosophy at Lausanne, in his "Examen de l'Essai sur l'Homme de Mr. Pope," published in 1737, and his "Commentaire sur la Traduction en vers de M. l'Abbé Du Rueil de l'Essai de Mr. Pope sur l'Homme," in 1738, accused the poet of being a *Pythagorean*, and the disciple of Spinoza.

stronger check to fraudulent practice than the MORAL. For when this passion or affection hath taken possession of a great genius, who, if he chance to have a lively imagination, is as subject to its control as the meanest, the violence of his fervours makes him impatient of stop or defeat, in what he takes to be the *cause of God*; and consequently, to cast about for any kind of means to remove or repair it: readily persuading himself, that any means are lawful: And his superior genius will enable him to find them; and when found to improve them to their utmost use, by all the arts of fraudulent address. Hence, if we examine the history of mankind, we shall see, that the Founders of empires and false religions, which these Artists contrived should support one another, were frank Enthusiasts: But, at the same time, sufficient masters of themselves, to turn, with proper address, that spirit which they had catched and communicated, to the advancement of their proper schemes. And it is observable, that wherever one of these personated actors was not perfect in both his parts, he was soon hissed off the stage. The reason is evident: it arises from the nature of things. Without Enthusiasm, the adventurer could never kindle that fire in his followers which is so necessary to consolidate their mutual interests: for no one can heartily deceive numbers, who is not first of all deceived himself; or, in other words, seen to be in earnest. But then, on the contrary, when the spirit of fanaticism is sufficiently spread and inflamed, it can never produce any great or notable issue, unless the raiser and director of the machine be so far master of himself as to be able to turn the point of this powerful instrument to the objects of his project, and keep it constantly directed to their advancement.

Indeed (as hath been observed above) the successful Directors of this Drama have generally exhibited more of art in their latter scenes, and more of enthusiasm in the former. The reason of which too is not less evident. Fanaticism is a kind of ebullition or critical ferment of the infected mind: which a vigorous nature can work through, and by slow degrees be able to cast off. Hence, history informs us of several successful Impostors who set out in all the blaze of fanaticism, and ended their career in all the depth and stillness of Politics. A prodigy in our nature; but not the rarest; and exhibited with superior splendour by the famous Ignatius Loyola.* This illustrious person, who verified the observation of one that almost equalled him in his trade, "that a man never rises so high as when he does not know whither he is going," began his extasies in the mire; and yet

* Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, born in 1491, died July 31, 1556.

ended with the direction and execution of Councils, that even in his own life-time began to give the law to Christendom.

Amidst all these distractions of human reason and obliquities of worldly politics, we see a spiritual Empire suddenly arise; we mark its progress; we trace its extent; we examine its establishment; and comparing all its parts with their reference to a whole, we find it in effect to have, what was fancied of old Rome, every essential character of eternity. Yet was this surprising Revolution brought about by means entirely different from those by which all the great changes and establishments amongst mankind have been introduced, I mean FRAUD and FANATICISM. What, then, are we to conclude, but that the Religion of Jesus is as divine in its origin as it is pure and perfect in its essence: and that its Author was as free from all the visions and obliquities of enthusiasm as he was replete with all the wisdom and virtue of Heaven?—*The Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion, occasionally opened and explained; in a Course of Sermons preached before the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-inn.* Sermon VI. Matt. x. 6. The Character and Conduct of the Messengers of the Gospel.

204.—UTILITARIANISM.

[MILL, 1806.]

[JOHN STUART MILL, son of James Mill, author of "The History of British India," published in 1818, born in 1806, and educated privately, obtained a clerkship in the East India House, succeeded his father as examiner of Indian correspondence in the India House in 1856, and retired from the public service in 1858. At the general election in July, 1865, he was returned one of the members for Westminster. He has contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, and is the author of several works, the best known being, "System of Logic," published in 1843; "Essays on Unsettled Questions of Political Economy," in 1844; "Principles of Political Economy," in 1848; "Utilitarianism," in 1862; "Auguste Comte and Positivism," and "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," in 1865.]

BUT does the utilitarian doctrine deny that people desire virtue, or maintain that virtue is not a thing to be desired? The very reverse. It maintains not only that virtue is to be desired, but that it is to be desired disinterestedly, for itself. Whatever may be the opinion of utilitarian moralists as to the original conditions by which virtue is made virtue; however they may believe (as they do) that actions and dispositions are only virtuous because they promote another end than virtue; yet this being granted, and it having been decided, from considerations of this description, what is virtuous, they not only place virtue at the very head of the things which are good as means to the ultimate end, but they also recognise as a psychological fact the possibility of its being, to the

individual, a good in itself, without looking to any end beyond it; and hold, that the mind is not in a right state, not in a state conformable to Utility, not in the state most conducive to the general happiness, unless it does love virtue in this manner—as a thing desirable in itself, even although, in the individual instance, it should not produce those other desirable consequences which it tends to produce, and on account of which it is held to be virtue. This opinion is not, in the smallest degree, a departure from the Happiness principle. The ingredients of happiness are very various, and each of them is desirable in itself, and not merely when considered as swelling an aggregate. The principle of utility does not mean that any given pleasure, as music, for instance, or any given exemption from pain, as for example health, are to be looked upon as means to a collective something termed happiness, and to be desired on that account. They are desired and desirable in and for themselves; besides being means, they are a part of the end. Virtue, according to the utilitarian doctrine, is not naturally and originally part of the end, but it is capable of becoming so; and in those who love it disinterestedly it has become so, and is desired and cherished, not as a means to happiness, but as a part of their happiness.

To illustrate this farther, we may remember that virtue is not the only thing, originally a means, and which if it were not a means to anything else, would be and remain indifferent, but which by association with what it is a means to, comes to be desired for itself, and that too with the utmost intensity. What, for example, shall we say of the love of money? There is nothing originally more desirable about money than about any heap of glittering pebbles. Its worth is solely that of the things which it will buy; the desires for other things than itself, which it is a means of gratifying. Yet the love of money is not only one of the strongest moving forces of human life, but money is, in many cases, desired in and for itself; the desire to possess it is often stronger than the desire to use it, and goes on increasing when all the desires which point to ends beyond it, to be compassed by it, are falling off. It may be then said truly, that money is desired not for the sake of an end, but as part of the end. From being a means to happiness, it has come to be itself a principal ingredient of the individual's conception of happiness. The same may be said of the majority of the great objects of human life—power, for example, or fame; except that to each of these there is a certain amount of immediate pleasure annexed, which has at least the semblance of being naturally inherent in them; a thing which cannot be said of money. Still, however, the strongest natural attraction, both of power and of fame, is the immense aid they give to the attainment of our other wishes; and it is the strong association thus generated between them and all our objects of desire, which

gives to the direct desire of them the intensity it often assumes, so as in some characters to surpass in strength all other desires. In these cases the means have become a part of the end, and a more important part of it than any of the things which they are means to. What was once desired as an instrument for the attainment of happiness, has come to be desired for its own sake. In being desired for its own sake it is, however, desired as *part* of happiness. The person is made, or thinks he would be made, happy by its mere possession; and is made unhappy by failure to obtain it. The desire of it is not a different thing from the desire of happiness, any more than the love of music, or the desire of health. They are included in happiness. They are some of the elements of which the desire of happiness is made up. Happiness is not an abstract idea, but a concrete whole; and these are some of its parts. And the utilitarian standard sanctions and approves their being so. Life would be a poor thing, very ill provided with sources of happiness, if there were not this provision of nature, by which things originally indifferent, but conducive to, or otherwise associated with, the satisfaction of our primitive desires, become in themselves sources of pleasure more valuable than the primitive pleasures, both in permanency, in the space of human existence that they are capable of covering, and even in intensity.—*Utilitarianism*. Chap. iv. Of what Sort of Proof the Principle of Utilitarianism is Susceptible.

205.—THE TRIANGULAR DUEL.

[CAPT. MARRYAT, 1792—1848.]

[FREDERICK MARRYAT, son of a West India merchant, born in London, July 10, 1792, entered the navy on leaving school, became lieutenant in 1812, commander in 1815, and was made a C.B. in 1825. His first work of fiction, "Frank Mildmay," appeared in 1820. It was followed by the "King's Own," in 1830; "Newton Foster," in 1832; "Peter Simple," in 1833; "Jacob Faithful," and "Pacha of Many Tales," in 1835; "Japhet in Search of a Father," and "Mr. Midshipman Easy," in 1836; "Snarley Yow; or, the Dog Fiend," in 1837; "Poor Jack," in 1840; "Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the *Pacific*," in 1841; and other works. He invented a code of signals for the use of vessels employed in the merchant service, for which he received the public thanks of the Shipowners' Society, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour from Louis-Philippe. He edited the "Metropolitan Magazine" from 1832 till 1836, and contributed to periodical literature. Captain Marryat died at Langham, in Norfolk, August 2, 1848.]

MR. TALLBOYS then addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart while the boatswain* amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero† sat outside teasing a monkey.

* Mr. Biggs.

† Mr. Midshipman Easy.

"Mr. Gascoigne," said the gunner,* "I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see that there are three parties to fight;† had there been two or four there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the triangle in this."

Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming.

"Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?"

"Yes," replied the midshipman, "that it has three equal sides—but what has that to do with the duel?"

"Everything, Mr. Gascoigne," replied the gunner; "it has resolved the great difficulty: indeed, the duel between three can only be fought upon that principle. You observe," said the gunner, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and making a triangle on the table, "in this figure we have three points, each equidistant from each other; and we have three combatants—so that, placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three: Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, the boatswain here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right."

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner, "but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy; so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another."

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit; you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course, in these affairs, the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal."

Gascoigne went out, and pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily.

* Mr. Tallboys.

† Mr. Midshipman Easy, who is supposed to have insulted the purser's steward, Mr. Easthupp, and the boatswain, Mr. Biggs, has consented to give the satisfaction required.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied—

"I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and d—n all favours."

The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the cooperage. In the meantime, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces—and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was "equal angles subtended by equal sides," declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward, "I don't understand this. Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?"

"No," replied the gunner, "this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well."

"If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp," observed Gascoigne, "you must know something about duelling."

"Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction; but——"

"Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honour is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. Gascoigne; but still I've no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will not aim at me."

"Why 'you don't think that I am going to be fired at for nothing,'" replied the boatswain; "no, no, I'll have my shot anyhow."

"But at your friend, Mr. Biggs?"

"All the same, I shall fire at somebody; shot for shot, and hit the luckiest."

"Vel, gentlemen, I purtest against these proceedings," replied Mr. Easthupp; "I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs."

"Don't you have satisfaction when you fire at Mr. Easy," replied the gunner; "what more would you have?"

"I purtest against Mr. Biggs firing at me."

"So you would have a shot without receiving one," cried Gascoigne: "the fact is, that this fellow's a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the coopeage again."

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

"You ear those words, Mr. Biggs; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall ear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys; death before dishonour; I'm a gentleman!"

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word, as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

"Cock your locks!"—"Take good aim at the object!"—"Fire!"—"Stop your vents!"

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Mr. Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down; the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honour, from his having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced towards our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth, and forcing through the hole of the further cheek, the boatswain's own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone the Lord knows where.

The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed—the boatswain spit his double teeth and two or three mouthfuls of blood out, and then threw down his pistols in a rage.

"A pretty business," sputtered he; "he's put my pipe out. How am I to pipe to dinner when I'm ordered, all my wind 'scaping through the cheeks?"

In the meantime, the others had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations. They examined him, and considered a wound in that part not to be dangerous.—*Mr. Midshipman Easy*. Chap. xviii.

206.—THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSES IN 1685.

[LORD MACAULAY, 1800—1859.

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and obtained a fellowship in

1822. He gained the Chancellor's medal for a poem entitled "Pompeii" in 1819, was a contributor to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, and in August, 1825, his article on Milton appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. Macaulay was called to the bar in February, 1826, was appointed a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and was elected for Calne in 1830. He was returned for Leeds in December, 1832, but resigned his seat in 1834, having been nominated a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. The object of his appointment was to draw up a new Indian code of laws, which was published soon after his return in 1838. He was elected for Edinburgh in May, 1839, became Secretary of War in the same year, and retired on the resignation of Lord Melbourne's Government in 1841. On the formation of the Russell Administration in 1846, he was appointed paymaster-general, with a seat in the Cabinet. Having been rejected by his Edinburgh constituents in August, 1847, he withdrew from public life. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" appeared in October, 1842, and his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* were republished in 1843. The first and second volumes of "The History of England from the Accession of James II.," the work by which he is best known, were published in 1848; and the third and fourth volumes in 1855. In 1852 he was re-elected for Edinburgh, but he retired in 1856, and was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley, in 1857. He died at Campden Hill, London, December 28, 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A Life, by the Rev. F. Arnold, appeared in 1862.]

THE coffee house must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation, had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffee houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favourite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee house to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffee house had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's administration, to close the coffee houses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The Government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those

years the number and influence of the coffee houses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffee house was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffee house was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own head-quarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington, to excite the mirth of theatres.* The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffee rooms reeked with tobacco like a guard room; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault and the moderns, a faction for Boileau and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved*, ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-

* The chief peculiarity of this dialect was that, in a large class of words, the O was pronounced like A. Thus stork was pronounced like stark. See Vanbrugh's *Relapse*. Lord Sunderland was a great master of this court tune, as Roger North calls it; and Titus Oates affected it in the hope of passing for a fine gentleman. (*Examen*, 77. 254.)

makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sate. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffee houses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffee houses where no oath was heard, and where lank haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffee houses where dark eyed money changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffee houses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the king.—*The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* Vol. i. chap. iii.

207.—AMONG THE ICE.

[SIR W. E. PARRY, 1790—1855.]

[WILLIAM EDWARD PARRY, born at Bath, Dec. 19, 1790, was intended for the medical profession, but entered the navy as a volunteer, and was made lieutenant Jan. 6, 1810. He was soon after sent to the Arctic regions to protect English whale fisheries, and served on the North American station from 1813 till 1817. He took command in April, 1818, of the *Alexander* in the expedition under Sir J. Ross, sent to discover a north-west passage, went out again in May, 1819, was made a commander Nov. 4, 1820, became a member of the Royal Society, and was knighted in 1829. Having undertaken several voyages to the Arctic regions, in the course of which he made most important discoveries, he went as Commissioner to the Agricultural Company of Australia, April 4, 1827, returned to England in November, 1834, and held various Government appointments till December, 1846, when he retired. He was made Rear-Admiral of the White June 4, 1852, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital in 1853, and died at Ems, in Germany, July 7, 1855. Sir W. E. Parry published in 1821 his "First Voyage. Journal of a Voyage, &c., in the *Hecla* and *Griper*, in 1819-20;" in 1824, "Second Voyage, in the *Fury* and *Hecla*, in 1821-3;" in 1826, "Third Voyage, in the *Hecla* and *Fury*, in 1824-5;" and in 1828, "Fourth Voyage: Narrative of an Attempt to reach the North Pole in Boats attached to the *Hecla*, in 1827." An abridged edition of his Voyages appeared in 1829, and a Life, by his son, the Rev. E. Parry, 1857.]

On standing out to sea (July 20, 1825), we sailed, with a light southerly wind, towards the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, which it was my first wish to gain, on account of the evident ad-

vantage to be derived from coasting the southern part of that portion of land called in the chart "North Somerset," as far as it might lead to the westward; which, from our former knowledge, we had reason to suppose it would do as far at least as the longitude of 95° , in a parallel of about $72\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. After sailing about eight miles, we were stopped by a body of close ice lying between us and a space of open water beyond. By way of occupying the time in further examination of the state of the ice, we then bore up with a light northerly wind, and ran to the south-eastward, to see if there was any clear water between the ice, and the land in that direction; but found that there was no opening between them to the southward of the flat-topped hill laid down in the chart, and now called MOUNT SHEERER. Indeed, I believe that, at this time, the ice had not yet detached itself from the land to the southward of that station. On standing back, we were shortly after enveloped in one of the thick fogs which had, for several weeks past, been observed almost daily hanging over some part of the sea in the offing, though we had scarcely experienced any in Port Bowen, until the water became open at the mouth of the harbour.

On the clearing up of the fog on the 21st, we could perceive no opening of the ice leading towards the western land, nor any appearance of the smallest channel to the southward along the eastern shore. I was determined, therefore, to try at once a little further to the northward, the present state of the ice appearing completely to accord with that observed in 1819, its breadth increasing as we advance from Prince Leopold's Islands to the southward. As, therefore, I felt confident of being able to push along the shore if we could once gain it, I was anxious to effect the latter object in *any part*, rather than incur the risk of hampering the ships by a vain, or at least a doubtful attempt to force them through a body of close ice several miles wide, for the sake of a few leagues of southing, which would soon be regained by coasting.

Light winds detained us very much, but being at length favoured by a breeze, we carried all sail to the north-west, the ice very gradually leading us towards the Leopold Isles. Having arrived off the northernmost, on the morning of the 22nd, it was vexatious, however curious, to observe the exact coincidence of the present position of the ice with that which it occupied a little later in the year 1819. The whole body of it seemed to cling to the western shore, as if held there by some strong attraction, forbidding, for the present, any access to it. We now stood off and on, in the hope that a southerly breeze, which had just sprung up, might serve to open us a channel. In the evening the wind gradually freshened, and before midnight had increased to a strong gale, which blew with considerable violence for ten hours,

obliging us to haul off from the ice, and to keep in smooth water under the eastern land until it abated; after which not a moment was lost in again standing over to the westward. After running all night, with light and variable winds, through loose and scattered ice, we suddenly found ourselves, on the clearing up of a thick fog through which we had been sailing on the morning of the 24th, within one-third of a mile of Cape Seppings, the land just appearing above the fog in time to save us from danger, the soundings being thirty-eight fathoms, on a rocky bottom. The *Fury* being apprized by guns of our situation, both ships were hauled off the land, and the fog soon after dispersing, we had the satisfaction to perceive that the late gale had blown the ice off the land, leaving us a fine navigable channel from one to two miles wide, as far as we could see from the masthead along the shore. We were able to avail ourselves of this but slowly, however, in consequence of a light southerly breeze still blowing against us.

We had now an opportunity of discovering that a long neck of very low land runs out from the southernmost of the Leopold Islands, and another from the shore to the south-ward of Cape Clarence. These two had every appearance of joining, so as to make a peninsula, instead of an island, of that portion of land which, on account of our distance preventing our seeing the low beach, had in 1819 been considered under the latter character. It is, however, still somewhat doubtful, and the Leopold Isles, therefore, still retain their original designation on the chart. The land here, when closely viewed, assumes a very striking and magnificent character, the strata of limestone, which are numerous, and quite horizontally disposed, being much more regular than on the eastern shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, and retaining nearly their whole perpendicular height, of six or seven hundred feet, close to the sea. The south-eastern promontory of the southernmost Island is particularly picturesque and beautiful, the heaps of loose débris lying here and there up and down the sides of the cliff giving it the appearance of some huge and impregnable fortress, with immense buttresses of masonry supporting the walls. Near Cape Seppings, and some distance beyond it to the southward, we noticed a narrow stratum of some very white substance, the nature of which we could not at this time conjecture. I may here remark that the whole of Barrow's Strait, as far as we could see to the N.N.E. of the islands, was entirely free from ice; and, from whatever circumstance it may proceed, I do not think that this part of the Polar sea is at any season very much encumbered with it.—*Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of the North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, performed in 1824-5.* Chap. v.

208.—FOSSILS OF THE OLD RED SANDSTONE.

[H. MILLER, 1802—1856.]

[HUGH MILLER, born at Cromarty, Oct. 10, 1802, and educated at the grammar school of his native place, worked as a stone mason from 1819 till 1836, devoting his spare time to study. His first work, "Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Stone Mason," appeared in 1829. It was followed by "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," and in 1840 he became editor of the "Witness," an Edinburgh newspaper, to which he contributed "The Old Red Sandstone," republished in 1841. He wrote "Geology of the Bass," published in 1848; "Footprints of the Creator," in 1851; and other works. Whilst engaged on the "Testimony of the Rocks," published after his death, he destroyed himself at Porto Bello, near Edinburgh, in the night of Dec. 23—4, 1856.]

THE different degrees of entireness in which the geologist finds his organic remains, depend much less on their age than on the nature of the rock in which they occur; and as the arenaceous matrices of the Upper and Middle Old Red Sandstones have been less favourable to the preservation of their peculiar fossils than the calcareous and aluminous matrices of the Lower, we frequently find the older organisms of the system fresh and unbroken, and the more modern existing as mere fragments. A fish thrown into a heap of salt would be found entire after the lapse of many years; a fish thrown into a heap of sand would disappear in a mass of putrefaction in a few weeks; and only the less destructible parts, such as the teeth, the harder bones, and perhaps a few of the scales, would survive. Now, limestone, if I may so speak, is the preserving salt of the geological world; and the conservative qualities of the shales and stratified clays of the Lower Old Red Sandstone are not much inferior to those of lime itself; while, in the Upper Old Red, we have merely beds of consolidated sand, and these, in most instances, rendered less conservative of organic remains than even the common sand of our shores, by a mixture of the red oxide of iron. The older fossils, therefore, like the mummies of Egypt, can be described well nigh as minutely as the existences of the present creation; the newer, like the comparatively modern remains of our churchyards, exist, except in a few rare cases, as mere fragments, and demand powers such as those of a Cuvier or an Agassiz, to restore them to their original combinations.

But cases, though few and rare, do occur in which, through some favourable accident connected with the death or sepulture of some individual existence of the period, its remains have been preserved almost entire; and one such specimen serves to throw light on whole heaps of the broken remains of its contemporaries. The single elephant, preserved in an iceberg beside the Arctic Ocean, illustrated the peculiarities of the numerous extinct family to which it belonged,

and whose bones and huge tusks whiten the wastes of Siberia. The human body found in an Irish bog, with the ancient sandals of the country still attached to its feet by thongs, and clothed in a garment of coarse hair, gave evidence that bore generally on the degree of civilization attained by the inhabitants of an entire district in a remote age. In all such instances the character and appearance of the individual bear on those of the tribe. In attempting to describe the organisms of the Lower Old Red Sandstone, where the fossils lie as thickly in some localities as herrings on our coasts in the fishing season, I felt as if I had whole tribes before me. In describing the fossils of the Upper Old Red Sandstone I shall have to draw mostly from single specimens. But the evidence may be equally sound so far as it goes.

The difference between the superior and inferior groupes of the system which first strikes an observer, is a difference in the size of the fossils of which these groupes are composed. The characteristic organisms of the Upper Old Red Sandstone are of much greater bulk than those of the Lower, which seem to have been characterized by a mediocrity of size throughout the entire extent of the formation. The largest ichthyolites of the group do not seem to have much exceeded two feet or two feet and a half in length; its smaller average from an inch to three inches. A jaw in the possession of Dr. Traill,—that of an Orkney species of *Platynathus*, and by much the largest in his collection,—does not exceed in bulk the jaw of a full-grown coal-fish or cod; his largest *Coccosteus* must have been a considerably smaller fish than an ordinary sized turbot; the largest ichthyolite found by the writer was a *Diplopterus*, of, however, smaller dimensions than the ichthyolite to which the jaw in the possession of Dr. Traill must have belonged; the remains of another *Diplopterus* from Gamrie, the most massy yet discovered in that locality, seem to have composed the upper parts of an individual about two feet and a half in length. The fish, in short, of the lower ocean of the Old Red Sandstone,—and I can speak of it throughout an area which comprises Orkney and Inverness, Cromarty and Gamrie, and which must have included about ten thousand square miles,—ranged in size between the stickleback and the cod; whereas some of the fish of its upper ocean were covered by scales as large as oyster-shells, and armed with teeth that rivalled in bulk those of the crocodile. They must have been fish on an immensely larger scale than those with which the system began. There have been scales of the *Holoptychius* found in Clashbennie which measure three inches in length by two and a half in breadth, and a full eighth part of an inch in thickness. There occur occipital plates of fishes in the same formation in Moray, a full foot in length by half a foot in breadth. The fragment of a tooth still attached to a piece of

the jaw, found in the sandstone cliffs that overhang the Findhorn, measures an inch in diameter at the base. A second tooth of the same formation, of a still larger size, disinterred by Mr. Patrick Duff from out the conglomerates of the Scat-Craig, near Elgin, and now in his possession, measures two inches in length by rather more than an inch in diameter. There occasionally turn up in the sandstones of Perthshire ichthyodorulites that in bulk and appearance resemble the teeth of a harrow rounded at the edges by a few months' wear, and which must have been attached to fins not inferior in general bulk to the dorsal fin of an ordinary-sized porpoise. In short, the remains of a Patagonian burying-ground would scarcely contrast more strongly with the remains of that battle-field described by Addison, in which the pigmies were annihilated by the cranes, than the organisms of the upper formation of the Old Red Sandstone contrast with those of the lower.—*The Old Red Sandstone; or, New Walks in an Old Field.* Chap. ix.

209.—THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

[MRS. HEMANS, 1793—1835.]

[FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE was born at Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1793. Her first volume of poems, published in 1808, which contained verses written as early as 1803, was followed by "The Domestic Affections" in 1812, in which year she became the wife of Captain Hemans. After the birth of their fifth son, Captain Hemans went to live in Italy and a separation ensued, Mrs. Hemans taking up her residence near St. Asaph in North Wales. She made translations from the Latin, Portuguese, and other modern languages, and published several works, the best known being "Tales and Historic Scenes," in 1819; "Dartmoor," which obtained the prize from the Royal Society of Literature in 1821; a tragedy, "The Vespers of Palermo," represented at Covent Garden Dec. 12, 1823; "The Forest Sanctuary," in 1826; "Records of Women," in 1828, and "The Songs of the Affections," in 1830. In 1831 Mrs. Hemans took up her residence in Dublin. Her health began to fail in Aug., 1834, and she died Saturday, May 16, 1835. Her last poem, "The Sabbath Sonnet," was dictated by her, Easter Sunday, April 26, 1835.]

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
 Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!—
 Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
 Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain!—
 Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
 We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!

Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!—
 * Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth claims not *these* again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.—
 Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.—
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
 Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
 Restore the dead, thou sea!

—*Miscellaneous Pieces.*

210.—OF THE GOVERNMENT OF GOD BY REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

[Bp. BUTLER,* 1692—1752.

[JOSEPH BUTLER, the son of a shop-keeper, was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 1692, and was educated at Oxford. In 1718, he was appointed preacher at the Rolls, and resigned the appointment to reside at his rectory at Stanhope, where he remained

* See page 448.

until 1733, when he became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Talbot. He was appointed clerk of the closet to Queen Caroline in 1736, Bishop of Bristol in 1738, was presented to the deanery of St. Paul's in 1740, when he resigned the rectory of Stenhope, and was translated to Durham in 1750. He died at Bath, June 16, 1752, and was buried in Bristol Cathedral. His best known work, "The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," was first published in 1736. "Fifteen Sermons Preached at the Rolls Chapel" appeared in 1726. His collected works were published in two volumes in 1807.]

THAT which makes the question concerning a future life to be of so great importance to us, is our capacity of happiness and misery. And that which makes the consideration of it to be of so great importance to us, is the supposition of our happiness and misery Hereafter, depending upon our actions Here. Without this indeed, curiosity could not but sometimes bring a subject, in which we may be so highly interested, to our thoughts; especially upon the mortality of others, or the near prospect of our own. But reasonable men would not take any further thought about Hereafter, than what should happen thus occasionally to rise in their minds, if it were certain that our future interest no way depended upon our present behaviour: whereas on the contrary, if there be ground, either from analogy or any thing else, to think it does; then there is reason also for the most active thought and solicitude, to secure that interest; to behave so as that we may escape that misery, and obtain that happiness in another life, which we not only suppose ourselves capable of, but which we apprehend also is put in our own power. And whether there be ground for this last apprehension, certainly would deserve to be most seriously considered, were there no other proof of a future life and interest, than that presumptive one, which the foregoing observations amount to.

Now in the present state, all which we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, is put in our own power. For pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions: and we are endued by the Author of our Nature with capacities of foreseeing these consequences. We find by experience He does not so much as preserve our lives, exclusively of our own care and attention, to provide ourselves with, and to make use of, that sustenance, by which he has appointed our lives shall be preserved; and without which, he has appointed, they shall not be preserved at all. And in general we foresee, that the external things, which are the objects of our various passions, can neither be obtained nor enjoyed, without exerting ourselves in such and such manners: but by thus exerting ourselves, we obtain and enjoy these objects, in which our natural good consists; or by this means God gives us the possession and enjoyment of them. I know not, that we have any one kind or degree of enjoyment, but by the means of our own actions. And by prudence and care, we may, for the most part, pass our days

in tolerable ease and quiet: or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please. And many do please to make themselves extremely miserable, *i.e.* to do what they know beforehand will render them so. They follow those ways, the fruit of which they know, by instruction, example, experience, will be disgrace, and poverty, and sickness, and untimely death. This every one observes to be the general course of things; though it is to be allowed, we cannot find by experience, that all our sufferings are owing to our own follies.

Why the Author of Nature does not give his creatures promiscuously such and such perceptions, without regard to their behaviour; why he does not make them happy without the instrumentality of their own actions, and prevent their bringing any sufferings upon themselves; is another matter. Perhaps there may be some impossibilities in the nature of things, which we are unacquainted with. Or less happiness, it may be, would upon the whole be produced by such a method of conduct, than is by the present. Or perhaps divine goodness, with which, if I mistake not, we make very free in our speculations, may not be a bare single disposition to produce happiness; but a disposition to make the good, the faithful, the honest man happy. Perhaps an infinitely perfect Mind may be pleased, with seeing his creatures behave suitably to the nature which he has given them; to the relations which he has placed them in to each other; and to that, which they stand in to himself: that relation to himself, which, during their existence, is even necessary, and which is the most important one of all: perhaps, I say, an infinitely perfect Mind may be pleased with this moral piety of moral agents, in and for itself; as well as upon account of its being essentially conducive to the happiness of his creation. Or the whole end, for which God made, and thus governs the world, may be utterly beyond the reach of our faculties: there may be somewhat in it as impossible for us to have any conception of, as for a blind man to have a conception of colours. But however this be, it is certain matter of universal experience, that the general method of divine administration is, forewarning us, or giving us capacities to foresee, with more or less clearness, that if we act so and so, we shall have such enjoyments, if so and so, such sufferings; and giving us those enjoyments, and making us feel those sufferings, in consequence of our actions.—*The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature.* Part I. ch. ii.

211.—OF THE AFFECTION OF PARENTS TO THEIR CHILDREN.

[MONTAIGNE, 1533—1592.

[MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE, born at the family estate, Montaigne, in Périgord, Feb. 28, 1533, from his earliest childhood was taught to converse in Latin, and was sent to the college at Bordeaux in 1543. He was appointed a councillor of the Parliament of Bordeaux in 1554, applied himself to the study of Greek and Roman philosophy, and translated "Raymundus Lebondus," published at Paris in 1569. Montaigne, who lived in retirement at his family estate, published the first two books of his celebrated *Essays* in 1580, and the third, on his return from a long tour, in the course of which he visited Rome, in 1592. The best editions are by De Coste, published in 1727, and by Victor Leclerc, in 1826. An English translation by Mr. John Florio appeared in 1603, another by Charles Cotton* in 1693, and another by William Hazlitt† in 1842. Nearly two centuries after his death, which occurred Sep. 13, 1592, the MS. of his travels was found at Montaigne, and was published at Paris, in 1774, under the title "*Journal de Voyage de M. Montaigne en Italie, par la Suisse et l'Allemagne.*" A *Life*, by Grün, appeared at Paris in 1855, another, by Payen, at Paris in 1856, and one, by Bayle St. John, at London in 1857. Hallam says of him, "No prose writer of the sixteenth century has been so generally read, nor probably, given so much delight." And he concludes his notice thus: "Montaigne is the earliest classical writer in the French language—the first whom a gentleman is ashamed not to have read. So long as an unaffected style, and an appearance of the utmost simplicity and good nature, shall charm,—so long as the lovers of desultory and cheerful conversation shall be more numerous than those who prefer a lecture or a sermon,—so long as reading is sought by the many as an amusement in idleness, or a resource in pain—so long will Montaigne be among the most favourite authors of mankind.]"

IF there be any law truly natural, that is to say, any instinct that is universally and perpetually imprinted both on man and beast, (which is a disputed point) I may give it as my opinion, that, next to the care which every animal has of self-preservation, and of avoiding every thing that is hurtful, the affection which the breeder or begetter bears to the offspring stands in the second place: and because nature seems to have implanted it in us, for the purpose of supporting the species, it is no wonder that the love of children does not go back to their parents in so great a degree. To which we may add this other Aristotelian notion, that he who does a benefit to any one, loves him better than he is beloved by him; and he to whom a benefit is due,‡ loves more than he who owes it: so every artificer is fonder of his workmanship than, if that piece of work had sense, it would be of him, because we love existence, and existence consists in motion and action:

* Charles Cotton, the friend of Izaak Walton, (see p. 426,) was born at Beresford Hall, Staffordshire, in 1630, and died at Westminster in 1687. He translated Montaigne's "*Essays*," Corneille's "*Horace*," and other works, and is the author of "*The Wonders of the Peake*," published in 1681, and other poems.

† See p. 200.

‡ Ethics, ix. 7.

for this reason every one has, in some sort, a being in his work. He who does a good office, performs an action that is brave and honest : he who receives it only practises the *utile*. Now the *utile* is not near so amiable as the *honestum*. The *honestum* is stable and permanent, supplying him who has performed it with a constant satisfaction. The *utile* loses itself, and easily slides away ; nor is the memory of it either so fresh or fragrant. Those things are dearest to us that have cost most, and giving is more chargeable than receiving.

Since it has pleased God to endue us with some capacity of discussing things, to the end that we may not be slavishly subject, like the brute animals, to the common laws of nature, but that we may apply ourselves to them with judgment and free-will ; we ought indeed, to yield a little to the mere authority of nature, but not to suffer ourselves to be tyrannically hurried away by her ; for reason ought to be the sole conductor of our inclinations. For my own part, I have a strange disgust to those propensities, that start up in us without the direction and mediation of our judgment : as for instance, while I am treating of the subject, I cannot entertain the passion of dandling infants in the mouth, when they have no apparent perception in the soul, nor shape of body to make them amiable ; and I never willingly suffered them to be nursed in my presence.

Such an affection for children as is real, and well regulated, ought to spring and increase with the knowledge they give us of themselves ; and then, if they are worthy of it, natural propensity, walking in the same pace with reason, will make us cherish them with a fondness truly paternal ; if they are otherwise, we ought in the same manner to exercise our judgment of them by always submitting to reason, notwithstanding the power of nature. But it often happens on the contrary ; and, generally speaking, we are more smitten with the caperings and silly frolics of our children, than we are afterwards with their actions when they are directed by judgment ; as if we had loved them for our pastime, as monkeys, not as human beings. And there are some who furnish their children bountifully with playthings, yet grudge the least necessary expence for them when they are grown up. Nay, it seems as if our being more niggardly and close-fisted to them proceeded from our envy at seeing them make a figure, and enjoy themselves in the world when we are on the point of leaving it. We are vexed to see them tread upon our heels, as if they wanted us to be gone ; and if this should be really our fear, since such is the order of things that children cannot, to speak the truth, exist nor live but at the expence of our being and life, we should never have concerned ourselves in getting them.

For my part, I think it cruelty and injustice not to admit them into

a share and partnership of our substance, nor to associate them in the secret of our domestic affairs when they are capable of such knowledge; and that it would be altogether as wicked for us not to lessen, abridge, and contract our own conveniences, on purpose to make provision for theirs, since we begat them for that end. It is unjust, that an old father, battered with age, and with one foot in the grave, should enjoy alone, in his chimney-corner, the substance that would suffice for the maintenance and advancement of several children; and that he should suffer them to lose the best of their time, for want of allowing them the means to put themselves forward in the service of the public, and the knowledge of mankind.—*Essays. Of the Affection of Parents to their Children.* Vol. ii. chap. viii.

212.—CASTLE-BUILDING.

[SIR W. SCOTT, Bart., 1771—1832.

[WALTER SCOTT, born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771, being a sickly child, was sent to live with his grandfather, a farmer. He was at the High School, Edinburgh, from 1779 till 1783, when he entered the University, was apprenticed to his father as writer to the *Signet* in 1786, and was called to the Bar in 1792. He married Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, a lady of French extraction, in 1797, and was made sheriff depute of Selkirkshire in 1799. His first publication, a translation of Bürger's Ballads, "Lenore" and the "Wild Huntsman," which appeared in 1796, was followed by a translation of Goethe's "Goetz von Berlichingen" in 1798, and some ballads in 1799. The first two volumes of "Border Minstrelsy" appeared in 1802; the third in 1803; "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" in 1805; "Marmion," and his edition of Dryden, in 1808; "The Lady of the Lake" in 1810; "The Vision of Don Roderick" in 1811; "Rokeby" in 1812; "The Bridal of Triermain" in 1813; and his edition of Swift in 1814. The wonderful fame of Byron induced Scott to abandon poetry, and the first of his historical romances, "Waverley, or 'tis Sixty Years since," appeared anonymously in 1814, and the secret was not fully revealed for some years. It was followed by a succession of works that secured the fame, and would have made the fortune of their author, had he not embarked in an unfortunate speculation with the firm of Ballantyne and Constable, and on their failure in 1826, he became responsible for nearly £150,000. His efforts to meet these claims affected his health, and he was attacked by paralysis in 1830. Change was recommended, and he visited Italy; but he received little benefit from the trip, and returned to his favourite seat, Abbotsford, near Melrose, where he died Sep. 21, 1832, and was buried at Dryburgh Abbey, Sep. 26. His Life, by his son-in-law J. G. Lockhart, was published in 1837-9. Numerous memoirs and collected editions of Sir Walter Scott's prose and poetical works have appeared.]

THE deeds of Wilibert of Waverley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence; the generosity with which the Crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away;

—to these and similar tales he (Edward Waverley) would hearken till his heart glowed and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected, when his aunt, Mrs. Rachel, narrated the sufferings and fortitude of Lady Alice Waverley during the Great Civil War. The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression, as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. "And, God help her," would Mrs. Rachel continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, "full dearly did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner, mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother's feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew, from the glance of his mother's eye, that the purpose of his desperate defence was attained. Ah! I remember," she continued, "I remember well to have seen one that knew and loved him. Miss Lucy-St. Aubin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in this country; all the world ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed though not married, and died in — I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley-Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my grand-uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropt around her without a gust of wind; and, indeed, she looked like one that would never see them green again."

From such legends our hero would steal away to indulge the fancies they excited. In the corner of the large and sombre library, with no other light than was afforded by the decaying brands on its ponderous and ample hearth, he would exercise for hours that internal sorcery, by which past or imaginary events are presented in action, as it were, to the eye of the muser. Then arose in long and fair array the splendour of the bridal feast at Waverley-Castle; the tall and emaciated form of its real lord, as he stood in his pilgrim's weeds, an unnoticed spectator of the festivities of his supposed heir and intended bride; the

electrical shock occasioned by the discovery; the springing of the vassals to arms; the astonishment of the bridegroom; the terror and confusion of the bride; the agony with which Wilibert observed, that her heart as well as consent was in these nuptials; the air of dignity, yet of deep feeling with which he flung down the half-drawn sword, and turned away for ever from the house of his ancestors. Then would he change the scene, and fancy would at his wish represent Aunt Rachel's tragedy. He saw the Lady Waverley seated in her bower, her ear strained to every sound, her heart throbbing with double agony, now listening to the decaying echo of the hoofs of the king's horse, and when that had died away, hearing in every breeze that shook the trees of the park, the noise of the remote skirmish. A distant sound is heard like the rushing of a swollen stream; it comes nearer, and Edward can plainly distinguish the galloping of horses, the cries and shouts of men, with straggling pistol-shots between, rolling forwards to the hall. The lady starts up—a terrified menial rushes in—but why pursue such a description?

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall, which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley-Chase, had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive glades, in which the young deer were sporting, retained its pristine and savage character. It was traversed by broad avenues, in many places half grown up with brush-wood, where the beauties of former days used to take their stand to see the stag coursed with grey-hounds, or to gain an aim at him with the cross-bow. In one spot, distinguished by a moss-grown Gothic monument, which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. This was a very favourite haunt of Waverley. At other times, with his gun and his spaniel, which served as an apology to others, and with a book in his pocket, which perhaps served as an apology to himself, he used to pursue one of these long avenues, which, after an ascending sweep of four miles, gradually narrowed into a rude and contracted path through the clifty and woody pass called Mirkwood Dingle, and opened suddenly upon a deep, dark, and small lake, named, from the same cause, Mirkwood-Mere. There stood, in former times, a solitary tower upon a rock almost surrounded by the water, which had acquired the name of the Strength of Waverley, because, in perilous times, it had often been the refuge of the family. There in the wars of York and Lancaster, the last adherents of the Red Rose who dared to maintain her cause, carried on a harassing and predatory warfare, till the stronghold was reduced

by the celebrated Richard of Gloucester. Here, too, a party of cavaliers long maintained themselves under Nigel Waverley, elder brother of that William whose fate Aunt Rachel commemorated. Through these scenes it was that Edward loved to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky.—*Waverley; or, 'tis Sixty Years since.* Vol. i. chap. iv.

213.—THE EVE OF BLENHEIM.

[ARCHDEACON COXE, 1747—1828.]

[WILLIAM COXE, born in London, in March, 1747, and educated at Cambridge, acted as tutor to the sons of several noblemen, and travelled for some time on the Continent. He was appointed curate of Denham, near Uxbridge, in 1771, and after various preferments became Archdeacon of Wilts in 1805. His "Sketches of the Natural, Civil, and Political State of Switzerland, in a Series of Letters to W. Melmoth," appeared in 1779; his "Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark" in 1784; his "History of the House of Austria" in 1792; his "Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole" in 1798; his "History of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon, from 1700 to 1788," in 1813; and his "Memoirs of John, Duke of Marlborough, with his Original Correspondence," in 1817-9. He died at Bemerton, Wilts, to which living he had been appointed, June 15, 1828.]

MARLBOROUGH had scarcely retired to enjoy a short interval of rest, before an express arrived from Eugene, announcing that the enemy had crossed the Danube, and pressing for immediate succour. Indeed, on returning to his camp, he found that the officers left in command had taken the alarm, and were preparing to fall back to the Schellenberg. As he was already joined by the Duke of Wirtemberg, and as General Churchill was in a situation to support him, he maintained the line of the Kessel, with the cavalry, while he sent his baggage to Donawerth, and his infantry to the Schellenberg, with orders to prepare the intrenchments for defence. By repeated messengers he urged Marlborough to accelerate his march, from a conviction that the enemy would advance on the ensuing day, because their detachments had already appeared near Steinheim.

The exertions of Marlborough were commensurate with the peril of the crisis. At midnight General Churchill received orders to advance and join Eugene; and within two hours the main army was in motion. For the sake of expedition, the second line, with the rear guard, passed the Danube over the bridge at Merxheim, while the first traversed the Lech, opposite Rain, and the Danube, at Donawerth; and at four in the afternoon the different columns filed over the Wernitz, under the eye of the commander himself. At six a communication was opened

with Eugene, and the junction being completed at ten,* the combined armies encamped between Erlingshofen and Kessel-Ostheim, with the Kessel in their front, and the Danube on the left. The brigade of General Rowe, reinforced by a battalion of English guards, was pushed across the rivulet, to take post in front of Munster. At the dawn of the 12th (Aug., 1704), the generals were gratified by the arrival of the baggage and artillery, which had marched no less than twenty-four English miles on the preceding day.

It was the intention of Marlborough and Eugene to advance beyond the Nebel, and take up a position in the vicinity of Hochstadt. For this purpose, during the morning of the 12th, they proceeded at the head of the grand guards to survey the ground in their front, and procure intelligence. On approaching Schweningen, they observed several hostile squadrons at a distance, but being unable to form an accurate judgment of their force, they ascended the tower of Dapfheim church, from whence they descried the quarter-masters of the Gallo-Bavarian army, marking out a camp beyond the Nebel, between Blenheim and Lutzingen.

This discovery fulfilled the warmest wishes of the enterprising commanders. Aware that the confusion which is almost inseparable from the change of camps, presents the most favourable opportunity for an attack, they determined to give battle, before the enemy could strengthen themselves in their new position. With this view they dispatched 400 pioneers, to level a ravine formed beyond Dapfheim by the Reichen, and the picket-guards were called out to protect the work. Returning from their survey, they had scarcely sat down to their repast, before intelligence arrived that the squadrons seen in the morning near Schweningen were engaged with the pickets. The alarm was instantly spread; the two commanders remounted their horses, and directed the brigade of Rowe to file through Dapfheim, in support of the troops attacked. Several squadrons of cavalry, and twelve battalions of Marlborough's first line, commanded by Lord Cutts, moved forward; and the Prussian infantry, which formed part of the right wing, advanced towards the scene of conflict, along the skirt of the wooded eminences bordering the plain. The whole of the allied cavalry were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and the infantry prepared for action. But the alarm proved false; for the enemy being detached only for the purpose of gaining intelligence, retired after making a few prisoners. Two brigades, under the com-

* This account of the movements for the junction of the two armies is taken from the private correspondence of Marlborough, and the printed despatches, compared with Hare's "Journal of the Campaign," Milner, and the different biographers of Marlborough.

mand of General Wilkes and Brigadier Rowe, were accordingly left for the defence of the pass, and the rest of the troops returned to camp.

Meanwhile the Gallo-Bavarians entered the position marked out, and extended their lines along the elevated ground, stretching from Blenheim to Lutzingen. Marshal Tallard took up his quarters at Blenheim, Marsin at Oberglauch, and the Elector at Lutzingen.

As the preparations of the confederate generals indicated an approaching engagement, some officers, who were well acquainted with the superiority of the hostile forces, and the strength of their position, ventured to remonstrate with Marlborough on the temerity of the attempt. He heard them with calmness and attention; but conscious that the enemy would speedily fortify their position, while Villeroy advancing into Wirtemberg, would cut off the communication with Franconia, from whence the army drew the principal supplies, he answered, "I know the danger, yet a battle is absolutely necessary, and I rely on the bravery and discipline of the troops, which will make amends for our disadvantages." In the evening orders were issued for a general engagement, and received by the army with an alacrity which justified his confidence.

At this solemn crisis Marlborough felt a deep and awful sense of his own responsibility, as well as of the impending peril. He devoted part of the night to prayer, and towards morning received the sacrament from the hands of his chaplain, Mr. Hare, with marks of the warmest devotion. He then took a short repose, and employed the remaining interval in concerting with Eugene the various arrangements for a battle, which appeared to involve the fate of the Christian world.—*Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough*. Chap. xxv. Passage of the Danube, 1704.

214.—THE ANTIQUITIES OF TEBESSA.

[N. DAVIS, 1812.]

[NATHAN DAVIS, born about 1817, became a dissenting minister, and applied himself to the study of Arabian and Hebrew antiquities. Having travelled in Africa he published, in 1841, "Tunis; or, Selections from a Journal kept during a Residence in that Regency;" in 1844, "A Voice from North Africa;" and in 1854, "Evenings in my Tent; or, Wanderings in Balad Eijareed." Lord Clarendon sent him in 1856 to make explorations on the site of ancient Carthage, and the result of his labours appeared, under the title "Carthage and her Remains," in 1861.]

EARLY on the following morning we took a stroll through the town,* and soon made the acquaintance of several French officers, two of whom

*The modern Tebessa, which occupies the site of the Byzantine citadel of Tévcsst.

very courteously volunteered to act as our cicerones. These gentlemen conducted us first of all to what is considered the gem of the antiquities of Tebessa, the elegant little temple which is called that of Minerva. This little edifice, which is seventy-six feet long by fifty and a half wide, is now used as a temporary Roman Catholic chapel. It is a prostyle, of a mixed architecture in which the Roman Corinthian order predominates, and is richly, and elaborately decorated. The six columns of the pronaos, the four in front and the two lateral, are monoliths, of a white marble with blue veins. The sides of the temple have projecting pilasters, surmounted by composite capitals. The architrave is divided into square panels, the ornaments of each consisting of an eagle, two serpents, and oak branches. These panels are separated from each other by metopes, having the ram's, or ox's, skull carved on them, and placed immediately above the capitals. The metopes are precisely like those one meets with between the triglyphs in the Roman Doric friezes.

An elaborate cornice separates the architrave from the attic, and this too is divided into panels, corresponding exactly with those below in position. The ornaments of these are not uniformly the same; in some it consists of a double cornucopia, and in others in festoons, but in the squares just above the rams' heads we have either trophies or bas-reliefs of Hercules. Above these, it would appear, the temple was originally ornamented by a number of statues, but these, if they existed, have now totally disappeared.

Though this temple has suffered much from the ravages of time, it is in much better preservation than many other edifices of the same period. To me it appears to have been dedicated to Jupiter, as the symbolical ornaments, with which it is embellished, have a greater reference to that divinity than to Minerva; but Captain Moll, the commandant of Tebessa, a very intelligent man, who has made Numidian antiquities his study, is of opinion that it belonged to the goddess of wisdom. His chief support is in those panels which have the serpents, and next in the eagle, which he has converted into an owl. The defaced condition of some of these birds appears to favour his view. There are, however, several in a more perfect state, and in these he cannot fail to recognise his mistake."

That Minerva was revered at Teveste there can be no doubt, since her name is recorded in an inscription found immediately to the left, or N.W., of the triumphal arch, but it is very questionable whether she had a temple here. The inscription I allude to purports to be the testament of Cornelius Egrilianus, a præfect, who, among other bequests, directs his executors, his own brothers, to place one, or more, (the inscription being mutilated) statues of Minerva in the forum.

Now if Minerva had a temple at Teveste, it appears to me to be more probable that the testator would have ordered those statues to be placed in the sanctuary of that deity. But whether this conjecture be feasible or not, I still maintain that there is more ground for the belief that this little temple was dedicated to Jupiter than to Minerva.—*Ruined Cities within Numidian and Carthaginian Territories.* Chap. vii.

215.—FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES, 1684.

[EVELYN, 1620—1706.]

[JOHN EVELYN, second son of Richard Evelyn, born at Wotton, Surrey, Oct. 31, 1620, and educated at the free school at Lewes and Balliol College, Oxford, went abroad in 1641, and served as a volunteer in Flanders. Soon after his return, instead of taking part in the civil war, he obtained permission from Charles I. to go to the Continent, where he resided from 1644 to 1652. He acted as commissioner to take care of the sick and the wounded in the Dutch war in 1664, and in several public capacities. Evelyn, however, devoted himself to study and retirement. Having written some short tracts, he published "The French Gardiner" in 1658, "Sculptura; or the History and Art of Chalcography and Engraving on Copper," in 1662, and "Sylva; or a Discourse of Forest Trees," in 1664. The work by which he is best known is "Memoirs illustrative of his Life and Writings, comprising his Diary from 1641 to 1705-6, and a Selection of his Familiar Letters," edited by W. Bray, published in 1818. His "Life of Godolphin," edited by Bishop Wilberforce, appeared in 1848, and his "History of Religion: a Natural Account of the True Religion," edited by the Rev. R. M. Evanson, in 1850. This book has gone through numerous editions. In Oct., 1699, Evelyn succeeded to the family estate at Wotton, where he died Feb. 27, 1706.]

1683-4. 1st January. The weather continuing intolerably severe, streets of booths were set upon the Thames; the air was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like.

6th. The river quite frozen.

9th. I went across the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to bear not only streets of booths, in which they roasted meat, and had divers shops of wares, quite across as in a town, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over. So I went from Westminster-stairs to Lambeth, and dined with the Archbishop: where I met my Lord Bruce, Sir George Wheeler, Colonel Cooke, and several divines. After dinner and discourse with his Grace till evening prayers, Sir George Wheeler and I walked over the ice from Lambeth-stairs to the Horse-ferry.

16th January. The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City.

24th. The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames

before London was still planted with booths in formal streets, all sorts of trades and shops furnished, and full of commodities, even to a printing-press, where the people and ladies took a fancy to have their names printed, and the day and year set down when printed on the Thames: this humour took so universally, that it was estimated the printer gained £5 a day, for printing a line only, at sixpence a name, besides what he got by ballads, &c. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple, and from several other stairs to and fro, as in the streets, sleds, sliding with skates, a bull-baiting, horse and coach-races, puppet-plays and interludes, cooks, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seemed to be a bacchanalian triumph, or carnival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not only splitting as if lightning-struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so locked up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds, and all our exotic plants and greens, universally perishing. Many parks of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuel so dear, that there were great contributions to preserve the poor alive. Nor was this severe weather much less intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spain and the most southern tracts. London, by reason of the excessive coldness of the air hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous steam of the sea-coal, that hardly could one see across the streets, and this filling the lungs with its gross particles, exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen work, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

4th February. I went to Sayes Court to see how the frost had dealt with my garden, where I found many of the greens and rare plants utterly destroyed. The oranges and myrtles very sick, the rosemary and laurels dead to all appearance, but the cypress likely to endure it.

5th. It began to thaw, but froze again. My coach crossed from Lambeth to the Horse-ferry at Milbank, Westminster. The booths were almost all taken down; but there was first a map or landscape cut in copper representing all the manner of the camp, and the several actions, sports, and pastimes thereon, in memory of so signal a frost.*—
Diary of John Evelyn.

* Various representations of this curious scene of Frost Fair, both in wood and copperplate engravings, preserve some idea of what it must have been.

216.—THE LOSS OF EDEN.

[BLAIR, 1699—1747.

[ROBERT BLAIR, born in Edinburgh in 1699, was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in Haddingtonshire, in 1731, where he remained till his death, which occurred Feb. 4, 1747. His poem "The Grave" was first published in London in 1743. Campbell ("Essay on Poetry") remarks:—"The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so familiar and simple a character as that of 'The Grave.'" The following extract contains the well-known lines so often incorrectly quoted—

"its visits,
Like those of angels, short and far between."]

POOR man!—how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamped thee with his image, and, well-pleased,
Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts.—Nor head, nor heart,
Offered to ache; nor was there cause they should;
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings-up of what might be,
Alarmed his peaceful bosom.—Summer seas
Show not more smooth, when kissed by southern winds,
Just ready to expire.—Scarce importuned,
The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
Offered the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed! thrice blessed days!—But, ah! how short!
Blessed as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
But fugitive like those, and quickly gone.
Oh! slippery state of things!—What sudden turns!
What strange vicissitudes in the first leaf
Of man's sad history!—To-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's Sun has set, most abject.
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus fared it with our sire:—not long he enjoyed
His Paradise—scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again.—And must he go?
Can naught compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man?—Like one that is condemned,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,

And parley with his fate.—But 'tis in vain—
 Not all the lavish odours of the place
 Offered in incense can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom.—A mighty angel
 With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round.—At once he lost
 His glory and his God.—If mortal now,
 And sorely maimed, no wonder.—Man has sinned.
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he needs would try: nor tried in vain.
 (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
 Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
 Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorned
 Stalked off reluctant like an ill used ghost,
 Not to return;—or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between:
 Whilst the black Demon with his Hell-scaped train,
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
 Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage!—Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

The Grave.

217.—DAVID'S PRAYER FOR HIMSELF AND SON.*

[ARCHBP. LAUD, 1573—1645.

[WILLIAM LAUD, son of a clothier, born at Reading October 7, 1573, was educated at the Free Grammar School of his native town and St. John's College, Oxford. In 1607, he obtained the vicarage of Stanford, Northamptonshire, and his rise was very rapid. He was made president of St. John's College, Oxford, in 1611, and Dean of Gloucester in 1616. Having accompanied James I. to Scotland in 1617, he was appointed Bishop of St. David's in 1621; of Bath and Wells, and Dean of the Chapel Royal, in 1626; a privy councillor in 1627; Bishop of London in 1628; Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1630; and Archbishop of Canterbury in 1633. Laud was appointed one of the great Committee of Trade and the King's Revenue in

* "Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the king's son."—Psalm lxxii. v. 1.

Feb. 1634, and afterwards one of the commissioners to whom the management of the Treasury was committed. Soon after the meeting of the Long Parliament, he was impeached for high treason, and committed to the Tower, March 1, 1641. His trial took place Nov. 13, 1643, before the House of Lords, who did not find him guilty. The Long Parliament, however, determined to make him a victim. The Commons passed an ordinance for his execution, and he was beheaded Jan. 10, 1645. Laud, who was a great benefactor to learning, enriched the Bodleian Library with numerous valuable MSS., and founded an Arabic professorship at Oxford in 1636. His celebrated conference with Fisher (whose real name was John Pierce, or Percey,) the Jesuit, took place in May 1622, and the first edition of the "Relation of the Conference," &c., appeared in 1624. Some sermons were published separately during his lifetime. "The History of the Troubles and Trial of William Laud," with his Diary prefixed, edited by the Rev. H. Warton, appeared in 1695 and 1700. A Life by W. Prynne, was published in 1644; another, by P. Heylin, in 1668; another, by J. P. Lawson, in 1829; and another by Baines in 1855. Numerous biographies have been written, and his Works appeared at Oxford 1847—57.]

NONE but God can see to drop Justice and Judgment into the deep heart of the King; none but only *Pater luminum*, the Father of Lights, that stands over, and sees how to do it.

And yet I must tell you here, that while he prays for God's Justice, and Judgment for himself, and his Son, it must be understood with a great deal of difference, and that in two respects.

First, because God's Judgment, as it is in God, is substantial. It is so in God, as it is his essence, himself. This way no King is capable of God's Justice, because it is his essence. But Justice as it is given to the King, is a quality, an accident, and that is separable, if God either leave to give, or desist from preserving that that he hath given; therefore Kings have great need to pray for this Justice, because they can neither have it, nor keep it without him.

Secondly, because Justice as it is in God, is *Lumen*, all light, so bright, that even impious men themselves cannot but acknowledge it, even when they are condemned by it. So clear that no entangled cause can cloud it, no corner sin can avoid it. And this way again no King is capable of God's Light, because that is a thing incommunicable as his substance, as essential as he. But Justice as it is given to a King, is but *Lucerna*, but a Candle-Light, an imparted Light; a Light that is kindled, and set up in a material substance, and so darkened with dregs: yet even this Light Kings must pray for: and it is but need they should: for if God give not even this Light, it is impossible the King should see how to do Justice; or that he should discern how to execute those judgments that God hath given him.

Therefore the Lighting up of this Candle in the heart of the King, the Light of Justice and Judgment, is a marvellous blessing, and God himself accounts it so; and it appears,

First, because among the many threatenings, that he thunders out against rebellious people, this is one, that he will take from them the

Light of a Candle, *Jer. xxv.*, he will not leave them so much light : and it was so : for God's Judgment departed away from the King, the King lost the Kingdom, and the people were led away in darkness to captivity. So you may see what it is to want the light of judgment in a King.

Secondly, it appears to be great by the promises of God : for among the many professions, that he makes to this glorious King *David*, this was one, that he had *ordained a light for him, Psal. cxxxii.* So then you see by the presence of this light, what the benefit is to have it. But then still Kings themselves, and the people must remember, it is but *Lucerna*, but a Candle lighted at that great light, the Lamp of God ; And being but a Candle light, it is easily blown out, if God keep not his light about the King to renew it ; and if God provide not a fence for this Light of Justice against the winds of temptation that bluster about it. Therefore our old English translation reads that place in the *Psalm* happily, *I have provided* (saith that Translation) *not only a light, but a Lanthorn for mine Anointed, to carry this Light.* And this improves the blessing a great deal further : For there is no carrying of this Light without the Lanthorn of God's own ordaining : the temptations that beset the King are so many, and so strong, that except this Lanthorn defend the light, all the Light of Justice and judgment will out. And this Lanthorn is so hard to make, that God himself must ordain it, or else the King cannot have it : for who can fence, and keep in God's Blessings, but himself ? Therefore *David* here went very right in his prayer, marvellous right, both for himself, and for his Son, *da Domine*, Give Lord, not the light of thy judgment, and justice only ; but give the Lanthorn too for thine Anointed, that he may be able with honour to carry through this Light of Justice, and Judgment, before his people.—*Sermon VII. Preached at Paul's Cross, in commemoration of King Charles' Inauguration.*

218.—OF GRACE.

[REV. A. ALISON, 1757—1839.

[ARCHIBALD ALISON, father of Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., the historian, born in Edinburgh in 1757, was educated at the University of Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford. He was ordained and appointed curate at Brancepeth, Durham, in 1784 ; obtained the perpetual curacy of Kenley, in Shropshire, in 1790 ; a prebendal stall in Salisbury cathedral in 1791 ; the vicarage of Ercall, in Shropshire, in 1794 ; and the living of Roddington, in Shropshire, in 1797. In 1800 he accepted an invitation to become senior minister of the Episcopal Chapel, Cowgate, Edinburgh ; and in 1831 removed to St. Paul's Chapel. He died in his native city in July, 1839. His chief work, "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste," was published in 1790. "Sermons, chiefly on Particular Occasions," appeared in 1814—15, and, like the former work,

has been frequently republished. Dr. Dibdin speaks of "the beautiful and refined fancy, and melodious style of this writer."]

THE preceding illustrations are intended to show, that the Sublimity or Beauty of attitude and gesture, arises not from any causes of a material kind, nor from any law by which certain material appearances are immediately productive of these sentiments, but from their being adapted to express, and being felt as expressive of amiable, or interesting, or respectable qualities of the Human Mind. In concluding those illustrations, I have completed all that I had properly in view in that investigation.

There is, however, a quality of which the Human Form is susceptible, and which is occasionally found both in its positions and in its motions, which is not sufficiently accounted for by this theory. This quality is GRACE; a quality different from Beauty, though nearly allied to it; which is never observed without affecting us with emotions of peculiar delight, and which it is, perhaps, the first object of the arts of sculpture and of painting to study and to present. Upon this subject, while I presume to offer a few additional observations, I am yet to request my readers to consider them rather as conjectures, than as the results of any formal inquiry.

That there is a difference between the qualities of Beauty and of Grace, in the Human Form, must, I conceive, everywhere be admitted. The terms themselves are neither synonymous, nor are used synonymously; the emotions we receive from them are easily distinguishable, and are every day distinguished in common language; and when we refer to experience, we may find a thousand instances, in which the positions and movements of the form are beautiful without being graceful. Beauty, indeed, in some degree or other, is to be found in the most common appearances of man; but Grace is rarely seen. We often lament its absence, while we are conscious of the presence of Beauty; and it everywhere seems to us to demand some higher and more uncommon requisites than those which are necessary to mere Beauty.

It seems to me, still further, that the appearances of Grace in the attitudes or gestures of the form, are never perceived without affecting us with some sentiment of respect or admiration for the person whose form expresses them. When we observe the attitudes of joy, or hope, or innocent gaiety, we feel delight; but not respect, for those who exhibit them. When we observe the attitudes of grief, or melancholy, or despondence, we feel sympathy, and the delight which Nature has annexed to social interest; but we do not necessarily feel admiration. The gestures of rage, in the same manner, of force, of anguish, of terror, may affect us with very sublime emotions of fear, of astonishment, of

awful interest ; but they may be unaccompanied with any emotion of admiration or respect for the individual who displays them. Whenever, on the contrary, we witness the Graceful in gesture or attitude, we feel, I apprehend, an additional sentiment of respect ; a conviction of something dignified or exalted in the mind of the person, and of which the gesture or attitude employed is felt as significant to us. How far this proposition is true, must be finally determined by the consciousness of my readers. I shall observe only, that it seems to me very strongly justified both by the language of philosophers, and by the common language of the world. When we hear any attitude or gesture described as *graceful*, we are conscious, I think, of immediately feeling some sentiment of respect or admiration for the individual who displays it. Whenever we use the same term ourselves, we mean always to convey to those who hear us, a similar sentiment. Every attitude or gesture of a well-proportioned form, which is at once easy and expressive of some amiable or interesting feeling, is beautiful, and is accordingly spoken of as beautiful : But when we add the term Graceful, we wish, I think, always to convey the idea of some additional quality, which is entitled to respect, and which is expressive of some conceived dignity or superiority in the mind of the person who exhibits it. Whenever, in the same manner, any attitude or gesture affects us, beside the emotion of Beauty, with the sense of respect or admiration for the individual in whose form it appears, I apprehend we use the term Graceful in addition to that of Beautiful, to express our sense of this superiority or dignity. The application of the same observation to the sublime, either in movement or position, is within the reach of every person's inquiry ; and I apprehend, that the experience of every one will teach him, that the sublime of this kind may often exist without grace ; and that, when grace is perceived, it is always felt as an additional quality, and as expressive of something in the character of the person which excites veneration, or astonishment, or respect.—*Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste.* Chap. vi., sect. 5.

219.—GEORGE THE THIRD AT WINDSOR AFTER MARGARET
NICHOLSON'S ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE.

[D'ARBLAY, 1752—1840.

[FRANCES BURNEY, better known as Madame D'Arblay, born at Lynn Regis, June 13, 1752, was the second daughter of Dr. Burney, author of the "History of Music." At the age of ten she began to practice composition, from which time, according to her own account, she produced a number of "elegies, odes, plays, songs, stories, farces, many tragedies and epic poems." These early compositions were destroyed, and her first work, "Evelina ; or, the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World," was

published in 1778, and was followed by "Cecilia; or, the Memoirs of an Heiress," in 1782. Miss Burney was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte in July, 1786, and was married in July, 1793, to M. Alexandre Piochard D'Arblay, a French artillery officer. Her tragedy of "Edwy and Elgiva," brought out at Drury Lane in 1795, proved a failure. "Camilla; or, a Picture of Youth," another novel, appeared in 1796, and was followed by other works. Madame D'Arblay died at Bath, Jan. 6, 1840. Five volumes of her Diary and Letters, edited by her niece, appeared in 1842, and the sixth and seventh volumes in 1846. This work has been frequently reprinted. In the "Edinburgh Review" for January, 1843, a critic (Lord Macaulay) says of the authoress, "Her appearance is an important epoch in our literary history. 'Evelina' was the first tale written by a woman, and purporting to be a picture of life and manners, that lived or deserved to live . . . Miss Burney did for the English novel what Jeremy Collier did for the English drama; and she did it in a better way. She first showed that a tale might be written in which both the fashionable and the vulgar life of London might be exhibited with great force, and with broad comic humour, and which yet should not contain a single line inconsistent with rigid morality, or even with virgin delicacy. She took away the reproach which lay on a most useful and delightful species of composition. She vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in a fair and noble province of letters. Several accomplished women have followed in her track."]

For this evening (Wednesday, Aug. 2, 1786), however, an opportunity soon offered. The Duchess of Ancaster, who, with her daughter, Lady Charlotte Bertie, was just come on a visit to the Queen, called in upon Mrs. Schwellenberg; and, after an extremely civil salutation and introduction to me, and joy-wishing on my appointment, she shewed so much agitation, and seemed so desirous to speak of something important to Mrs. Schwellenberg, that I found it perfectly easy to make my apology for retiring.

I went into my own room for my cloak, and, as usual, found Madame La Fite just waiting for me. She was all emotion,—she seized my hand,—“Have you heard?—*O mon Dieu!*—*O le bon Roi!* *O Miss Burney!*—*what an horreur!*”—

I was very much startled, but soon ceased to wonder at her perturbation;—she had been in the room with the Princess Elizabeth, and there heard, from Miss Goldsworthy, that an attempt had just been made upon the life of the King!

I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this King is not safe,—good, pious, beneficent as he is,—if his life is in danger, from his own subjects, what is to guard the Throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure!

Mrs. Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from those terrible convulsions.

* Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner,

—namely, how they were related to the Queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before his Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spanish Minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting, at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure her Majesty of the King's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The Queen had the two eldest Princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the King came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said, "Here I am!—safe and well,—as you see!—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed!"

His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the Queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The Queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and, after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the Duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears,—“I envy you!—I can't cry!”

The two Princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the Duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The King, with the gayest good-humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had any one but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden-door at St. James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently-dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up, and had the usual superscription—"For the King's Most Excellent Majesty." She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the King bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed;—the King started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her;—and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

"Has she cut my waistcoat?" cried he, in telling it,—“Look! for I have had no time to examine.”

Thank heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. "Though nothing," added the King, in giving his relation, "could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin linen, and fat."

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob, "The poor creature is mad!—Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!"

He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

There is something in the whole of this behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life,—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St. James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined,—who would have dared murmur, or even blame such measures?

The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.—*Diary and Letters*. Vol. iii. Part ii. 1786.

220.—CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

[Guizot, 1787.

[FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT, distinguished in France as a statesman and historian, was born at Nîmes, October 4, 1787, and was educated at Geneva. Having taken up his residence at Paris, with a view of practising as a barrister, he applied himself to literature, and in 1812 married Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, who died Aug. 1, 1827. He married again in 1828, and his second wife died in 1833. His first work, an edition of Gerard's French Synonyms, published in 1809, was followed by his "Lives of the French Poets," and a translation of Gibbon. About the same time he was appointed professor of Modern History in the Sorbonne, from which he was, in

1823, suspended, on account of his attacks upon M. Villèle's ministry. In his retirement he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and wrote, among other works, "Memoirs relative to the English Revolution," and a "History of the English Revolution of 1640," in addition to contributing to periodicals and newspapers. He was restored to his lectureship in 1828, delivered a series of lectures on the "History of Civilization in Europe," afterwards published, and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1830. Soon after the accession of Louis Philippe he became Minister of the Interior, filled other positions in the Ministry, and during the last years of that monarch's reign was the virtual ruler of France. After the fall of his ministry in the Revolution of February, 1848, he retired from public life. In addition to those already mentioned, he has written numerous works, most of which have been translated into English. The best known are "History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth from the Execution of Charles I. to the death of Cromwell;" "Richard Cromwell, and the Dawn of the Restoration;" an Inquiry into "the Causes of the Success of the English Revolution;" "Corneille and his Times;" "Shakespeare and his Times;" and several volumes of memoirs.]

CROMWELL died in the plenitude of his power and greatness. He had succeeded beyond all expectation, far more than any other of those men has succeeded, who, by their genius, have raised themselves, as he had done, to supreme authority; for he had attempted and accomplished, with equal success, the most opposite designs. During eighteen years that he had been an ever-victorious actor on the world's stage, he had alternately sown disorder and established order, effected and punished revolution, overthrown and restored government, in his country. At every moment, under all circumstances, he had distinguished with admirable sagacity the dominant interests and passions of the time, so as to make them the instruments of his own rule,—careless whether he belied his antecedent conduct, so long as he triumphed in concert with the popular instinct, and explaining the inconsistencies of his conduct by the ascendant unity of his power. He is, perhaps, the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events, and proved sufficient for the most various destinies. And in the course of his violent and chanceful career, incessantly exposed to all kinds of enemies and conspiracies, Cromwell experienced this crowning favour of fortune, that his life was never actually attacked; the sovereign against whom Killing had been declared to be No Murder, never found himself face to face with an assassin. The world has never known another example of success at once so constant and so various, or of fortune so invariably favourable, in the midst of such manifold conflicts and perils.

Yet Cromwell's death-bed was clouded with gloom. He was unwilling not only to die, but also, and most of all, to die without having attained his real and final object. However great his egotism may have been, his soul was too great to rest satisfied with the highest fortune, if it were merely personal, and, like himself, of ephemeral

earthly duration. Weary of the ruin he had caused, it was his cherished wish to restore to his country a regular and stable government—the only government which was suited to its wants, a monarchy under the control of Parliament. And at the same time, with an ambition which extended beyond the grave, under the influence of that thirst for permanence which is the stamp of true greatness, he aspired to leave his name and race in possession of the throne. He failed in both designs: his crimes had raised up obstacles against him, which neither his prudent genius nor his persevering will could surmount; and though covered, as far as he was himself concerned, with power and glory, he died with his dearest hopes frustrated, and leaving behind him, as his successors, the two enemies whom he had so ardently combated—anarchy and the Stuarts.

God does not grant to those great men, who have laid the foundations of their greatness amidst disorder and revolution, the power of regulating at their pleasure, and for succeeding ages, the government of nations.—*History of Oliver Cromwell and the English Commonwealth*, &c. Vol. ii. Book viii.

221.—ATTEMPT AT MURDER BY A MAROON NEGRO.

[MADAME PFEIFFER, 1795—1858.

[IDA LAURA REYER, born at Vienna, Oct. 14, 1797, was married May 1, 1820, to Dr. Pfeiffer, an advocate, at Lemberg. From an early age she evinced a strong desire to travel. Various circumstances prevented the gratification of this inclination until, after the death of her husband and the establishment in life of her two sons, she found the desired opportunity, and started on her first journey through Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land, in 1842. An account of this, under the title "Journey of a Viennese Lady to the Holy Land," was published in 1843. Having travelled in other directions, she started from Vienna, May 1, 1846, at the age of fifty-one, on her first tour round the world, which she accomplished, after undergoing numerous adventures, arriving at Vienna Nov. 4, 1848. An account of this tour—"A Woman's Journey round the World"—appeared at Vienna in 1850, and was translated into English, and published in this country. Madame Pfeiffer visited England in 1851, arrived in Capetown Aug. 11, visited Borneo, Java, and Sumatra, and, after other wanderings, landed at San Francisco Sep. 27, 1853; proceeded thence to South America, crossed the Cordilleras, traversed the greater part of North America, and landed at Liverpool Nov. 21, 1854; returning to Vienna in May. An account of this tour, under the title "My Second Journey round the World," appeared at Vienna in 1856. She set out upon her last journey May 21, 1856; visited Madagascar, the Mauritius, and other places. Suffering from illness, she reached Vienna in September, 1858, where she died, Oct. 28. In the course of her wanderings she is said to have traversed about 150,000 miles by sea, and 20,000 by land.]

FROM Porto d'Estrella to Petropolis, the distance is seven leagues. This portion of the journey is generally performed upon mules, the charge for which is four milreis (8s. 8d.) each, but as we* had been

* Count Berchthold was a fellow-traveller with Madame Pfeiffer. The incident occurred Sep. 27, 1846.

told in Rio Janeiro that the road afforded a beautiful walk, parts of it traversing splendid woods, and that it was besides much frequented, and perfectly safe, being the great means of communication with Minas Geraes, we determined to go on foot, and that the more willingly, as the Count wished to botanize, and I to collect insects. The first eight miles lay through a broad valley, covered with thick brambles and young trees, and surrounded with lofty mountains. The wild pine-apples at the side of the road presented a most beautiful appearance; they were not quite ripe, and were tinged with the most delicate red. Unfortunately, they are far from being as agreeable to the taste as they are to the sight, and consequently are very seldom gathered. I was greatly amused with the humming-birds, of which I saw a considerable number of the smallest species. Nothing can be more graceful and delicate than these little creatures. They obtain their food from the calyx of the flowers, round which they flutter like butterflies, and indeed are very often mistaken for them in their rapid flight. It is very seldom that they are seen on a branch or twig in a state of repose. After passing through the valley, we reached the Serra, as the Brazilians term the summit of each mountain that they cross; the present one was 3000 feet high. A broad paved road, traversing virgin forests, runs up the side of the mountain.

* * * * *

Frequent truppas,* driven by negroes, as well as a number of pedestrians we met, eased our minds of every fear, and prevented us from regarding it as at all remarkable that we were being continually followed by a negro. As, however, we arrived at a somewhat lonely spot, he sprang suddenly forward, holding in one hand a long knife and in the other a lasso,† rushed upon us, and gave us to understand, more by gestures than words, that he intended to murder, and then drag us into the forest.

We had no arms, as we had been told that the road was perfectly safe, and the only weapons of defence we possessed were our parasols, if I except a clasp knife, which I instantly drew out of my pocket and opened, fully determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. We parried our adversary's blows as long as we could with our parasols, but these lasted but a short time; besides, he caught hold of mine, which, as we were struggling for it, broke short off, leaving only a

* *Truppas* is a term used to designate ten mules driven by a negro; in most instances a number of truppas are joined together, and often make up teams or caravans of 100 or 200 mules.

† A cord with a noose at the end; the native inhabitants of South America use it so skilfully that they catch the most savage animals with it.

piece of the handle in my hand. In the struggle, however, he dropped his knife, which rolled a few steps from him ; I instantly made a dash, and thought I had got it, when he, more quick than I, thrust me away with his feet and hands, and once more obtained possession of it. He waved it furiously over my head, and dealt me two wounds, a thrust and a deep gash, both in the upper part of the left arm ; I thought I was lost, and despair alone gave me the courage to use my own knife. I made a thrust at his breast ; this he warded off, and I only succeeded in wounding him severely in the hand. The Count sprang forward, and seized the fellow from behind, and thus afforded me an opportunity of raising myself from the ground. The whole affair had not taken more than a few seconds. The negro's fury was now roused to its highest pitch by the wounds he had received : he gnashed his teeth at us like a wild beast, and flourished his knife with frightful rapidity. The Count, in his turn, had received a cut right across the hand, and we had been irrevocably lost, had not Providence sent us assistance. We heard the tramp of horses' hoofs upon the road, upon which the negro instantly left us, and sprang into the wood. Immediately afterwards two horsemen turned a corner of the road, and we hurried towards them ; our wounds, which were bleeding freely, and the way in which our parols were hacked, soon made them understand the state of affairs. They asked us which direction the fugitive had taken, and, springing from their horses, hurried after him ; their efforts, however, would have been fruitless, if two negroes, who were coming from the opposite side, had not helped them. As it was, the fellow was soon captured. He was pinioned, and, as he would not walk, severely beaten, most of the blows being dealt upon the head, so that I feared the poor wretch's skull would be broken. In spite of this he never moved a muscle, and lay, as if insensible to feeling, upon the ground. The two other negroes were obliged to seize hold of him, when he endeavoured to bite every one within his reach, like a wild beast, and carry him to the nearest house. Our preservers, as well as the Count and myself, accompanied them. We then had our wounds dressed, and afterwards continued our journey ; not, it is true, entirely devoid of fear, especially when we met one or more negroes, but without any further mishap, and with a continually increasing admiration of the beautiful scenery. * * * * * In spite of the danger we had incurred in coming, we returned to Porto d'Estrella on foot, went on board a bark, sailed all night, and arrived safely in Rio Janeiro the next morning. Every one, both in Petropolis and the capital, was so astonished at the manner in which our lives had been attempted, that, if we had not been able to show our wounds, we should never have been believed. The fellow was at first thought to

have been drunk or insane, and it was not till later that we learned the real motives of his conduct. He had some time previously been punished by his master for an offence, and, on meeting us in the wood, he, no doubt, thought that it was a good opportunity of satisfying, with impunity, his hatred against the whites.—*A Woman's Journey Round the World.* Chap. iii.

222.—LEARNING A BETTER TEACHER THAN EXPERIENCE.

[ASCHAM, 1515—1568.

[ROGER ASCHAM, born at Kirby Wiske, or Kirby Wicke, near Northallerton, in 1515, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, took his degree Feb. 28, 1534, became fellow of his College, and was chosen University Orator in 1544. His "*Toxophilus, or the School of Shooting*," appeared in 1544; and he was appointed tutor to Lady, afterwards Queen, Elizabeth in 1548. On her accession to the throne, Ascham was continually engaged reading Greek and Latin authors with the Queen. He married in 1544, held several appointments, and died Dec. 30, 1568. When Queen Elizabeth heard of his death she said,—“She would rather have thrown ten thousand pounds into the sea than have lost her Ascham.” His celebrated work, “*The Schoolmaster*,” which was published by his widow, did not appear until 1570. His English works were first published in a collected form in 1761, and were edited with notes by the Rev. J. Upton. The Life prefixed to this edition is, on the authority of Boswell, attributed to Dr. Johnson. Ascham, who has been termed the “Father of English Prose,” designed, says Dr. Johnson, “to give an example of diction more natural and more truly English than was used by the common writers of that age, whom he censures for mingling exotic terms with their native language, and of whom he complains, that they were made authors, not by skill or education, but by arrogance and temerity.”]

SOME others, having better nature but less wit (for ill commonly have over much wit), do not utterly dispraise learning, but they say, that without learning common experience, knowledge of all fashions, and haunting all companies, shall work in youth both wisdom and ability to execute any weighty affair. Surely long experience doth profit much, but most, and almost only to him (if we mean honest affairs) that is diligently before instructed with precepts of well doing. For good precepts of learning be the eyes of the mind, to look wisely before a man, which way to go right, and which not.

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely, when experience maketh more miserable, than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master is he that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise but after some bank-routs. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself, that it is a marvellous pain to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely, he that would prove wise by

experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of the way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And verily they be fewest in number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former lite of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered by long experience a little wisdom and some happiness; and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped, (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure,) then think well with yourself, whether you would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

It is a notable tale, that old Sir Roger Chamloe, sometime chief justice, would tell of himself. When he was ancient in inn of court, certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for certain misorders: and one of the lustiest said, "Sir, we be young gentlemen; and wise men before us have proved all fashions, and yet those have done full well." This they said, because it was well known that Sir Roger had been a goodfellow* in his youth. But he answered them very wisely: "Indeed," saith he, "in youth I was, as you are now; and I had twelve fellows like unto myself, but not one of them came to a good end. And therefore follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age, if ever ye think to come to this place, or to these years that I am come unto; lest you meet either with poverty or Tyburn in the way."

Thus experience of all fashions in youth, being in proof always dangerous, in issue seldom lucky, is a way indeed to overmuch knowledge, yet used commonly of such men, which be either carried by some curious affection of mind, or driven by some hard necessity of life, to hazard the trial of over-many perilous adventures.

Erasmus, the honour of learning of all our time, said wisely, "That experience is the common schoolhouse of fools and ill men. Men of wit and honesty be otherwise instructed. For there be, that keep them out of fire, and yet was never burned; that beware of water, and yet was never nigh drowning; that hate harlots, and was never at the stewes; that abhor falsehood, and never broke promise themselves."

But will you see a fit similitude of this adventured experience. A father that doth let loose his son to all experiences, is most like a fond hunter that letteth slip a whelp to the whole herd; twenty to one he shall fall upon a rascal, and let go the fair game. Men that hunt so, be either ignorant persons, privy stealers, or night-walkers.

* At one time this was a law term for a thief. Ascham uses it to denote a wild reckless youth.

Learning therefore, ye wise fathers, and good bringing up, and not blind and dangerous experience, is the next and readiest way that must lead your children, first to wisdom, and then to worthiness, if ever ye purpose they shall come there.

And to say all in short, though I lack authority to give counsel, yet I lack not good will to wish, that the youth in England, especially gentlemen, and mainly nobility, should be by good bringing up so grounded in judgement of learning, so founded in love of honesty, as when they should be called forth to the execution of great affairs, in service of their prince and country, they might be able to use, and to order all experiences, were they good, were they bad, and that according to the square, rule, and line, of wisdom, learning, and virtue.—*The Schoolmaster*. Book i.

223.—THE ACTOR'S DEFENCE.

[MASSINGER, 1584—1640.

[PHILIP MASSINGER, son of one of the Earl of Pembroke's retainers, born at Salisbury in 1584, entered at St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, in 1602. He quitted the University, and repaired to London, where he commenced writing for the theatres. His first play, "The Virgin Martyr," was published in 1622. It was followed by numerous dramatic pieces, the best known being "The Roman Actor," which was licensed Oct. 11, 1626; "The Fatal Dowry," published in 1632; "The City Madam," licensed May 25, 1632; and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," published in 1633. Several collected editions of Massinger's works have been published. He was found dead in his bed at his house, Bankside, Southwark, March 17, 1640, and the parish register bears the following entry: "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a stranger."]

ARETINUS. Cite Paris, the tragedian.

PARIS. Here.

ARETINUS. Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality of treason,
As libellers against the State and Cæsar.

PARIS. Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord;
In what are we delinquents?

ARETINUS. You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feigned names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touched at; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And, with satirical and bitter jests,
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.

PARIS. If I free not myself,
 And, in myself, the rest of my profession,
 From these false imputations, and prove
 That they make that a libel which the poet
 Writ for a comedy, so acted too ;
 It is but justice that we undergo
 The heaviest censure.

ÆRETINUS. Are you on the stage, ●
 You talk so boldly ?

PARIS. The whole world being one,
 This place is not exempted ; and I am
 So confident in the justice of our cause,
 That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
 All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
 To hear our plea, and then determine of us.—
 If, to express a man sold to his lusts,
 Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
 In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
 A wretch that's so given over does arrive at ;
 Deterring careless youth, by his example,
 From such licentious courses, can deserve reproof ;
 Why are not all your golden principles,
 Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
 To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
 Condemned unto the fire ?

SURA. There's spirit in this.

PARIS. Or if desire of honour was the base
 On which the building of the Roman empire
 Was raised up to this height ; if, to inflame
 The noble youth with an ambitious heat
 T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
 To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
 By glorious undertakings, may deserve
 Reward, or favour, from the commonwealth ;
 Actors may put in for as large a share
 As all the sects of the philosophers :
 They with cold precepts (perhaps seldom read)
 Deliver, what an honourable thing
 The active virtue is : but does that fire
 The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
 To be both good and great, equal to that
 Which is presented on our theatres ?
 Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,

Shew great Alcides, honoured in the sweat
Of his twelve labours ; or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
From the insulting Gauls ; or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquered Carthage : if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.

RUSTICUS.

He has put

The consuls to their whisper.

PARIS.

But, 'tis urged

That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
That does go off unpunished ? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps ?
We shew no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined,
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir, that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him ; if there be,
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger ; if a matron,
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin
Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when a covetous man's expressed, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over ;

Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
 As not to afford himself the necessities
 To maintain life; if a patrician,
 (Though honoured with a consulship,) find himself
 Touched to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
 Or, when we shew a judge that is corrupt,
 And will give up his sentence, as he favours
 The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,
 If of his faction, and as oft condemning
 The innocent, out of particular spleen;
 If any in this reverend assembly,
 Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
 Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom,
 That puts you in remembrance of things past,
 Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
 I have said, my lord: and now, as you find cause,
 Or censure us, or free us with applause.

The Roman Actor. Act I. Scene iii.

224.—EXAMPLES OF GOD'S READY HELP IN EXTREME PERILS.

[RIDLEY, *circ.* 1505—1555.

[NICHOLAS RIDLEY was born in the county of Northumberland, near the Scottish border, early in the sixteenth century, but the exact date has not been preserved. He was educated at Newcastle-on-Tyne and Pembroke College, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow in 1524, went to Paris and studied at the Sorbonne in 1527, returned to England in 1530, was chaplain to the University, and public orator in 1534, chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer in 1537, Master of Pembroke, D.D. and Chaplain to Henry VIII. in 1540, Prebendary of Canterbury in 1541, and of Westminster in 1545, Bishop of Rochester in 1547, and was translated to London in 1550. He was nominated for the bishopric of Durham in 1553, but soon after the accession of Mary was committed to the Tower, and was sent to Oxford, where he held numerous disputations, and one in particular of which a record remains, Tuesday, April 16, 1555. He was condemned as a heretic Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1555, degraded, Tuesday, Oct. 15, and suffered at the stake with Bishop Latimer, Wednesday,* Oct. 16. Foxe ("Acts and Monuments" Edit. 1838, Vol. VII., p. 407.) says, "Every holiday and Sunday he preached in some one place or "other, except he were otherwise letted† by weighty affairs and business, to "whose sermons the people resorted, swarming about him like bees, and coveting the sweet flowers and wholesome juice of the fruitful doctrine, which he did "not only preach, but shewed the same by his life, as a glittering lanthorn to the eyes "and senses of the blind, in such pure order and chastity of life (declining from all evil

* See page 197.

† Letted, i.e., prevented or hindered.

"What let us then the great Jerusalem
 With valiant squadrons round about to hem."—

Fairfax's "Tasso," i. 27.

"desires and concupiscences), that even his very enemies could not reprove him in any one jot thereof. Besides this, he was passingly well learned, his memory was great, and he of such reading withal, that of right he deserved to be comparable to the best of this our age, as can testify as well divers his notable works, pithy sermons, and sundry his disputations in both the universities, as also his very adversaries, all which will say no less themselves."]

Or God's gracious aid in extreme perils toward them that put their trust in him, all Scripture is full, both old and new. What dangers were the patriarchs often brought into, as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, but of all other Joseph; and how mercifully were they delivered again! In what perils was Moses when he was fain to fly for the safeguard of his life! And when was he sent again to deliver the Israelites from the servile bondage? Not before they were brought into extreme misery. And when did the Lord mightily deliver his people from Pharaoh's sword? Not before they were brought in such straits, that they were so compassed on every side (the main sea on the one side, and the main host on the other), that they could look for none other, (yea, what did they else indeed look for then?) but either to have been drowned in the sea, or else to have fallen on the edge of Pharaoh his* sword. Those judges which wrought most wonderful things in the delivery of the people, were ever given when the people were brought to most misery before, as Othniel, Aioth,† Sangar, Gedeon, Jephtha, Samson. And so was Saul endued with strength and boldness from above, against the Ammonites, Philistines, and Amalechites, for the defence of the people of God. David likewise felt God's help most sensibly ever in his extreme persecutions. What shall I speak of the Prophets of God, whom God suffered so oft to be brought into extreme perils, and so mightily delivered them again; as Elias, Hieremy, Daniel, Micheas, and Jonas, and many other, whom it were but too long to rehearse and set out at large? And did the Lord use his servants otherwise in the new law after Christ's incarnation? Read the Acts of the Apostles, and you shall see, no. Were not the Apostles cast into prison, and brought out by the mighty hand of God? Did not the angel deliver Peter out of the strong prison, and bring him out by the iron gates of the city, and set him free? And when, I pray you? Even the same night before Herod appointed to have brought him in judgment for to have slain him, as he had a little before killed James, the brother of John. Paul and Silas, when after they had been sore scourged, and were put into the inner prison, and there were laid fast in the stocks; I pray you, what appearance was there that the magistrates should be glad to come the next day them-

* The old form of the possessive case.

† Ehad.

selves to them, to desire them to be content, and to depart in peace? Who provided for Paul, that he should be safely conducted out of all danger, and brought to Felix, the Emperor's deputy, whenas both the high priests, the pharisees, and rulers of the Jews had conspired to require judgment of death against him, he being fast in prison, and also more than forty men had sworn each one to other, that they would never eat nor drink until they had slain Paul! A thing wonderful, that no reason could have invented, or man could have looked for: God provided Paul his own sister's son, a young man, that disappointed that conspiracy and all their former conjuration. The manner how the thing came to pass, thou mayest read in the twenty-third of the Acts; I will not be tedious unto thee here with the rehearsal thereof.

Now, to descend from the Apostles to the martyrs that followed next in Christ's church, and in them likewise to declare how gracious our good God ever hath been to work wonderfully with them which in his cause have been in extreme perils, it were a matter enough to write a long book. I will here name but one man and one woman, that is, Athanasius,* the great clerk and godly man, stoutly standing in Christ's cause against the Arians; and that holy woman, Blandina, standing so constantly in all extreme pains, in the simple confession of Christ. If thou wilt have examples of more, look and thou shalt have both these and a hundred more in *Ecclesiastica Historia* of Eusebius,† and in *Tripartita Historia*.‡

But for all these examples, both of holy Scripture and of other histories, I fear me the weak man of God, encumbered with the frailty and infirmity of the flesh, will have now and then such thoughts and qualms (as they call them) to run over his heart, and to think thus: "All these things which are rehearsed out of the Scripture, I believe to be true, and of the rest truly I do think well, and can believe them also to be true: but all these we must needs grant were special miracles of God, which now in our days are ceased, we see, and to require them at God's hands, were it not to tempt God?"

Well-beloved brother, I grant such were great wonderful works of God, and we have not seen many of such miracles in our time, either for that our sight is not clear (for truly God worketh with his his part in all times), or else because we have not the like faith of them for whose cause God wrought such things, or because, after that he had set forth the truth of his doctrine by such miracles then sufficiently, the time of so many miracles to be done was expired withal. Which of these is the most special cause of all other, or whether there be any other, God knoweth; I leave that to God. But know thou this, my

* Lib. v. Cap. l.

† Lib. iv. v. vi. ix.

‡ Trip. Lib. v.

well-beloved in God, that God's hand is as strong as ever it was; he may do what his gracious pleasure is, and he is as good and gracious as ever he was. Man changeth as the garment doth; but God, our heavenly Father, is even the same now that he was, and shall be for evermore.

The world without doubt (this I do believe, and therefore I say) draweth towards an end, and in all ages God hath had his own manner, after his secret and unsearchable wisdom, to use his elect; sometimes to deliver them, and to keep them safe; and sometimes to suffer them to drink of Christ's cup, that is, to feel the smart, and to feel of the whip. And though the flesh smarteth at the one, and feeleth ease in the other, is glad of the one, and sore vexed in the other; yet the Lord is all one towards them in both, and loveth them no less when he suffereth them to be beaten, yea, and to be put to bodily death, than when he worketh wonders for their marvellous delivery. Nay, rather he doth more for them, when in anguish of the torments he standeth by them, and strengtheneth them in their faith, to suffer in the confession of the truth and his faith the bitter pangs of death, than when he openeth the prison-doors and letteth them go loose: for here he doth but respite them to another time, and leaveth them in danger to fall in like peril again; and there he maketh them perfect, to be without danger, pain, or peril, after that for evermore: but this his love towards them, howsoever the world doth judge of it, is all one, both when he delivereth and when he suffereth them to be put to death. He loved as well Peter and Paul, when (after they had, according to his blessed will, pleasure, and providence, finished their courses, and done their services appointed them by him here in preaching of his Gospel) the one was beheaded, and the other was hanged or crucified of the cruel tyrant Nero (as the ecclesiastical history saith), as when he sent the angel to bring Peter out of prison, and for Paul's delivery he made all the doors of the prison to fly wide open, and the foundation of the same like an earthquake to tremble and shake.

Thinkest thou, O man of God, that Christ our Saviour had less affection to the first martyr, Stephen, because he suffered his enemies, even at the first conflict, to stone him to death? No, surely: nor James, John's brother, which was one of the three that Paul calleth primates or principals amongst the Apostles of Christ. He loved him never a whit the worse than he did the other, although he suffered Herod the tyrant's sword to cut off his head. Nay, doth not Daniel say,* speaking of the cruelty of Antichrist his time: "And the learned (he meaneth truly learned in God's law) shall teach many, and shall

* Daniel xi.

fall upon the sword, and in the flame (that is, shall be burnt in the flaming fire), and in captivity (that is, shall be in prison), and be spoiled and robbed of their goods for a long season." And after a little, in the same place of Daniel, it followeth: "And of the learned there be, which shall fall or be overthrown, that they may be known, tried, chosen, and made white"—he meaneth be burnished and scoured anew, picked and chosen, and made fresh and lusty. If that then was foreseen for to be done to the godly learned, and for so gracious causes, let every one to whom any such thing by the will of God doth chance be merry in God and rejoice, for it is to God's glory and to his own everlasting wealth. Wherefore well is he that ever he was born, for whom thus graciously God hath provided, having grace of God, and strength of the Holy Ghost, to stand steadfastly in the height of the storm. Happy is he that ever he was born, whom God, his heavenly Father, hath vouchsafed to appoint to glorify him, and to edify his church, by the effusion of his blood.

To die in Christ's cause is an high honour, to the which no man certainly shall or can aspire, but to whom God vouchsafeth that dignity; for no man is allowed to presume for to take unto himself any office of honour, but he which is thereunto called of God. Therefore John saith well, speaking of them which have obtained the victory by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of his testimony, that they loved not their lives even unto death.—*A Piteous Lamentation of the Miserable Estate of the Church in England, in the Time of the Late Revolt from the Gospel.* 1566.

225.—ON QUACK DOCTORS.*

[GOLDSMITH, 1728—1774.]

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH, son of a clergyman, born at Pallas, in Longford, Ireland, Nov. 10, 1728, entered Trinity College, Dublin, June 11, 1745, and took his degree Feb. 27, 1749. He went to Edinburgh to study medicine in 1752, proceeded to Leyden in 1754, and having remained there a year, set out on a tour through Europe, in which he suffered many privations. Indeed, he is supposed to refer to his own experience in the "Vicar of Wakefield": "Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that provided me not "only a lodging, but sustenance for the next day." After wandering for some time he reached Padua, from which place he returned to England in Feb. 1756, on receiving news of the death of his uncle and benefactor, the Rev. Thomas Contarine. Having served as an usher in a school and an apothecary's assistant, he endeavoured to qualify himself as a physician, and at length became a writer for the booksellers. His chief works are "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," which appeared in April, 1759; "The Traveller," in 1764; "The Vicar of Wakefield," for which, through the intervention of Dr. Johnson, he obtained 60*l.*, in

* This Essay appeared in "The Citizen of the World," Letters xxiv. and lxxviii.

1766; and "The Good Natured Man," produced in 1767. He published "The Deserted Village" and became Professor of Ancient History at the Royal Academy in 1770; wrote "She Stoops to Conquer," performed at Covent Garden in 1773, and "History of the Earth and Animated Nature" in 1774. He contributed to various periodicals, and wrote several essays, and the celebrated "Chinese Letters," published in *The Public Ledger*, and republished as "The Citizen of the World; or, Letters from a Chinese Philosopher residing in London to his Friend in the East," in 1762. His improvidence, love of gambling, and indolent habits involved him in continual trouble. Dr. Johnson remained his firm friend till his death, which occurred April 4, 1774. Several collected editions of his works have been published. A biography, by Bishop Percy, appeared in 1774, another by Prior in 1837, another by Forster in 1848.]

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which our advertising doctors are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation; but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty: be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hindrance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only, in general, give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? Or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick; only sick did I say? There are some who even think proper to die! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die; though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner.

I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art; with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those

that come from abroad! Like a skilful gardener she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes root as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries, the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! This is being a mere jack of all trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a brass pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes; they have their sciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bugbites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with an account of one or two of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Doctor Richard Rock. This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig nicely combed and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never; it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat, but so it is, a hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you."

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Doctor Timothy Franks, living in the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years, three months, and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity; I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance,

which carries him gently through life ; for, except Doctor Rock, none are more blessed with the advantage of face than Doctor Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it.—Let the foibles of the great rest in peace.—Yet I must impart the whole.—These two great men are actually now at variance ; like mere men, mere common mortals. Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks ; Franks retorts the wit and the sarcasm, by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick. He calls the serious Doctor Rock, Dumpling Dick ! What profanation ! Dumpling Dick ! What a pity that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous ! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in ; men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them ; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.—*On Quack Doctors.* Essay xx.

226.—THE INFURIATED CATS. *

BROOKE, 1706—1783.

[HENRY BROOKE, son of a clergyman, born in Cavan, Ireland, in 1706, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He went to London in 1724 to study law, made the acquaintance of Swift and Pope, and other distinguished men, and published his first effusion, "Universal Beauty: a Philosophical Poem, in Six Books," in 1735 and 1736. This was followed by several tragedies, "Gustavus Vasa" in 1739, and "The Earl of Essex" in 1749, being the best known, and a novel, "The Fool of Quality," in 1766. This novel was very popular at the time, and was much admired by the Rev. J. Wesley. A new edition, with preface by Rev. C. Kingsley, appeared in 1859. Brooke, who obtained the post of Barrack-Master in Ireland, died Oct. 10, 1783.]

THERE was a villager in Hampstead, about ten years of age, who had conceived an uncommon kindness for Ned, on account of his sprightliness, his wit, and good humour. To this condoling friend he had imparted his grievances, and on him alone he depended for execution of the project proposed for redress.*

On a certain moonless night they mustered four tame cats, and having bound some feuze round three or four inches of the extremity of each of their tails, they lodged them together in a bag ; and somewhat after supper-time, when all the town was silent, they marched

* For playing a trick upon Mr. Snarle, Ned had received chastisement both from Mr. Snarle and Mr. Fenton.

softly and cautiously to the house of Mr. Snarle. There Ned's friend, with his knife, dexterously picked away the putty from a pane of the window of a side chamber, where no light appeared; and having put fire to the feuze of each tail successively, they slipped their cats, one by one, in at the window; and again having pegged the pane into its place, they withdrew to a little distance to watch the issue.

The poor cats remained silent, and universally inoffensive, while they felt no damage. But as soon as the fire had seized on their tails, they began to speak to you in a language wholly peculiar, as one would think, to sentiments and sounds of diabolical intention.

Mr. and Mrs. Snarle had been jangling over the fire in an opposite parlour, when their dispute was suddenly settled by this outcry, as they imagined, of a legion of infernals. They instantly started up, and cast a countenance of pale and contagious panic at each other. But George the footman, a strong and bold fellow, having just before entered on some business to his master, turned and run to the chamber from whence the peal came. He threw open the door with his wonted intrepidity; but this was as far as mortal courage could go: for the cats spying a passage whereby, as they conceived, they might fly from their pain, rushed suddenly and jointly on the face and breast of George, and back he fell, with a cry of terror and desperation. On, however, went the cats, and flying into the parlour, one fastened a claw in each cheek of Mr. Snarle; and, as his lady screamed out and clapt her hands before her face, another fastened with four fangs on her best Brussels head, and rent and tore away after a lamentable manner.

The chamber-maid and cook hearing the uproar from the kitchen, were afraid to ascend, and still more afraid to stay below alone; they therefore crept softly and trembling upstairs. The torture the cats were in did not permit them to be attached to any single object. They had quitted Mr. and Mrs. Snarle, and now flew about the parlour, smashing, dashing, and overturning piers, glasses, and china, and whatever came in their way, as though it had been the very palace of Pandæmonium itself.

George was again on his legs; his master and mistress had eloped from the parlour, and met the two maids in the middle of the entry. They concluded, *nemine con.* to get as speedily as they might from the ministers of darkness, and would willingly have escaped by the street-door; but, alas! this was not possible; one of the devils guarded the pass, and clinging to the great lock with all his talons, growled and yelled in the dialect of twenty infuriated cats. The stairs however remained open, and up they would have rushed, but were so enfeebled by their fright, that it could not be done in the way of a race.

As they mounted by the help of the walls and the banisters, says Mrs. Snarle to her mate, in a languid and soft voice, "My dear and my jewel, 'tis all along of you that I am thus haunted; your old friend, I find, makes no distinction of persons: and when he comes to take you home, as come he will, 'tis twenty to one but he takes me for company." "Indeed, my angel," cries Mr. Snarle, in a tone of like complacency, "I should much rather he would be pleased to take me single wherever it may be his good pleasure to carry me; for I know of nothing that I have done so heinous neither, to have one damnation heaped on the top of the other."

Having scaled as far as the dining-room, they all entered and bolted the door; and Mr. Snarle, opening a window, saw a large posse of neighbours who had gathered below. "What is the matter, Sir?" cried one of them; "what is the meaning of this horrible uproar and din? one would think that hell was empty, and that all its inhabitants were come to keep carnival in your house."

"O, a ladder! a ladder," cries Mr. Snarle; "deliver us, good people, good Christian people! a ladder, we beseech ye, a ladder, a ladder!" "That indeed," cries a wag, "is the last good turn an honest fellow has occasion for."

The ladder was soon brought, and this panic-stricken family were helped down, and charitably conducted to the great inn of St. George and the Dragon; where, with the help of sack-whey, warm-beds, and their remaining terrors, they got a hearty sweat, and were somewhat composed by ten o'clock next morning. They then got up, and having breakfasted on a pot of milled chocolate, they hurried to London, without adventuring to send to the haunted mansion for any change of clothes or linen; for they would rather have put on garments that had been dipped in the blood of Nessus, than have touched anything in a house of which, with the furniture, plate, bedding, and other appurtenances, the devil, as they conceived, had taken legal and full possession.

In truth, there was scarce an inhabitant of the whole town of Hampstead who differed in opinion on this head; insomuch that, as day after day began gradually to shut in, all people who had occasion to pass by the dwelling of the late ejected Mr. Snarle kept more and more aloof to the opposite side of the way, in proportion as their apprehensions increased with the darkness. And all things in the house remained as safe from depredation as though they had been guarded by a regiment of dragoons.

Imaginary howlings were heard by the whole neighbourhood, and still continued to issue from thence night by night; and it was as firmly believed, as it was currently reported, that while Mr. Snarle

made his escape through the window, Satan clawed off a collop from his posteriors, in earnest of his carcase in remainder on a future day.

The cats, in the meantime, lived plentifully and at free cost on the cold meats which they found in the kitchen and larder; and, as the anguish of their tails was now no more remembered, they kept undisturbed possession of their new acquisition; so that during their residence not even a mouse was stirring.—*The Fool of Quality; or, the History of Henry Earl of Moreland.* Chap. x.

227.—THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[SIR F. PALGRAVE, 1788—1861.

[FRANCIS PALGRAVE, of Jewish extraction, son of Meyer Cohen, born in London, July, 1788, was educated in private, Dr. Montucci for some time directing his studies. In 1803 he was articled to a legal firm, in 1822 was employed by the Record Commission, and in 1827 was called to the bar. On his marriage in 1823 he changed his name from Cohen to Palgrave, the maiden name of his wife's mother. At an early age he showed extraordinary ability, and speedily achieved a reputation for his researches and writings as an antiquarian. He contributed a "History of England" to the "Family Library" published in 1831. His "History of the Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth during the Anglo-Saxon Period," appeared in 1832; the first volume of "The History of Normandy and of England" in 1851, and the second volume in 1857. The third and fourth volumes were published after his death in 1864. Sir Francis Palgrave, who was knighted in 1832, and was appointed deputy-keeper of her Majesty's Records in 1838, contributed to the quarterly reviews, and wrote numerous works in addition to those already noticed, and amongst others, "Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages: the Merchant and the Friar," published in 1837. His labours at the Record Office were most valuable, and he edited several volumes issued by the Record Commission. Sir Francis Palgrave died at Hampstead, July 6, 1861.]

As the Normans were marshalled in three divisions, so they began the battle by simultaneous attacks upon three points of the English forces. Immediately before the Duke, rode Taillefer, the Minstrel, singing, with a loud and clear voice, the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the emprises of the Paladins who had fallen in the dolorous pass of *Roncevaux*. Taillefer, as his guerdon, had craved permission to strike the first blow, for he was a valiant warrior, emulating the deeds which he sung: his appellation, "*Taille-fer*," is probably to be considered not as his real name, but as an epithet derived from his strength and prowess; and he fully justified his demand, by transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked, and by felling the second to the ground. The battle now became general, and raged with the greatest fury. The Normans advanced beyond the English lines, but they were driven back, and forced into a trench, where horses and riders fell upon each other in fearful confusion. More

Normans were slain here, than in any other part of the field. The alarm spread; the light troops left in charge of the baggage and the stores thought that all was lost, and were about to take flight, but the fierce Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Duke's half-brother, and who was better fitted for the shield than for the mitre, succeeded in reassuring them, and then, returning to the field, and rushing into that part where the battle was hottest, he fought as the stoutest of the warriors engaged in the conflict, directing their movements and inciting them to slaughter.

From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, the successes on either side were nearly balanced. The charges of the Norman cavalry gave them great advantage, but the English phalanx repelled their enemies; and the soldiers were so well protected by their targets, that the artillery of the Normans was long discharged in vain. The bowmen, seeing that they had failed to make any impression, altered the direction of their shafts, and, instead of shooting point-blank, the flights of arrows were directed upwards, so that the points came down upon the heads of the men of England, and the iron shower fell with murderous effect. The English ranks were exceedingly distressed by the volleys, yet they still stood firm; and the Normans now employed a stratagem to decoy their opponents out of their entrenchments. A feigned retreat on their part, induced the English to pursue them with great heat. The Normans suddenly wheeled about, and a new and fiercer battle was urged. The field was covered with separate bands of foemen, each engaged with one another. Here, the English yielded—there, they conquered. One English Thane, armed with a battleaxe, spread dismay amongst the Frenchmen. He was cut down by Roger de Montgomery. The Normans have preserved the name of the Norman baron, but that of the Englishman is lost in oblivion. Some other English Thanes are also praised, as having singly, and by their personal prowess, delayed the ruin of their countrymen and country.

At one period of the battle, the Normans were nearly routed. The cry was raised, that the Duke was slain, and they began to fly in every direction. William threw off his helmet, and galloping through the squadrons, rallied his barons, though not without great difficulty. Harold, on his part, used every possible exertion, and was distinguished as the most active and bravest amongst the soldiers in the host which he led on to destruction. A Norman arrow wounded him in the left eye; he dropped from his steed in agony, and was borne to the foot of the standard. The English began to give way, or, rather, to retreat to the standard as their rallying point. The Normans encircled them, and fought desperately to reach this goal. Robert Fitz Ernest

had almost seized the banner, but he was killed in the attempt. William led his troops on, with the intention, it is said, of measuring his sword with Harold. He did encounter an English horseman, from whom he received such a stroke upon his helmet that he was nearly brought to the ground. The Normans flew to the aid of their sovereign, and the bold Englishman was pierced by their lances. About the same time, the tide of battle took a momentary turn. The Kentish men and East Saxons rallied, and repelled the Norman barons; but Harold was not amongst them; and William led on his troops with desperate intrepidity. In the thick crowd of the assailants and the assailed, the hoofs of the horses were plunged deep into the gore of the dead, and the dying. Gurth was at the foot of the standard, without hope, but without fear—he fell by the falchion of William.—The English banner was cast down, and the Gonfanon planted in its place, announced that William of Normandy was the Conqueror.—

It was now late in the evening. The English troops were entirely broken, yet no Englishman would surrender. The conflict continued in many parts of the bloody field, long after dark. The fugitives spread themselves over the adjoining country, then covered with wood and forest. Wherever the English could make a stand, they resisted; and the Normans confess that the great preponderance of their force, alone enabled them to obtain the victory.—*The History of Normandy and of England*. Vol. III. Chap. vi. §§ 12, 13.

228.—VALLOMBROSA.

[FORSYTH, 1763—1815.]

[JOSEPH FORSYTH, son of a merchant, born at Elgin, Feb. 18, 1763, was educated at the grammar-school in his native place, and the University of Aberdeen. He repaired to London, and for many years conducted a school at Newington Butts, from which he was compelled to retire on account of ill-health. At the conclusion of the peace of Amiens he went to Italy, and on the breaking out of war was taken prisoner at Turin, May 25, 1803, nor was he released till the peace in 1814, arriving in England in May of that year. Though he paid three visits to Scotland, his time was spent chiefly amongst his books, and at the reading room of the British Museum, and he died in London, Sept. 20, 1815. With the hope of inducing Napoleon to liberate him on account of his literary labours, he collected his notes on his tour in Italy, and had them published in 1813 in England, under the title, "Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy, in the years 1802 and 1803."] *

THIS grand solitude, which was first called Acqua Bella from the beauty of its stream, takes its present name from a valley; but the abbey itself stands in an amphitheatre of hills; an amphitheatre so accurately

described by Milton that, I am confident, the picture in his mind was only a recollection of Vallombrosa :

—Which crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over-head up grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
A sylvan scene: and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

The intermediate approaches to the abbey are planted in the open parkish style, and finely contrast with the black girdle of forest round it. The abbey is a large, loose pile of various construction, and regular only in one front. Why is no convent to be found absolutely regular? Surely one quadrangle might be made sufficient for all the wants of a few monks. Allot three sides to their cells, the fourth to the general offices, refectory, library, &c., and insulate the church in the middle of the court; then would the result be cloisteral, connected, uniform; Religion surrounded with her votaries; the tabernacle in the bosom of the camp.

Being introduced by a letter to the abbot, and accompanied by the brother of two Vallombrosans, I met here a very kind reception. Those amiable men seem to study hospitality as a profession. People of all ranks and religions are equally welcome, and entertained without either officiousness or neglect. Though the monks then resident were but fourteen in number, their *famiglia*, including novices, lay-brethren, menials, and workmen, exceeded a hundred. In summer the *Foresteria* of the abbey is usually full of strangers, and during the winter half-year all the indigent neighbours flock hither for their daily loaf.

Such indiscriminate hospitality is, however, but the virtue of barbarous society. Baneful to industry and independence, it feeds poor men, but it keeps them poor; it gives them a lodging, but it weans them from home. Not that I grudge this rich community the means of being so bountiful; I rather grudge it the youth, the talents, and the active powers which the Institution entombs: I grudge it the very virtues of the men whom I found here. Those virtues tend only to palliate its defects, and correct its general influence by the good which they do in detail.

These excellent men bring economy to the aid of beneficence. While they give bread to hundreds, to themselves they allow but the modest stipend of eighteen crowns a year: yet the revenues of the abbey are about 40,000 crowns. Its *fattorias* are palaces, its farms

are highly cultivated, and its tenantry wealthy; while the Institution, by maintaining the same unalterable plan, and training all its members to the same habits, secures itself from the misgovernment which a private inheritance is occasionally exposed to. The private gentleman, perhaps, spends his income more profitably to the public revenue. His rents do not return so directly as the monk's into the mass of the people, which is the ultimate destination of all property; but they return through more taxable channels, through cellars and shops.

Here is a museum containing some curious objects connected with the place; an astonishing variety of mushrooms all natives of Vallombrosa, painted by Don Tozzi, and two elephants' skulls, which were dug up in these mountains, and are referred by some to the passage of Annibal, by others to the same causes that have lodged such fossils in many parts of Europe. I remarked several immense port-folios, in which they pretend that a monk has collected every Madonna yet engraved since the origin of the art. Such are the collections on which the misers and little minds of a convent turn the accumulating passion, when debarred from money. Here, too, are preserved all the pastoral staves that the abbots have borne since Gualberti founded the order. The first, a plain black stick, had its head formed like a T; the next head resembled an adze; the next an adze without its pole; and the rest in succession bent gradually into a crozier. In the same crooked manner did the abbots themselves, from subsisting on the charity of a few nuns, creep into territory, lordship, and jurisdiction.

On one of the cliffs is a monastery in miniature, called the Paradisino, which commands a distant view of Florence, the vale, and the sea. The rooms are covered with a multitude of wretched engravings, which we were obliged to praise, as their reverend collector was our guide. The chapel contains some pictures of Del Sarto, and among these a beautiful accident of art. Andrea, having four large saints to paint on the altarpiece, was embarrassed by a panel which divided them into pairs. To cover this defect he carelessly rubbed two cherubs on the board, and was surprised to find these children of chance far more admirable than their principals.

It was here that Don Hugford, a monk of English extraction, revived the art of *Scagliuola*. This art had been confined to the imitation of inanimate objects, until his improvements gave it the *chiaroscuro* necessary to landscape and the human figure. I remarked at Vallombrosa that all Hugford's pictures are cracked in the outlines, and, on my return to Florence, I mentioned this defect to Stoppioni, who is Hugford's descendant in the art. Stoppioni imputed it to an improper oil used in the first method; as no such flaws appear in his own works, or in those of his master Gori.

Scagliuola, though its materials be different, seems to bear in its effects some analogy to the ancient Encaustic. It resists the action of the air, it gives solidity to colour, and the selenite, though inserted like mosaic, is not so subject to dissolution. Of the ancient Encaustic no remains have escaped: the art itself is lost. Reiffestein, Quatremère, Requeno, and some other Spaniards, have lately attempted its recovery; but, like Count Caylus and Bachelier, they give us a multitude of methods for want of the one sought.—*Remarks on Antiquities, Arts, and Letters during an Excursion in Italy, in the Years 1802-3.* pp. 79-84.

229.—EMIGRATION.

[REV. S. SMITH, 1771—1845:

[SYDNEY SMITH, born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771, received his education at Winchester School and New College, Oxford, and having taken orders became curate of Amesbury, Wiltshire. He soon after went to Edinburgh, where he remained five years, and was one of the promoters of the "Edinburgh Review," which appeared in Oct., 1802. He took up his residence in London in 1803, and having held several preferments in the Church, was appointed one of the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's in 1831. His chief works are "Six Sermons," published at Edinburgh in 1800; "Peter Plymley's Letters" in 1807; "Sermons" in 1809; various letters, political pamphlets, and sermons. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" were collected and, with other writings, republished in 1839. He died Feb. 22, 1845, and a memoir by his daughter appeared in 1855.]

As for Emigration, every man, of course, must determine for himself. A carpenter under 30 years of age, who finds himself at Cincinnati with an axe over his shoulder, and ten pounds in his pocket, will get rich in America, if the change of climate does not kill him. So will a farmer who emigrates early with some capital. But any person with tolerable prosperity here had better remain where he is. There are considerable evils, no doubt, in England: but it would be madness not to admit, that it is, upon the whole, a very happy country,—and we are much mistaken if the next 20 years will not bring with it a great deal of internal improvement. The country has long been groaning under the evils of the greatest foreign war we were ever engaged in; and we are just beginning to look again into our home affairs. Political economy has made an astonishing progress since they were last investigated; and every session of Parliament brushes off some of the cobwebs and dust of our ancestors. The Apprentice Laws have been swept away; the absurd nonsense of the Usury Laws will probably soon follow; Public Education and Saving Banks have been the invention of these last ten years; and the strong fortress of Bigotry has been rudely assailed. Then, with all its defects, we have

a Parliament of inestimable value. If there be a place in any country where 500 well educated men can meet together and talk with impunity of public affairs, and if what they say is published, that country must improve. It is not pleasant to emigrate into a country of changes and revolution, the size and integrity of whose empire no man can predict.

The Americans are a very sensible, reflecting people, and have conducted their affairs extremely well; but it is scarcely possible to conceive that such an empire should very long remain undivided, or that the dwellers on the Columbia should have common interest with the navigators of the Hudson and the Delaware.

England is, to be sure, a very expensive country; but a million of millions has been expended in making it habitable and comfortable; and this is a constant source of revenue, or, what is the same thing, a constant diminution of expense to every man living in it. The price an Englishman pays for a turnpike road is not equal to the tenth part of what the delay would cost him without a turnpike. The New River Company brings water to every inhabitant of London at an infinitely less price than he could dip for it out of the Thames. No country, in fact, is so expensive as one which human beings are just beginning to inhabit;—where there are no roads, no bridges, no skill, no help, no combination of powers, and no force of capital.

How, too, can any man take upon himself to say, that he is so indifferent to his country that he will not begin to love it intensely, when he is 5000 or 6000 miles from it? And what a dreadful disease Nostalgia must be on the banks of the Missouri! Severe and painful poverty will drive us all anywhere: but a wise man should be quite sure he has so irresistible a plea, before he ventures on the Great or the Little Wabash. He should be quite sure that he does not go there from ill-temper—or to be pitied—or to be regretted—or from ignorance of what is to happen to him—or because he is a poet—but because he has not enough to eat here, and is sure of abundance where he is going.—*America.* *Edinburgh Review*, 1818.

230.—THE BENEVOLENT MISER.

[REV. G. CRABBE, 1754—1832.

[GEORGE CRABBE, born at Aldborough, Suffolk, Dec. 24, 1754, was apprenticed to a surgeon in 1768, but having literary tastes, quitted the profession and repaired to London in 1780. Having suffered great privations, he applied to Edmund Burke, through whose introduction Dodsley was induced to publish "The Library," in 1781. Edmund Burke took great interest in the young poet, and invited him to reside at Beaconsfield. By his advice he was ordained in 1782, and he was appointed chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and went, in 1783, to reside at Belvoir Castle,

which he left in 1785, to reside at a living given him by Lord Thurlow. His poem, "The Newspaper," appeared in 1785; "The Parish Register," in 1807; "The Borough," in 1810; and his "Tales of the Hall," in 1819. The later years of his life were spent at Trowbridge, of which he was rector, and here he died, Feb. 3, 1832. Jeffrey, who calls him "the satirist of low life," remarks, "Mr. Crabbe is distinguished from all other poets, both by the choice of his subjects, and by his manner of treating them. All his persons are taken from the lower ranks of life; and all his scenery from the most ordinary and familiar objects of nature and art . . . By the mere force of his art, and the novelty of his style, he compels us to attend to objects that are usually neglected, and to enter into feelings from which we are, in general, but too eager to escape; and then trusts to nature for the effect of the representation."]

LEAVE now our streets, and in yon plain behold
Those pleasant Seats for the reduced and old;
A merchant's gift, whose wife and children died,
When he to saving all his powers applied;
He wore his coat till bare was every thread,
And with the meanest fare his body fed.
He had a female cousin, who with care
Walk'd in his steps, and learn'd of him to spare;
With emulation and success they strove,
Improving still, still seeking to improve,
As if that useful knowledge they would gain—
How little food would human life sustain:
No pauper came their table's crumbs to crave;
Scraping they lived, but not a scrap they gave:
When beggars saw the frugal Merchant pass,
It moved their pity, and they said, "Alas!
"Hard is thy fate, my brother," and they felt
A beggar's pride as they that pity dealt.
The dogs, who learn of man to scorn the poor,
Bark'd him away from every decent door;
While they who saw him bare, but thought him rich,
To show respect or scorn, they knew not which.

But while our Merchant seem'd so base and mean,
He had his wanderings, sometimes, "not unseen;"
To give in secret was a favourite act,
Yet more than once they took him in the fact:
To scenes of various woe he nightly went,
And serious sums in healing misery spent;
Oft has he cheer'd the wretched, at a rate
For which he daily might have dined on plate;
He has been seen—his hair all silver-white,
Shaking and shining—as he stole by night,
To feed unenvied on his still delight.

A twofold taste he had ; to give and spare,
Both were his duties, and had equal care ;
It was his joy, to sit alone and fast,
Then send a widow and her boys repast :
Tears in his eyes would, spite of him, appear,
But he from other eyes has kept the tear :
All in a wint'ry night from far he came,
To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame ;
Whose husband robb'd him, and to whom he meant
A long ring, but reforming punishment :
Home then he walk'd, and found his anger rise,
When fire and rushlight met his troubled eyes ;
But these extinguish'd, and his prayer address'd
To Heaven in hope, he calmly sank to rest.

His seventieth year was pass'd, and then was seen
A building rising on the northern green ;
There was no blinding all his neighbours' eyes,
Or surely no one would have seen it rise :
Twelve rooms contiguous stood, and six were near,
There men were placed, and sober matrons here ;
There were behind small useful gardens made,
Benches before, and trees to give them shade ;
In the first room were seen, above, below,
Some marks of taste, a few attempts at show ;
The founder's picture and his arms were there
(Not till he left us), and an elbow'd chair ;
There, 'mid these signs of his superior place,
Sat the mild ruler of this humble race.

Within the row are men who strove in vain,
Through years of trouble, wealth and ease to gain ;
Less must they have than an appointed sum,
And freemen been, or hither must not come ;
They should be decent, and command respect
(Though needing fortune), whom these doors protect,
And should for thirty dismal years have tried
For peace unfelt and competence denied.

Strange ! that o'er men thus train'd in sorrow's school,
Power must be held, and they must live by rule ;
Infirm, corrected by misfortunes, old,
Their habits settled and their passions cold ;
Of health, wealth, power, and worldly cares bereft,
Still must they not at liberty be left ;

There must be one to rule them, to restrain
And guide the movements of his erring train.

If then control imperious, check severe,
Be needed where such reverend men appear;
To what would youth, without such checks, aspire,
Free the wild wish, uncurb'd the strong desire?
And where (in college or in camp) they found
The heart ungovern'd and the hand unbound?

His house endow'd, the generous man resign'd
All power to rule, nay power of choice declined;
He and the female saint survived to view
Their work complete, and bade the world adieu!

—*The Borough*. Letter XIII. *The Alms-House and Trustees*.

231.—LONELINESS.

[REV. C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D. 1817.

[CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, son of a clergyman at Leicester, born about 1817, received his education at Rugby, and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow. Having performed parochial duty, he was appointed head master of Harrow in 1844. The school prospered greatly under his direction, and he resigned the head mastership in 1859. Dr. Vaughan, who had refused the offer of the bishopric of Peterborough, in 1860 was appointed Vicar of Doncaster, and in 1869 Master of the Temple. He has published several volumes of sermons and discourses, the best known being "Sermons in the Chapel of Harrow School," in 1847-53; "Nine Sermons Preached at Harrow," in 1849; "Personality of the Tempter, and other Sermons," in 1851; "Memorials of Harrow Sundays: a Selection of Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Harrow School," in 1860; "Lessons of Life and Godliness: a Selection of Sermons Preached in Doncaster Church," and "The Book and the Life: Four Sermons Preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1862," in 1862; "Lectures on the Revelation of St. John," in 1863; "Church of the First Days: Lectures on the Acts," in 1865; and "Characteristics of Christ's Teaching," in 1866.]

Loneliness. It has many senses, inward and outward.

1. There is, first, what I may call the loneliness of simple solitude. We who lead a very busy life, who know not what it is from early morning till late evening to have (as it is sometimes expressed) a moment that we can call our own, a moment in which we can feel that the load is really removed and that we are free to enjoy ourselves for enjoyment's sake, can scarcely perhaps enter into the thought of the oppressiveness of solitude. To us it is a luxury to be alone: silence, much more, repose, is health to us and revival; and these things are associated in our mind with solitude. So different is it to look upon solitude from a life of business and intermixture with the world, and to look

upon it from within the four walls of a sick-room or a prison. Solitude which is first voluntary, and secondly occasional, is but half solitude. Solitude which we fly to as a rest, and can exchange at will for society which we love, is a widely different thing from that solitude which is either the consequence of bereavement or the punishment of crime ; that solitude from which we cannot escape, and which perhaps is associated with bitter or remorseful recollections. From such solitude a merciful Providence has as yet kept you. And yet even you may have known something of a compulsory solitude. Now and then an illness severer than usual has confined you in these days of youth to a sick-room, where you have been almost as much cut off from the companions of school as from the tenderer solaces of a loving home. At such times have you not felt a heavy demand made upon your cheerfulness and contentment ? Have you not found disagreeable reflections and painful (even if imaginary) forebodings more powerful with you than visions of hope, than thoughts of thankfulness ? At all events, a little later in life, you will know these things well. When, for example, a young man first finds himself established as the master of a dwelling which is all his own ; his lodgings, it may be, his chambers, or even his college-rooms ; amidst some feelings of agreeable independence, and of freedom from intrusion or disturbance, there are times when he cannot suppress a sense of isolation and desolateness, and would give the world to be again as he once was, the object of care, of thought, and affection, to others around and above him. How strong in after years is the memory of such marked feelings of loneliness ! How do we continue to associate them, as freshly as at the moment of their occurrence, with the sounds and images of the time and place ; the hour of the day or evening, the ringing of a bell or the monotonous movement of a clock, the aspect of an opposite house, or the dull rainy weather which seemed to be more than outward ! And if, according to the frequent changes of life in this generation, any one of you should ever be called upon to exchange his very country for a distant home ; if in the pursuit of fortune, or at the call of professional duty, he should be required to leave home and friends behind him, and go he knows not whither, to return he knows not when ; what a sense will he have of the meaning of the word now uttered, loneliness ; the loneliness, if not strictly of solitude, yet of separation, of severance, of isolation ! How will he find that there may be such a thing as solitude even amongst numbers ; a solitude made even more complete by the very presence of an unsympathizing crowd ! What a life-long recollection will he retain of that trying moment, when the last words have been spoken and the last farewell exchanged, when the removal of the gangway has finally separated between the going and the staying, the deck crowded with

the one and the shore with the other, and the ship itself has gathered up its wings for flight! What an impression will he have then of the religious trial of solitude; how it reveals to us, as in a moment, what manner of spirit we are of, whether we have any root, any vitality, in ourselves, or are only the creatures of society and of circumstance, found out at once and convicted by the application of the individual touchstone!

2. Again, there is the loneliness of sorrow. Is not loneliness the prominent feeling in all deep sorrow? Is it not the feeling of loneliness which gives its sting to bereavement, to the loss of friends? Not, of course, in those minor losses which, though we may feel them at the time, yet do not permanently affect our lives; but in bereavements which deserve the name, the loss (and more especially the early loss) of a sister or mother, in later life the loss of a wife or husband, is not the loneliness of heart consequent upon it the heaviest and bitterest part of the sorrow; is it not this which deprives all after joy of its chief zest, and reduces life itself to a colourless and level landscape?

3. Again, there is the loneliness of a sense of sin. Whatever duties may lie upon us towards other men, in our innermost relation to God we are and must be alone. And we may say what we will against the selfishness of some men's religion; against the habit, too much fostered doubtless by some, of scrutinizing every affection and feeling with a minuteness and an anxiety which at last becomes morbid and dangerous; but, after all, the foundations of every really Christian life are laid deep in the individual consciousness: a Christian hope is the result of transactions essentially secret between the soul and God; and the first of these is that awakening of a sense of sin which is the first office, as we believe, of the Holy Spirit in His mission to the individual as in His mission to the world. When the sense of sin is heavy upon us, how incapable is it of anything but solitude! A man trying to get rid of it rushes into society: many do thus get rid of it, but is it well with them? One who knows what it is will not desire to get rid of it. Even in its first anxieties and miseries he recognizes, however remotely and indistinctly, a prospect of good. Even then he would not part with it, cost him what it may, for all his former security and thoughtlessness. But he finds that, if he would not stifle the sense of sin, to his endless ruin, he must be tolerant of this inward loneliness; he must be careful how he talks of it to his best friend: in the very telling of his fears and self-reproaches lies a risk of dissipating the one and blunting the other: a mistaken kindness makes his friend palliate them, makes him try to heal the hurt slightly even while speaking of the true Physician: and besides, in the very telling there is a risk of evil, of conveying wrong impressions, of parading humility,

of saying things for the sake of having them denied, of substituting the sympathy of man for the confidence of God. No times are more truly miserable than those which follow upon such attempts to get rid of the loneliness within. God is our proper refuge at such times; but then He must be our one refuge: we must be content with Him: every hour, every few moments, really spent before Him under the pressure of the burden of our own sins, is a season of true and solid relief: it enables us to bear on, sometimes it makes us of a cheerful countenance, telling, without mistake and without peril, of the progress of the work within.

And if such be the loneliness of repentance, what must be the loneliness of remorse, which is repentance without God, without Christ, and therefore without hope; the sense of sin unconfessed and unfor-saken, only felt as a weight, a burden, and a danger! If repentance is loneliness, remorse is desolation. Repentance makes us lonely towards man; remorse makes us desolate towards God. That is indeed to be alone, when (to use the inspired figure) not only earth is iron, but also heaven brass. From such loneliness may God in His mercy save us all through His Son Jesus Christ.—*Memorials of Harrow Sundays. A Selection of Sermons preached in the Chapel of Harrow School.* Sermon XVII. Isaiah lxiii. 3. "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

232.—CHARACTERS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CLUB AT THE TRUMPET.

[SIR R. STEELE, 1671—1729.]

[RICHARD STEELE, born in Dublin in 1671, his father being secretary to the Duke of Ormond, was in 1692 sent to the Charter-house, where he had Addison for a schoolfellow. He proceeded to Merton College, Oxford, but did not take his degree. He enlisted in the Horse Guards, rose to the rank of captain, married a rich widow in 1704, was appointed Gazetteer in 1706, and Gentleman Usher to Prince George, and to the Stamp Office, in 1710. His first wife died soon after the marriage, and Sep. 9, 1707, he took a second, Mary Scurlock, of Welsh extraction. They seem to have lived extravagantly, which brought Steele to the verge of ruin. Taking part in the political contests of the time, he became involved in a controversy with Swift. He obtained a seat in Parliament, and falling under displeasure on account of his pamphlet, "The Crisis," he was expelled the House of Commons, but was restored to favour on the accession of Queen Anne, obtained an appointment in the Royal Household, was elected member for Boroughbridge, and was knighted. In 1717 he was nominated one of the commissioners of forfeited estates in Scotland; lost his second wife in 1718; and his health failing, retired into Wales, and died at Llangunnor, Sep. 21, 1729. His first work, "The Christian Hero," a religious book, appeared in 1701; the comedy of "The Funeral; or Grief à la Mode," in 1702; "The Tender Husband; or, the Accomplished Fools," in 1703; "The Lying Lover," in 1704; and the best of his comedies, "The Conscious Lovers," in 1722. His fame rests chiefly on his contributions to "The Tatler," which he established April 12, 1709; to "The

Spectator," commenced March 1, 1711; to "The Guardian," in 1713; and to other periodicals. Dr. Nathan Drake* remarks: "The acquisition of a popular relish for elegant literature, may be dated, indeed, from the period of the publication of 'The Tatler'; to the progress of this new-formed desire, the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian' gave fresh acceleration; nor has the impulse which was thus received for a moment ceased to spread and propagate its influence through every rank of British society. To these papers, in the department of polite letters, we may ascribe the following great and never-to-be-forgotten obligations. They, it may be affirmed, first pointed out, in a popular way, and with insinuating address, the best authors of classical antiquity and of modern times, and infused into the public mind an enthusiasm for their beauties; they, calling to their aid the colouring of humour and imagination, effectually detected the sources of bad writing, and exposed to never-dying ridicule the puerilities and meretricious decorations of false wit and bloated composition; they first rendered criticism familiar and pleasing to the general taste, and excited that curiosity, that acuteness and precision, which have since enabled so many classes of readers to enjoy, and to appreciate with judgment, the various productions of genius and learning."]

Halvo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potionis et cibi sustulit. TULL. de Sen.

I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation, in proportion as it has lessened my appetites of hunger and thirst.

Sheer-lane, February 10.

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep; it takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity, which is the condition of a thinking man, when he is but half awake. After this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the account, which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the *Trumpet*,† of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number: in which, however, we have

* Physician and author, born in 1766; died June 7, 1836. † A public-house in Shire-lane.

this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the afore-mentioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Geoffrey Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This our foreman is a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest, worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any actions in Europe worth talking of, since the fight of Marston-moor; and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices; for which he is in great esteem among us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at any thing that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a Benchet of the neighbouring Inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing-cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town-frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dullness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my own part, I am esteemed among them, because they see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behaviour, that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world: insomuch, that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the Philosopher; and Sir Geoffrey, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at *six o'clock in the evening* ; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three quarters after six : I found also, that my good friend the Bencher had already spent three of his distichs ; and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet where "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastic." At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir Geoffrey, to show his good will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality, to be obliged by those who endeavour to oblige me ; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly that in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds, and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of Edgell fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and upon all occasions winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out until about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humour of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own, it makes me very melancholy in company, when I hear a young man begin a story ; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by that time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age is, to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation, as may make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who

has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider, if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavour to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says,

“His tongue dropp’d manna.”

—*The Tatler*. No. 132. Saturday, Feb. 11, 1709-10.

233.—CLOVERNOOK AND ITS INN.

[D. JERROLD, 1803—1858.

[DOUGLAS JERROLD, born in London, Jan. 3, 1803, served a short time in the navy, was apprenticed to a printer, and first became known as the successful author of the drama “Black-Eyed Susan,” brought out in 1829, which was followed by “The Rent Day.” For a number of years he contributed to periodicals and newspapers, wrote some novels, and several pieces for the stage. He joined the staff of *Punch*, to which he contributed “Punch’s Letters to his Son,” “The Caudle Lectures,” &c., when it was established in 1841, and for many years edited *Lloyd’s Weekly Newspaper*. His most popular works are “Men of Character,” which appeared in “Blackwood” in 1838; “A Man made of Money,” in 1849; and “The Chronicles of Clovernook,” in 1846. “The Bubbles of a Day,” in 1842, and “Time Works Wonders,” produced in 1845, were his most successful comedies. His conversational powers and quickness of repartee were very great. Douglas Jerrold died at Reims, June 8, 1857. His son, William Blanchard Jerrold, published “Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold,” in 1859; and “Douglas Jerrold’s Wit and Humour,” 1862.]

We have yet no truthful map of England. No offence to the publishers; but the verity must be uttered. We have pored and pondered, and gone to our sheets with weak, winking eyes, having vainly searched, we cannot trust ourselves to say how many hundred maps of our beloved land, for the exact whereabouts of Clovernook. We cannot find it. More: we doubt—so imperfect are all the maps—if any man can drop his finger on the spot, can point to the blessed locality of that most blissful village. He could as easily show to us the hundred of Utopia; the glittering weathercocks of the New Atlantis.

And shall we be more communicative than the publishers? No; the secret shall be buried with us; we will hug it under our shroud.

We have heard of shrewd, short-speeched men who were the living caskets of some healing jewel; some restorative recipe to draw the burning fangs from gout; some anodyne to touch away sciatica into the litheness of a kid; and these men have died, and have, to their own satisfaction at least, carried the secret into their coffins, as though the mystery would comfort them as they rotted. There have been such men; and the black, begrimed father of all uncharitableness sits cross-legged upon their tombstones, and sniggers over them.

Nevertheless, we will not tell to the careless and irreverent world—a world noisy with the ringing of shillings—the whereabouts of Clovernook. We might, would we condescend, give an all-sufficient reason for our closeness: we will do no such thing. No: the village is our own—consecrated to our own delicious leisure, when time runs by like a summer brook, dimpling and sweetly murmuring as it runs. We have the most potent right of freehold in the soil; nay, it is our lordship. We have there *droits du seigneur*; and in the very despotism of our ownership might, if we would, turn oaks into gibbets. Let this knowledge suffice to the reader; for we will not vouchsafe to him another pippin's-worth.

Thus much, however, we will say of the history of Clovernook. There is about it a very proper mist and haziness; it twinkles far, far away through the darkness of time, like a taper through a midnight casement. The spirit of fable that dallies with the vexed heart of man, and incarnates his dreams in living presences—for mightiest of the mighty is oft the muscle of fiction—fable says that Clovernook was the work of some sprite of Fancy, that in an idle and extravagant mood, made it a choice country seat; a green and flowery place, peopled with happy faces. And it was created, says fable, after this fashion.

The sprite took certain pieces of old, fine linen, which were torn and torn, and reduced to a very pulp, and then made into a substance, thin and spotless. And then the sprite flew away to distant woods, and gathered certain things, from which was expressed a liquid of darkest dye. And then, after the old, time-honoured way, a living thing was sacrificed; a bird much praised by men at Michaelmas, fell with bleeding throat; and the sprite, plucking a feather from the poor dead thing, waved and waved it, and the village of Clovernook grew and grew; and cottages, silently as trees, rose from the earth; and men and women came there by twos and fours; and in good time smoke rose from chimneys, and cradles were rocked. And this, so saith fable, was the beginning of Clovernook.

Although we will not let the rabble of the world know the where-

about of our village—and by the rabble, be it understood, we do not mean the wretches who are guilty of daily hunger, and are condemned in the court of poverty of the high misdemeanour of patches and rags,—but we mean the mere money-changers, the folks who carry their sullen souls in the corners of their pockets, and think the site of Eden is covered with the Mint; although we will not have Clovernook startled from its sweet, dreamy serenity—and we have sometimes known the very weasels in mid-day to doze there, given up to the delicious influence of the place—by the chariot-wheels of that stony-hearted old dowager, Lady Mammon, with her false locks and ruddled cheeks,—we invite all others to our little village; where they may loll in the sun or shade as suits them; lie along on the green tufty sward, and kick their heels at fortune: where they may jig an evening dance in the meadows, and after retire to the inn—the one inn of Clovernook—glorified under the sign of “Gratis!”

Match us that sign if you can. What are your Georges and Dragons, your Kings’ Heads, and Queens’ Arms; your Lions, Red, White, and Black; your Mermaids and your Dolphins, to that large, embracing benevolence—Gratis? Doth not the word seem to throw its arms about you with a hugging welcome? Gratis! It is the voice of Nature, speaking from the fulness of her large heart. The word is written all over the blue heaven. The health-giving air whispers it about us. It rides the sunbeam—(save when statesmen put a pane ’twixt us and it). The lark trills it high up in its skyey dome; the little wayside flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth; the bright brook murmurs it; it is written in the harvest moon. Look and move where we will, delights—all “gratis,” all breathing and beaming beauty—are about us; and yet how rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it is a joy gratis?

But let us back to Clovernook. We offer it as a country tarrying-place for all who will accept its hospitality. We will show every green lane about it; every clump of trees; every bit of woodland, mead, and dell. The villagers, too, may be found, upon acquaintance, not altogether boors. There are some strange folk among them. Men who have wrestled in the world, and have had their victories and their trippings-up; and now they have nothing to do but keep their little bits of garden-ground pranked with the earliest flowers; their only enemies, weeds, slugs, and snails. Odd people, we say it, are amongst them. Men, whose minds have been strangely carved and fashioned by the world; cut like odd fancies in walnut-tree; but though curious and grotesque, the minds are sound, with not a worm-hole in them. And these men meet in summer under the broad mulberry-tree before the “Gratis,” and tell their stories—thoughts,

humours; yea, their dreams. They have nothing to do but to consider that curious bit of clock-work, the mind, within them; and droll it sometimes is, to mark how they will try to take it to pieces, and then again to adjust its little wheels, its levers, and springs.—*The Chronicles of Clovernook; with some Account of the Hermit of Bellyfute.*

234.—THE TARGUMS OR TRANSLATIONS.

[VERY REV. DR. PRIDEAUX, 1648—1724.]

[HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX, descended from an ancient Cornish family, born at Padstow, May 3, 1648, was educated at Westminster School, and Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1672. The publication of "*Marmora Oxoniensia*," an account of the Arundelian Marbles* in 1676, led to an introduction to Lord Chancellor Finch (afterwards Earl of Nottingham), who appointed him to the living of St. Clement's, Oxford, in 1679, and to a prebendal stall at Norwich in 1681. After holding various preferments, he was appointed to the archdeaconry of Suffolk in 1688, and to the deanery of Norwich in 1702. His best known works are, "*Life of Mahomet*," published in 1697; "*A Treatise on Tithes*," in 1710; and "*The Old and New Testament Connected in the History of the Jews and Neighbouring Nations, from the Declension of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah to the Time of Christ*," in 1715-18. Dean Prideaux died at Norwich Nov. 1, 1724.]

HILLEL † bred up above a thousand scholars in the knowledge of the law, of which eighty were reckoned to be of greater eminency above the rest: for of them, say the Jewish writers, thirty were worthy on whom the divine glory should rest, as it did upon Moses; and thirty for whom the sun should stand still, as it did for Joshua; and the twenty others were of a middling size.‡ The eminentest of them all was Jonathan Ben Uzziel, the author of the Chaldee paraphrase upon the Prophets; with whom was contemporary Onkelos,§ who was author of the Chaldee paraphrase upon the Law: but whether he was a scholar of Hillel's or no is not said. There are other Chaldee paraphrases besides these two; but what, or how many they were, or for what use

* Oxford or Arundelian Marbles received the latter name from Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who purchased them in 1624, and brought them to England in 1627. They were presented to the University of Oxford in 1667. They contain some valuable inscriptions, giving a chronological compendium of an important period of Grecian history.

† Hillel, the Elder or the Babylonian, called by Josephus Pollio, for many years President of the Great Sanhedrim, and one of the most distinguished of the Jewish Rabbis, is said to have lived, like Moses, 120 years, viz., 40 years in ignorance of the law, 40 years as a pupil of the law, and 40 years as the highest master of the law. He flourished from B.C. 112 to A.D. 8.

‡ Zacutus in Juchasin, Gedaliah in Shalsheleth Haccabbala, et David Ganz in Zernach David.

§ Onkelos, Jewish rabbi, flourished about the end of the second century.

they served, not being as yet any where mentioned in this work, it is proper I here give the reader an account of them.

The Chaldee paraphrases are translations of the Scriptures of the Old Testament, made directly from the Hebrew text into the language of the Chaldeans; which language was anciently used through all Assyria, Babylonia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine; and is still the language of the churches of the Nestorian and Maronite Christians in those eastern parts, in the same manner as the Latin is the language of the Popish churches here in the west. And therefore these paraphrases were called Targums,* because they were versions or translations of the Hebrew text into this language: for the word Targum signifieth in Chaldee an interpretation or version of one language into another, and may properly be said of any such version or translation; but it is most commonly by the Jews appropriated to these Chaldee paraphrases: for being among them what were most eminently such, they therefore had this name by way of eminency especially given unto them.

These Targums were made for the use and instruction of the vulgar Jews after their return from the Babylonish captivity: for although many of the better sort still retained the knowledge of the Hebrew language during that captivity, and taught it their children; and the holy Scriptures that were delivered after that time, excepting only some parts of Daniel and Ezra and one verse in Jeremiah,† were all written therein; yet the common people by having so long conversed with the Babylonians, learned their language, and forgot their own. It happened indeed otherwise to the children of Israel in Egypt: for although they lived there above three times as long as the Babylonish captivity lasted, yet they still preserved the Hebrew language among them, and brought it back entire with them into Canaan. The reason of this was, in Egypt they all lived together in the land of Goshen; but on their being carried captive by the Babylonians, they were dispersed all over Chaldæa and Assyria, and being there intermixed with the people of the land had their main converse with them, and therefore were forced to learn their language, and this soon induced a disuse of their own among them; by which means it came to pass, that after their return the common people, especially those of them who had been bred up in that captivity, understood not the holy Scriptures in

* Buxtorfii Lex. Rabbinicum, col. 2644.

† The book of Daniel is written in Chaldee from the fourth verse of the second chapter to the end of the seventh chapter; and the book of Ezra, from the eighth verse of the fourth chapter to the twenty-seventh verse of the seventh chapter. In the book of Jeremiah, the eleventh verse of the tenth chapter only is written in that language, all the rest of it is in Hebrew.

the Hebrew language, nor their posterity after them. And therefore when Ezra read the Law to the people,* he had several persons standing by him well skilled in both the Chaldee and Hebrew languages, who interpreted to the people in Chaldee what he first read to them in Hebrew. And afterwards, when the method was established of dividing the Law into fifty-four sections, and of reading one of them every week in their synagogues, (according as hath been already described,) the same course of reading to the people the Hebrew text first, and then interpreting it to them in Chaldee, was still continued: for when the reader had read one verse in Hebrew, an interpreter standing by did render it in Chaldee, and then the next verse being read in Hebrew, it was in like manner interpreted in the same language as before, and so on from verse to verse was every verse alternately read, first in Hebrew, and then interpreted in Chaldee, to the end of the section; and this first gave occasion for the making of Chaldee versions for the help of these interpreters. And they thenceforth became necessary, not only for their help in the public synagogues, but also for the help of the people at home in their families, that they might there have the Scriptures for their private reading in a language which they understood.

For first, as synagogues multiplied among the Jews beyond the number of able interpreters, it became necessary that such versions should be made for the help of the less able: this was done at first only for the Law, because at first the Law only was publicly read in their synagogues till the persecution of Antiochus Epiphanes;† but after that time lessons being read out of the Prophets in those religious assemblies, as well as out of the Law, the same reason rendered it necessary that Chaldee versions should be made of these Scriptures also. And 2ndly, The use of the people (which was the other reason for the composing of those versions) made this necessary for all the Scripture, as well as for the Law and the Prophets: for all Scripture being given for our edification, all ought for this end to have them in a language which they understood. For when God gave his Law unto Israel, he enjoined,‡ that they should have his commandments, statutes, and judgments always in their hearts, that they should meditate on them day and night, teach them their children, and talk of them when they did sit in their houses, and when they walked by the way,

* Nehemiah viii. 4-8.

† Antiochus Epiphanes, one of the Seleucidæ, King of Syria, reigned from B.C. 175 to B.C. 164. By his tyranny he excited the Jews to revolt; and an account of him is given in the books of the Maccabees in the Apocrypha.

‡ Deut. vi. 6-9, et ch. xi. 18, 19, 20.

and when they lay down, and when they rose up ; and that all might be the better enabled to perform all this, it was strictly enjoined by a constitution of the elders from ancient times, that every man should have by him at his home a copy of the holy Scriptures fairly written out, either by his own, or, if he could not write himself, by some other hand, for his instruction herein.* But how could this be done, if they had those Scriptures only in a language which they did not understand ? It was necessary therefore, that as they had the Hebrew text for the sake of the original, so also that they should have the Chaldee version for the sake of helping them to understand it. Indeed the letter of the Law, which commands what I have here mentioned, extends no farther than to the five books of Moses ; for no more of the holy Scriptures were then written, when that Law was given ; and also the constitution above mentioned, which was superadded by the elders, is by positive words limited thereto. But the reason of the thing reacheth the whole word of God : for since all of it is given for our instruction, we are all equally obliged to know each part of it, as well as the other. And therefore this caused, that at length the whole Scriptures were thus translated from the Hebrew into the Chaldean language, for the sake of those who could not otherwise understand them : for to lock up from the people in an unknown language that word of God which was given to lead them to everlasting life, was a thing that was not thought agreeable either with reason or piety in those times.

This work having been attempted by divers persons at different times, and by some of them with different views, (for some of them were written as versions for the public use of the synagogues, and others as paraphrases and commentaries for the private instruction of the people,) hence it hath come to pass, that there were anciently many of these Targums, and of different sorts, in the same manner as there anciently were many different versions of the same holy Scriptures into the Greek language, made with like different views ; of which we have sufficient proof in the Octapla of Origen. No doubt anciently there were many more of these Targums than we now know of, which have been lost in the length of time. Whether there were any of them of the same composure on the whole Scriptures is not any where said. Those that are now remaining were composed by different persons, and on different parts of Scripture, some on one part, and others on other parts, and are in all of these eight sorts following. 1. That of Onkelos on the five books of Moses. 2. That of Jonathan Ben Uzziel on the Prophets, that is, on Joshua, Judges, the two books of Samuel, the two

* Maimonides in Tephil. cap. 7.

books of Kings, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the twelve Minor Prophets. 3. That on the Law, which is ascribed to Jonathan Ben Uzziel. 4. The Jerusalem Targum on the Law. 5. The Targum on the five lesser books called the Megilloth, i. e. Ruth, Esther, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah. 6. The second Targum on Esther. 7. The Targum of Joseph the one-eyed* on the book of Job, the Psalms, and the Proverbs: and, 8. The Targum on the first and second book of Chronicles. On Ezra, Nehemiah, and Daniel, there is no Targum at all: the reason given by some for this is, because a great part of those books is written in the Chaldee language, and therefore there is no need of a Chaldee paraphrase upon them. This indeed is true for Daniel and Ezra, but not for Nehemiah; for that book is all originally written in the Hebrew language. No doubt anciently there were Chaldee paraphrases on all the Hebrew parts of those books, though now lost. It was long supposed that there were no Targums on the two books of Chronicles,† because none such were known till they were lately published by Beckius‡ at Augsburg in Germany, that on the first book A.D. 1680, and that on the second A.D. 1683.—*The Old and New Testament connected in the History of the Jews and neighbouring Nations, from the Declension of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah to the Time of Christ.* Part II. Book viii.

235.—PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAY.

[HENRY FIELDING, 1707—1754.

[HENRY FIELDING was born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, Somerset, on the 22nd April, 1707. His father, a grandson of the Earl of Denbigh, was a general in the army, and his mother the daughter of a judge. He received the rudiments of his education at home, under a private tutor, the Rev. Mr. Oliver, who is said to be the original of Parson Trulliber, in "Joseph Andrews." After studying the law for two years at London, he passed the customary time of probation at the Temple, and was called to the bar. He commenced writing for the stage when about twenty years of age, and nearly all his plays and farces appeared between 1727 and 1736. That, like most modern dramatists, he adapted, though not freely, from the French, is proved by his comedy of "The Miser," which was taken from Molière, and long retained possession of the stage. In burlesque, or mock tragedy as it was then called, Fielding was very successful; his "Tom Thumb" is, even now, occasionally represented. It is, however, by his novels that Fielding's great reputation is sustained. When, in

* He is commonly called Josephus Cæcus, or Josephus the Blind. This is not to be understood as if he were blind of both eyes, for then he could not have done this work. The word in Hebrew, by which he is so denominated, signifieth *luscum*, one that is blind of one eye, as well as *cæcum*, one that is blind of both eyes.

† Luesden. in *Philologo Hebræo-mixto*, dissertatione quinta, § 5.

‡ Balthaser Becker, or Bekker, born in 1634, died June 11, 1698.

1742, "Joseph Andrews" appeared, all the world acknowledged a new and original thinker, an apt delineator of character, and a humorist of the first order. With the "History of Tom Jones," published 1749, his mind seems to have attained its highest vigour. In this he has successfully copied the manner and enfolded the humour of Cervantes. Fielding was rewarded with the office of acting magistrate in the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and he was very active in his endeavours to restrain the vices of his day. The emoluments of this office (about 300*l.* a year) were received from fees, which Fielding himself characterized as "the dirtiest money upon earth." Worn in mind, and shattered in frame by the liberties he had taken with his constitution, he was ultimately obliged to try the more genial climate of Lisbon; but in two months after his arrival he sank, breathing his last in the year 1754, in the 48th year of his age.]

IN the first row of the first gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out. While the fellow was lighting the upper candles, he cried out to Mrs. Miller, "Look, look, madam! the very picture of the man in the end of the common-prayer book, before the gun-powder treason service." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, that here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth.

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention; nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost, upon which he asked Jones, What that man was in the strange dress: "Something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied, with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I cannot say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage? "O la, sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it really was a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance and in so much company: and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I

never saw any man frightened in my life. Aye, aye; go along with you! Aye, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you? I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil; for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again.—No farther! No, you have gone far enough already, farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir! don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things; though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me, neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress: but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case? But hush! O la! what noise is that? There he is again! Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those men are!" Then turning his eyes again upon Hamlet—"Aye, you may draw your sword; what signifies a sword against the power of the devil?"

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides frontis* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction, than that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire.

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this: and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now! what say you now? is he frightened now, or no? As much frightened

as you think me (and, to be sure, nobody can help some fears), I would not be in so bad a condition as what's-his-name, Squire Hamlet, is, there, for all the world. Bless me, what's become of the spirit! As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth!" "Indeed you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it is only a play: and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so: for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was here in person. There, there—aye, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces! If she was my own mother I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Aye, go about your business; I hate the sight of you!"

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her if she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched? "Though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away—for your sake, I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered that it was one of the most famous burial-places about town. "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton, when I was a clerk, that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hands. Aye, aye, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out—"Well, it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought. *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*"

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play; at the end of which Jones asked him which of the players he liked best? To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who was ever on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a

contemptuous sneer; "why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man, that is, any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."—*Tom Jones*. Book xvi., chapter v.

236.—THE OLD SCOTTISH DOMESTIC SERVANT.

[VERY REV. DEAN RAMSAY, 1793.]

[EDWARD BANNERMAN RAMSAY, Dean of Edinburgh, was born about 1793. He graduated at Cambridge B.A. 1815, M.A. 1831. When Mr. Gladstone was installed as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh in 1859, the degree of LL.D. was given to Dean Ramsay. He is the author of "A Memoir of Sir J. E. Smith," a "Memoir of Dr. Chalmers," Sermons, and other religious works. But his most popular work is "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character."]

IN my own family I knew a case of a very long service, and where, no doubt, there was much interest and attachment; but it was a case where the temper had not softened under the influence of years, but had rather assumed that form of disposition which we denominate *crusty*. My grand-uncle, Sir A. Ramsay, died in 1806, and left a domestic who had been in his service since he was ten years of age; and being at the time of his master's death past fifty or well on to sixty, he must have been more than forty years a servant in the family. From the retired life my grand-uncle had been leading, Jamie Loyal had much of his own way, and, like many a domestic so situated, he did not like to be contradicted, and, in fact, could not bear to be found fault with. My uncle, who had succeeded to a part of my grand-uncle's property, succeeded also to Jamie Loyal, and from respect to his late master's memory, and Jamie's own services, he took him into his house, intending him to act as house servant. However, this did not answer, and he was soon kept on, more with the form than the reality of any active duty; and took any light work that was going on about the house. In this capacity it was his daily task to feed a flock of turkeys which were growing up to maturity. On one occasion, my aunt having followed him in his work, and having observed such a waste of food that the ground was actually covered with grain

which they could not eat, and which would soon be destroyed and lost, naturally remonstrated, and suggested a more reasonable and provident supply. But all the answer she got from the offended Jamie was a bitter rejoinder, "Weel, then, neist time they sall get *nane ava*!" On another occasion a family from a distance had called whilst my uncle and aunt were out of the house. Jamie came into the parlour to deliver the cards, or to announce that they had called. My aunt, somewhat vexed at not having been in the way, inquired what message Mr. and Mrs. Innes had left, as she had expected one. "No; no message." She returned to the charge, and asked again if they had not told him *anything* he was to repeat. Still, "No; no message." "But did they say nothing? Are you sure they said nothing?" Jamie, sadly put out and offended at being thus interrogated, at last burst forth, "They neither said ba nor bum," and indignantly left the room, banging the door after him. A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner party: the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper; at length he gave vent to his indignation in a remonstrance addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither—that's the way to be served."

I have two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional in the Lothian family, supplied to me by the present excellent and highly-gifted young marquis. A Marquis of Lothian of a former generation observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din; to which the answer was, "Ou, juist, my lord, to ca' the workmen together." "Why, how many are there?" asked his lordship. "Ou, juist Sandy and me," was the quiet rejoinder. The same Lord Lothian, looking about the garden, directed his gardener's attention to a particular plum-tree, charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the *whole* of it in marked, as it was of a very particular kind. "Ou," said the gardener, "I'll do that, my lord; there's juist twa o' them."

* * * * *

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant, when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle

and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed there's sae muckle rinnin' here and rinnin' there, that I'm just distrackit. I hae cuist'n my coat and waistcoat, and faith I dinna ken how lang I can thole my breeks." There is often a ready wit in this class of character, marked by their replies. I have the following communicated from an ear-witness: "Weel, Peggy," said a man to an old farm servant, "I wonder ye're aye single yet!" "Me marry," said she, indignantly; "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

An old woman was exhorting a servant once about her ways. "You serve the deevil," said she. "Me!" said the girl; "Na, na, I dinna serve the deevil; I serve ae single lady."

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down the garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

The answers of servants used curiously to illustrate habits and manners of the time—as the economical modes of her mistress' life were well touched by the lass who thus described her ways and domestic habits with her household: "She's vicious upo' the wark; but eh, she's vary mysterious o' the victualling."—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*.

237.—THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

[THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, 1770—1827.

[GEORGE CANNING ranks among the greatest statesmen, most distinguished politicians, and gifted orators of his country; he also took honours as an author. He was born April 11th, 1770, in London. His father was a man of literary abilities, but poor; after his death, his widow married an actor, and went upon the stage. The friends of Canning's father sent him to Winchester School, and afterwards to Oxford. There he soon distinguished himself as an orator, and, leaving college, entered at Lincoln's-inn with a view to practising at the bar. Being introduced by Mr. Pitt to the House of Commons, he abandoned the law for politics, and, supporting that minister, was rewarded by being made Under-Secretary of State. Canning won the affections of Miss Scott, daughter of General Scott, and married her with a fortune of 100,000*l*. After

filling most of the high offices of State, his laudable ambition was crowned by his being created Premier. He died at the age of 57, in 1827, from the effects of a cold caught while attending the Duke of York's funeral.]

Friend of Humanity.

NEEDY Knife-grinder ! whither are you going ?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order ;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

Weary Knife-grinder ! little think the proud ones,
Who, in their coaches, roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, " Knives and
Scissors to grind, O !"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives ?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you ?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney ?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game ? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining ?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit ?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine ?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

Knife-grinder.

Story ; God bless you, I have none to tell, sir ;
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

Friend of Humanity.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee hanged first—
 Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
 Sordid, unfeeling reprobate, degraded,
 Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a
 transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.

—*The Antijacobin*, 1798.

238.—TIME AND ETERNITY.

[BISHOP HEBER, 1783—1826.

[REGINALD HEBER was born at Malpas, Cheshire, 1783. He took holy orders in 1807, and soon became distinguished as a writer. He contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, edited Jeremy Taylor's works, and published a volume of poems and translations for Weekly Church Service. He was ordained Bishop of Calcutta in 1822; the diocese at that time extended over the whole of India, Ceylon, and Australia. In 1824 he began a visitation of this immense diocese; and his travels through Bengal to Bombay occupied eleven months. His journal of this journey—a very delightful picture of India—is published in Murray's Home and Colonial Library. The Bishop also visited Ceylon and Madras, and died suddenly at Trichinopoly in his bath, 1826.]

THERE is an ancient fable told by the Greek and Roman Churches, which, fable as it is, may for its beauty and singularity well deserve to be remembered, that in one of the earliest persecutions to which the Christian world was exposed, seven Christian youths sought concealment in a lonely cave, and there, by God's appointment, fell into a deep and death-like slumber. They slept, the legend runs, two hundred years, till the greater part of mankind had received the faith of the Gospel, and that Church which they had left a poor and afflicted orphan, had "kings" for her "nursing fathers, and queens" for her "nursing mothers." They then at length awoke, and entering into their native Ephesus, so altered now that its streets were altogether unknown to them, they cautiously inquired if there were any Christians in the city? "Christians!" was the answer, "we are all Christians here!" and they heard with a thankful joy the change which, since they left the world, had taken place in the opinions of its inhabitants. On one side they were shown a stately fabric adorned with a gilded cross, and dedicated, as they were told, to the worship of their crucified Master; on another, schools for the public exposition of those Gospels, of which so short a time before, the bare profession was proscribed and deadly. But no fear was now to be enter-

tained of those miseries which had encircled the cradle of Christianity; no danger now of the rack, the lions, or the sword; the emperor and his prefects held the same faith with themselves, and all the wealth of the east, and all the valour and authority of the western world, were exerted to protect and endow the professors and the teachers of their religion.

But joyful as these tidings must at first have been, their further inquiries are said to have been met with answers which very deeply surprised and pained them. They learned that the greater part of those who called themselves by the name of Christ, were strangely regardless of the blessings which Christ had bestowed, and of the obligations which He had laid on His followers. They found that, as the world had become Christian, Christianity itself had become worldly; and wearied and sorrowful they besought of God to lay them asleep again, crying out to those who followed them, "You have shown us many heathens who have given up their old idolatry without gaining anything better in its room; many who are of no religion at all; and many with whom the religion of Christ is no more than a cloak of licentiousness; but where, where are the Christians?" And thus they returned to their cave; and there God had compassion on them, releasing them, once for all, from that world for whose reproof their days had been lengthened, and removing their souls to the society of their ancient friends and pastors, the martyrs and saints of an earlier and a better generation.

The admiration of former times is a feeling at first, perhaps, engrafted on our minds by the regrets of those who vainly seek in the evening of life, for the sunny tints which adorned their morning landscape; and who are led to fancy a deterioration in surrounding objects, when the change is in themselves, and the twilight in their own powers of perception. It is probable that, as each age of the individual or the species is subject to its peculiar dangers, so each has its peculiar and compensating advantages; and that the difficulties which, at different periods of the world's duration, have impeded the believer's progress to heaven, though in appearance equally various, are, in amount, very nearly equal. It is probable that no age is without its sufficient share of offences, of judgments, of graces, and of mercies, and that the corrupted nature of mankind was never otherwise than hostile or indifferent to the means which God has employed to remedy its misery. Had we lived in the times of the infant Church, even amid the blaze of miracle on the one hand, and the chastening fires of persecution on the other, we should have heard, perhaps, no fewer complaints of the cowardice and apostacy, the dissimulation and murmuring inseparable from a continuance of public distress and danger, than we now hear

regrets for those days of wholesome affliction, when the mutual love of believers was strengthened by their common danger; when their want of worldly advantages disposed them to regard a release from the world with hope far more than with apprehension, and compelled the Church to cling to her Master's cross alone for comfort and for succour.

Still, however, it is most wonderful, yea rather by this very consideration is our wonder increased at the circumstance, that in any or every age of Christianity such inducements and such menaces as the religion of Christ displays, should be regarded with so much indifference, and postponed for objects so trifling and comparatively worthless. If there were no other difference but that of duration between the happiness of the present life and of the life which is to follow, or though it were allowed us to believe that the enjoyments of earth were, in every other respect, the greater and more desirable of the two, this single consideration of its eternity would prove the wisdom of making heaven the object of our more earnest care and concern; of retaining its image constantly in our minds; of applying ourselves with a more excellent zeal to everything which can help us in its attainment, and of esteeming all things as less than worthless which are set in comparison with its claims, or which stand in the way of its purchase.

Accordingly, this is the motive which St. Paul assigns for a contempt of the sufferings and pleasures, the hopes and fears, of the life which now is, in comparison with the pleasures and sufferings, the fears and hopes, which are, in another life, held out to each of us. And it is a reason which must carry great weight to the mind of every reasonable being, inasmuch as any thing which may end soon, and must end some time or other, is, supposing all other circumstances equal, or even allowing to the temporal good a very large preponderance of pleasure, of exceedingly less value than that which, once attained, is alike safe from accident and decay, the enjoyment of which is neither to be checked by insecurity, nor palled by long possession, but which must continue thenceforth in everlasting and incorruptible blessedness, as surely as God Himself is incorruptible and everlasting.—*Sermon Preached at Lincoln's Inn, 1823.*

239.—VENICE.

[JOHN RUSKIN, 1819.

[JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819; he was educated at Oxford, and studied the pictorial art under Copley Fielding and J. D. Harding. A pamphlet in defence of Turner and the modern English school of landscape painting was his first literary effort; it attracted great attention, and eventually swelled into his now standard work, the "Modern Painters." After a lengthened tour in Italy, Mr. Ruskin pub-

lished (1849) his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which was followed in 1851 by the "Stones of Venice." He has also contributed many papers to the *Quarterly* and other high-class periodicals.]

AND now come with me, for I have kept you too long from your gondola; come with me, on an autumnal morning, through the dark gates of Padua, and let us take the broad road leading towards the east. It lies level, for a league or two, between its elms and vine festoons full laden, their thin leaves veined into scarlet hectic, and their clusters deepened into gloomy blue; then mounts an embankment above the Brenta, and runs between the river and the broad plain, which stretches to the north in endless lines of mulberry and maize. The Brenta flows slowly, but strongly; a muddy volume of yellowish-grey water, that neither hastens nor slackens, but glides heavily between its monotonous banks, with here and there a short, babbling eddy twisted for an instant into its opaque surface, and vanishing, as if something had been dragged into it and gone down. Dusty and shadeless, the road fares along the dyke on its northern side; and the tall white tower of Dolo is seen trembling in the heat mist far away, and never seems nearer than it did at first. Presently, you pass one of the much vaunted "villas on the Brenta:" a glaring, spectral shell of brick and stucco, its windows with painted architraves like picture-frames, and a courtyard paved with pebbles in front of it, all burning in the thick glow of the feverish sunshine, but fenced from the high road, for magnificence sake, with goodly posts and chains; then another, of Kew Gothic, with Chinese variations, painted red and green; a third, composed for the greater part of dead wall, with fictitious windows painted upon it, each with a pea-green blind, and a classical architrave in bad perspective; and a fourth, with stucco figures set on the top of its garden-wall: some antique, like the kind to be seen at the corner of the New Road, and some of clumsy grotesque dwarfs, with fat bodies and large boots. This is the architecture to which her studies of the Renaissance have conducted modern Italy. The sun climbs steadily, and warms into intense white the walls of the little piazza of Dolo, where we change horses. Another dreary stage among the now divided branches of the Brenta, forming irregular and half-stagnant canals; with one or two more villas on the other side of them, but these of the old Venetian type, which we may have recognised before at Padua, and sinking fast into utter ruin, black, and rent, and lonely, set close to the edge of the dull water, with what were once small gardens beside them, kneaded into mud, and with blighted fragments of gnarled hedges and broken stakes for their fencing; and here and there a few fragments of marble steps, which have once given them graceful access from the water's edge, now settling into the mud in broken joints, all aslope, and slippery

with green weed. At last the road turns sharply to the north, and there is an open space, covered with bent grass, on the right of it; but do not look that way. Five minutes more, and we are in the upper room of the little inn at Mestre, glad of a moment's rest in shade. The table is (always I think) covered with a cloth of nominal white and perennial grey, with plates and glasses at due intervals, and small loaves of a peculiar white bread made with oil, and more like knots of flour than bread. The view from its balcony is not cheerful: a narrow street, with a solitary brick church and barren campanile on the other side of it; and some conventual buildings, with a few crimson remnants of fresco about their windows; and, between them and the street, a ditch with some slow current in it, and one or two small houses beside it, one with an arbour of roses at its door, as in an English tea-garden; the air, however, about us having in it nothing of roses, but a close smell of garlic and crabs, warmed by the smoke of various stands of hot chestnuts. There is much vociferation also going on beneath the window respecting certain wheelbarrows which are in rivalry for our baggage: we appease their rivalry with our best patience, and follow them down the narrow street. We have but walked some two hundred yards when we come to a low wharf or quay, at the extremity of a canal, with long steps on each side down to the water, which latter we fancy for an instant has become black with stagnation: another glance undeceives us,—it is covered with the black boats of Venice. We enter one of them, rather to try if they be real boats or not, than with any definite purpose, and glide away; at first feeling as if the water were yielding continually beneath the boat and letting her sink into soft vacancy. It is something clearer than any water we have seen lately, and of a pale green; the banks only two or three feet above it, of mud and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree; gliding swiftly past the small casement of the gondola, as if they were dragged by upon a painted scene. Stroke by stroke, we count the plunges of the oar, each heaving up the side of the boat slightly as her silver beak shoots forward. We lose patience, and extricate ourselves from the cushions: the sea air blows keenly by, as we stand leaning on the roof of the floating cell. In front, nothing to be seen but long canal and level bank; to the west, the tower of Mestre is lowering fast, and behind it there have risen purple shapes, of the colour of dead rose-leaves, all round the horizon, feebly defined against the afternoon sky,—the Alps of Bassano. Forward still: the endless canal bends at last, and then breaks into intricate angles about some low bastions, now torn to pieces and staggering in ugly rents towards the water,—the bastions of the fort of Malghera. Another turn, and another perspective of canal; but not interminable. The silver beak cleaves it fast,—

it widens: the rank grass of the banks sinks lower, and at last dies in tawny knots along an expanse of weedy shore. Over it, on the right, but a few years back, we might have seen the lagoon stretching to the horizon, and the warm southern sky bending over Malamocco to the sea. Now we can see nothing but what seems a low and monotonous dockyard wall, with flat arches to let the tide through it;—this is the railroad bridge, conspicuous above all things. But at the end of those dismal arches there rises, out of the wide water, a straggling line of low and confused brick buildings, which, but for the many towers which are mingled among them, might be the suburbs of an English manufacturing town. Four or five domes, pale, and apparently at a greater distance, rise over the centre of the line; but the object which first catches the eye is a sullen cloud of black smoke brooding over the northern half of it, and which issues from the belfry of a church. It is Venice.—*Stones of Venice*, vol. i.

240.—DARK JOHN OF THE GLEN.

[WHYTE MELVILLE, 1821.]

[GEORGE JOHN WHYTE MELVILLE, the well-known contributor to *Fraser and Blackwood's Magazine*, and the author of several sporting novels, including "Digby Grand," "Tilbury Nogo," "Good for Nothing," "Holmby House," &c. was born 1821. He is the eldest son of Major Whyte Melville, of St. Andrew's, Flintshire; he entered the army in 1839, and became Captain in the Coldstream Guards in 1846. He retired from the army in 1849, two years after his marriage, and, blending literature with the pursuits of a country gentleman, has won a well-earned and enduring reputation.]

Six mountain-miles had we to trudge home in the dark, and no pony to ride this time; but, after such a day's sport, who would feel beat? And then the relief of getting upon a road, no matter what sort of one, after moiling all day up and down hill, working back, shoulders, loins, and lungs, is the next thing to an arm-chair, so we lit our cigars, and steamed away merrily, beguiling the distance with many a pleasant jest and oft-told tale.

"Ye will see where there is a grey rock above yon knowe, *wast* of the birches—no, ye will not see the grey rock, but ye will see a bare place in the heather. Aweel," began Sandy, between the puffs of the shortest and blackest of cutty-pipes, which seemed to grow to his teeth; and forthwith he related to us a plaintive tale, which, tragical as was its termination, was somewhat spoiled in the sentiment to his hearers by the language in which it was couched, being translated into the "other tongue," as Sandy called it, out of the metaphorical dialect of Ossian; but the substance of his story was melancholy enough. It

appears that when Sandy was a "bit laddie," as he called it, there were two brothers of the name of Connel living in the Glen: stout, active hill-men were they both, and employed in looking after the game, destroying the vermin, and keeping down the rabbits. John—or, "Dark John," as they called him—the eldest, was a wild, headstrong, good-humoured fellow, with but little of the proverbial caution of his nation, and a tendency to fun and frolic, of which even an Irishman need not have been ashamed. There was not his equal in the Strath at putting the stone, tossing the "caber," dancing the Highland fling, and all the other accomplishments of a mountaineer; whilst Angus, the younger one, was of a more reflective turn of mind, and delighted in passing his hours alone upon the hill, or wandering by the loch. He was supposed to know most concerning the habits of deer, to be the wariest stalker, and the best fisherman of all the inhabitants of the Strath; and a good-looking, quiet lad he was, with a degree of determination and pluck concealed beneath his mild exterior that a stranger would hardly have given him credit for. In fact, Sandy who knew them both, was of opinion that, where, "heart," as he called it, was wanted—signifying courage—Angus was more to be depended on than his boisterous brother. The fair sex were not so very plentiful in the glen, and most of the specimens were somewhat tough, smoke-dried, and stricken in years; but Agnes, the daughter of old Peter Cameron, the publican, needed not such foils as the ancient crones about her to be reckoned the flower of the whole country-side. At kirk and market, Agnes was the acknowledged beauty, and as good as she was bonny. Many a lad, both up and down the glen, was sighing for Agnes: but she never so much as looked over her shoulder at one of them: and although a lassie that knew her most intimately affirmed, as she told Sandy, that Dark John Connel was the fortunate suitor, it was certain that no one had ever seen her bestow the slightest mark of her favour on the jovial forester, nor had that worthy himself been ever heard to boast that Agnes would come to his whistle, as he called it—a note which, by his own account, caused half the lasses in broad Scotland to come trooping over moss and heather in his wake. Nevertheless, Dark John was the man; and in vain did the gentle Angus, whose heart had been long given to this mountain-daisy, woo and strive to win her in his homely way. Who can explain the wayward course of a woman's fancy? John, who was not much given to the softer emotions, liked the lass well enough, as he himself said, and it is certain that he respected her more than the rest of her sex; but as for the sort of passionate love which she had conceived for him, and which poor Angus suffered for her, he had it not to give. Things went on in this way, somewhat after the fashion of Stone's popular picture of

"Cross Purposes," till poor Angus, wearied with his unsuccessful suit, heart-sick and desolate, determined to "take the shilling," and strive to forget his love and his native glens in the columns of a Highland regiment, then quartered in a town some thirty miles over the hills from his abode. It was during the heat of the war; and there was no fear of a stalwart, clean-limbed youth like poor Angus being refused. Everything was settled for his departure; and one fine morning in October, the embryo soldier started off on his career, accompanied by his brother to see him over the first few miles of his journey. They were the best of friends, those two; not even the affection borne by the one for her who loved the other, had been able to sow dissension between the brothers; and often had the elder, in his rough, good-humoured way, endeavoured to dissuade Angus from his purpose of enlisting. They started accordingly, like true Highlanders, "shoulder to shoulder"—Angus more cheerful than he had been for months, and John, with his gun poised on his broad shoulder, and his brother's bundle in his hand, careless, merry, and swaggering as usual. Sandy saw them as they passed his bothy. Alas! he never saw either of them again alive. The following morning he went through the knoll of birches he had pointed out to me, to look at his traps; and his attention was arrested by some hoodie-crows circling and wheeling in the air over an object in the heather some distance ahead of him. He walked on, thinking it might be a dead sheep, or some stricken stag who had staggered there from the forest with his death-wound. Imagine how his blood curdled when he came upon the body of Dark John lying stiff and stark, with his gun by his side! The whole charge had passed through his broad chest, in a wound you might have put your hand in, and he had been dead several hours. Sandy carried him on his back to his father's house; and as an over-ruling Providence willed it, the first person he met was Agnes Cameron, as he toiled down the path with his ghastly burden. Often has he prayed that never again might he hear such a scream as burst from that poor girl's throat. It was too much for a woman to bear; and when at length Sandy succeeded in getting some assistance, they carried her home a raving maniac. With the wildest gestures, she denounced Angus as the murderer of his brother—"her John, Dark John, the loved of her heart." She would share his grave—was he not her own? And then, with a burst of fearful laughter, she spoke of him as still alive, merry, and dancing at their wedding; and called to her father, and the minister, and her neighbours to see how happy she was. Happy, poor girl! before another autumn shed its leaves, she was at rest in her grave; and many an eye was wet, and many a cheek pale, amongst the kind-hearted mountaineers who bore her to her last home. Many

were the different opinions in the glen as to the cause of poor John Connel's death; but he who could alone have cleared it up, was drowned some two months afterwards, in embarking for foreign service; and the simple and primitive inhabitants of the glen had no means of knowing whether Angus had ever been made aware of his brother's death, or whether he knew too well that brother's fate, and sank into the ocean stained with a brother's blood. I must say for Sandy that he put the more charitable construction upon the facts, and seemed to look upon the catastrophe as an accident that must have happened after the brothers had parted, as it proved, for ever.

Ere the story was concluded, we were long past the spot that Sandy had first pointed out to us; and before we had done discussing the details of the tragedy, the lights were twinkling in the lodge in front of us; and thus ended my first day's sport in the Highlands of Scotland.—*Tilbury Nogo.*

241.—THE NATURAL BRIDGE; OR, ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

[ELIHU BURRITT, 1811.

[ELIHU BURRITT, the celebrated "learned blacksmith," was born in Connecticut, U.S., in 1811. He received an ordinary education until he was sixteen, when, his father dying, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith. Devoting all his spare hours to the study of languages, for which he appears to have been gifted with a peculiar aptitude, he ultimately gained the mastery of Latin, French, Spanish, Hebrew, Flemish, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Gaelic, Celtic, and Russian. In 1846 he left America for England, and commenced agitating his "League of Universal Brotherhood"—a Utopian idea for the abolition of war throughout the world—and has since found congenial employment as a lecturer and journalist.]

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butnents, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butnents. A new feeling comes over

their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! what a meagre chance to escape destruction! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds

down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch, of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shout of hundreds perched upon cliffs, trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his devoted heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling, trembling—toppling over into eternity!—Hark!—a shout

falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.—*Sparks from the Anvil.*

242.—MRS. POYSER SPEAKS HER MIND TO THE SQUIRE.

[GEORGE ELIOT.]

[GEORGE ELIOT is the *nom de plume* of a lady well known in literary circles, but as she chooses to write anonymously, we may not divulge her secret, if secret it be. "Adam Bede," her most celebrated novel, is full of highly characteristic sketches of character, and was a great success. It was dramatized for the Surrey Theatre, and made a most effective drama. She has since written "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Romola," works which have stamped her as the best novelist of the age.]

"Ah, now this I like," said Mr. Donnithorne, looking round at the damp temple of cleanliness,* but keeping near the door. "I'm sure I should like my breakfast better if I knew the butter and cream came from this dairy. Thank you, that really is a pleasant sight. Unfortunately, my slight tendency to rheumatism makes me afraid of damp; I'll sit down in your comfortable kitchen. Ah, Poyser, how do you do? In the midst of business, I see, as usual. I've been looking at your wife's beautiful dairy—the best manager in the parish, is she not?"

Mr. Poyser had just entered in shirt-sleeves and open waistcoat, with a face a shade redder than usual from the exertion of "pitching." As he stood—red, rotund, and radiant before the small, wiry, cool old gentleman—he looked like a prize apple by the side of a withered crab.

"Will you please to take this chair, sir?" he said, lifting his father's arm-chair forward a little; "you'll find it easy."

"No, thank you, I never sit in easy-chairs," said the old gentleman, seating himself on a small chair near the door. "Do you know, Mrs.

Poyser—sit down, pray, both of you—I've been far from contented for some time with Mrs. Satchell's dairy management. I think she has not a good method, as you have."

"Indeed, sir, I can't speak to that," said Mrs. Poyser, in a hard voice, rolling and unrolling her knitting, and looking icily out of the window, as she continued to stand opposite the Squire. Poyser might sit down if he liked, she thought: *she* wasn't going to sit down, as if she'd give in to any such smooth-tongued palaver. Mr. Poyser, who looked and felt the reverse of icy, did sit down in his three-cornered chair.

"And now, Poyser, as Satchell is laid up, I am intending to let the Chase Farm to a respectable tenant. I'm tired of having a farm on my own hands—nothing is made the best of in such cases, as you know. A satisfactory bailiff is hard to find; and I think you and I, Poyser, and your excellent wife here, can enter into a little arrangement in consequence, which will be to our mutual advantage."

"Oh," said Mr. Poyser, with a good-natured blankness of imagination as to the nature of the arrangement.

"If I'm called upon to speak, sir," said Mrs. Poyser, after glancing at her husband with pity at his softness, "you know better than me; but I don't see what the Chase Farm is t' us—we've cumber enough wi' our own farm. Not but what I'm glad to hear o' anybody respectable coming into the parish; there's some as ha' been brought in as hasn't been looked on i' that character."

"You're likely to find Mr. Thurle an excellent neighbour, I assure you. Such a one as you will feel glad to have accommodated by the little plan I'm going to mention, especially as I hope you will find it as much to your own advantage as his."

"Indeed, sir, if it's anything t' our advantage, it'll be the first offer o' the sort I've heard on. It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world, I think; folks have to wait long enough afore it's brought to 'em."

"The fact is, Poyser," said the Squire, ignoring Mrs. Poyser's theory of worldly prosperity, "there is too much dairy land, and too little plough land, on the Chase Farm, to suit Thurle's purpose—indeed, he will only take the farm on condition of some change in it; his wife, it appears, is not a clever dairy-woman like yours. Now, the plan I'm thinking of is to effect a little exchange. If you were to have the Hollow Pastures, you might increase your dairy, which must be so profitable under your wife's management; and I should request you, Mrs. Poyser, to supply my house with milk, cream, and butter at the market prices. On the other hand, Poyser, you might let Thurle have the Lower and Upper Ridges, which really with our wet seasons,

would be a good riddance for you. There is much less risk in dairy land than corn land."

Mr. Poyser was leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees, his head on one side and his mouth screwed up—apparently absorbed in making the tips of his fingers meet so as to represent with perfect accuracy the ribs of a ship. He was much too acute a man not to see through the whole business, and to foresee perfectly what would be his wife's view of the subject; but he disliked giving unpleasant answers. Unless it was on a point of farming practice, he would rather give up than have a quarrel any day; and after all it mattered more to his wife than to him. So after a few moments' silence he looked up at her, and said mildly, "What dost say?"

Mrs. Poyser had had her eyes fixed on her husband with cold severity during his silence, but now she turned away her head with a toss, looked icily at the opposite roof of the cow-shed, and spearing her knitting together with the loose pin, held it firmly between her clasped hands.

"Say? Why, I say you may do as you like about giving up any o' your corn land afore your lease is up, which it wont be for a year come next Michaelmas, but I'll not consent to take more dairy work into my hands either for love or money, and there's nayther love nor money here, as I can see, on'y other folks' love o' themselves, and the money as is to go into other folks' pockets. I know there's them as is born t' own the land, and them as is born t' sweat on't,"—here Mrs. Poyser paused to gasp a little—"and I know it's christened folks's duty to submit to their betters as fur as flesh and blood 'ull bear it; but I'll not make a martyr o' myself, and wear myself to skin and bone, and worret myself as if I was a churn wi' butter a-coming in't, for no landlord in England, not if he was King George himself."

"No, no, my dear Mrs. Poyser, certainly not," said the Squire, still confident in his own powers of persuasion; "you must not overwork yourself; but don't you think your work will rather be lessened than increased in this way? There is so much milk required at the Abbey, that you will have little increase of cheese and butter-making from the addition to your dairy; and I believe selling the milk is the most profitable way of disposing of dairy produce, is it not?"

"Ay, that's true," said Mr. Poyser, unable to repress an opinion on a question of farming profits, and forgetting that it was not in this case a purely abstract question.

"I daresay," said Mrs. Poyser, bitterly, turning her head half way towards her husband, and looking at the vacant arm-chair—"I daresay it's true for men as sit i' th' chimney-corner and make believe as every-thing's cut wi' ins an' outs to fit int' everything else. If you could

make a pudding wi' thinking o' the batter, it 'ud be easy getting dinner. How do I know whether the milk 'll be wanted constant? What's to make me sure as the house wont be put o' board wage afore we're many months older, and then I may have to lie awake o' nights wi' twenty gallons o' milk on my mind—and Dingall 'ull take no more butter, let alone paying for it; and we must fat pigs till we're obliged to beg the butcher on our knees to buy 'em, and lose half of 'em wi' the measles. And there's the fetching and carrying, as 'ud be welly half a day's work for a man an' hoss—*that's* to be took out o' the profits, I reckon? But there's folks 'ud hold a sieve under the pump and expect to carry away the water."

"That difficulty—about the fetching and carrying—you will not have, Mrs. Poyser," said the Squire, who thought that this entrance into particulars indicated a distant inclination to compromise on Mrs. Poyser's part—"Bethell will do that regularly with the cart and pony."

"Oh, sir, begging your pardon, I've never been used t' having gentlefolks's servants coming about my back places, a-making love to both the gells at once, and keeping 'em with their hands on their hips listening to all manner o' gossip when they should be down on their knees a-scouring. If we're to go to ruin, it shanna be wi' having our back kitchen turned into a public."

"Well, Poyser," said the Squire, shifting his tactics and looking as if he thought Mrs. Poyser had suddenly withdrawn from the proceedings and left the room, "you can turn the Hollows into feeding-land. I can easily make another arrangement about supplying my house. And I shall not forget your readiness to accommodate your landlord as well as a neighbour. I know you will be glad to have your lease renewed for three years when the present one expires, otherwise I dare-say Thurle, who is a man of some capital, would be glad to take both the farms, as they could be worked so well together. But I don't want to part with an old tenant like you."

To be thrust out of the discussion in this way would have been enough to complete Mrs. Poyser's exasperation, even without the final threat. Her husband, really alarmed at the possibility of their leaving the old place where he had been bred and born—for he believed the old Squire had small spite enough for anything—was beginning a mild remonstrance explanatory of the inconvenience he should find in having to buy and sell more stock, with—

"Well, sir, I think as it's rether hard" . . . when Mrs. Poyser burst in with the desperate determination to have her say out this once, though it were to rain notices to quit, and the only shelter were the workhouse.

"Then, sir, if I may speak—as, for all I'm a woman, and there's folks as thinks a woman's a fool enough to stan' by an' look on while the men sign her soul away, I've a right to speak, for I make one quarter o' the rent, and save the other quarter—I say, if Mr. Thurle's so ready to take farms under you, it's a pity but what he should take this, and see if he likes to live in a house wi' all the plagues o' Egypt in't—wi' the cellar full o' water, and frogs and toads hoppin' up the steps by dozens—and the floors rotten, and the rats and mice gnawing every bit o' cheese, and runnin' over our heads as we lie i' bed till we expect 'em to eat us up alive—as it's a mercy they hanna eat the children long ago. I should like to see if there's another tenant besides Poyser as 'ud put up wi' never having a bit o' repairs done till a place tumbles down—and not then, on'y wi' begging and praying, and having to pay half—and being strung up wi' the rent as it's much if he gets enough out o' the land to pay, for all he's put his own money into the ground beforehand. See if you'll get a stranger to lead such a life here as that; a maggot must be born i' the rotten cheese to like it, I reckon. You may run away from my words, sir," continued Mrs. Poyser, following the old Squire beyond the door—for after the first moments of stunned surprise he had got up, and, waving his hands towards her with a smile, had walked out towards his pony. But it was impossible for him to get away immediately, for John was walking the pony up and down the yard, and was some distance from the causeway when his master beckoned.

"You may run away from my words, sir, and you may go spinnin' underhand ways o' doing us a mischief, for you've got Old Harry to your friend, though nobody else is, but I tell you for once as we're not dumb creatures to be abused and made money on by them as ha' got the lash i' their hands, for want o' knowing how t' undo the tackle. An' if I'm th' only one as speaks my mind, there's plenty o' the same way o' thinking i' this parish and the next to 't, for your name's no better than a brimstone match in everybody's nose—if it isna two-three old folks as you think o' saving your soul by giving 'em a bit o' flannel and a drop o' porridge. An' you may be right i' thinking it'll take but little to save your soul, for it'll be the smallest savin' y' iver made, wi' all your scrapin'."

There are occasions on which two servant girls and a waggoner may be a formidable audience, and as the Squire rode away on his black pony, even the gift of short-sightedness did not prevent him from being aware that Molly and Nancy and Tim were grinning not far from him. Perhaps he suspected that sour old John was grinning behind him—which was also the fact. Meanwhile the bull-dog, the black-and-tan terrier, Alick's sheep-dog, and the gander hissing at a safe

distance from the pony's heels, carried out the idea of Mrs. Poyser's solo in an impressive quartett.

Mrs. Poyser, however, had no sooner seen the pony move off than she turned round, gave the two hilarious damsels a look which drove them into the back kitchen, and unspearing her knitting began to knit again with her usual rapidity, as she re-entered the house.

"Thee'st done it now," said Mr. Poyser, a little alarmed and uneasy, but not without some triumphant amusement at his wife's outbreak.

"Yis, I know I've done it," said Mrs. Poyser; "but I've had my say out, and I shall be th' easier for't all my life. There's no pleasure i' living if you're to be corked up for iver, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel. I shan't repent saying what I think if I live to be as old as the old Squire, and there's little likelihoods—for it seems as if them as aren't wanted here are th' only folks as aren't wanted i' th' other world."

"But thee wotna like moving from th' old place this Michaelmas twelvemonth," said Mr. Poyser, "and going into a strange parish, where thee know'st nobody. It'll be hard upon us both, and upo' father too."

"Eh, it's no use worreting; there's plenty o' things may happen between this and Michaelmas twelvemonth. The Captain may be master afore then, for what we know," said Mrs. Poyser, inclined to take an unusually hopeful view of an embarrassment which had been brought about by her own merit, and not by other people's fault.

"I'm none for worreting," said Mr. Poyser, rising from his three-cornered chair and walking slowly towards the door; "but I should be loth to leave th' old place, and the parish where I was bred and born, and father afore me. We should leave our roots behind us, I doubt, and niver thrive again."—*Adam Bede.*

243.—POETRY.

• [DR. CHANNING, 1780—1842.

[THE REV. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D.D., was born at Newport, Rhode Island, U.S., in 1780. His grandfather was one of those who signed the Declaration of Independence. He was educated at Harvard College, and intended for the medical profession, but he abandoned the idea to prepare himself for the Unitarian ministry. His great eloquence soon rendered him one of the most conspicuous men in America; even those who were most opposed to his doctrine admitted the force of his genius and the finished elegance of his oratory. To his great honour, during a long period when to denounce slavery in America was to court unpopularity, Channing was persistent in his opposition to the pernicious system. He died Oct. 2, 1842.]

POETRY! we believe that poetry, far from injuring society, is one of

the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind above and beyond the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature; brings back the freshness of early feeling; revives the relish of simple pleasures; keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being; refines youthful love; strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings; spreads our sympathies over all classes of society; knits us by new ties with universal being; and through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life. We are aware that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light

on the mysteries of our being. In poetry when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not only prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is needed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, that make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life.—*Essays on National Literature.*

244.—THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, died 1861.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING wrote and published the greater portion of her poetry while she was yet Elizabeth Barrett; she married Mr. Browning, the poet, in 1846, and died in Italy 1861. Her principal works are "Poems," 2 vols., 1844; "The Drama of Exile;" "The Vision of Poets;" "Lady Geraldine's Courtship;" "Casa Guidi Windows," written in Florence, 1848; "Aurora

Leigh," 1856, a novel in blank verse; besides numerous contributions to the periodicals.]

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing towards the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?—
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
Which is lost in Long Ago—
The old tree is leafless in the forest—
The old year is ending in the frost—
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest—
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy—
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!"
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball, in the rime.

We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay :
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying "Get up, little Alice ! it is day."
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries !—
Could we see her face, be sure we should *not* know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes !
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime !
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children ! they are seeking .
Death in life, as best to have !
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty—
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through !
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine ?
Leave us quiet in the *dark* of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine !

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap—
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.
"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn,—our head, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—

Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.—
And all day, the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth—
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals—
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!—
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray—
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
'Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word;
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?"

"Two words, indeed," of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.*

We know no other words, except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angel's song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.

* A fact rendered pathetically historical by Mr. Horne's report of his commission.

'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone;
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children,—“up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving—
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.”
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving—
And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without his calm—
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,—
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The blessings of its memory cannot keep,—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in their places,
With eyes turned on Deity;—
“How long,” they say, “how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And its purple shows your path!
But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!”

—*Poems*. Collected Edition.

245.—THE CHRISTIAN'S DEPENDENCE UPON HIS REDEEMER.

[J. B. SUMNER, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1780—1862.]

[JOHN BIRD SUMNER was the eldest son of the Rev. Robert Sumner, vicar of Kenilworth. He was born 1780, and educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge, where he was Browne's Medallist (Latin) in 1800; Hulse's Prizeman in 1802; and where he graduated B.A. 1803, M.A. 1807, D.D. 1828. He was successively assistant master in and Fellow of Eton College, and then rector of Mapledurham, Oxon; Canon of Durham, 1820; Bishop of Chester, 1828; and translated to the see of Canterbury in 1848. He died in 1862. His works are "Evidences of Christianity," "Expository Lectures on the New Testament," "Treatise on the Records of the Creation," &c. &c.]

It is scarcely possible to contemplate the Christian character as described in the Gospel, and held up to our imitation, without acknowledging an excellence truly divine. This may justly be attributed to that religion, which, if it were universally obeyed, would extinguish all the vices which disturb human society and disgrace human nature, would subdue pride, violence, selfishness, and sensuality, and introduce in their stead humility, charity, temperance, mutual forbearance; would repress all that eager desire after temporal advantages which excites evil passions through the collision of interests; and would unite all men in one pursuit,—the only pursuit in which all could unite, and yet assist instead of counteracting each other—that of studying to do the will of God for the sake of everlasting happiness.

Were men to presume so far as to invent a test by which the divine origin of a religion should be tried, I can imagine none more unexceptionable than its tendency to overcome what is acknowledged to be evil in human nature, and to raise in an immeasurable degree the standard of happiness. I can imagine no eulogy more complete than this: that if all men lived up to the spirit of the Gospel, few sources of misery would remain in the world, and even that remainder would receive the utmost alleviation.

The only objection which has ever been urged against the true Christian character, derives whatever force it has from the disobedience of mankind. It has been said, that the meekness, the patience under injuries, which it prescribes, is incompatible with our condition on earth, and would expose the man who should strictly comply with its demands to indignities and wrongs without remedy. But if this were true, which it is not to any material extent, as experience proves, even under the present circumstances of Christianity, it would afford no argument against a religion which requires abstinence from injuries no less positively than patience under them. Would it improve the condition of mankind, if resistance were permitted where patience is now enjoined? Or would it be consistent with the Divine Author of the

religion to annul one of his laws because another was broken? Let a human legislator sometimes condescend, if necessary, to the refractory subjects with which he has to deal. But it is not, surely, for God to yield to the passions which rebel against his will, but to ordain where their proud waves shall be stayed. In no other way can the standard of human nature be raised and improved.

An objection more plausibly reasonable might perhaps be alleged against the Christian character, grounded on the impossibility of reaching and sustaining it, not only from the opposition of the surrounding world, but from the opposition of the natural heart; which we confess, nay avow, rises more or less against all the qualities which form the consistent Christian. The answer to this objection is conveyed in these words—*“Abide in me, and I in you.”* As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.” The Christian has on his side one who is greater than his natural heart. He “can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth him.” As there is an inseparable connection between the faith and practice of a Christian, so is there likewise a mystical union between the Christian and his Redeemer, the “author and finisher of his faith,” which enables him both to “will and to do of his good pleasure.” This is described by a strong, but clear and most intelligible metaphor, when it is compared to the union between a tree and its branches. It is not pretended that our natural unaided strength would enable us to comply with the demands of the Gospel. Our Lord expressly declares to his disciples, “Without me ye can do nothing.” But he promises such assistance of his Spirit from above as shall make them both willing and able in “the day of his power.” He compares them to the branch, which, itself separated at a distance from the root and the soil which nourishes the root, is made fruitful by the juices which the stem supplies, but can bear no fruit from the time that it is severed from the parent tree. “Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.”

But as the expression which exhorts us to “abide in Christ” is confessedly figurative, it becomes necessary to consider in what way we may be said to comply with the condition on which our power of obedience depends. What is it “to abide in Christ?” It is to live in habitual faith in his redemption, and in habitual reliance upon his Spirit.

And first, as to habitual faith. FAITH is a word so familiar to our ears and our lips, that we may be easily misled into a groundless belief that we understand, nay, adopt it, in its full and scriptural acceptation. But trace it back to its original meaning, and by that signification try

your feelings with respect to Christ. That signification is, such a belief or persuasion as leads to trust, reliance, confidence. And if we consider the offer or call of Christ, we shall perceive that the trust or confidence which he requires may be justly termed "abiding in him." He came into the world to deliver mankind from the darkness of ignorance and sin, *i.e.*, from spiritual blindness and alienation from God, a state inconsistent with their salvation. He came to redeem them from punishment; to renew their hearts by his Holy Spirit; to assign them rules for such a life as God approves. And in the fulfilment of this purpose, his language is, Ye who live in the world, the posterity of Adam, are "enemies to God," (who is a God of holiness,) "by wicked works." This enmity, this wickedness, he does not punish now; but after death there is judgment, when he will inflict "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil." But trust in me, and I will, for you, appease that wrath, and disarm that indignation; cleave to me, and follow the commandments which I set before you; then will I lead you safely through the "valley of the shadow of death," by which you must pass to an eternal world, and will *present you* pure and *faultless* before the throne of your Almighty Judge.

Now an offer of this nature precludes the idea of a passive or hesitating reception. It is a personal offer, which must be personally accepted or personally rejected. It requires, first, that we see our necessity, and are therefore ready to apply for help; that we feel our desert of punishment, and therefore desire a ransom. But it requires more also; for one might feel his necessity, and wish for relief, and yet doubt the power of him who offered it: it requires therefore a firm persuasion that he who makes the offer is able to make the offer good; and, in the special case of Christ, it requires us to believe that he can and will save us; has ransomed us; is able to bestow on us his Holy Spirit, and to prepare us for an eternal kingdom, into which he will hereafter receive us if we follow him obediently here.

Such is the corresponding movement on our parts by which his gracious offer must be met; such is the willing hand which we must stretch out to receive the proffered boon, or it is proposed to us in vain. "Faith is not merely a speculation, but a practical acknowledgment of Jesus as the Christ; an effort and motion of the mind towards God; when the sinner, convinced of sin, accepts with thankfulness the proffered terms of pardon, and in humble confidence applying individually to himself the benefit of the general atonement, in the elevated language of a venerable father of the church, 'drinks deep of the stream which flows from the Redeemer's side.' The effect is, that in a little time he is filled with that 'perfect love of

God which casteth out fear,'—he cleaves to God with the entire affection of the soul." And the question, whether we are abiding in Christ, comes to this; have we that confidence, that trust, that dependence upon him, which induces us to accept his offer; and are we ready to commit ourselves—I should rather say, have we committed ourselves—into his hands, both for this world and the next, instead of taking our chance for what may come, or instead of trusting to our own power, our own goodness, our own views of religion? Then we can say with the Apostle, "I know in whom I have believed; and that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." This acceptance of his offer is FAITH; and to have so accepted it as to be habitually living by it, and depending on it, is to "abide in Christ:" then he is to the Christian what the stem is to the branch; the sole support on which it leans.—*Sunday Library*, vol. iv.

246.—THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS.

[DEAN SWIFT, 1667—1745.

[JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin, 1667. His father was steward of the King's Inns, Dublin, and died a few months before the birth of his celebrated son. Swift was sent to a school in Kilkenny at six years old, and nine years afterwards to the University of Dublin; the expenses of his education were defrayed by his uncle. On the death of this relative, in 1688, he was engaged by Sir William Temple (who had married a relation of his mother) as private secretary. He resolved after a time on entering the Church, took orders, and obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor. In 1724 he wrote the famous "Drapier's Letters." A patent had been iniquitously procured by a man of the name of Wood, to coin 180,000*l.* in copper for the use of Ireland, by which he would have made a fortune, and impoverished the nation. Dean Swift, in the character of a draper, wrote a series of letters to the people, urging them not to receive this base money. They were so successful that the patent was withdrawn. Henceforward the Irish looked on him as their best friend and champion. Swift was a disappointed and unhappy man, and died in a state of mental aberration, 1745. He left 11,000*l.* to erect a hospital for idiots and lunatics. His principal works are, a satirical romance called "Gulliver's Travels;" the "Tale of a Tub," in which he ridicules Popery and Puritanism; and "Political Tracts against the Whigs," with numerous pieces of humorous poetry. He was one of the wits of Queen Anne's reign; and we believe we shall do him most justice in so brief an extract by giving a selection of his "Thoughts and Aphorisms."]

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them, as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my Lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand; whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it often go out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel;" and I think he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive, and talking to me.

When I was young I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

One argument, to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, "This critical age," as divines say, "This sinful age."

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this: this shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

The humour of exploding many things, under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—*Swift's Works*, vol. xii.

247.—JERUSALEM.

[The Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 1805.

[BENJAMIN DISRAELI is the eldest son of Mr. Isaac Disraeli, the well-known writer.

He was born in London Dec. 21, 1805. He became an author while yet a minor, and published his very successful novel, "Vivian Grey," in 1825. He commenced his parliamentary life in 1831 by contesting the borough of Wycombe on Tory principles against the Hon. C. Grey, son of the then Premier, and was defeated by a small majority. In 1837 he entered Parliament for Maidstone. In 1841 he represented Shrewsbury. In 1847 he became member for Buckinghamshire, which seat he has retained for twenty-two years. Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Derby's administrations, and became Premier in 1868, when he passed the Reform Bill. His brilliant novels, combining fiction and politics, have given him a high place in English literature. They are "Vivian Grey," "The Young Duke," "Henrietta Temple," "Contarini Fleming," "Venetia," "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred." He also wrote a "Vindication of the English Constitution," a "Biography of Lord G. Bentinck," &c. &c.]

THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendour, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome: for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolan and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on,

entered by the gate of St Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew, race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favoured of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honour; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopus, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judæa has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivalled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of

the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe;—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek, Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian; these also are Christian churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people of that isle, recognises in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot, which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? The land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man, and the flesh of whose appointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at

the powers of evil? Is it to be believed, that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others? That Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Attica or Rome.

There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those, too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that oriental intellect to which they owed their civilization, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilized of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions; while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name, and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament, which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom they considered infidels! and now, instead of the third crusade, they expend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem, on which such vast treasure, such prodigies of valour, and such ardent belief has been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the holy sepulchre, than any of the invading host of Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognised the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century, the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever

remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes, which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe, was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans.—*Tancred: or, the New Crusade*, Book 3, chap. i.

248.—DEATH OF NELSON.

[ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774—1843.]

[ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D., "poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian," was one of the most voluminous writers of his own, or perhaps any age. He was born at Bristol 1774, and was the son of a linendraper. He achieved for himself the highest place among nature's noblemen by the right of his nobility of mind; and he left at his death 12,000*l.*, to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. His principal poems are, "Thalaba the Destroyer," and the "Curse of Kehama"; they display a wonderful power of imagination, invention, and word-painting. In biography, his "Life of Nelson" has been held up, with justice, as a model for all writers of biography. His "Doctor," a sort of commonplace book, is a work full of suggestions useful to the student, but full of affectations which would scarcely be agreeable to the general reader. It was in his early youth that he wrote "The Well of St. Keyne," "Mary the Maid of the Inn," and those ballads, which have been the admiration of the rising generation for the last fifty years. It may be said of him that he literally worked his brain dry, for, at last, his intellect became clouded, and his power of comprehension faded out of him. He died at Greta, 1843.]

An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory*, from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck because her great guns were silent; for as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he.—"I hope not!" cried Hardy.—"Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a

moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars.—Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful: "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade, to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every hurrah, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eye and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There is no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast:—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no!" he replied; "it is impossible: my back is shot through; Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once

more shook hands with him ; and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone ; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, " You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,"—putting his hand on his left side,—“ which tells me so.” And upon Beatty’s inquiring whether his pain was very great ? he replied, so great that he wished he was dead. “ Yet,” said he, in a lower voice, “ one would like to live a little longer too !” And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added, “ What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation ?”—Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he left the cockpit, returned ; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly ; but fourteen or fifteen at least. “ That’s well,” cried Nelson ; “ but I bargained for twenty.” And then, in a stronger voice, he said, “ Anchor, Hardy—anchor.” Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. “ Not while I live, Hardy,” said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed : “ do you anchor.” His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, “ Don’t throw me overboard :” and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings ; “ Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy ; take care of poor Lady Hamilton.—Kiss me, Hardy,” said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek ; and Nelson said, “ Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty.” Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. “ Who is that ?” said Nelson ; and being informed, he replied, “ God bless you, Hardy.” And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, “ I wish I had not left the deck ; for I shall soon be gone.” Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, “ Doctor, I have not been a great sinner ;” and after a short pause, “ Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country.” His articulation now became difficult ; but he was distinctly heard to say, “ Thank God, I have done my duty !” These words he repeatedly pronounced ; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.—*Life of Nelson.*

249.—THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

[MAUPERTUIS, 1698—1759.

[PETER LEWIS MOREAU DE MAUPERTUIS was born at St. Malo, 1698. He was of noble birth, and for three years served in the French army, but he quitted it to engage in the labours of science. He was admitted member of the French Academy 1723, and some years afterwards, when visiting London, was made Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1736 he was at the head of the French Academicians sent by the King of France to the north to ascertain the figure of the Earth. He was afterwards invited by the Prince of Prussia to become the President of the learned society there. He accompanied his royal patron in his campaign against the Austrians, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Molwitz; but the emperor generously gave him his freedom, and he returned to Berlin. Soon afterwards he was engaged in some literary quarrels with Koenig, professor of Philosophy at Franeker, and with Voltaire. The disposition of Maupertuis was not calculated to win affection, but Voltaire was so severely satirical on him whom he had long called his friend and mathematical instructor, that the King of Prussia interfered in his behalf. Maupertuis died at Basil while on a visit to his friends the Bernouillés, in July 1759. His works are very valuable, and were collected in 1756. They are—"Figure of the Earth determined;" "Measurement of a degree of the Meridian;" "Discourse on the Figure of the Stars;" "Reflections on the Origin of Languages;" &c. &c.]

THE town of Tornea, at our arrival on the 30th of December, had really a most frightful aspect. Its little houses were buried to the tops in snow, which had there been clear daylight must have effectually shut it out; but the snow continually falling, or ready to fall, for the most part hid the sun during the few moments he might have appeared at mid-day.

In the month of January the cold increased till Réaumur's mercurial thermometer, which at Paris, in the great frost of 1709, it was thought strange to see fall 14° below the freezing point, fell to 37° . The spirit of wine in the others was frozen. If we opened the door of a warm room, the external air instantly converted all the vapour in it into snow, whirling it round in a white vortex. If we went out, we felt as if the air were tearing our chests; and indoors the cracking of the wood, of which the houses are built, as it split by the violence of the frost, continually alarmed us with an increase of cold.

The solitude of the streets was as great as if the people had been all dead. In this country one often sees people who have lost an arm or leg by the frost. The cold, which is always very great, sometimes increases so violently and suddenly, as to be infallibly fatal to those who are so unhappy as to be exposed to it.

The winds seem to blow from all quarters at once, and drive about the snow with such fury that in a moment all the roads are rendered invisible. Dreadful is the situation of a person surprised in the open country in such a storm; his knowledge of the roads, and even the marks afforded by the trees, cannot avail him: he is blinded

by the snow, and if he attempts to find his way home, is generally lost.

* * * * *

But though in this climate the earth is horrible, the heavens present the most magnificent aspects. The short days are no sooner closed, than fires of a thousand colours and figures light up the sky, as if designed to compensate for the absence of the sun. These fires have not here, as in more southerly latitudes, any constant situation. Though a luminous arch is often seen fixed in the north, the lights seem more frequently to possess the whole extent of the hemisphere. Sometimes they begin in the form of a great scarf of bright light, with its ends upon the horizon, which glides swiftly up the sky with a motion resembling that of a fishing-net, preserving as it moves a direction nearly perpendicular to the meridian; and more commonly after these preludes, all the lights unite at the zenith and form the top of a kind of crown. Arcs like those seen in France towards the north, are here frequently situated towards the south, and are often seen both in the north and south at the same time. Their summits approach each other, and the distance of their extremities widens towards the horizon. I have seen opposite arcs whose summits almost join at the zenith, and both the one and the other have several concentric arcs beyond it. Their tops are all placed in the direction of the meridian, though with a little declination to the west, which I did not find to be constant, and which is sometimes insensible.

It would be endless to mention all the different figures these meteors assume, and the various motions with which they are agitated. Their movement is most commonly like that of a pair of colours waved in the air, and the different tints of their light give them the appearance of so many vast streamers of changeable taffeta. Sometimes they line a part of the sky with scarlet.

On the 18th of December I saw a phenomenon of this kind that, in the midst of the wonders to which I was every day accustomed, excited my admiration. To the south a great space of the sky appeared tinged with so lively a red, that the whole constellation of Orion looked as if it had been steeped in blood. This light, which was at first fixed, soon moved, and changing into other colours—violet and blue, settled into a dome, the top of which stood a little to the south-west of the zenith. The moon shone brightly, but did not in the least efface it.

In this country, where there are lights of so many different colours, I never saw more than two that were red, and such are taken for pre-sages of some great misfortune. After all, when people gaze at these phenomena with an unphilosophic eye, it is not surprising if they

discover in them armies engaged, fiery chariots, and a thousand other prodigies.

• During the winter we repeated many of our observations and calculations, and found the most evident proofs of the earth's being flatted at the poles. Meantime the sun came nearer, or rather, no more quitted us. It was now May, and it was curious to see that great luminary enlighten for so long a time a whole horizon of ice; and to see summer in the heavens, while winter still kept possession of the earth. We were in the morning of that long day of several months; yet the sun with all his power wrought no change either upon the ice or snows.

On the 6th of May it began to rain, and some water appeared on the ice of the river. At noon a little snow melted, but in the evening winter resumed his rights. At length, on the 10th, the earth, which had been so long hid, began to appear; some high points that were exposed to the sun showed themselves, as the tops of the mountains did after the Deluge, and all the fowls of the country returned.

At the beginning of June—winter yielding up the earth and sea—we prepared for our departure back to Stockholm, and on the 9th some of us set out by land, and others by sea.—*Account of a Journey to the Polar Circle to determine the Figure of the Earth,*

250.—IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND LORD BROOKE.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, 1775—1864.

[WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR was the son of a gentleman of ancient family and large fortune. He was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, in 1775, and was educated at Rugby School and Trinity College, Oxford. He travelled on the Continent, and in 1808 raised at his own expense a body of troops in aid of the Spanish patriots. He married in 1811, and settled for a time at Bath; but finally went to Florence with his wife, where he resided for the space of thirty years, and composed his most important works. In 1820 he printed his "Idyllia Heroica" at Pisa. Between 1824 and 1829 he brought out his "Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen" in London. In 1831 "Gebir," a poem (afterwards translated by himself into Latin), appeared. In 1836 he published "A Satire on Satirists and Admonition to Detractors." Next year the "Pentameron and Pentologue." His dramas, "Andrew of Hungary" and "Joanna of Naples" appeared in 1839. In 1853 he published a volume of essays, "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," and in 1858 "Dry Sticks." This aged writer died abroad in 1864. He had been the contemporary of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burns, &c., and was a writer of undoubted talent. His genius was best displayed in his "Imaginary Conversations," from which we select the following one.]

Brooke. I come again unto the woods and unto the wilds of Penshurst, whither my heart and the friend of my heart have long invited me.

Sidney. Welcome, welcome! And now, Greville, seat yourself

under this oak, since, if you had hungered or thirsted from your journey, you would have renewed the alacrity of your old servants in the hall.

Brooke. In truth I did so; for no otherwise the good household would have it. The birds met me first, affrighted by the tossing up of caps, and I knew by these harbingers who were coming. When my palfrey eyed them askance from their clamorousness, and shrank somewhat back, they quarrelled with him almost before they saluted me, and asked him many pert questions. What a pleasant spot, Sidney, have you chosen here for meditation! a solitude is the audience-chamber of God. Few days, very few in our year like this: there is a fresh pleasure in every fresh posture of the limbs, in every turn the eye takes.

Youth, credulous of happiness, throw down
Upon this turf thy wallet, stored and swoln
With morrow-morns, bird-eggs, and bladders burst,
That tires thee with its wagging to and fro;
Thou, too, wouldst breathe more freely for it, Age,
Who lackest heart to laugh at life's deceit.

It sometimes requires a stout push, and sometimes a sudden resistance in the wisest men, not to become for a moment the most foolish. What have I done? I have fairly challenged you, so much my master.

Sidney. You have warmed me; I must cool a little, and watch my opportunity. So now, Greville, return you to your invitations, and I will clear the ground for the company: youth, age, and whatever comes between, with all their kindred and dependencies. Verily we need few taunts or expostulations, for in the country we have few vices, and consequently few repinings. I take especial care that my labourers and farmers shall never be idle. In church they are taught to love God, after church they are practised to love their neighbour; for business on work-days keeps them apart and scattered, and on market-days they are prone to a rivalry bordering on malice, as competitors for custom. Goodness does not more certainly make men happy, than happiness makes them good. We must distinguish between felicity and prosperity, for prosperity leads often to ambition, and ambition to disappointment; the course is then over; the wheel turns round but once, while the reaction of goodness and happiness is perpetual.

Brooke. You reason justly, and you act rightly. Piety, warm, soft and passive as the æther round the throne of Grace, is made callous and inactive by kneeling too much; her vitality faints under rigorous and wearisome observances.

Sidney. Desire of lucre, the worst and most general country vice, arises here from the necessity of looking to small gains. It is the tartar that encrusts economy.

Brooke. O that anything so monstrous should exist in this profusion and prodigality of blessings! The herbs are crisp and elastic with health; they are warm under my hand, as if their veins were filled with such a fluid as ours. What a hum of satisfaction in God's creatures! How is it, Sidney, the smallest do seem the happiest?

Sidney. Compensation for their weaknesses and their fears; compensation for the shortness of their existence. Their spirits mount upon the sunbeam above the eagle; they have more enjoyment in their one summer than the elephant in his century.

Brooke. Are not also the little and lowly in our species the most happy?

Sidney. I would not willingly try nor over-curiously examine it. We, Greville, are happy in these parks and forests; we were happy in my close winter-walk of box, and laurestinus, and mezereon. In our earlier days, did we not emboss our bosoms with the crocuses, and shake them almost unto shedding with our transports? Ah, my friend, there is a greater difference, both in the stages of life and in the seasons of the year, than in the conditions of men; yet the healthy pass through the seasons, from the clement to the inclement, not only unreluctantly, but rejoicingly, knowing that the worst will soon finish, and the best begin anew; and we are all desirous of pushing forward into every stage of life, excepting that alone which ought reasonably to allure us most, as opening to us the Via Sacra, along which we move in triumph to our eternal country. We may in some measure frame our minds for the reception of happiness, for more or for less; but we should well consider to what port we are steering in search of it, and that even in the richest we shall find but a circumscribed and very exhaustible quantity. There is a sickliness in the firmest of us, which induces us to change our side, though reposing ever so softly; yet, wittingly or unwittingly, we turn again soon into our old position. God hath granted unto both of us hearts easily contented; hearts fitted for every station, because fitted for every duty. What appears the dullest may contribute most to our genius; what is most gloomy may soften the seeds and relax the fibres of gaiety. Sometimes we are insensible to its kindlier influence, sometimes not. We enjoy the solemnity of the spreading oak above us; perhaps we owe to it in part the mood of our minds at this instant; perhaps an inanimate thing supplies me while I am speaking with all I possess of animation. Do you imagine that any contest of shepherds can afford them the same pleasure that I receive from the description of it; or that in their loves, however innocent

and faithful, they are so free from anxiety as I am while I celebrate them? The exertion of intellectual power, of fancy and imagination, keeps from us greatly more than their wretchedness, and affords us greatly more than their enjoyment. We are motes in the midst of generations; we have our sunbeams to circuit and climb. Look at the summits of all the trees around us, how they move, and the loftiest the more so; nothing is at rest within the compass of our view except the grey moss on the park-pales. Let it eat away the dead oak, but let it not be compared to the living one.—*Imaginary Conversations.*

251.—THE BELLS.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1811—1849.]

[Save in the career of the unfortunate Richard Savage, the life of this degraded genius has no parallel in literary history. He was born at Baltimore, U.S.A., about the year 1811, and left destitute when a mere child by his parents, who were strolling players. Adopted and sent to school by a Virginian planter, Mr. Allan, he was from the first ungrateful and unmanageable. He was expelled from a military academy in which Mr. Allan placed him; he enlisted in the army, then deserted, and picked up a precarious living by contributing to American periodicals. That he was a great natural genius is beyond a doubt; but he could settle to nothing, he was a Bohemian by disposition, and a drunkard from choice. His genius made him many friends, but he kept none; and he deceived and disgraced all he came in contact with; he was morbidly reckless, and his diseased imagination is reflected in his writings. He seems to have written as he lived, in a dream of intoxication, in which despondency alternated with savage hilarity, and in which nothing real had a part. His poem "The Raven," is acknowledged in both this and his own country to be the most original poem that America has yet produced. He died October 7, 1849, in a hospital at Baltimore. His "Tales of Mystery and Imagination" have been reprinted in this country, and had a large sale.]

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells!
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight.
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells ;
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright !
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour, *
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air.

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells ;
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells !
Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells !
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls :
And their king—it is who tolls ;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells !
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells !
And he dances, and he yells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—*Collected Poems.*

252.—THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

[BISHOP HORNE, 1730—1792.]

[THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE HORNE was born at Otham, Kent, 1730, and received his education at Maidstone School, whence he was elected to a scholarship of University College, Oxford. He was afterwards appointed a Fellow of Magdalen College; took holy orders in 1752, and became distinguished as a preacher. * In 1768 he was chosen president of Magdalen, and appointed chaplain in ordinary to the King. He was the author of a very popular "Commentary on the Book of Psalms," and some clever controversial works. He was created Bishop of Norwich, and died at Bath 1792.]

WHEN God, in after times, selected a peculiar people to be his church and heritage, to receive the law from his mouth, and to be the guardians of his promises, he "chose one place to place his name there;" to be the place of his residence, where he appeared and was consulted. He gave directions for the construction of a temple, or house, in a particular manner appropriated to him, and called his; which, though composed of worldly elements, was so framed, as to exhibit an apt resemblance, model, or pattern of heavenly things; to serve as a school for instruction, as a sanctuary for devotion. Might not the garden of Eden be a kind of temple, or sanctuary, to Adam; a place chosen for the residence and appearance of God: a place designed to represent and give him ideas of heavenly things; a place sacred to contemplation and devotion? Something of this sort seems to be intimated by the account we have of the garden in the second chapter of Genesis, and to be confirmed by the references and allusions to it in other parts of the Scriptures.

With this view we may observe, that though Paradise was created with the rest of the world, yet we are informed, the hand of God was in a more especial manner employed in preparing this place for the

habitation of man. "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden. And out of the ground the Lord God made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food. And a river went out of Eden, to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads." Thus the great Architect of the universe, he who, in the language of the apostle, "built all things," is described as selecting, disposing, and adorning this wonderful and happy spot, wherein was to be placed the creature made after his own image and likeness, but a little lower than the angels. Does not this circumstance suggest to us, that something more was intended than what generally enters into our idea of a garden?

Whenever the garden of Eden is mentioned in the Scriptures it is called "the garden of God," or "the garden of the Lord," expressions which denote some peculiar designation of it to sacred purposes, some appropriation to God and his service, as is confessedly the case with many similar phrases, such as "house of God," "altar of God," "man of God," and the like; all implying, that the persons and things spoken of were consecrated to him, and set apart for religious use.

When it is said, "The Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it," the words undoubtedly direct us to conceive of it as a place for the exercise of the body. We readily acquiesce in this, as the truth, but not as the whole truth; it being difficult to imagine, that so noble a creature, the lord of the world, should have no other or higher employment. Much more satisfaction will be found in supposing, that our first parents, while thus employed, like the priests under the law while they ministered in the temple, were led to contemplations of a more exalted nature "serving to the example and shadow of heavenly things." The powers of the body, and the faculties of the mind, might be set to work at the same time, by the same objects. And it is well known, that the words here used,* do as frequently denote mental as corporeal operations; and under the ideas of DRESSING and KEEPING the sacred garden, may fairly imply the CULTIVATION and OBSERVATION of such religious truths as were pointed out by the external signs and sacraments which Paradise contained.

That some of the objects in Eden were of a sacramental nature, we can hardly doubt, when we read of "the tree of knowledge," and "the tree of life." The fruit of a material tree could not, by any virtue inherent in it, convey "the knowledge of good and evil," or cause that, by eating it, a man should "live for ever." But such fruit might be ordained as a sacrament, upon the participation of which, certain

* *לעבד* and *לשמור*.

spiritual effects should follow. This is entirely conformable to reason, to the nature of man, and of religion.

It is remarkable, that, in the earliest ages, a custom should be found to prevail, both among the people of God and idolaters, of setting apart and consecrating gardens and groves for the purpose of religious worship. Thus Abraham, we are told, "planted a tree, or grove, at Beer-sheba, and called on the name of the everlasting God."* The worshippers of false gods are described, in the writings of the prophets, as "sacrificing in gardens," as "purifying themselves in gardens," behind "one tree in the midst;" and it is foretold, that they should be "ashamed for the oaks which they had desired, and confounded for the gardens which they had chosen."† A surprising uniformity in this point, may be traced through all the different periods of idolatry, as subsisting among the Canaanites, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans. Groves were dedicated to the gods, and particular species of trees were sacred to particular deities. The same usage prevailed among the Druids, in these parts of the world. And to this day, the aisles of our Gothic churches and cathedrals are evidently built in imitation of those arched groves, which of old supplied the place of temples. It is not, therefore, without reason, that the author of a learned dissertation on the subject makes the following remark:—"These were the hallowed fanes of the ancients, in which they performed divine worship. And indeed, if we would trace up this rite to its origin, we must have recourse to the true God himself, who instituted in Paradise a sacred garden or grove, ordained Adam to be the high-priest of it, and consecrated in it two trees, for a public testimony of religion."

But upon the supposition now made, that the garden of Eden served as a kind of temple for our first parents, might we not expect to find some resemblance of it in the tabernacle and temple afterwards erected, by the appointment of God, for his residence in the midst of his people Israel? The question is by no means absurd, especially if we recollect that it was the design of the Mosaic sanctuary, with its apparatus, to prefigure the restoration of those spiritual blessings which were forfeited and lost by the transgression in Paradise. Let us, therefore, inquire what satisfaction the Scriptures will afford us upon this point.

The principal object in the garden of Eden with which revelation has brought us acquainted, are the plantations of trees, and the rivers of water by which those plantations were nourished and supported in glory and beauty. Was there any thing of this sort in or about the tabernacle and temple?

* Gen. xxi. 33.

† Isa. lxxv. 3. lxxvi. 17.

With regard to the plantations, two passages in the Psalms incline us to think there were such in the courts of the Jewish sanctuary, as well as in that of Eden: "I am like a green olive tree in the house of God.* The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree, he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing."† These texts seem to suppose the real existence of such plantations, and, at the same time, to intimate the end and design of them; namely, to represent the progress and improvement of the faithful in virtue, through the influence of the divine favour. The same pleasing and expressive image is employed to the same purpose, in the first Psalm—"He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

As to the rivers of water which supplied and refreshed the garden of Eden, and all its productions, we meet with something analogous to them, both in the tabernacle and temple.

During the journey of the children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan, the camp in general, and the sacred tabernacle in particular, were supplied with water in a miraculous manner, not only at the time when Moses smote the rock, but the same supply accompanied them afterwards.—"They drank of that rock," that is, the water of that rock, "which followed them." "He led thee," says Moses, "through that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions, and drought, where there was no water; who made water to flow for thee out of the rock of flint."‡ And these waters, like those in Eden, were of a sacramental nature. "They did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ."§ How lively a representation of that heavenly grace which comforts our weary spirits, and enables us to accomplish our journey through the wilderness of life!

If, from the tabernacle, we proceed to the temple, we are there presented with the sacred streams of Siloah, breaking forth and flowing from the mount of God. In Ezekiel's famous vision of the new temple, there is a wonderful description, founded on the real situation of things at Mount Sion, explaining their signification, and unavoidably carrying our thoughts back to the waters and plantations of the original sanctuary in Eden: "Afterward he brought me again unto the door of the house, and behold waters issued out from under the threshold of

Psalm. lii. 8.

† Psalm. xcii. 12, &c.

‡ Deut. viii. 15.

§ 1 Cor. x. 4.

the house eastward. Then said he to me, These waters issue out toward the east country, and go down into the desert, and go into the sea; which being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live. And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side, and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade; neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters issued out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaves thereof for medicine."*

When the prophets have occasion to foretell the great and marvellous change to be effected in the moral world, under the evangelical dispensation, they frequently borrow their ideas and expressions from the history of that garden, in which innocence and felicity once dwelt together, and which they represent as again springing up and blooming in the wilderness. Of the many passages which occur, two or three only shall be recited. "The Lord will comfort Sion, he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord: joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody;"† such joy and gladness, such thanksgiving and melody, at the restitution of all things, as were at their first creation, when "God saw every thing he had made, and behold, it was very good;"—when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree and the pine, and the box tree together: that they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it."‡ "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon: they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God."§

At the time appointed, these predictions received their accomplishment. Men "saw the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our

* Ezek. xlvii. 1, &c.

† Isa. li. 3.

‡ Isa. xli. 17, &c.

§ Isa. xxxv. 1, 2.

God." By the death and resurrection of the Redeemer, lost Paradise was regained; and its inestimable blessings, wisdom, righteousness, and holiness, are now to be found and enjoyed in the Christian church. But as men are still men, and not angels, those blessings are still represented and conveyed by sacramental symbols, analogous to the original ones in Eden. From the sacred font flows the water of life, to purify, to refresh, to comfort; "a river goes out of Eden, to water the garden," and to "baptize all nations;" while the eucharist answers to the fruits of the tree of life: at the holy table we may now "put forth our hands, and take, and eat, and live for ever."—*Sermons*. Vol. I. pp. 33-41.

253.—CHANGES IN A LANGUAGE.

[SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1709—1784.]

[SAMUEL JOHNSON's father was a bookseller. Johnson was born at Lichfield, 1709. He received a good education, and was sent to Oxford in his nineteenth year. Compelled to quit college before taking any degree, he set up a private academy in his native city. One of his (three) pupils was David Garrick. At the end of a year and a half he came to London and commenced writing for Cave, the printer, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, published at the St. John's-gate, Clerkenwell, now a tavern frequented by a literary coterie, where "Dr. Johnson's" chair is reverently preserved. In 1738 he published his "London, a Satire;" in 1749 his "Vanity of Human Wishes." In emulation of the older essayists he published, in numbers, 1750-52, "The Rambler," afterwards collected in four vols. 8vo. His Dictionary occupied him for seven years, and was published in 1755. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards by the University of Oxford. "His imitations of Juvenal are among the best imitations of a classic author which we possess; while," says an eminent critic, "in massive force of understanding, multifarious knowledge, sagacity, and moral intrepidity, no writer of the eighteenth century surpassed him." His High Church and Tory predilections show the sterner qualities of the citizen; his friendship for Oliver Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, Boswell, &c., and his founding of the Literary Club—the first step towards linking the choicest spirits of the age in bonds of social brotherhood—attest to the finer and gentler qualities of the man. Johnson died 1784.]

TOTAL and sudden transformations of a language seldom happen; conquests and migrations are how very rare; but there are other causes of change, which, though slow in their operation, and invincible in their progress, are perhaps as much superior to human resistance, as the revolutions of the sky, or intumescence of the tide. Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language; they that have frequent intercourse with strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which serves the traffickers on the Mediterranean and Indian coasts. This will not always be confined to the Exchange, the warehouse, or the port, but

will be communicated by degrees to other ranks of the people, and be at last incorporated with the current speech.

There are likewise internal causes equally forcible. The language most likely to continue long without alteration, would be that of a nation raised a little, and but a little, above barbarity, secluded from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniences of life : either without books, or, like some of the Mahometan countries, with very few : men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would perhaps long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be expected in a people polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas, and every increase of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words, or combinations of words. When the mind is unchained from necessity, it will range after convenience ; when it is left at large in the fields of speculation, it will shift opinions ; as any custom is disused, the words that expressed it must perish with it ; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice.

As by the cultivation of various sciences a language is amplified, it will be more furnished with words deflected from their original sense ; the geometrician will talk of a courtier's zenith, or the eccentric virtue of a wild hero ; and the physician of sanguine expectations, and phlegmatic delays. Copiousness of speech will give opportunities to capricious choice, by which some words will be preferred, and others degraded ; vicissitudes of fashion will enforce the use of new, or extend the signification of known terms. The tropes of poetry will make hourly encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current sense : pronunciation will be varied by levity or ignorance, and the pen must at length comply with the tongue ; illiterate writers will at one time or other, by public infatuation, rise into renown ; who, not knowing the original import of words, will use them with colloquial licentiousness, confound distinction and forget propriety. As politeness increases, some expressions will be considered as too gross and vulgar for the delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the gay and airy ; new phrases are therefore adopted, which must, for the same reasons, be in time dismissed. Swift, in his petty treatise on the English language, allows that new words must sometimes be introduced, but proposes that none should be suffered to become obsolete. But what makes a word obsolete, more than general agreement to forbear it ? And how shall it be continued, when it conveys an offensive idea, or recalled again into the mouths of mankind, when

it has once by disease become unfamiliar, and by unfamiliarity unpleasant.

There is another cause of alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet, in the present state of the world, cannot be obviated. A mixture of two languages will produce a third, distinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief part of education, and the most conspicuous accomplishment, is skill in ancient or in foreign tongues. He that has long cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotic expressions.

The great pest of speech is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting something of its native idiom; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation; single words may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same, but new phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style, which I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the spirit of English liberty will hinder or destroy, let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to stop the licence of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of France.

If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated: tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philosophy to the nations of the Continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors! Whether I shall add anything by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressure of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if by my assistance foreign nations, and distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and

understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.—*Preface to Dictionary.*

254.—CLARISSA HARLOWE DYING.

[SAMUEL RICHARDSON, 1689—1761.

[SAMUEL RICHARDSON was the son of a joiner, residing in Derbyshire. He was born in 1689, and received only a very ordinary education. He was bound apprentice to Mr. Wilde, a printer, in London. After the expiration of his apprenticeship, he became his master's foreman and corrector of the press, and finally set up in business for himself in Fleet-street, and afterwards in Salisbury-square. He obtained by the interest of Mr. Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, the printing of the journals of the House; was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company, and purchased a moiety of the patent of law printer to the king. In 1740 he published "Pamela," which obtained great success. This novel was followed by "Clarissa Harlowe," which is considered his masterpiece, and by "Sir Charles Grandison." Richardson died in 1761.]

THE colonel* begged, if not improper, that he might see her, though sleeping. He said that his impatience would not let him stay till she awaked. Yet he would not have her disturbed: and should be glad to contemplate her sweet features when she saw him not; and asked, if she† thought he could go in and come out without disturbing her?

She believed he might, she answered; for her chair's back was towards the door.

He said, he would take care to withdraw if she awoke, that his sudden appearance might not surprise her.

Mrs. Smith, stepping up before us, bid Mrs. Lovick and nurse not to stir, when we entered: and then we went up softly together.

We beheld the lady in a charming attitude. Dressed, as I told you before, in her virgin white, she was sitting in her elbow-chair, Mrs. Lovick close by her in another chair, with her left arm round her neck supporting it, as it were; for it seems the lady had bid her do so, saying, she had been a mother to her, and she would delight herself in thinking she was in her mamma's arms; for she found herself drowsy; perhaps, she said, for the last time she should ever be so.

One faded cheek rested upon the good woman's bosom, the kindly warmth of which had overspread it with a faint but charming flush; the other paler and hollow, as if already iced over by death. Her hands, white as the lily, with her meandering veins more transparent blue than ever I had seen even hers (veins so soon, alas! to be choked up by the congealment of that purple stream, which already so lan-

* Morden.

† Mrs. Smith.

guidly creeps rather than flows through them!) her hands hanging lifelessly, one before her, the other grasped by the right hand of the kind widow, whose tears bedewed the sweet face which her motherly bosom supported, although unfelt by the fair sleeper; and either insensibly to the good woman, or that she would not disturb her to wipe them off, or to change her posture; her aspect was sweetly calm and serene; and though she started now and then, yet her sleep seemed easy; her breath indeed short and quick, but tolerably free, and not like that of a dying person.

In this heart-moving attitude she appeared to us when we approached her, and came to have her lovely face before us.

The colonel, sighing often, gazed upon her with his arms folded, and with the most profound and affectionate attention; till at last, on her starting and fetching her breath with greater difficulty than before, he retired to a screen that was drawn before her house,* as she calls it, which, as I have heretofore observed, stands under one of the windows. This screen was placed there at the time she found herself obliged to take to her chamber; and in the depth of our concern and the fulness of other discourse at our first interview, I had forgotten to apprise the colonel of what he would probably see.

Retiring thither, he drew out his handkerchief, and overwhelmed with grief, seemed unable to speak; but on casting his eye beyond, he soon broke silence; for, struck with the shape of the coffin, he lifted up a purplish-coloured cloth that was spread over it, and starting back, "Good God!" said he, "what's here?" Mrs. Smith standing next to him. "Why," said he, with great emotion, "is my cousin suffered to indulge her sad reflections with such an object before her?"

"Alas! sir," replied the good woman, "who should control her? We are all strangers about her in a manner; and yet we have expostulated with her on this sad occasion."

"I ought," said I (stepping softly up to him, the lady again falling into a doze), "to have apprised you of this. I was here when it was brought in, and was never so shocked in my life. But she had none of her friends about her, and no reason to hope for any of them to come near her; and assured she should not recover, she was resolved to leave as little as possible, especially as to what related to her person, to her executor. But it is not a shocking object to her, though it may be to every one else."

"Curse upon the hard-heartedness of those," said he, "who occa-

* A coffin.

sioned her to make so sad a provision for herself! What must her reflections have been all the time she was thinking of it and giving orders about it? And what must they be every time she turns her head towards it? These uncommon geniuses—— but indeed she should have been controlled in it had I been here."

The lady fetched a profound sigh, and, starting, it broke off our talk; and the colonel then withdrew further behind the screen, that his sudden appearance might not surprise her.

"Where am I?" said she. "How drowsy I am! How long have I dozed? Don't go, sir (for I was retiring). I am very stupid, and shall be more and more so, I suppose."

She then offered to raise herself, but being ready to faint through weakness, was forced to sit down again, reclining her head on her chair back; and after a few moments, "I believe now, my good friend," said she, "all your kind trouble will soon be over. I have slept, but am not refreshed, and my fingers' ends seem numbed—— have no feeling! (holding them up)—'tis time to send the letter to my good Norton."

"Shall I, madam, send my servant post with it?"

"Oh no, sir, I thank you. It will reach the dear woman too soon (as she will think) by post!"

I told her this was not post day.

"Is it Wednesday still?" she said. "Bless me! I know not how time goes: but very tediously 'tis plain. And now I think that I must soon take to my bed. All will be more conveniently, and with least trouble over there——will it not, Mrs. Lovick?——I think, sir (turning to me), I have left nothing to these last incapacitating hours. Nothing either to say or to do. I bless God I have not. If I had, how unhappy should I be! Can you, sir, remind me of anything necessary to be done or said, to make your office easy?"

"If, madam, your cousin Morden should come, you would be glad to see him, I presume?"

"I am too weak to wish to see my cousin now. It would but decompose me and him too. Yet, if he come while I can see, I will see him, were it but to thank him for former favours, and for his present kind intentions to me. Has anybody been here from him?"

"He has called, and will be here, madam, in half an hour, but he feared to surprise you."

"Nothing can surprise me now, except my mamma were to favour me with her last blessing in person. That would be a welcome surprise to me even yet. But did my cousin come purposely to town to see me?"

"Yes, madam. I took the liberty to let him know by a line last Monday how ill you were."

"You are very kind, sir. I am and have been greatly obliged to you. But I think I shall be pained to see him now, because he will be concerned to see me. And yet, as I am not so ill as I shall presently be—the sooner he comes the better. But if he come, what shall I do about the screen? He will chide me very probably, and I cannot bear chiding now. Perhaps (leaning upon Mrs. Lovick and Mrs. Smith) I can walk into the next apartment to receive him."

She motioned to rise, but was ready to faint again, and was forced to sit still.—*Clarissa Harlowe*, vol. viii. Letter 16.

255.—THE DEATH OF THE CONQUEROR.

[CHARLES KNIGHT, 1791.]

[CHARLES KNIGHT was born at Windsor in 1791, his father being a bookseller in the royal borough. In 1811, in partnership with his father, he established the *Windsor and Eton Express*. In 1820, 1821, and 1822 he edited, in connexion with the late Mr. Locker, Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital (and father of Frederick Locker, the poet), "The Plain Dealer," the first attempt to produce cheap literature of a high character. In 1822 Mr. Knight removed to London, and started, at Pall Mall East, "Knight's Quarterly Magazine," to which Macaulay was a contributor. In 1827 he became associated with the Useful Knowledge Society, and edited many of its publications. "The Penny Magazine," which he commenced in 1832, was continued for eleven years; and in 1838 "The Penny Cyclopædia" made its first appearance. During the course of this work Mr. Knight expended upon it forty thousand pounds in original contributions, in addition to his own valuable matter. Among his other works his "Shakspeare," "Pictorial History of England," "London," and the series of "Shilling Volumes,"—bear testimony to his genius and industry. As a book for the fireside, or for a Reading Society, Mr. Knight's "Half-hours with the best Authors" will be found invaluable; while the student of history, who wishes to obtain the leading facts without the trouble of sifting them from the more bulky volumes, will find in "Half-hours of English History" that it has been admirably done to his hand.]

At the end of the year 1086, when he had been seated nineteen years upon the throne of England, William went over to the Continent with a mighty army to wage war with Philip, King of France, for the possession of the city of Mantes and the country of the Vexin. But shortly after his arrival in Normandy he fell sick, and kept his bed. As he had advanced in years he had grown excessively fat. King Philip said, as a good joke among his courtiers, that his cousin William was a long while lying in, but that no doubt there would be a fine churching as soon as he should be delivered. On hearing this coarse and insipid jest the Conqueror of England swore by the most terrible of his oaths—by the splendour and birth of Christ—that he would be churched in Notre Dame, the Cathedral of Paris, and present so many wax torches

that all France should be set in a blaze.* It was not until the end of July, 1087, that he was in a state to mount his war-horse. He soon came with fire and sword into the Vexin country. The corn was almost ready for the sickle, the grapes for the wine-press, when he marched his cavalry through the corn-fields and made his soldiery tear up the vines by the roots and cut down the pleasant trees. Mantes was soon taken, and consigned to the flames. Neither house nor cottage, nay, neither church nor monastery was spared. As the Conqueror rode up to view the ruin he had caused, his war-horse put his fore feet on some embers, or hot cinders, and then swerved or plunged so violently that the heavy rider was thrown upon the high pommel of the saddle, and grievously bruised. The king dismounted in great pain, and never more put foot in stirrup. Forthwith quitting the burning town, he was carried slowly in a litter to Rouen, and again laid in his bed. It was soon evident to all, and even to himself, that his last hour was approaching. Being troubled by the noise and bustle of Rouen, and desirous of dying in a holy place, he made his people carry him to the monastery of St. Gervas, outside the city walls. He lingered for six weeks, during which he was surrounded by doctors, priests, and monks. On the nearer approach of death his heart softened, and though he preserved the kingly decorum and conversed calmly on the wonderful events of his life, he is said to have felt the vanity of all human grandeur, and a keen remorse for the crimes and cruelties he had committed. He sent money to Mantes to rebuild the churches and houses of religion he had burned, and he ordered large sums to be paid to the churches and monasteries in England, which he had plundered and impoverished. He released all his state prisoners, as well Saxon as others, some of whom had pined in dungeons for more than twenty years. Robert, his eldest son, who had had many violent quarrels with his father, was absent, but his two younger sons, William and Henry, who were successively kings of England, were assiduous round the death-bed, waiting impatiently for the declaration of his last will. A day or two before his death the Conqueror assembled some of his prelates and chief barons in his sick chamber, and raising himself in his bed, he with a solemn and ghastly countenance declared in their presence that he bequeathed the duchy of Normandy and its other dependencies to his eldest son, Robert. "As to the crown of England," said the dying monarch, "I bequeath it to no one, as I did not receive it, like the duchy of Normandy, in inheritance from my father, but acquired it by conquest and the shedding of blood with mine own good sword. The succession to that kingdom I therefore

* It was the custom for women at their churching to carry lighted tapers in their hands and present them at the altar.

leave to the decision of God, only desiring most fervently that my son William, who hath ever been dutiful to me, may obtain it, and prosper in it." "And what do you give unto me, oh! my father?" eagerly cried Prince Henry. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury." "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver, if I have neither lands nor a home?" Here the dying king put on the look of a prophet, and said, "Be patient, O Henry! and have trust in the Lord: suffer thy elder brothers to precede thee, and thy time will come after theirs." Henry the Beauclerc, and the craftiest and cleverest of the unloving brotherhood, went straight and drew the silver, which he weighed with great care, and then furnished himself with a strong coffer to keep his treasure in. William Rufus left the king's bedside at the same time, and, without waiting to see his father breathe his last, hastened over to England to seize the royal treasures deposited in Winchester Castle, and to look after his crown.

About sunrise, on the 9th of September, the Conqueror was roused from a stupor into which he had fallen by the sound of bells. He eagerly inquired what the noise meant, and was told that they were ringing the hour of prime in the church of St. Mary. He lifted his clasped hands to heaven, and saying, "I recommend my soul to my Lady Mary, the holy mother of God," instantly expired. His last faint sigh was the signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights, priests, and doctors, who had passed the night near him, put on their spurs, mounted their horses, and galloped off to their several homes to have an eye to their own interests. The king's servants and some vassals of inferior rank proceeded to rifle the apartments of the arms, silver vessels, linen, and royal dresses, and then were to horse and away like their betters. Some took one thing, some another; nothing worth the carrying was left behind—no, not so much as the bed-clothes. From prime to tierce, or for about three hours, the corpse of the mighty Conqueror, abandoned by sons, friends, servants, and all, lay in a state of almost perfect nakedness on the bare boards of the chamber in which he had expired. The citizens of Rouen either ran about the streets asking news and advice from every one they met, or busied themselves in concealing their money and valuables. At last the clergy and the monks recovered the use of their faculties, and thought of the decent duties owing to the mortal remains of their sovereign; and, arraying themselves in their best habits, and forming in order of procession, they went with crucifix, burning tapers, and incense, to pray over the abandoned and dishonoured body for the peace of its soul. The Archbishop of Rouen ordained that the king should be interred at Caen in the church of St. Stephen, which he had built and royally endowed. But even now there was none to do it honour:

his sons, his brothers, his relations, were all absent, and of all the Conqueror's officers and rich vassals, not one was found to take charge of the obsequies. At length a poor knight, named Herluin, who lived in the neighbourhood, charged himself with the trouble and expense of the funeral, "out of his natural good nature and love of God." This poor and pious knight engaged the proper attendance and a wain; he conveyed the king's body on the cart to the banks of the Seine, and from thence in a barge down the river and its estuary to the city of Caen. Gilbert, Abbot of St. Stephen's, with all his monks, came out of Caen to meet the body, and other churchmen and the inhabitants of the city joining these, a considerable procession was formed. But as they went along a fire suddenly broke out in the town; laymen and clerks ran to extinguish it, and the abbot and his monks were left alone to conduct the remains of the king to the church which he had founded. Even the last burial service did not pass undisturbed. The neighbouring bishops and abbots assembled for this solemn ceremony. The mass and requiem had been said; the incense was filling the church with its holy perfume, the Bishop of Evreux had pronounced the panegyric, and the body was about to be lowered into the grave prepared for it in the church between the altar and the choir, when a man, suddenly rising in the crowd, exclaimed, with a loud and angry voice which made the prelates and monks to start and cross themselves—"Bishop, the man whom thou hast praised was a robber! The very ground on which we are standing is mine, and is the site where my father's house stood. He took it from me by violence, to build this church on it. I reclaim it as my right; and in the name of God, I forbid you to bury him here, or cover him with my glebe." The man who spoke thus boldly was Asseline Fitz Arthur, who had often asked a just compensation from the king in his lifetime. Many of the persons present confirmed the truth of his statement; and, after some parley and chaffering, the bishop paid him sixty shillings for the grave alone, engaging to procure him hereafter the full value of the rest of his land. The body, dressed in royal robes, but without a coffin, was then lowered into the narrow tomb; the rest of the ceremony was hurried over, the people dispersed, the prelates went to their homes, and the abbot and monks of St. Stephen's went to their cloisters, leaving only one brother of the house to sprinkle holy water over the flat stone that covered the grave, and to pray for the soul of the departed. The traveller may yet stand and muse over that grave in the quaint old Norman church at Caen; but the equestrian statue of the Conqueror, placed against one of the external pillars of the church, has been wantonly and barbarously mutilated.—*Half-Hours of English History.*

256.—LADY MARY W. MONTAGU'S VISIT TO A TURKISH LADY.

[LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, 1690—1762.]

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU was the eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Earl of Kingston, afterwards Duke. She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, in 1690. "There was genius as well as activity in her blood," says Leigh Hunt. "The mother of Beaumont the dramatist was a Pierrepont; and curiously enough, Lady Mary in another Beaumont of Coleorton (the same stock) had a common ancestor with Villiers, the witty Duke of Buckingham, who was her great-uncle." She married Edward Wortley Montagu, a grandson of the Earl of Sandwich. In 1716 her husband was appointed ambassador to Constantinople, and took Lady Mary with him to Turkey. Her letters from the East secured her a position as a writer of genius. She introduced inoculation for the small-pox into Europe, testing it first on the person of her own son. Lady Mary's friendship with Pope, and the enmity which followed it, are well known. In 1739 she left England on account of her health, and settled at Brescia, where she continued till 1761, when she returned to England to visit her daughter, who had married the Earl of Bute. She died the following year. Leigh Hunt apostrophizes her thus:—"Thy poems are little, being but a little wit in rhyme, *vers de société*, but thy prose is much, admirable, better than acute, idiomatical, off-hand, conversational without inelegance, fresh as the laugh on the young cheek, and full of brain."]

AT Adrianople I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady, and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see,* and therefore dressed myself in the Court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognita*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, attended only by my woman that held up my train and the Greek lady who was my interpreters.

I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her female slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on a sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and introduced me to half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate, and, except the habits and numbers of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech. Both she and her

* Lady Mary had adopted the Turkish costume.

husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman, and, what is more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present till he had been assured over and over again that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador. She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I do not think so bad as it has been sometimes represented.

I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *Effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian, who had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, and all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish, and they have at least as great a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of everything. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling perfumed my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands. She excused to me their want of skill, saying, she took no care to accomplish them in that art. I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave.—*Letters and Works.*

257.—LIFE OF PLATO.

[GEORGE H. LEWES, 1817.

[GEORGE H. LEWES was born April 18th, 1817, in London. He was educated partly abroad, partly by the late Dr. Burney, at Greenwich. He also studied in Germany for two years. He has largely contributed to English literature, and ranks as one of the first writers of the age. His works are a "Biographical History of Philosophy," "The Spanish Drama: Lope de Vega and Calderon," a "Life of Robespierre," "Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences," "The Life and Works of Goethe," "Seaside Studies," "Philosophy of Common Life;" "The Noble Heart," a tragedy; "Ranthorpe," "Rose, Blanche, and Violet," novels. He is also a contributor to all the first-class periodicals. He was editor of the *Leader* from 1849 to 1854, since which time he has devoted himself to scientific pursuits.]

PERHAPS of all ancient writers Plato's name is the best known. Homer himself is unknown to many who have some dim notion of Plato, as

"the originator of the so-called Platonic love. There is a great and widespread interest about the Grecian sage. The young and romantic have strange romantic ideas of him. "The general reader"—especially if a dabbler in fashionable philosophy, or rather, in the philosophy current in fashionable novels—has a very exalted notion of him as the "great Idealist." The theological reader regards him with affection, as the stout and eloquent upholder of the doctrine of the immateriality and immortality of the soul. The literary critic regards him as the type of metaphysical eloquence; and classes with him every vapoury, mystical, metaphorical writer of "poetical philosophy."

Now, except that of the theologian, these notions, derived at second hand, are all false. It would be idle to inquire how such extravagant opinions came into circulation. Enough for us that they are false. Plato was anything but "dreamy;" anything but "an Idealist," as that phrase is usually understood. He was an inveterate dialectician, a severe and abstract thinker, and a great quibbler. His metaphysics were of a nature to frighten away all but the most determined students, so abstract and so subtle were they. His morals and politics, so far from having any romantic tinge, were the *ne plus ultra* of logical severity: hard, uncompromising, and above humanity. In a word, Plato the man was almost completely absorbed in Plato the Dialectician; he had learned to look upon human passion as a disease, and human pleasure as a frivolity: the only thing worth living for was truth. Dialectics was the noblest exercise of humanity.

Even the notions respecting his style are erroneous. It is not the "poetical" metaphorical style usually asserted. It has unmistakeable beauties, but resembles no other writing we are acquainted with. Its immense power is dramatic power. The best dialogues are inimitable scenes of comedy. Character, banter, irony, and animation are there; but scarcely any imagery, and that seldom beautiful.* His object was to refute, or to convince; his illustrations are therefore homely and familiar. When fit occasion does arrive, he can be eloquent and poetical. He clothes the myths in language of splendid beauty; and the descriptions of scenic loveliness in the "Phædrus" are perfectly ravishing. But such passages are as oases in the arid desert of dialectics.

In truth, Plato is a very difficult, and, as far as regards matter, some-

* "Even upon abstract subjects, whether moral, metaphysical, or mathematical, the language of Plato is clear as the running stream, and, in simplicity and sweetness, vies with the humble violet which perfumes the vale."—*Dr. Enfield*, ii. p. 221.

Whenever you meet with such trash as this, be certain that the writer of it never read Plato. Aristotle capitably describes Plato's style as "a middle species of diction between verse and prose." It has rhythm rather than imagery.

what repulsive writer: this is the reason of his being so seldom read; for we must not be deceived by the many editions. He is often mentioned and often quoted, at second hand; but he is rarely read. Scholars and critics usually attack one dialogue out of curiosity. Their curiosity seldom inspires them to further progress. The difficulty of mastering the ideas, and their unsatisfactory nature when mastered, are barriers to any general acquaintance with Plato. *But those who persevere believe themselves repaid; the journey has been difficult, but it was worth performing.

We have performed that journey, and can honestly cry "courage!" to those who lag behind. Perhaps our brief account of Plato and his writings may be some inducement and some preparation.

Aristocles, surnamed Plato (the broad-browed),* was the son of Ariston and Perictione, was born at Athens or Ægina, Olymp. 87. 3, on the 7th Thargelion (about the middle of May). His youth consequently falls about the time of the Peloponnesian war, the most active and brilliant period of Grecian thought and action. His lineage was illustrious: on the maternal side connected with Solon.

* * * * *

Plato's education was excellent; and in gymnastics he was sufficiently skilled to contend at the Pythian and Isthmian games. Like a true Greek, he attached extreme importance to gymnastics, as doing for the body what dialectics did for the mind; and, like a true Greek, he did not suffer these corporeal exercises to absorb all his time and attention: poetry, music, and rhetoric were assiduously cultivated, and with some success. He wrote an epic poem, besides some tragedies, dithyrambics, lyrics, and epigrams. The epic he is said to have burned in a fit of despair, on comparing it with Homer. The tragedies he burned on becoming acquainted with Socrates. The epigrams have been partially preserved. One of them is very beautiful:—

ἀστέρων εἰσαθροῖς, ἀστήρ ἐμός· εἶθε γενοίμην
οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὀμμασὶν εἰς σε βλέπω.

"Thou gazest on the stars, my Life! ah! gladly would I be
Yon starry skies, with thousand eyes, that I might gaze on thee!"†

His studies of poetry were mingled with those of philosophy, which

* Some writers incline to the opinion that "Plato" was the epithet of broad-browed; others, of broad-shouldered; others, again, that it was expressive of the breadth of his style. This last is absurd. The author of the article "Plato" in the "Penny Cyclopædia" pronounces all the above explanations to be "idle, as the name of Plato was of common occurrence among the Athenians of that time." But surely Aristocles was not endowed with this surname of Plato without cause? Unless he derived the name from a relation, he must have derived it from one of the above causes.

† The above translation is by Mr. Swynfen Jervis.

he must have cultivated early, for we know that he was only twenty when he first went to Socrates, and we also know that he had been taught by Cratylus before he knew Socrates. Early he must have felt

"A presence that disturbed him with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."*

A deep and meditative spirit led him to question nature in her secret haunts. The sombre philosophy of Heraclitus suited well with his melancholy youth. Scepticism, which was the fever of that age, had seized on Plato, as on all the rest. This scepticism, together with that imperious craving for belief which struggled with the scepticism, both found breathing room in the doctrines of Socrates; and the young scholar found that, without impugning the justice of his doubts, he could escape them by seeking Truth elsewhere.

He remained with Socrates ten years; and was separated from him only by death. He attended his beloved master during the trial; undertook to plead his cause: indeed, began a speech which the violence of the judges would not allow him to continue; and pressed his master to accept a sum of money sufficient to purchase his life.

On the death of Socrates, he went to Megara to visit Euclid, as we mentioned before. From thence he proceeded to Cyrene, where he was instructed in mathematics by Theodorus, whom he had known in Athens, if we may credit the "*Theætetus*," where Theodorus is represented discoursing with Socrates. From Cyrene he went to Egypt, in company, it is said, with Euripides. There is very little authority for this visit, and that little questionable. Certain it is that his stay there has been greatly exaggerated. There is no trace in his works of Egyptian research. "All he tells us of Egypt indicates at most a very scanty acquaintance with the subject, and, although he praises the industry of the priests, his estimate of their scientific attainments is far from favourable."†

In these travels, the broad-browed meditative man greatly enlarged the Socratic doctrine, and, indeed, introduced antagonistic elements. But he strictly preserved the Socratic Method. "Whilst studious youth," says Valerius Maximus, "were crowding to Athens from every quarter in search of Plato for their master, that philosopher was wan-

* Wordsworth, "*Tintern Abbey*."

† "*Ritter*," ii. 147.

dering along the winding banks of the Nile, or the vast plains of a barbarous country, himself a disciple to the old men of Egypt."

He returned at last, and eager scholars flocked around him. With a mind richly stored in foreign travel and constant meditation, he began to emulate his beloved master, and devoted himself to teaching. Like Socrates, he taught gratuitously. In the world-renowned grove of Hecademus he founded the academy. This grove was planted with lofty plane trees, and adorned with temples and statues; a gentle stream rolled through it, with

"A sound as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
Which to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

It was a delicious retreat, "for contemplation framed." The long-ing thoughts of posterity have often hovered round it, and made it the centre of myriad associations. Poets have sung of it; philosophers have sighed for it.

"See there the olive grove of Academe,—
Plato's retirement,—where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

In such a spot, where the sound

"Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing,"

one would imagine none but the Graces could enter; and, coupling this with the poetical beauties of Plato's "Dialogues," people have supposed that the lessons in the Academy were magnificent outbursts of eloquence and imagery upon philosophical subjects.

Nothing can be farther from the truth. The lectures were hard exercises of the thinking faculty, and demanded great power of continued abstraction. Whatever graces might have adorned Plato's compositions, his lectures were not literary, but dialectical exercises. Over the door of his academy he wrote: "*let none but geometricians enter here*,"—a sufficiently explanatory programme of the nature of his lectures.—*Biographical History of Philosophy*, series i. vol. ii.

258.—MAUD MÜLLER.

[J. G. WHITTIER.

[MR. WHITTIER is an American poet of some standing; he has written "Songs of Labour, and other Poems," Boston, U.S., 1851; "Home Ballads, and other Poems," Boston, U.S., 1860; "Poems," 8vo, Boston, 1850; and several other works. A selection from his poems is published in this country. His writings are characterized by grace, simplicity, and pathos.]

MAUD MÜLLER, On a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest,
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool stream bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks !" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed : " Ah, me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain
"Ah, that I were free again !

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein :

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been !"

Alas ! for Maiden, alas ! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away !

259.—HONOUR ALL MEN.

[ROBERT LEIGHTON, Archbishop of Glasgow, 1613—1684.

[ROBERT LEIGHTON was born at Edinburgh 1613, and was the son of Alexander Leighton, a Scotch physician. Charles II. after the Restoration appointed him Bishop of Dumblane, but on account of the bitter animosities reigning between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, he found it impossible to govern his diocese with the moderation he desired, and resigned his see. The king afterwards compelled him to accept the Archbishopric of Glasgow; but he again found himself compelled to resign his office, and retired to Sussex. He was an admirable parish priest, and his "Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Peter" is a work highly valued even in the present day.]

"Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."—
1 Peter ii. 17.

THIS is a precious cluster of Divine precepts. The whole face of the heavens is adorned with stars, but they are of different magnitudes, and in some parts they are thicker set than in others: thus is it likewise in the holy scriptures. And these are the two books that the Psalmist sets open before us, Psa. xix., the heavens as a choice piece of the works of God instructing us, and the word of God more full and clear than they. Here is a constellation of very bright stars near together. These words have very briefly, and yet not obscured by briefness, but withal very plainly, the sum of our duty towards God and men; to men both in general, "Honour all men," and in special relations—in their Christian or religious relation, "Love the brotherhood," and in a chief civil relation, "Honour the king." And our whole duty to God, comprised under the name of "his fear," is set in the middle betwixt these, as the common spring of all duty to men, and of all due observance of it, and the sovereign rule by which it is to be regulated.

I shall speak of them as they lie in the text. We need not labour about the connexion; for in such variety of brief practical directions, it hath not such place as in doctrinal discourses. The apostle having spoken of one particular wherein he would have his brethren to clear and commend their Christian profession, now accumulates these directions as most necessary, and afterwards goes on to particular duties of servants, &c. But first, observe in general, how plain and easy, and how few are those things that are the rule of our life; no dark sentences to puzzle the understanding, nor large discourses and long periods to burden the memory; they are all plain: there is "nothing wreathed" nor distorted in them, as Wisdom speaks of her instructions, Prov. viii. 8.

And this gives check to a double folly amongst men, contrary the one to the other, but both agreeing in mistaking and wronging the word of God; the one is of those that despise the word, and that doctrine and preaching that is conformable to it, for its plainness and

simplicity ; the other of those that complain of its difficulty and darkness. As for the first, they certainly do not take the true end for which the word is designed, that it is the law of our life : and it is mainly requisite in laws, that they be both brief and clear : that it is our guide and light to happiness ; and if that which ought to be our "light, be darkness, how great will that darkness be!"

It is true, but I am not now to insist on this point, that there are dark and deep passages in scripture, for the exercise, yea, for the humbling, yea, for the amazing and astonishing of the sharpest sighted readers. But this argues much the pride and vanity of men's minds, when they busy themselves only in those, and throw aside altogether the most necessary, which are therefore the easiest and plainest truths in it. As in nature, the commodities that are of greatest necessity, God hath made most common and easiest to be had, so, in religion, such instructions as these now in our hands, are given us to live and walk by : and in the search of things that are more obscure, and less useful, men evidence that they had rather be learned than holy, and have still more mind to the "tree of knowledge" than the "tree of life." And in hearing of the word, are not they who are any whit more knowing than ordinary, still gaping after new notions, after something to add to the stock of their speculative and discoursing knowledge, loathing this daily manna, these profitable exhortations, and "requiring meat for their lust?" There is an intemperance of the mind, as well as of the mouth. You would think it, and, may be, not spare to call it a poor cold sermon, that was made up of such plain precepts as these : "Honour all men ; love the brotherhood ; fear God ; honour the king :" and yet, this is the language of God, it is his way, this foolish, despicable way by which he guides, and brings to heaven them that believe.

Again ; we have others that are still complaining of the difficulty and darkness of the word of God and Divine truths ; to say nothing of Rome's doctrine, who talks thus, in order to excuse her sacrilege of stealing away the word from the people of God ; (a senseless pretext though it were true ; because the word is dark of itself, should it therefore be made darker, by locking it up in an unknown tongue ?) but we speak of the common vulgar excuse, which the gross, ignorant profaneness of many seeks to shroud itself under, that they are not learned, and cannot reach the doctrine of the scriptures. There are deep mysteries there indeed : but what say you to these things, such rules as these, "Honour all men?" &c. Are such as these riddles, that you cannot know their meaning ? Rather, do not all understand them, and all neglect them ? Why set you not on to do these ? and then you should understand more. "A good understanding have

all they that do his commandments," says the Psalmist, *Psa. cxi. 10.* As one said well, "The best way to understand the mysteries and high discourse in the beginning of St. Paul's epistles, is, to begin at the practice of those rules and precepts that are in the latter end of them." The way to attain to know more is to "receive the truth in the love of it," and to obey what you know. The truth is, such truths as these will leave you inexcusable, even the most ignorant of you. You cannot but know, you hear often, that you ought to "love one another," and "to fear God," &c., and yet you never apply yourselves in earnest to the practice of these things, as will appear to your own consciences, if they deal honestly with you in the particulars.

"Honour all men." Honour, in a narrower sense, is not a universal due to all, but peculiar to some kinds of persons. Of this the apostle speaks, "Honour to whom honour is due," *Rom. xiii. 7,* and that in different degrees, to parents, to masters, and other superiors. There is an honour that hath, as it were, Cæsar's image and superscription on it, and so is particularly due to him; as here it follows, "Honour the king." But there is something that goes not unfitly under the name of honour, generally due to every man without exception; and it consists, as all honour doth, partly in inward esteem of them, partly in outward behaviour towards them. And the former must be the ground and cause of the latter.

We owe not the same measure of esteem to all. We may, yea, we ought to take notice of the different outward quality, or inward graces and gifts of men; nor is it a fault to perceive the shallowness and weakness of men with whom we converse, and to esteem more highly those on whom God hath conferred more of such things as are truly worthy of esteem. But unto the meanest we do owe some measure of esteem, 1. *Negatively.* We are not to entertain despising, disdainful thoughts of any, how worthless and mean soever. As the admiring of men, the very best, is a foolish excess on the one hand, so, the total contemning of any, the very poorest, is against this rule on the other; for that "contemning of vile persons," the Psalmist speaks of, *Psa. xv. 4,* and commends, is the dislike and hatred of their sin, which is their vileness, and the not accounting them for outward respects, worthy of such esteem as their wickedness does, as it were, strip them of. 2. We are to observe and respect the smallest good that is in any. Although a Christian be ever so base in his outward condition, in body or mind, of very mean intellectual and natural endowments, yet, those who know the worth of spiritual things, will esteem the grace of God that is in him, in the midst of all those disadvantages, as a pearl in a rough shell. Grace carries still its own worth, though under a deformed body and ragged garments, yea, though the possessor have but

a small measure of that—the very lowest degree of grace; as a pearl of the least size, or a small piece of gold, yet men will not throw it away, but, as they say, the least shavings of gold are worth the keeping. The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up! for possibly, said they, the name of God may be on it. Though there was a little superstition in this, yet truly there is nothing but good religion in it, if we apply it to men. Trample not on any; there may be some work of grace there, that thou knowest not of. The name of God may be written upon that soul thou treadest on; it may be a soul that Christ thought so much of, as to give his precious blood for it; therefore despise it not. Much more, I say, if thou canst perceive any appearance that it is such a one, oughtest thou to esteem it. Wheresoever thou findest the least trait of Christ's image, if thou lovest him, thou wilt honour it; or if there be nothing of this to be found in him thou lookest on, yet observe what common gift of any kind God hath bestowed on him, judgment, or memory, or faculty in his calling, or any such thing; for these in their degree are to be esteemed, and the person for them. And as there is no man so complete as to have the advantage in everything, so there is no man so low and unworthy but he hath something wherein he is preferable even to those that in other respects are much more excellent. Or imagine thou canst find nothing else in some men, yet honour thy own nature; esteem humanity in them, especially since humanity is exalted in Christ to be one with the Deity: account of the individual as a man. And, along with this esteem goes, 3. That general goodwill and affection due to men: whereas there are many who do not only outwardly express, but inwardly bear more regard to some dog or horse that they love, than to poor distressed men, and in so doing, do reflect dishonour upon themselves, and upon mankind.

The outward behaviour wherein we owe honour to all, is nothing but a conformity to this inward temper of mind; for he that inwardly despiseth none, but esteemeth the good that is in the lowest, or at least esteemeth them in that they are men, and loves them as such, will accordingly use no outward sign of disdain of any; he will not have a scornful eye, nor a reproachful tongue to move at any, not the meanest of his servants, nor the worst of his enemies; but, on the contrary, will acknowledge the good that is in every man, and give unto all that outward respect which is convenient for them, and that they are capable of, and will be ready to do them good as he hath opportunity and ability.

But instead of walking by this rule of honouring all men, what is there to be found amongst most men, but a perverse proneness to dishonour one another, and every man ready to dishonour all men, that

he may honour himself, reckoning that what he gives to others is lost to himself, and taking what he detracts from others, as good booty to make up himself? Set aside men's own interest, and that common civility which for their own credit they use one with another, and truly there will be found very little of this real respect to others, proceeding from obedience to God, and love to men,—little disposition to be tender of their reputation and good name, and their welfare as of our own (for so the rule is), but we shall find mutual disesteem and defamation filling almost all societies.

And the bitter root of this iniquity is, that wicked, accursed self-love which dwells in us. Every man is naturally his own grand idol, would be esteemed and honoured by any means, and to magnify that idol *self*, kills the good name and esteem of others in sacrifice to it. Hence, the narrow observing eye and broad speaking tongue, upon anything that tends to the dishonour of others; and where other things fail, the disdainful upbraiding of their birth, or calling, or anything that comes next to hand, serves for a reproach. And hence arises a great part of the jars and strifes amongst men, the most part being drunk with an overweening opinion of themselves, and the unworthiest the most so. "The sluggard," says Solomon, "is wiser in his own conceit, than seven men that can render a reason," Prov. xxvi. 16, and not finding others of their mind, this frets and troubles them. They take the ready course to deceive themselves; for they look with both eyes on the failings and defects of others, and scarcely give their good qualities half an eye; while, on the contrary, in themselves, they study to the full their own advantages, and their weaknesses and defects, as one says, they skip over, as children do the hard words in their lesson, that are troublesome to read; and making this uneven parallel, what wonder if the result be a gross mistake of themselves! Men overrate themselves at home: they reckon that they ought to be regarded, and that their mind should carry it; and when they come abroad, and are crossed in this, this puts them out of all temper.

But the humble man, as he is more conformable to this Divine rule, so he hath more peace by it; for he sets so low a rate upon himself in his own thoughts, that it is scarcely possible for any to go lower in judging of him; and therefore, as he pays due respect to others to the full, and gives no ground of quarrel that way, so he challenges no such debt to himself, and thus avoids the usual contests that arise in this. "Only by pride comes contention," says Solomon, Prov. xiii. 10. A man that will walk abroad in a crowded street, cannot fail to be often jostled; but he that contracts himself, passes through more easily.

Study, therefore, this excellent grace of humility; not the personated acting of it in appearance, which may be a chief agent for pride, but true lowliness of mind, which will make you to be nothing in your own eyes, and content to be so in the eyes of others. Then will you obey this word; you will esteem all men as is meet, and not be troubled though all men disesteem you. As this humility is a precious grace, so it is the preserver of all other graces, and without it, if they could be without it, they were but as a box of precious powder carried in the wind without a cover, in danger of being scattered and blown away. If you would have honour, there is an ambition both allowed you, and worthy of you, whosoever you are; *φιλοτιμούμεθα*, Rom. ii. 7, 2 Cor. v. 9, other honour, though it have its Hebrew name from *weight*, is all too light, and weighs only with cares and troubles.—*Practical Commentary upon the First Epistle General of Saint Peter.*

260.—THE JOY OF GRIEF.

[LEITCH RITCHIE, 1801—1865.]

[LEITCH RITCHIE was born at Greenock 1801. He served an apprenticeship to a banking-house in that town, and was afterwards engaged in a counting-house in Glasgow. On the failure of his employers he went to London, and adopted literature as a profession. He wrote for magazines, annuals, and reviews; then he published his "Head Pieces and Tail Pieces," "Game of Life," "Romance of French History," and started the "Englishman's Magazine." His health, however, failed him, and he was obliged to relinquish his labours for a time. Mr. Charles Heath then engaged him to travel, in order to illustrate "Turner's Annual Tour" and "Heath's Picturesque Annual." He wrote the letterpress of 12 vols. of these works, and afterwards brought out a "Pedestrian Tour on the Wye." He next edited the "Library of Romance," to which he contributed "Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine." He edited the *Era* and *Indian News*, and finally "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal," in which he issued his last fiction, "Wearyfoot Common." In 1863 Mr. Ritchie was presented with a Civil Service pension by Lord Palmerston's Government. He had been compelled to resign the editorship of "Chambers's" to James Payn, Esq., from bad health. He survived this public recognition of his services only two years.]

THE "silver lining of the cloud," the close connexion between joy and sorrow; the tendency in the thoughtful mind to tinge with melancholy even the most agreeable objects, and to derive enjoyment from the remembrance of vanished happiness—all these only serve as the sentimental explanation of the proposition with which we set out, that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

And this sentimental view of the subject is probably the only one

which suggested itself to the poet. He knew by experience the Ossianic "joy of grief," and was aware that

"In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind,"

it is only the more delightful features of the subject which present themselves, shaded and softened by time, and perhaps hallowed and spiritualized by death. He therefore declared, and with the air of a discoverer, what had already been enunciated in all ages and in all languages—that it is better to have lost for ever a cherished enjoyment than never to have enjoyed at all.

But it seems to us that there is another and a larger view of the question, in which severe truth comes to the aid of sentiment.

Human life, as poetry tells us, is "a mingled yarn;" and therefore it must take its character from the predominant colour. Yet we pity the man who has spent his fortune generously, and has been reduced to poverty in his old age; considering his lot as far harder than that of him who had never any fortune to lose. Why so? The latter has been in the gripe of poverty for threescore-years-and-ten—only exchanging it then for the gripe of death; while the former, after some sixty years of enjoyment, is suffered to escape with ten of misery. Surely in this instance our pity is on the wrong side. We may allege, in defence, that the fall would be the more distressing on account of the height; that the contrast between fulness and deprivation would add torture to the change: but this has already been shown to be an error. The fall would *at first* be severely felt, the individual would be stunned in proportion to the height from which he was precipitated; when, by and by, the consolatory principle we have alluded to would come into play: like Dogberry, he would begin to pride himself on his losses; and as time reconciled him to his new position, or at least made him more and more insensible to its hardships, the memory of his vanished greatness, like the mellowed illumination of the heavens after the sun has set, would throw an evening softness over his fortunes.

But although the general balance of life is in favour of this individual—although the golden threads predominate in his "mingled yarn"—let us not suppose that the other is without his compensations. Existence is not wholly made up of action and suffering, but likewise of the emotions by which these are originated or attended. We say of an acquaintance, "He is a very domestic man; he lives in his family, and his whole mind and actions are open to them like a book." Yet this man, in point of fact, is almost a stranger even in his home circle. His brain is busy with speculations, and his heart with dreams, which neither wife nor child knows anything about; and in pacing

through his room, filled with familiar faces and affectionate voices, he is more frequently than otherwise far away in the past or in the future, and holding communion with the distant or the dead. In like manner, in a course of poverty and hardship, we see only external circumstances, ignorant of that inner life which gives the tone and colour to the history. But the very act of struggling is in itself a species of enjoyment; and every hope that crosses the mind, every high resolve, every generous sentiment, every lofty aspiration—nay, every brave despair—is a gleam of happiness that flings its illumination upon the darkest destiny. All these are as essentially a portion of human life as the palpable events that serve as landmarks of the history; and all these would have to be computed before we could fairly judge of the prevailing character of the career.

An enjoyment may terminate, but it cannot be said, philosophically, to be lost; for it is already securely garnered in the past, and has impressed itself, in lines that can never be obliterated, on a certain portion of life. The grief we feel at its termination is another and wholly distinct incident, which cannot be fairly estimated otherwise than by a comparison with the former in point of depth, entireness, and duration. Thus the proposition in question—that it is better to have enjoyed and been bereft of the happiness than never to have enjoyed at all—is as true in philosophy as it is beautiful in sentiment.

A nobler and grander turn is given to the subject by some poets, who extend the sphere under observation from this little world to a limitless futurity, where those who have sown in tears will reap in joy. These poets are the passers-by whom we meet in our wild and tangled path, and who salute us with the words, *What, stepping westward?* as they point, with a strange, deep, loving, yearning smile to the luminous part of the heavens. Of these friendly saluters Southey comes nearest to the suggestion we would have extracted—had we dared adventure upon such a theme—from the supplemental speculation we have added to the poetical one; and with his lines we shall conclude:—

——— “Oh, my friend,
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and troubles of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! All things, then,
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou wouldst feel
God always, everywhere, and all in all.”

—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, New Series. No. 359.

261.—THE INDIAN ADOPTION.

[JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, 1789—1851.]

[JAMES FENIMORE COOPER was born at Burlington, New York, in 1789. He was the son of a judge of the State of New York. After passing through Yale College, he entered the American navy, in which he continued six years. He then married, and went to reside at Cooperstown, a village founded by his father on Lake Otsego, in Western New York. In 1821 he published his first novel. His stories of early American life on the borders and in the prairies were very successful, as were also some of his sea tales. "The Spy," "Last of the Mohicans," "Red Rover," &c., &c., were amongst the best of his numerous works of fiction. He also wrote "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers," "Sketches of Switzerland," "Gleanings in Europe," &c., &c. He died at Cooperstown in 1851.]

A low, feeble, and hollow voice was heard rising on the ear, as if it rolled from the inmost cavities of the human chest, and gathered strength and energy as it issued into the air. A solemn stillness followed the sounds, and then the lips of the aged man were first seen to move.

"The day of Le Balafre is near its end," were the first words that were distinctly audible. "He is like a buffalo on whom the hair will grow no longer. He will soon be ready to leave his lodge to go in search of another that is far from the villages of the Siouxes; therefore what he has to say concerns not him, but those he leaves behind him. His words are like the fruit on the tree, ripe and fit to be given to chiefs.

"Many snows have fallen since Le Balafre has been found on the war-path. His blood has been very hot, but it has had time to cool. The Wahcondah gives him dreams of war no longer; he sees that it is better to live in peace.

"My brothers, one foot is turned to the happy hunting-grounds, the other will soon follow, and then an old chief will be seen looking for the prints of his father's moccasins, that he may make no mistake, but be sure to come before the Master of Life by the same path that so many good Indians have already travelled. But who will follow? Le Balafre has no son. His oldest has ridden too many Pawnee horses; the bones of the youngest have been gnawed by Konza dogs. Le Balafre has come to look for a young arm on which he may lean, and to find a son, that when he is gone his lodge may not be empty. Tachechana, the skipping fawn of the Tetons, is too weak to prop a warrior who is old. She looks before her and not backwards. Her mind is in the lodge of her husband."

The enunciation of the veteran warrior had been calm but distinct and decided. His declaration was received in silence; and though several of the chiefs who were in the counsels of Mahtoree turned their eyes on their leader, none presumed to oppose so aged and vene-

rated a brave in a resolution that was strictly in conformity to the usages of the nation. The Teton himself was content to await the result with seeming composure, though the gleams of ferocity that played about his eye occasionally betrayed the nature of those feelings with which he witnessed a procedure that was likely to rob him of that one of all his intended victims whom he most hated.

In the meantime Le Balafre moved with a slow and painful step towards the captives. He stopped before the person of Hard-heart, whose faultless form, unchanged eye, and lofty mien he contemplated with high satisfaction. Then making a gesture of authority, he waited until his order had been obeyed, and the youth was released from the post and his bonds by the same blow of the knife. When the young warrior was led nearer to his dimmed and failing sight, the examination was renewed with strictness of scrutiny.

"It is good," the wary veteran murmured, when he found that all his skill in the requisites of a brave could detect no blemish; "this is a leaping panther. Does my son speak with the tongue of a Teton?"

The intelligence which lighted the eyes of the captive betrayed how well he understood the question, but still he was far too haughty to communicate his ideas through the medium of a language that belonged to a hostile people. Some of the surrounding warriors explained to the old chief that the captive was a Pawnee-Loup.

"My son opened his eyes on the 'waters of the wolves,'" said Le Balafre, in the language of that nation, "but he will shut them in the bend of the 'river with a troubled stream.' He was born a Pawnee, but he will die a Dahcotah. Look at me. I am a sycamore that once covered many with my shadow. The leaves are fallen and the branches begin to drop. But a single sucker is springing from my roots; it is a little vine, and it winds itself about a tree that is green. I have long looked for one fit to grow by my side. Now have I found him. Le Balafre is no longer without a son; his name will not be forgotten when he is gone. Men of the Tetons! I take this youth into my lodge."

No one was bold enough to dispute a right that had so often been exercised by warriors far inferior to the present speaker, and the adoption was listened to in grave and respectful silence. Le Balafre took his intended son by the arm, and leading him into the very centre of the circle, he stepped aside with an air of triumph in order that the spectators might approve of his choice. Mahtoree betrayed no evidence of his intentions, but rather seemed to await a moment better suited to the crafty policy of his character. The more experienced and sagacious chiefs distinctly foresaw the utter impossibility of two partisans so renowned, so hostile, and who had so long been rivals in fame, as their

prisoner and their native leader, existing amicably in the same tribe. Still the character of Le Balafre was so imposing, and the custom to which he had resorted so sacred, that none dared to lift a voice in opposition to the measure. They watched the result with increasing interest, but with a coldness of demeanour that concealed the nature of their inquietude. From this state of embarrassment the tribe was relieved by the decision of the one most interested in the success of the aged chief's designs.

During the whole of the foregoing scene, it would have been difficult to have traced a single distinct emotion in the lineaments of the captive. He had heard his release proclaimed, with the same indifference as the order to bind him to the stake. But now that the moment had arrived when it became necessary to make his election, he spoke in a way to prove that the fortitude which had brought him so distinguished a name, had in no degree deserted him.

"My father is very old, but he has not yet looked upon everything," said Hard-heart, in a voice so clear as to be heard by all present. "He has never seen a buffalo change to a bat; he will never see a Pawnee become a Sioux!"

There was a suddenness and yet a calmness in the manner of delivering this decision which assured most of the auditors that it was unalterable. The heart of Le Balafre, however, was yearning towards the youth, and the fondness of age was not so readily repulsed. Reproving the burst of admiration and triumph to which the boldness of the declaration and the freshened hopes of revenge had given rise, by turning his gleaming eye around the band, the veteran again addressed his adopted child as if his purpose was not to be denied.

"It is well," he said; "such are the words a brave should use, that the warriors may see his heart. The day has been when the voice of Le Balafre was loudest among the lodges of the Kongsas. But the root of a white hair is wisdom. My child will show the Tetons that he is brave, by striking their enemies. Men of the Dahcotahs, this is my son!"

The Pawnee hesitated a moment, and then stepping in front of the chief, he took his hard and wrinkled hand and laid it with reverence on his head, as if to acknowledge the extent of his obligation. Then recoiling a step, he raised his person to its greatest elevation, and looked upon the hostile band by whom he was environed with an air of loftiness and disdain, as he spoke aloud in the language of the Siouzes—

"Hard-heart has looked at himself within and without. He has thought of all he has done in the hunts and in the wars. Everywhere he is the same. There is no change; he is in all things a Pawnee. He has struck so many Tetons that he could never eat in their lodges.

His arrows would fly backwards; the point of his lance would be on the wrong end; their friends would weep at every whoop he gave; their enemies would laugh. Do the Tetons know a Loup? Let them look at him again. His head is painted, his arm is flesh, his heart is rock. When the Tetons see the sun come from the Rocky Mountains and move towards the land of the Pale-faces, the mind of Hard-heart will soften and his spirit will become Sioux. Until that day he will live and die a Pawnee."

A yell of delight, in which admiration and ferocity were strangely mingled, interrupted the speaker, and but too clearly announced the character of his fate. The captive waited a moment for the commotion to subside, and then turning again to Le Balafré, he continued in tones conciliating and kind, as if he felt the propriety of softening his refusal in a manner not to wound the pride of one willing to be his benefactor.

"Let my father lean heavier on the fawn of the Dabcotahs," he said; "she is weak now, but as her lodge fills with young she will be stronger. See," he added, directing the eyes of the other to the earnest countenance of the attentive trapper; "Hard-heart is not without a grey-head to show him the path to the blessed prairies. If he ever has another father, it shall be that just warrior."

Le Balafré turned away in disappointment from the youth, and approached the stranger who had thus anticipated his design.—*The Prairie*, chap. xxviii.

262.—KARA GEORGE.

[LEOPOLD RANKE, 1795.

[LEOPOLD RANKE, Professor of History in the University of Berlin, was born at Wiehe, in Thuringia, in 1795. He was appointed Head Master of the Gymnasium at Frankfort on the Oder in 1818. In 1824 he published his first works—"The History of the Roman and Germanic Peoples from 1494 to 1535," and "A Critique on the Later Historians." He gained so much reputation for these works that he was invited to Berlin the following year as Professor-Extraordinary of History in the University. Soon afterwards he was sent by the Prussian Government to examine the historical archives deposited at Vienna, Venice, and Rome. This task he performed admirably, and its fruits were offered to the public in "Princes and People of Southern Europe in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (1827), and "The Conspiracy against Venice in 1688" (1831). His next work was "The History of the Popes" (by which he is best known in England). During 1839-1843 he published his "German History in the Times of the Reformation." In 1841 he was appointed (as he well deserved to be) Historiographer of the Prussian State. In 1832 Ranke edited the "Historical and Political Gazette," but was obliged to discontinue it on account of its too liberal character. In 1837-40 he published "Annals of the German Monarchy under the House of Saxony;" "Nine Books of Prussian History;" "A History of Servia, with a Sketch of the Insurrection in Bosnia;" "Civil Wars

and Monarchy in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries: a History of France, principally during that period;" "Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. of Austria;" and an "Essay on the Political and Religious State of Germany after the Reformation." Mrs. Austin, Mr. Scott, and Mrs. Kerr have very admirably translated Ranke's chief works into English.]

KARA GEORGE will be ever memorable, not only as having led the insurrection of the Servians against the Turks, but also as the founder of a comprehensive national authority throughout the country. He well deserved to be regarded as the chief of the nation.

* * * * *

George Petrowitsch, called Kara or Zrni, the Black, was born between the years 1760 and 1770, in the village of Wischewzi, in the district of Kragujewaz. He was the son of a peasant named Petroni; and in his early youth he went with his parents higher up into the mountain to Topola. In the very first commotion of the country*—which was in the year 1787, when an invasion by the Austrians was expected—he took a part that decided the character of his future life. He saw himself compelled to flee; and not wishing to leave his father behind amongst the Turks, he took him also, with all his moveable property and cattle. Thus he proceeded towards the Save, but the nearer they approached the river, the more alarmed became his father, who from the first would have preferred surrendering, as many others had done, and often advised him to return. Once again, and in the most urgent manner, when they already beheld the Save before them, "Let us humble ourselves," the old man said, "and we shall obtain pardon. Do not go to Germany, my son; as surely as my bread may prosper thee, do not go." But George remained inexorable. His father was at last equally resolved. "Go thou over alone," he said, "I remain in this country." "How," replied Kara George, "shall I live to see thee slowly tortured to death by the Turks? It is better that I should kill thee myself on the spot!" Then seizing a pistol he instantly shot his father, and ordered one of his companions to give the death-blow to the old man, who was writhing in agony. In the next village Kara said to the people, "Get the old man who lies yonder buried for me, and drink also for his soul at a funeral feast." For that purpose he made them a present of the cattle he had with him, and then crossed the Save.

This deed, which was the first indication of his character, threw him out of the common course.

* * * * *

Kara George was a very extraordinary man. He would sit for days together without uttering a word, biting his nails. At times when

* Servia.

addressed he would turn his head aside and not answer. When he had taken wine, and if in a cheerful mood, he would perhaps lead off a Kolo dance. Splendour and magnificence he despised. In the days of his greatest success he was always seen in his old trousers, in his worn-out short felt, and his well-known black cap. His daughter, even whilst her father was in the exercise of princely authority, was seen carrying her water-vessel like other girls in the village. Yet, strange to say, he was not insensible to the charms of gold.

In Topola he might have been taken for a peasant. With his Momkes* he would clear a piece of forest land or conduct water to a mill, and they would fish together in the brook Jasenitz. He ploughed and tilled the ground, and spoiled the insignia of the Russian order with which he had been decorated, whilst putting a hoop on a cask. It was in battle only that he appeared a warrior. When the Servians saw him approach, surrounded by his Momkes, they took fresh courage. Of lofty stature, spare, and broad-shouldered, his face seamed by a large scar and enlivened with sparkling, deep-set eyes, he could not fail to be instantly recognised. He would spring from his horse—for he preferred fighting on foot—and though his right hand had been disabled from a wound received when a Heyduc,† he contrived to use his rifle most skilfully. Wherever he appeared the Turks became panic-stricken; for victory was believed to be invariably his companion.

In the affairs of peace Kara George evinced a decided inclination for a regular course of proceeding; and although he could not himself write, he was fond of having business carried on in writing. He allowed matters to follow their own course for a long time together; but if they were carried too far, his very justice was violent and terrible. His only brother, presuming on his name and relationship, took unwarrantable licence, and for a long time Kara George overlooked his misconduct; but at length he did violence to a young maiden, whose friends complained loudly, exclaiming, that it was for crimes of such a nature that the nation had risen against the Turks. Kara George was so greatly enraged at this vile deed, that he ordered this only brother, whom he loved, to be hanged at the door of the house, and forbade his mother to mourn outwardly for the death of her son.

Generally speaking he was kindly disposed, yet he would readily accredit what was related to him in prejudice of another, although a

* Cavalry troops. The Momkes were people settled on the land, and descended from good families. They ate with their leader, and were provided by him with horses and handsome apparel. Though not paid, they received valuable presents and shared his booty. For this they were bound to their chief in life and in death, and they always formed his suite.

† Bandit.

short time before convinced of the contrary; and if once irritated and angry he could not be restrained. He would not even pause to tell his Momkes to beat the offender to the ground, but he would himself slay his adversary—and he spared none. To the Knes Theodosi he was indebted for his dignity, yet him he slew. When such an event occurred he would weep and exclaim, “May God punish him who gave cause for this quarrel!” Yet he was not vindictive. When he had once pardoned an offender he never recurred again to the offence.

Such was Kara George; a character of extraordinary strength, unconscious, as it were, of its own powers, brooding in the vague sense of dormant energies, till roused to action by some event of moment; but then bursting forth into vigorous activity, for good or for evil, as circumstances might direct.

His character much resembles that of the heroes celebrated in the national songs of Servia.—*History of Servia*. Chap. x. Translated by Mrs. ALEXANDER KERR.

263.—UNIVERSALITY OF MAN.

[DR. LATHAM, M.D., 1812.

[ROBERT GORDON LATHAM was born in Lincolnshire in 1812. He was educated as a Colleger at Eton, and went to King's College, Cambridge, as a scholar, where he graduated B.A. in 1835. He is an eminent physician, and known in the literary world by his works on Ethnology. •The chief of these are “Varieties of Mankind,” “Ethnology of Europe,” “Man and his Migrations,” “History of the English Language,” “Descriptive Ethnology,” “Travels in Scandinavia,” &c. &c.]

THE next instrument of ethnological criticism is to be found in the phenomena themselves of the dispersion and distribution of our species.

First as to its universality. In this respect we must look minutely before we shall find places where man is *not*. These, if we find them at all, will come under one of two conditions; the climate will be extreme, or the isolation excessive. For instances of the first we take the Poles; and as far as the Antarctic Circle is concerned, we find no inhabitants in the ice-bound regions—few and far between—of its neighbourhood; none south of 55° S. lat., or the extremity of the Tierra del Fuego. This, however, is peopled. We must remember, however, that in the Southern Ocean such regions as New South Shetland and Victoria Land are isolated as well as cold and frozen.

The North Pole, however, must be approached within 25° before we lose sight of Man, or find him excluded from even a permanent habitation. Spitzbergen is beyond the limits of human occupancy. Nova Zembla, when first discovered, was also uninhabited. So was

Iceland. Here, however, it was the isolation of the *island* that made it so. A hardy stock of men, nearly related to ourselves, have occupied it since the ninth century; and *continental* Greenland is peopled as far as the 75th degree—though, perhaps, only as a summer residence.

Far to the east of Nova Zembla and opposite to the country of the Yukahiri—a hardy people on the rivers Kolyma and Indijirka, and within the Arctic Circle—lies the island of New Siberia. I find from Wrangell's "Travels in Siberia" that certain expatriated Yukahiri are believed to have fled thither. Have they lived or died? Have they reached the island? In case they have done so, and kept body and soul together, New Siberia is probably the most northern spot of the inhabited world.

How *cold* a country must be in order to remain empty of men, we have seen. Such localities are but few. None are too *hot*—unless, indeed, we believe the centre of Equatorial Africa to be a solitude.

In South America there is a great blank in the maps. For many degrees on each side of the Upper Amazons lies a vast tract—said to be a jungle—and marked *Sirionos*, the name of a frontier population. Yet the *Sirionos* are not for one moment supposed to fill up the vast hiatus. At the same time there are few, or none, besides. Is this tract a drear unhumanized waste? It is said to be so—to be wet, woody, and oppressively malarious. Yet this merely means that there is a forest and a swamp of a certain magnitude, and of a certain degree of impenetrability.

Other such areas are unexplored—yet we presume them to be occupied; though ever so thinly: *e.g.*, the interiors of New Guinea and Australia.

That Greenland was known to the early Icelanders is well known. And that it was occupied when so first known is also certain. One of the geographical localities mentioned in an old Saga has an Eskimo word for one of its elements—*Utibuks-firth*—the *firth* of the *isthmus*; *Utibuk* in Eskimo meaning *isthmus*.

Of the islands originally uninhabited those which are, at one and the same time, large and near continents, are Madeira and Iceland—the former being a lonely wood. The Canaries, though smaller and more isolated, have been occupied by the remarkable family of the Guanches. Add to these, Ascension, St. Helena, the Galapagos, Kerguelen's Island, and a few others.

Easter Island, a speck in the vast Pacific, and more than half way between Asia and America, exhibited both inhabitants and ruins to its first discoverers.

Such is the *horizontal* distribution of Man; *i.e.*, his distribution

according to the degrees of latitude. What other animal has such a range? What species? What genus or order? Contrast with ~~this~~ the localized habitats of the Orang-utan, and the Chimpanzee as species; of the Apes as genera; of the Marsupialia as orders.

The *vertical* distribution is as wide. By *vertical* I mean elevation above the level of the sea. On the high table-land of Pamer we have the Kerghiz; summer visitants at least, where the Yak alone, among domesticated animals, lives and breathes in the rarefied atmosphere. The town of Quito is more than 10,000 feet above the sea; Walcheren is perhaps below the level of it.

Who expects uniformity of physiognomy or frame with such a distribution?

The size of ethnological areas.—Comparatively speaking, Europe is pretty equally divided amongst the European families. The Slavonic populations of Bohemia, Silesia, Poland, Servia, and Russia may, perhaps, have more than their due—still the French, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Wallachians, all speaking languages of classical origin, have their share; and so has our own Germanic or Gothic family of English, Dutch, Frisians, Bavarians, and Scandinavians. Nevertheless, there are a few families as limited in geographical area as subordinate in political importance. There are the Escaldunac, or Basques, —originally the occupants of all Spain and half France, now pent up in a corner of the Pyrenees—the Welsh of the Iberic Peninsula. There are also, the Skipetas, or Albanians; wedged in between Greece, Turkey, and Dalmatia. Nevertheless, the respective areas of the European families are pretty equally distributed; and the land of Europe is like a lottery wherein all the prizes are of an appreciable value.

The comparison with Asia verifies this. In immediate contact with the vast Turkish population centred in Independent Tartary, but spread over an area reaching more or less continuously from Africa to the Icy Sea (an area larger than the whole of Europe), come the tribes of Caucasus—Georgians, Circassians, Lesgians, Mizjeji, and Irôn; five well-defined groups, each falling into subordinate divisions, and some of them into subdivisions. The language of Constantinople is understood at the Lena. In the mountain range between the Caspian and the Black Sea, the mutually unintelligible languages are at least fifteen—perhaps more, certainly not fewer. Now, the extent of land covered by the Turk family shows the size to which an ethnological area may attain; whilst the multiplicity of mutually unintelligible tongues of Caucasus shows how closely families may be packed. Their geographical juxtaposition gives prominence to the contrast.

At the first view this contrast seems remarkable. So far from being so, it is of continual occurrence. In China the language is one and indivisible: on its south-western frontier the tongues are counted by the dozen—just as if in Yorkshire there were but one provincial dialect throughout; two in Lincolnshire; and twenty in Rutland.

The same contrast reappears in North America. In Canada and the Northern States the Algonkin area is measured by the degrees of latitude and longitude; in Louisiana and Alabama by the mile.

The same in South America. One tongue—the Guarani—covers half the continent. Elsewhere a tenth part of it contains a score.

The same in Southern Africa. From the Line to the neighbourhood of the Cape all is Kaffre. Between the Gambia and the Gaboon there are more than twenty different divisions.

The same in the North. The Berbers reach from the Valley of the Nile to the Canaries, and from the Mediterranean to the parts about Borneo. In Borneo there are said to be thirty different languages.

Such are areas in size, and in relation to each other; like the bishoprics and curacies of our church, large and small, with a difficulty in ascertaining the average. However, the simple epithets *great* and *small* are suggestive; since the former implies an *encroaching*, the latter a *receding* population.—*Man and his Migrations*, chap. iii.

264.—ROGER BACON.

[THE REV. JOSEPH BERINGTON, 1743—1827.]

[THE REV. JOSEPH BERINGTON was born in Shropshire in 1743, and was educated at St. Omer. After passing through the course of study pursued there with great distinction, he took orders in the Roman Catholic church, and exercised the functions of the priesthood for some years in France. He appeared as an author in 1776, publishing a *Letter on Materialism*, and on Hartley's "Theory of the Human Mind." Mr. Berington was remarkable for the moderation of his views and for his learning. He published in 1790, in quarto, a "History of Henry II. and his Two Sons;" in 1793 "Memoirs of Gregorio Panizari." His "Literary History of the Middle Ages" was published in 1814. In the same year Mr. Berington settled at Buckland in Berkshire, where he died in 1827. An edition of the "Literary History" by Hazlitt was issued by Bogue in 1846.]

I COULD pursue with pleasure the long list of able men who, from this and other countries, continued in an uninterrupted succession to profess the scholastic art. I might mention John Wallis, a Franciscan, who, having studied at Oxford, taught in Paris, where he acquired the name of the *Tree of Life*, and of whose talents and erudition Leland speaks with his usual exaggeration. To him I might add John Peckham, of the same order, who studied in Oxford and in Paris, in both

which cities he lectured, and afterwards went to Lyons and to Rome, where he acquired great distinction by his legal knowledge, and where he was raised to the vacant see of Canterbury. I could mention John of Paris, a native of that city, and Richard Middleton, the first a Dominican, the second a Franciscan; and Giles de Colonna, an illustrious Roman of the order of St. Austin, who studied and taught in Paris and other cities, and who passed his life in many honourable and learned toils. These and many others, some secular ecclesiastics, but far the greatest part members of the new religious orders, were constantly employed as I have represented them in diffusing science, such as it was, and fomenting the literary ardour* of the times.

But there is one man who must not be thus transiently noticed—I mean Roger Bacon, born early in the century. After finishing the elementary studies of grammar at Oxford, he devoted his whole attention to philosophy, the recesses of which he investigated with a sagacity which was hitherto unexampled. Having his mind thus richly stored, he repaired to Paris in the company of many other youths. Paris, observes the historian,† was now much frequented by the English, and particularly by the Oxonians. Here Bacon found a copious variety of intellectual nutriment. He sedulously applied himself to languages, to history, to jurisprudence, to the mathematics, and to medicine; and closing the wide circle by theology, he was appointed to a public chair, and received academical honours. His own country was now to be benefited by his learning. He returned to Oxford, and, by the persuasion it is said of Grosteste (if not earlier), the friend and patron of the order, entered among the Franciscans. He prosecuted his former studies in the retirement of a cell; took a more accurate survey of nature and her laws; methodized the sciences, and particularly the philosophy which he had deeply imbibed; and by the help of languages, especially that of Greece, accumulating observations which the common herd of scholars found it impossible to obtain, opened a way to new inquiries. A mind like his could observe, could investigate, and could invent, but it was not possible to advance without instruments. He is said himself to have constructed instruments, to have engaged the ingenuity of others, and to have expended a large sum in the purchase of books and the prosecution of experiments. From the titles of his works it appears that perspective, astronomy, optics, geometry, the mechanic arts, chemistry, and alchemy, were amongst his favourite pursuits. He delivered lectures upon these and other subjects.

* See Leland *de Scrip. Brit.*, Cave, *Hist. Lit.*, also *Hist. Univer. Oxon. passim*, and *Bib. Lat. med. ætat.*

† *Hist. Univer. Oxon. sub an. 1292.*

Leland, in his usual style, wishes for a hundred tongues and a hundred mouths, that he might be able to celebrate the wonderful discoveries of Bacon as they deserved. His contemporaries were less adulatory. Many wondered, but in their stupid admiration they ascribed his inventions to the black art. In his knowledge of the Hebrew and the Greek languages they saw nothing but a medium of holding a secret intercourse with the devil, and the same suspicion was confirmed by the lines of circles and triangles. Nor were these the surmises only of the vulgar; men even of some education entertained the same; the brethren of his order refused to admit his works into their libraries, and are said to have procured his incarceration.

In the progress of man towards improvement there are certain stages, which, if too rapidly passed, appear to retard rather than accelerate his advancement. The discoveries of Roger Bacon were productive of little benefit to the thirteenth century. His contemporaries could not appreciate their value, and ascribing them to necromancy or supernatural agency, they added new strength to former prejudices, and increased the obstinacy of ignorance. On his side, the philosopher despised the boasted learning of the schools, not considering that this very learning, by giving exercise to general talents, was perhaps best adapted to prepare the mind for that degree of light which was tardily but gradually dawning around it. Speaking of his own times, he says: "Never was there such a show of wisdom, such exercises in all branches and in all kingdoms, as within these forty years. Teachers are everywhere dispersed in cities, in castles, and in villages, taken particularly from the new monastic orders. Yet never was there more ignorance, more error. The common herd of students, poring over their wretched versions (of the works of Aristotle) lose their time, their application, and their money. Yet if the senseless multitude applaud, they are satisfied." He elsewhere says of those versions, that if he had them in his power they should be committed to the flames, as serving only to perpetuate error and multiply ignorance.

The opinion of his own talents and acquirements was widely different. In his *Opus Majus*, addressed to Clement IV., speaking of himself he says, that from the time he had learned his alphabet he had spent forty years in the study of the sciences and languages, but that now, in the half of one year at most, he would undertake to communicate all his knowledge to any diligent man possessed of a sufficient capacity of retention, under certain easy conditions, which he mentions. He doubts not but that within three days he can put it into the power of such a man to learn the Hebrew tongue in such a manner as accurately to understand what may be necessary for the elucidation of the Scriptures. He will infuse the Greek language in the same space of time,

so that whatever has been written concerning theology and philosophy shall be clearly comprehended; and as to geometry, it shall be fully developed in one week, and arithmetic in a second. What opinion must we form of the extent of the knowledge which could be communicated with this singular rapidity, or ought we to lament that Friar Bacon has not left behind him an art of teaching so inestimably valuable? He died about the year 1284, and was buried in the Franciscan convent at Oxford.*—*Literary History of the Middle Ages*. Book v.

265.—TELL'S SPEECH.

[JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, 1794—1862.]

[JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES was born at Cork in 1794. He was for some time a strolling actor, the elder Kean forming part of the company in which he performed. Knowles found his way to London, and in 1815 "Caius Gracchus" was performed, followed by "Virginius," which had a long run, and the fame of the dramatist was secured. "The Wife," "The Hunchback," "William Tell," and "The Love Chase," confirmed his success. Mr. Knowles frequently played the heroes of his own dramas; but his strong Hibernian accent, which never left him, was a great drawback to him on the stage. Some years before he died he was offered a pension from the Civil List of 100*l.* a year, which he refused, asserting that he was "not a hungry dog craving for a bone." In this refusal he asserted the dignity of his profession; and on a subsequent appeal, through the efforts of the Dramatic Authors' Society, a pension of 200*l.* per annum was awarded him. He shortly after retired from the stage and became a Baptist preacher, but he did not relinquish his pension, which he enjoyed to the time of his decease, in 1862.]

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,

* See more on this extraordinary man in the *Hist. Univers. Oxon.*—See also Leland, *Cave, &c.* His *Opus Majus* was published in 1733.

I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss : his broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unforced will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow ; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threaten'd him.—I could not shoot !—
'Twas liberty !—I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away !

Heavens, with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that it was so ! It was free !
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys, without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was it then ! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
You know the jutting cliff round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass ? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

—William Tell.

266.—PERSONAL RELIGION BOTH ACTIVE AND CONTEMPLATIVE.

[The Very Rev. EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., Dean of Norwich, 1818.

[EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, Dean of Norwich, is the son of Edward Goulburn, Esq., Sergeant-at-Law, and was born 1818. He was educated at Eton, and elected a scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1835, where he graduated B.A. in 1839, taking first-class honours in the school of *Literæ Humaniores*. In 1841 he was elected Fellow of Merton College. In 1850, while he was a College tutor and incumbent of Holywell, Oxford, he was elected as successor of Dr. Tait, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, in the head-mastership of Rugby School. This post he held till 1858, when he retired from it. He preached the Bampton Lectures at Oxford, 1850, and was appointed minister of Quebec Chapel and Prebendary of St. Paul's, 1858; one of the Queen's chaplains in ordinary in 1859, and in the same year, Incumbent of St. John's, Paddington. He became Dean of Norwich in 1866.]

READER, there is a deep-seated necessity for work in the constitution of our nature. In the absence of regular and active occupation, the mind is apt to grow morbid, stagnant, and, what is worse than either, selfish. One of the greatest thinkers of antiquity defined happiness to be "*an energy of the soul.*" And is it not true? Only watch the avidity with which men, even in extreme old age, when one would think that the interests of this life were on the wane for them, catch at some exciting pursuit, like politics. The lesson which as Christians we should draw from this observation is, that most unquestionably God has made man for activity as well as for contemplation. The reason why the activity fails in numberless instances to secure happiness, is that it is separated from God—that it is not in His service and interests. This being the case it too often engrosses, hampers, entangles, impedes,—is as a dead weight to the soul, instead of, as it might be, a wing, and a means of furtherance.

Let every one therefore who studies Personal Religion seriously consider, first, in what quarter lies the work which God has given him to do; and next, how he may execute that work in a happy and a holy frame of mind. I need not say that the services on which God condescends to employ men are almost infinitely various. Each one of us has a stewardship somewhere in the great social system, and some gift qualifying him for it; and if he will but consult faithfully the intimations of God's providence, he will not be long before he discovers what it is. It may be that we are called to very humble duties—duties very low down in the social scale; still even they are held from God, and constitute a stewardship; and the one talent which qualifies us for them will have to be accounted for as much as if it were ten talents. To regard the business attaching to any station of life as insignificant, is as unreasonable as it is unscriptural. St. Paul says of the human body, that God has "given honour to those members which

lacked." The same may be said of society: its whole fabric and framework is built up of humble duties accurately fulfilled by persons in humble stations. What would become of society, and how could its well-being and progress be secured if all the subordinates in every department of life, all those who have to play the more mechanical parts, were to throw up their callings on the excuse that they were not sufficiently dignified? How would it fare with the plans of the architect, if the builders and masons throughout the country were to suspend their labours. But we need not reason on the subject where the Word of God has spoken so explicitly. The Scripture, with that wonderful penetration into the heart of man which characterizes its every page, has taken care to set the seal of dignity and sacredness upon those callings and employments which are lowest in the social scale. Our blessed Lord, when learning of the doctors in the Temple, and through their instruction growing in wisdom, teaches us that to be engaged thus in childhood is to be about our Father's business.

We naturally look down on a child learning a lesson, and think that it is no great matter whether the lesson be learned or not. Christ opens a widely different view of the subject, when he connects a child's growth in wisdom with its relations to God: "Wist ye not that I must be in the things of my Father?" (*ἐν τοῖς τοῦ πατρὸς μου.*)

But still more remarkable, perhaps, in its bearing on our present subject, is the treatment of the duties of servants in the New Testament. These servants were slaves, and mostly slaves to heathen masters. If ever duty took a degrading form, it must have done so frequently in their case. If ever of any calling one might say, "There is no divine stewardship in it," this might have been said surely of slavery among the heathens. Yet it is recognised in the strongest way, that even the slave's duties may be sanctified by importing into them a Christian motive, and that when such a motive is imported into them, the service is really done not to the human master, but (marvellous condescension!) to the great Head of the Church Himself. "Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh: not with eye service as men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God: and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, *for ye serve the Lord Christ.*" No less truly, then, than quaintly did good George Herbert sing:—

- "All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake),
Will not grow bright and clean.

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine."

Now if both a child's education and a slave's drudgery find their place in the vast system of God's service, what lawful calling can we suppose to be excluded from a place in that system?

But we remark, secondly, that there is a contemplative element in the service of the Seraphim,* that their activity is fed from the springs of their devotion. There are two chief passages of Holy Scripture (one in the Old and one in the New Testament) in which we obtain a glimpse of angels engaged in worship; one is that before us, in which the prophet sees the Seraphim, with veiled faces and feet, crying one to another before the throne, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory." This was a heavenly scene; it was enacted in the Temple which represented Heaven. But in the New Testament we find the Seraphim domesticating themselves upon earth, in the outlying field of a village where cattle were penned: When the Lord of heaven, laying aside the robe of light, and the tiara of the rainbow, appeared among us in the form of an infant cradled in a manger, He drew an escort of the Seraphim after Him: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and goodwill to men."

The ministry of the angels is then only half their life. The other half, which indeed makes their ministry glow with zeal, is their worship. And so it must be with God's human servants.

The activity which flows from ambition, the diligence which is purely mechanical and the result of habit, is not angelic diligence and activity. To attempt to lead the spiritual life without devotion, is even a greater mistake than to go apart from our duties in order to lead it. Our flying on God's errands will be an unhallowed flight, if we do not first secretly adore Him in our hearts. A prayerless day of hard work, consecrated by no holy meditation, oh! what a dull, plodding, tramping day it is! How do we spend money in such a day for that which is not bread, and our labour for that which satisfieth not? How does God in such a day deal with us, as with the Egyptians of old, taking off the chariot-wheels from our work, so that we drive it heavily? How if we turn our mind to better things in the stillness of the night, does the Lord seem to stand over the bed, and reprove all that godless

* These remarks are founded on a passage of Holy Scripture, which represents the employments of angels.

toil and turmoil, which in a spiritual point of view has run to waste, with this loving irony: "It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness; for so He giveth his beloved sleep!" And in these times, in this country, the danger of the vast majority of men—your danger, perchance, reader—lies in this direction. Activity is now, if it ever was, the order of the day with all classes. Competition and the cry for qualified persons in every department of industry, are driving all drones out of the social hive. No one has a moment to spare. The strain and stress of occupation frequently proves too great for feeble bodies and sensitive minds. And with those who are physically and intellectually equal to cope with the pressure of multiplied and urgent business, the mind too often burrows and is buried in its work, and scarcely ever comes to sun itself in the light of Heaven. With a fatal facility we dispense ourselves from prayer and meditation and self-examination on the ground of fatigue, or pressing avocations, or necessity of refreshment. Yet secret devotion is the source, not of strength only, but of comfort and even of success in any high acceptance of the word.

Success is no success if it makes not a happy mind; and the mind which is not holy cannot be happy. A good author, writing before the invention of the compass, says: "Even when your affairs be of such importance as to require your whole attention, you should look mentally towards God from time to time, as mariners do who, to arrive at the port for which they are bound, look more up towards Heaven than down on the sea on which they sail; thus will God work with you, in you, and for you, and all your labour shall be accompanied with consolation." — *Thoughts on Personal Religion*, part i. chap. iv.

267.—THE IMPROVVISATORE.

[J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI, 1773—1842.]

[JOHN CHARLES LEONARD SIMONDE DE SISMONDI was born at Geneva, 1773. He was descended from an ancient Tuscan family which settled in France, but after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled to Geneva, where the historian and critic received his education. The French Revolution swept away a great part of the family property, and Sismondi was obliged to enter a banking-house at Lyons. In 1793 he accompanied his family to England, and there studied our language and constitution. In 1795 he settled in Italy as a farmer, and wrote during his leisure, "Researches into the Constitution of Free Peoples." His first published work was a "Picture of Tuscan Agriculture," which was printed at Geneva in 1801. In 1805 he travelled through Italy with Madame de Staël. In 1807 he published his "Italian Republics." His greatest work, "Histoire des Français," was begun in 1819, and continued till the end of his life; but he published in the meantime some very valuable works:

"View of the Literature of the South of Europe;" "History of the Fall of the Roman Empire, and of the Decline of Civilization;" and "Studies in Social Science." Sismondi died in 1842.]

THE talent of an improvvisatore is the gift of nature, and a talent which has frequently no relation to the other faculties. When it is manifested in a child, it is studiously cultivated, and he receives all the instruction which seems likely to be useful to him in his art. He is taught mythology, history, science, and philosophy. But the divine gift itself, the second and more harmonious language, which with graceful ease assumes every artificial form, this alone they attempt not to change or to add to, and it is left to develop itself according to the dictates of nature. Sounds call up corresponding sounds; the rhymes spontaneously arrange themselves in their places; and the inspired soul pours itself forth in verse, like the concords naturally elicited from the vibrations of a musical chord.

The improvvisatore generally begs from the audience a subject for his verse. The topics usually presented to him are drawn from mythology, from religion, from history, or from some passing event of the day; but from all these sources thousands of the most trite subjects may be derived, and we are mistaken in supposing that we are rendering the poet a service in giving him a subject which has already been the object of his verse. He would not be an improvvisatore if he did not entirely abandon himself to the impression of the moment, or if he trusted more to his memory than to his feelings. After having been informed of his subject, the improvvisatore remains a moment in meditation, to view it in its various lights, and to shape out the plan of the little poem which he is about to compose. He then prepares the eight first verses, that his mind during the recitation of them may receive the proper impulse, and that he may awaken that powerful emotion, which makes him, as it were, a new being. In about seven or eight minutes he is fully prepared, and commences his poem, which often consists of five or six hundred verses. His eyes wander around him, his features glow, and he struggles with the prophetic spirit which seems to animate him. Nothing in the present age can represent in so striking a manner the Pythia of Delphos, when the god descended and spoke by her mouth.

There is an easy metre, the same which Metastasio has employed in the *Partenza a Nice*, and which is adapted to the air known by the name of the *Air of the Improvvisatori*. This measure is generally made use of when the poet wishes not to give himself much trouble, or when he has not the talent to attempt a higher strain. The stanza consists of eight lines with seven syllables in each line, and divided into two quatrains, each quatrain being terminated by a *verso tronco*, so that

there are properly only two of the lines rhymed in each quatrain. The singing sustains and strengthens the prosody, and covers, where it is necessary, defective verses, so that the art is in this form within the capacity of persons possessing very ordinary talents. All the improvvisatori, however, do not sing. Some of the most celebrated amongst them have bad voices, and are compelled to declaim their verses in a rapid manner, as if they were reading them. The more celebrated improvvisatori consider it an easy task to conform themselves to the most rigid laws of versification. At the will of the audience, they will adopt the *terza rima* of Dante, or the *ottava rima* of Tasso, or any other metre as constrained; and these shackles of rhyme and verse seem to augment the richness of their imagination and their eloquence. The famous Gianni, the most astonishing of all the improvvisatori, has written nothing in the tranquillity of his closet which can give him any claim to his prodigious reputation. When, however, he utters his spontaneous verses, which are preserved by the diligence of short-hand writers, we remark with admiration the lofty poetry, the rich imagery, the powerful eloquence, and occasionally the deep thought which they display, and which place their author on a level with the men who are the glory of Italy. The famous Corinna, who was crowned in the Capitol, was distinguished for her lively imagination, her grace, and her gaiety. Another poetess, La Bandettini, of Modena, was educated by a Jesuit, and from him acquired a knowledge of the ancient languages, and a familiarity with the classical authors. She afterwards attached herself to scientific pursuits, that she might render herself equal to any theme that might be proposed to her, and she thus rendered her numerous acquirements subservient to her poetical talents. La Fantastici, the wife of a rich goldsmith of Florence, did not devote herself to such abstruse branches of knowledge; but she possessed from heaven a musical ear, an imagination worthy of the name she bore, and a facility of composition which gave full employment to her melodious voice. Madame Mazzei, whose former name was Landi, a lady of one of the first families in Florence, surpasses perhaps all her contemporaries in the fertility of her imagination, in the richness and purity of her style, and in the harmony and perfect regularity of her verses. She never sings; and absorbed in the process of invention, her thoughts always outstrip her words. She is negligent in her declamation, and her recitation is therefore not graceful; but the moment she commences her spontaneous effusions, the most harmonious language in the world seems at her bidding to assume new beauties. We are delighted and drawn forward by the magic stream. We are transported into a new poetical world, where to our amazement we discover man speaking the language of the gods. I have heard her exert her

talents upon subjects which were unexpectedly offered to her. I have heard her in the most magnificent *ottava rima* celebrate the genius of Dante, of Machiavelli, and of Galileo. I have heard her in *terza rima* lament the departed glory and the lost liberties of Florence. I have heard her compose a fragment of a tragedy, on a subject which the tragic poets had never touched, so as to give an idea in a few scenes of the plot and the catastrophe; and lastly, I have heard her pronounce, confining herself to the same given rhymes, five sonnets on five different subjects. But it is necessary to hear her, in order to form any idea of the prodigious power of this poetical eloquence, and to feel convinced that a nation in whose heart so bright a flame of inspiration still burns, has not yet accomplished her literary career, but that there still perhaps remain in reserve for her greater glories than any which she has as yet acquired.—*Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe*, vol. ii. chap. 22.

268.—DEPARTURE OF THADDEUS FROM WARSAW.

[JANE PORTER, 1776—1860.

[JANE PORTER, born 1776, was the author of "Thaddeus or Warsaw," "Scottish Chiefs," and other celebrated historical novels. She died 1860.]

POLAND WAS NOW NO place for Sobieski. He had survived all his kindred. He had survived the liberties of his country. He had seen his king a prisoner; and his countrymen trampled on by deceit and cruelty. As he walked on, musing over these circumstances, he met with little interruption; for the streets were deserted. Here and there a poor miserable wretch passed him, who seemed by his wan cheeks and haggard eyes already to repent the too successful prayers of the deputation. The shops were shut. Thaddeus stopped a few minutes in the great square, which used to be crowded with happy citizens, but now not one was to be seen. An awful and oppressive silence reigned over all. He sighed; and walking down the east street, ascended that part of the ramparts which covered the Vistula.

He turned his eyes to the spot where once stood the magnificent towers of his paternal palace.

"Yes," cried he, "it is now time for me to obey the last command of my mother! Nothing remains of Poland but its soil! nothing of my home but its ashes!"

The Russians had pitched a detachment of tents amidst the ruins of Villanow; and were at this moment busying themselves in searching amongst the stupendous fragments for what plunder the fire might have spared.

"Insatiate robbers!" exclaimed Thaddeus, "Heaven will requite this

sacrilege." He thought on the Countess who lay beneath the ruins, and tore himself from the sight, whilst he added, "Farewell, for ever farewell, thou beloved Villanow, in which I have spent so many blissful years! I quit you, and my country, for ever!" As he spoke he raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, and pressing the picture of his mother to his lips and bosom, turned from the parapet against which he had been leaning, and walked back to his chamber; determining to prepare that night for his departure the next morning.

He arose by daybreak; and having gathered together all his little wealth, the whole of which was compressed within the portmanteau that was buckled on his horse; precisely two hours before the triumphal car of General Suwarrow entered Warsaw, Sobieski left it; and as he rode over the streets, he bedewed its stones with his tears. They were the first that he had shed during the long series of his misfortunes; and they now flowed so fast from his eyes that he could hardly discern his way out of the city.

At the great gate his horse stopped.

"Poor Saladin!" said Thaddeus, stroking his neck, "are you so sorry at leaving Warsaw that, like your unhappy master, you linger to take a last look?"

His tears redoubled; and the warder, as he opened the gate and closed it after him, implored permission to kiss the hand of the noble Count Sobieski, before he turned his back on Poland, never to return. Thaddeus looked kindly around, and shaking hands with the honest man, after saying a few friendly words to him, rode on with a loitering step, until he reached that part of the river which divides Masovia from the Prussian dominions.

Here he flung himself off his horse; and standing for a moment on the hill that rises near the bridge, retraced, with his almost blinded eyes, the long and desolated lands through which he had passed; then involuntarily dropping on his knees, he plucked a tuft of grass, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, "Farewell, Poland! Farewell, all my earthly happiness!"

Almost stifled by his emotions, he put this poor relic of his country into his bosom; and remounting his horse, crossed the bridge. Sobieski pursued the remainder of his journey with a speed which soon brought him to Dantzic.

After having spent a few days in this town, by much mental exertion, he regained some firmness of mind. It was a calm arising from the conviction that his afflictions had gained their summit, and that however heavy they were, heaven laid them on as a trial of faith and virtue. Under this belief, he ceased to weep; but he never was seen to smile.

Having entered into an arrangement with the master of a vessel to carry him across the sea, he found that the strength of his finances would barely defray the charges of the voyage. Considering these circumstances, he saw the impossibility of taking his horse with him to England. This was a distressing dilemma.

"To part from my faithful Saladin," said he to himself, "that has borne me since I first could use a sword; that has carried me through so many dangers, and has come with me even into exile—it is painful, it is ungrateful!" He was in the stable when this thought assailed him; and as the reflections followed each other, he again turned to the stall: "But, my poor fellow, I will not barter your services for gold. I will seek for some master who may be kind to you, in pity to my misfortunes."

He re-entered the hotel where he lodged, and calling a waiter, inquired who occupied the fine mansion and park on the east of the town. The man replied, "Mr. Hopetown, an eminent British merchant, who has been settled at Dantzic above forty years."

"I am glad he is a Briton!" was the sentiment which succeeded this information in the Count's mind, who immediately taking his resolution, had hardly prepared to put it into execution when he received a summons from the captain to be on board in half an hour, as the wind had set fair.

Thaddeus, rather disconcerted by this hasty call, with a depressed heart, wrote the following letter:

"To John Hopetown, Esq."

"Sir,—A Polish officer, who has sacrificed everything but his honour to the best interests of his country, now addresses you.

"You are a Briton; and of whom can a victim to the cause of freedom with less debasement solicit an obligation?"

"I cannot afford support to the horse which has carried me through the battles of this fatal war. I disdain to sell him; and therefore I implore you, by the respect that you pay to the memory of your ancestors, who struggled for, and retained that liberty in the defence of which we are thus reduced!—I implore you to give him an asylum in your park, and to protect him from injurious usage.

"Perform this benevolent action, sir, and you shall ever be remembered with gratitude by an unfortunate

"POLANDER."

"Dantzic, November, 1794."

The Count having sealed and directed this letter, went into the hotel yard, and ordered that his horse might be brought out. These few days of rest had restored him to his former mettle; and he

appeared from the stable, prancing and pawing the earth as he used to do when Thaddens was going to mount him for the field.

The groom was striving in vain to restrain the spirit of the horse, when the Count took hold of his bridle. The noble animal knew his master, and became as gentle as a lamb. After stroking him two or three times, with a bursting heart, he returned the reins into the man's hand, and at the same time gave him the letter.

"There," said he, "take that note and the horse directly to the house of Mr. Hopetown. Leave them; for the letter requires no answer."

So saying he walked out of the yard towards the quay. The wind continuing fair, he entered the ship, and within an hour set sail for England; where he arrived in a few days, and going ashore near to the Tower of London, took a hackney coach, and proceeded to an hotel.—*Thaddeus of Warsaw*, chap. viii.

269.—THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

[WOLFGANG MENZEL, 1798.

[WOLFGANG MENZEL, a German critic and historian, was born at Waldenberg (Silesia) 1798, and was partly educated at Breslau. In 1815 he served in the army as a volunteer. After the peace he continued his studies at Jena. In 1820 he went to Switzerland and obtained a professorship in the Municipal School of Aarau. He returned to his native land in 1824, and was for some time engrossed by politics in the States of Wurtemberg. He commenced his career as a critic in 1823, and founded a literary and critical journal, which attacked Goethe and his school. He published—1824 and 1825—his "History of the Germans." His next work, "German Literature," 1828. In 1848 he sat as a deputy in the States of Wurtemberg. Menzel is a graceful poet, as well as a clever critic and historian. His chief works are—"Spirit of History," 1835; "Mythological Inquiries," 1842; "History of Europe, from 1798 to 1815;" "Furor," an historical romance of the Thirty Years' War; and a "History of Nature from a Christian point of View."]

THE battle of Lützen commenced early in the morning of the 6th of November, 1632, not far from the scene of Tilly's former defeat. Gustavus would have scarcely ventured, without first awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, to have attacked Wallenstein, had he not learnt the departure of Pappenheim, who was now hastily recalled from Halle, which he had just reached. A thick fog, that lasted until eleven o'clock, hindered the marshalling of the troops, and gave the Pappenheimers time to reach the field before the conclusion of the battle. Wallenstein, although suffering from a severe attack of gout, mounted his steed and drew up his troops. His infantry was drawn up in squares, flanked by cavalry and guarded in front by a ditch defended by artillery. Gustavus, without armour, on account of a slight

wound he had received at Dirschau, and exclaiming, "At them in God's name! Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! let us vindicate to-day the honour of thy holy name!" brandished his sword over his head, and charged the ditch at the head of his men. The infantry crossed and seized the battery. The cavalry, opposed by Wallenstein's black cuirassiers, were less successful. "Charge those black fellows!" shouted the king to Colonel Stalhantsch. At that moment the Swedish infantry, which had already broken two of the enemy's squares, were charged in the flank by Wallenstein's cavalry, stationed on the opposite wing, and Gustavus hurrying to their aid, the cavalry on the nearest wing also bore down upon him. The increasing density of the fog unfortunately veiled the approach of the imperialists, and the king, falsely imagining himself followed by his cavalry, suddenly found himself in the midst of the black cuirassiers. His horse received a shot in the head, and another broke his left arm. He then asked Albert, Duke of Saxon-Lauenburg, who was at his side, to lead him off the field, and, turning away, was shot in the back by an imperial officer. He fell from his saddle; his foot became entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged along by his horse, maddened with pain. The duke fled, but Luchau, the master of the royal horse, shot the officer who had wounded the king. Gustavus, who still lived, fell into the hands of the cuirassiers. His German page, Lubelfing, a youth of eighteen, refused to tell his master's rank, and was mortally wounded. The king was stripped. On his exclaiming, "I am the King of Sweden!" they attempted to carry him off, but a charge of the Swedish cavalry compelling them to relinquish their prey, the last cuirassier, as he rushed past, shot him through the head.*

The sight of the king's charger, covered with blood, wildly galloping along the Swedish front, confirmed the report of the melancholy fate of his royal master. Some of the Swedish generals, more especially Kniphausen, who drew off his men in reserve, meditated a retreat, but Duke Bernard of Weimar, spurning the idea with contempt and calling loudly for vengeance, placed himself at the head of a regiment, whose colonel, a Swede, he ran through for refusing to obey him, and regardless, in his enthusiasm, of a shot that carried away his hat, charged with such impetuosity that the ditch and the battery were retaken, and Wallenstein's infantry and cavalry were completely thrown into confusion. The latter fled; the gunpowder carts were blown up; the day was gained. At that moment, Pappen-

* Gustavus was extremely fine and majestic in person, his eyes were blue, and gentle in expression, his manners commanding, noble, and conciliating. His countenance was open and attractive.

heim's fresh troops poured into the field and once more turned the battle. The body of the king, defended by Stalhantsch, was sharply contested by Pappenheim, who fell, pierced with two bullets. His men fought with redoubled rage on the death of their commander; Wallenstein rallied his troops, and a desperate conflict of some hours' duration ensued, in which the flower of the Swedish army fell and the ditch and battery were lost. Bernard was forced to retreat, and the battle was for the third time renewed by Knipphausen's reserved corps, which pressed across the ditch, followed by the rest of the weary Swedes. This last and desperate charge was irresistible. Wallenstein, driven from the field, fled across the mountains of Bohemia, and his brutal soldiery were scattered in every direction. Numbers were slain by the Protestant peasantry. Those of his officers who had first fled were afterwards put to death at his command.

The bloody corpse of the king was found by the great stone, still known as the Swedish stone. It was laid in state before the whole of the Swedish army, which responded to Bernard's enthusiastic address, with a vow to follow him wherever he led. This enthusiasm, however, speedily cooled. Bernard's sole command of the troops was frustrated by the jealousy of the Swedish officers. In Sweden, Gustavus had merely left an infant daughter, Christina. The ex-king of Bohemia died of horror, at Mayence, on receiving the news of the death of his friend and protector. His consort, Elizabeth Stuart, resided for many years afterwards at Rhenen* near Utrecht. The battle of Lützen filled the imperialists, notwithstanding their defeat, with the greatest delight. Public rejoicings were held at Madrid. The Emperor Ferdinand discovered no immoderate joy at his success, and even showed some signs of pity on seeing the blood-stained collar of his late foe. The pope, Urban VIII., ordered a mass to be read for the soul of the fallen monarch, whose power had curbed that of the

* Elizabeth Stuart dwelt for a considerable period at Rhenen under the protection of the States-general, mourning for her husband, whose place of burial was unknown, her brother, Charles I. of England, whose head had rolled on the scaffold, and her unfortunate children. Her eldest son, Henry Frederick, was drowned [A.D. 1629] at Amsterdam. The second, Charles Louis, became, on the termination of the war, elector of the Pfalz, but lived unhappily with his wife, and, taking a mistress, his mother refrained from returning thither. The third, Rupert, after distinguishing himself against Cromwell and Spain, remained with his mother and occupied himself with the study of chemistry. The fourth, Maurice, disappeared after a naval engagement with the Spanish flotilla, and was supposed to have been lost in a storm at sea. The fifth, Edward, dishonoured his family, that had suffered so much for the sake of religion, by turning Catholic and entered the French service. The sixth, Philip, a brave adventurer, murdered a nobleman and fled into France. He was killed in the French service during a siege. The seventh, Gustavus, died in his boyhood. The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, rejected the hand of Ladislaw of Poland from a religious

emperor. The emperor's foes have, at every period, been regarded with secret good-will by the pope.

Axel Oxenstierna, Gustavus's minister, and his most faithful friend, became regent of Sweden during the minority of the queen, Christina, and followed in the footsteps of his noble master. But he was merely a statesman, not a military leader; a minister, not a king. Sweden, instead of placing a Protestant emperor on the throne of Germany, could henceforward merely endeavour to secure liberty of conscience to the German Protestants. Gustavus's ambition had embraced the whole of Germany; that of Oxenstierna simply extended to the possession of one of her provinces. Had Gustavus lived, Germany might have become great, united, and happy; France would have been confined within her limits; Sweden would have become a German province; the German provinces on the Baltic would have been incorporated with the empire; Livonia would have been saved, and the Russians checked. Oxenstierna, by his project for the dismemberment of Germany and his consequent coalition with France, was, instead of the friend, the most dangerous foe to the German cause. The coalition of the Catholics and Protestants for the expulsion of the foreigner was urgently necessary for the salvation of the empire, but the Protestants, intimidated by the edict of restitution, placed no confidence in the promises of their jesuitical sovereign. The confederated princes, bribed by French gold, promises, and grants, still carried on the war and remained true to Oxenstierna, who, notwithstanding the opposition offered by France and Saxony, was elected head of the confederacy in a convocation of the princes held at Heilbronn.—*The History of Germany*, vol. ii. paragraph 208.

270.—SNAKES AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

[THOMAS PRINGLE, 1789—1834.

[THOMAS PRINGLE, born at Blaiklaw, Teviotdale, 1789, was the son of a farmer, and was educated at the Grammar School of Kelso, and the University of Edinburgh. He started the "*Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*," having for coadjutors Lockhart,

motive, studied philosophy, was a friend of Descartes and of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and died Lutheran abbess of Herford. The second, Henrietta Maria, married Ragoczy, Prince of Transylvania, but died shortly after the wedding. The third, Louisa, had a talent for painting, and remained for a long time with Rupert in attendance on her mother, whom she suddenly quitted in order to take the veil. She became Catholic abbess of Maubuisson. The fourth, Sophia, married a poor prince, Ernest Augustus of Brunswick-Lüneburg, the youngest of four brothers. Elizabeth and her son Rupert, the only one of her numerous family left in her old age, repaired to England on the restoration of the Stuarts. She died there, A.D. 1662. Rupert also died in England, leaving no legitimate issue.

Dr. Brewster, Hogg, and Wilson. Scott supplied an article on the Gipsies in its first number. The magazine passing into the hands of the Messrs. Blackwood, changed its name to the now famous one, "Blackwood's Magazine." In 1820 Pringle and his brothers settled as farmers at the Cape of Good Hope. The families prospered. By the influence chiefly of Scott, Pringle obtained the post of librarian to the Government at Cape Town, and started a newspaper, *The South African Journal*. But the governor having declared that it contained a libel against himself, Pringle got into difficulties, and was obliged to return to England. He went to London and tried to obtain compensation for his losses, but in vain. From that time he adopted literature as a profession. His chief works are "A Narrative of a Residence in South Africa," "An Account of English Settlers in Albany, South Africa," and several small collections of poems. He died in 1834.]

It is not very unusual for snakes of various sorts to be found in the houses at the Cape, nor does it, in ordinary cases, excite any violent alarm when such inmates are discovered. They make their way both through the roofs and under the walls, in search of food and shelter, and especially in pursuit of mice, which many of them chiefly subsist upon. During my residence in the interior, however, I recollect only two instances of their being found in my own cabin. On one of these occasions I had sent a servant girl (a bare-legged Hottentot) to bring me some article from a neighbouring hut. On returning with it, she cried out before entering the cabin—"Oh, what shall I do? A snake has twined itself round my ankles, and if I open the door he will come into the house." "Never mind," I replied: "open the door, and let him come in if he dare." She obeyed, and in glided the snake; luckily without having harmed the poor girl. I stood prepared, and instantly smote him dead; and afterwards found him to be one of the venomous sort called *nachtslang*.

People become used to these things; and even Europeans by degrees come to regard them with much indifference. While on a visit at the late worthy Major Pigot's, near Graham's Town, one day on going to take a book from some shelves in the drawing-room, I found a beautiful yellow snake, about six feet long, lying asleep upon the uppermost range of books. At first I took it for a stuffed specimen; but seeing him move his tail, I instantly lent him such a thwack as broke the poor fellow's back, and enabled me to demolish him at leisure. I afterwards learned that another snake had been killed a few days previously in the very same spot, and a third in the chamber where my wife and I slept. But they were all of the *boom-slang* family, and perfectly harmless."

Annoying and alarming as is the occasional presence of these reptiles in the gardens and chambers of the inhabitants in South Africa, the number of fatal accidents resulting from them is nevertheless remarkably few. Out of nearly five thousand British emi-

grants settled in Albany, I have not heard of more than three or four deaths in a dozen years occasioned by the bite of snakes; and I was informed by the Rev. Mr. Hallbeck, superintendent of Moravian missions, that among seven or eight hundred Hottentots, usually resident at the village of Genadendal, only two deaths had occurred from this cause during seven years that he had resided there. Many individuals, indeed, had been bitten during that period, but all of them, with those two exceptions, had been cured, either by remedies in common use among the Hottentots (as transmitted to them from their ancestors), or by the use of antidotes furnished by the missionaries.

Eau de luce is the most common and approved antidote employed by Europeans. The mode of using it is to give the patient five drops in a glass of water, and to repeat the dose every ten minutes till the force of the poison be counteracted—applying it also at the same time externally to the wound. The readiest, and perhaps the best remedy, if instantly and boldly applied, and one in common use among the natives, is to suck the wound well with the mouth. In doing this, no danger need be apprehended by the operator unless there should happen to be any sore or puncture about the lips or tongue which might afford the poison direct access to the blood; for it is well known that the venom of the most deadly snakes may be swallowed with impunity. Before sucking the wound it should be well scarified with a lancet or penknife, and allowed to bleed freely. If sweet milk can be had, the patient is made to drink of it abundantly, and the wounded part is also immersed in it, or bathed with brandy or hartshorn.

The following singular remedy is much used by the Hottentots, and by many of the colonists, who have borrowed it from them. When a person is bit by any of the more venomous snakes, a domestic fowl is instantly procured, and the fleshy part of the breast being cut open, it is pressed fresh and palpitating to the wound. The virus is, by this means, rapidly abstracted; and if the poison be very deadly, the fowl speedily exhibits clear proof of its malignancy—becomes drowsy, droops its head, and dies. It is then withdrawn, and a second is cut open and applied in the same manner;—a third, if requisite; and so on, until it appears, from the decreased influence of the poison on the fowls, that its destructive virulence is effectually subdued. The worst crisis is then considered to be past, and the patient in most cases recovers.

An instance of the successful use of the above remedy was mentioned to me by Mr. Wait, a Scotch farmer, at Cantoos River, near Algoa Bay. His youngest child, a fine boy of about three years of age, while playing in the garden, had stumbled on a very large puff-

adder, and was bit by it. The mother (to whom the terrified infant betook itself, lisping out that a 'big worm' had bit it) instantly cut open the breast of a fowl, as she had been previously instructed to do by the Hottentots, and applied it to the part. In a few minutes the animal sickened and died. A second was applied and died also. A third was so much affected by the venom as to appear giddy and stupid, but survived the operation. The child was then made to drink largely of sweet milk; the limb was placed in a running stream, and afterwards smeared over with tar, which gradually removed the violent inflammation, and the livid hue which had begun to spread over it; and in the course of a few days the parents enjoyed the happiness of seeing their child (rescued by this means alone from a frightful death) once more restored to perfect health.

A large serpent, resembling the boa-constrictor, is found in the country north-east of Natal, and in the vicinity of the Orange River; and rumours prevail among the Hottentots of its being also occasionally found within the colony. If it exists so far south, however, it must be extremely rare, as I never was able to discover a well authenticated instance of its being seen.

A large amphibious lizard, called the *leguan*, a species of guana, is found in the rivers. It has sometimes been mistaken for the crocodile, but is perfectly harmless, and subsists upon vegetables, earth-worms, and insects. It is from three to six feet long. It lives partly on land, but always near some deep pool of a river, to which it betakes itself with great celerity, if surprised. Its flesh and eggs are considered delicate food. An amusing incident occurred with one of these reptiles when our party first came up Glen-Lynden. Two of our Scotch servants being out with their guns, found a leguan asleep on the bank of the river. Supposing it to be a crocodile, they valorously determined to shoot it, but took aim over a ledge of rock, at a cautious distance, and with so much trepidation, that the supposed crocodile, more surprised than harmed, effected a rapid retreat to the water. On relating the adventure, the size and terrible appearance of the animal were ludicrously exaggerated, the creature being represented as at least ten or twelve feet long; while the lads were ready to make *bonâ fide* affidavit that their bullets rebounded like peas from the impenetrable scales of this monstrous kayman.

Among the numerous small lizards of the country is found the curious and delicate chameleon. One species of lizard, called the *geite*, of about the same size as the chameleon, but much more rare, is considered very venomous. I heard of several well-authenticated instances of noxious and even fatal effects from its bite, but never saw the reptile itself.—*Narrative of a Residence in South Africa*, chap. viii.

271.—KLOPSTOCK.

[MADAME DE STAEL, 1768—1817.]

[ANNE GERMAINE DE STAEL, born at Paris 1768, was the daughter of Necker, minister of Finance under Louis XVI. She was carefully educated, and published her first work, "Letters on the Character and Writings of Rousseau," at an early age. She had previously married the Baron de Staël-Holstein, the Swedish Ambassador, a man much older than herself. Her parents left France when the Revolution broke out, but Madame de Staël, as an ambassador's wife, was suffered to remain there. At first she sympathized with the Revolution, but the sufferings of the royal family opened her eyes to its true character, and she had the courage to print a defence of Marie Antoinette, under the title of "Reflections upon the Trial of the Queen," but during the Reign of Terror she was compelled to seek safety in exile. Her two famous novels, "Corinne" and "Delphine" assured her literary position, and contained her impressions of Italy and Switzerland. Her celebrated work, "Germany" (de l'Allemagne), appeared in 1810: 10,000 copies of the work were instantly seized by Napoleon's orders. He had before banished her. She returned to Paris after the Emperor's abdication in 1814, and was suffered to remain there after his return. On the restoration of the Bourbons, she retired again to Switzerland, and never again interfered in politics. After the Baron de Staël's death, she privately married M. Rocca. She was one of the most remarkable and highly-gifted women that ever lived. She died in Switzerland 1817.]

THOUGH somewhat heavy and phlegmatic in his poetry, Klopstock is said to have been extremely lively and fluent in society, and to have regulated the exuberance of his imagination with much better effect in his conversation than he was wont to do in his writings. His wit was poignant and sportive; yet usually dignified and commanding; and his eloquence in recital always surpassed the most studied and elaborate of his compositions. One distinguishing trait in his character seems to have been a lofty feeling of superiority, arising probably in a great measure out of the consciousness of his own genius and capabilities. He was very partial to the society of young people, and used to observe, in illustration of this predilection, that the company of a young *simpleton* was at all times preferable to that of an old *fool*!

We saw a painting in the possession of a gentleman at Hamburg, by the elegant Angelica Kaufmann, the subject of which was taken from the second canto of the *Messiah*: this accomplished artist appears to have lived on terms of great intimacy with Klopstock. In a corner of the picture close to the frame, are inserted these words: "*From Angelica Kaufmann to her friend and associate, Klopstock.*" The poet wished to have employed her in delineating various other scenes from the *Messiah*; but the injunctions he imposed upon her were so abundantly absurd, that she entirely relinquished the idea she had previously entertained of illustrating the work. Klopstock wanted her to paint angels without wings, and to introduce disembodied spirits that were to differ *materially* from the heavenly hierarchy. He also insisted that

the head of Christ would not do unless quite equal to that by Guido Reni, with many other things equally ridiculous and unreasonable.

Klopstock's poetry has been considerably overrated, and it is only now beginning to find its proper level. It is true his writings are full of forcible and vivid imagery, but then he too frequently loses himself in mystical abstraction, or else is betrayed by the unrestrained fervour of his imagination into bathos and extravagance. His principal merit is his diction, which is precisely that portion of a poem most injured and metamorphosed in translation. There is besides a good deal of dignity in some of his *dramatis personæ*; but when the consistency of a character is once overthrown by making him talk bombastically, the mind does not speedily recover the temper and tone necessary to enable the reader to relish and duly understand the beauties of a serious poem. Klopstock is everywhere spoken of as a man of exemplary virtue.

We afterwards passed on to Altona, near which place, in the romantically situated churchyard of Ottensen, lie the remains of Margareta, the first wife of Klopstock, who died in childbed. Her monument is of white marble, decorated with two wheatsheaves, placed across each other, at the foot of which are these words—

“Seed sown by God 'gainst harvest-day to ripen.”*

Then follows an inscription, which runs thus :—

“In that happy region where death shall be no more, Margareta Klopstock awaits her friend, her husband, for whom she has so great an affection, and by whom she is so fondly loved. Then at that glorious consummation of our wishes, will we arise together; thou, my Klopstock, and I, and our child, whom it was not permitted to me to bring into the world.”†

The grave is almost surrounded by an evergreen hedge, and is in part shaded by the branches of a spreading lime-tree. The neighbourhood is beautiful in the extreme; just one of those delicious landscapes which Claude knew so well how to render upon his canvas—a rich extent of wood and water; with every possible variety of object that could soothe the eye or enliven the fancy. The sun was, as it were, reluctantly bereaving this sweet scene of his last and softest smile as we left it to proceed on our journey.

Those who have known Klopstock, respect as much as they admire him. Religion, liberty, love, occupied all his thoughts. His religious profession was found in the performance of all his duties: he even gave up the cause of liberty when innocent blood would have defiled it; and fidelity consecrated all the attachments of his heart. Never

* A line from the Messiah.

† This is purposely as literal a version as could be offered.

had he recourse to his imagination to justify an error ; it exalted his soul without leading it astray. It is said that his conversation was full of wit and taste ; that he loved the society of women, particularly of French women, and that he was a good judge of that sort of charm and grace which pedantry reproves. I readily believe it, for there is always something of universality in genius, and perhaps it is connected by secret ties to grace, at least to that grace which is bestowed by nature. How far distant is such a man from envy, selfishness, excess of vanity, which many writers have excused in themselves in the name of the talents they possessed ! If they had possessed more, none of these defects would have agitated them. We are proud, irritable, astonished at our own perfections, when a little dexterity is united with the mediocrity of our character ; but true genius inspires gratitude and modesty ; for we feel from whom we received it, and we are also sensible of the limit, which He who bestowed has likewise assigned to it.

From the last moments of Mary, Klopstock, in his *Messiah*, has drawn a picture of the death-bed of the just. When in his turn he was also on his death-bed, he repeated his verses on Mary with an expiring voice ; he recollected them through the shades of the sepulchre, and in feeble accents he pronounced them as exhorting himself to die well : thus, the sentiments expressed in youth were sufficiently pure to form the consolation of his closing life.

Ah ! how noble a gift is genius, when it has never been profaned, when it has been employed only in revealing to mankind under the attractive form of the fine arts, the generous sentiments and religious hopes which have before lain dormant in the human heart.

This same passage of the death of Mary was read with the burial service at Klopstock's funeral. The poet was old when he ceased to live, but the virtuous man was already in possession of the immortal palms which renew existence and flourish beyond the grave. All the inhabitants of Hamburg rendered to the patriarch of literature the honours which elsewhere are scarcely ever accorded except to rank and power, and the manes of Klopstock received the reward which the excellence of his life had merited.—*De l'Allemagne*, vol. i.

272.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

[Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

[Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER is the wife of a learned divine, resident at Strabane. She is well known as the authoress of some of the most beautiful hymns and sacred songs in our language. She is the editress of "The Sunday Book of Poetry"—a charming collection of sacred verse for the young ; and is the author of

"Hymns for Little Children." We are indebted to her and her publisher, Mr. Masters, for permission to give the following poem.]

BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave,
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet^o choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the Judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

273.—FAITH AND MORALITY.

[Dr. SAMUEL PARR, 1746-7—1825.]

[SAMUEL PARR was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, 1746-7. He was intended for the medical profession, but displayed such great talents that his father was induced to send him to Cambridge, where he greatly distinguished himself. His father's death in 1767 obliged him to quit the University and become assistant-master at Harrow School. After the death of Dr. Sumner, the head master, Parr applied for the mastership, but his candidature proving unsuccessful he retired to Norwich. In 1786 he settled at a small living in Warwickshire, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was a man of great learning and strong political views. He died 1825.]

ST. JOHN speaks of faith as the instrument of the conquest over the world—as the spring which sets in motion our efforts to be virtuous—which quickens their vigour and directs their aim. In this position the Apostle has not done what his interpreters are prone to do; he has neither perplexed what is distinct, nor united what is irrelative. Faith, exercised on the evidences and laws of revealed religion, sets before you the beauty of holiness, the deformity of sin, the charms of God's mercy, and the terrors of his wrath. It lays open to us the excellence of heavenly joys, which we ought to pursue; the hollowness of earthly gratifications, which we ought to abandon; the severity of hell torments, which we ought to shun. It represents to you the various offices of Christ, and the relations severally resulting from them. If he be our teacher, we should be careful to follow his instructions. If he be our redeemer, we should be anxious not to forfeit our portion in the blessings of redemption. If he be our judge, we should be indefatigable to secure his approbation.

A Gospel thus circumstanced must be calculated to influence every part of our conduct—to convince the understanding, to engage the affections, and to regulate the will; but if that Gospel be reduced to a matter of private speculation, or public profession—if it only interests curiosity, soothes melancholy, or flatters pride, our assent to it may not be insincere—it cannot be meritorious; it must, in some measure, be criminal. You will object, perhaps, “Is it possible for merit and guilt to inhere in the same subject? or, is it proper for the sacred writers to condemn in one place what in another they extol?” I answer, no; but it is neither impossible nor improper for them to speak differently of an act marked by some fixed, well-known appellation, as that act be complicated with different circumstances, or applied to different ends. It is the distinctive property of a Christian faith to produce that assemblage of moral and religious qualifications which, in the emphatical and comprehensive style of Scripture, is called righteousness. Where these qualifications unite in one character, we shall discern a propriety in all the magnificent and accumulated commendations bestowed upon faith.

. Here then let us attempt a short, but, I hope, an exact and satisfactory solution of the dispute so long agitated about the comparative value of faith and works. Faith, considered separately from works, is certainly inferior to them, because our wills, as I before observed to you, in the first case are passive, and in the next endowed with activity; and hence arises the distinction between intellectual and moral approbation—intellectual approbation always* excluding choice, and moral always supposing it. But faith, considered in reference to works, and in conjunction with them, steps forward to the more honourable station; since, by a rule which pervades all existences in all modes, the cause must be prior to the effect, generally in order of time, and invariably in order of dignity. Works without faith may have some little merit; but faith without works can have none. Works are exceedingly improved by faith, and faith is quite perfected by works. In this elevated point of view St. John speaks of faith in the words of my text,* and in other parts of the Epistle whence it is taken. In chap. iii. 3, he mentions a good life as the genuine produce of a Christian belief; because every man that has hopes of seeing Christ (where hope pre-supposes faith) purifies himself even as he is pure. He insists upon it as the surest criterion of the Christian character; because whatever is born of God doth not commit sin. To guard against the misconstructions of those who usurp the honour of regeneration, and then exclude sin from works, which in the unregenerate are confessedly sinful, he tells us, that by the observance or neglect of righteousness the children of God and of the Devil are made manifest. Our Saviour has thus made some parts of our behaviour the sure signs of the principle from which the whole proceeds—"by their fruits you shall know them."

From these and other expressions, carefully weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, it appears that St. John speaks not of that faith which is confined to a bare acknowledgment of Christ's mission, or abstruse researches into his doctrines. An effect so important as that of overcoming the world, calls upon us to trace out some higher cause; it leads us to that vital principle of religion, which gives proof of its energy in the performance of actions intrinsically excellent—in the government of all vicious appetites—in forbearance from all unlawful enjoyments—and in a total subjection of ourselves and our concerns to the will of God. It was by this full strict correspondence between their words and their deeds that St. John's followers distinguished themselves, and on this alone they grounded their pretensions to the prerogatives of the Gospel. But had they persisted in

* 1 John v. 4.

those practices which the corruptions of Pagan morality had introduced, and the imperfections of Pagan philosophy did not disallow, these pretensions could not have been urged with any shadow of justice; they would only have convicted these deluded wretches of folly in the erroneous notions they had formed about a right to acceptance—of inconsistency in pretending to stand forth for the honour of Christ's religion, while they frustrated every purpose for which he established it—of perverseness, because they were addicted to every pursuit that he had prohibited—and of ingratitude, because they eventually rejected every blessing that he had offered.

Let us bring home the Evangelist's precept to ourselves. Survey the conduct of those who name the name of Christ without overcoming the world, and then judge at what distance they stand from the duties, and therefore from the rewards, of his Gospel. Some men amass riches or pant after the distinctions of power. Others give up their innocence and their tranquillity, a prey to the canker of discontent, and incur the guilt of loving the world without obtaining the satisfaction of enjoying it. The attention of many is either dissipated in a giddy circle of trifling amusements, or strained in the pursuit of attainments where solid use is exchanged for splendid display, or unstrung, as it were, in a state of lazy, languid listlessness, equally irksome to themselves, and unprofitable to others. Yet more consume their lives amidst the riots of intemperance, the intrigues of seduction, and the outrages of debauchery, and heap crime upon crime, without remorse for the past, and without preparation for the future. This wild harvest of follies and vices is to be found among those who profess at least to believe the Gospel, and who, when the prospect of another life breaks in on their worldly dreams, form I know not how crude and hasty hopes of deriving I know not what advantages from the interposition of a Redeemer. But will it be said that this Redeemer has given any sanction to their practices, or holds out any glimmerings of comfort, unless to those whom faith has led into the first dawns of repentance, and repentance afterwards conducted to the meridian light of Christian hope? "If you reply in the negative, it is the height of madness to appropriate the favour of God, while you continue to violate his commands. Will it be said, that men who make duty bend to inclination have true love for their Saviour, or reverence for their Creator? Can their interests be fixed in Heaven, while their affections are weighed down by the clogs of earthly pleasures? or have they, in any degree, attained that purity of thought, and that holiness of life, without which no man shall see the Lord? The weakness of honouring religion by our mouths, while we disgrace it by our actions—the

wickedness of claiming God's approbation without endeavouring to deserve it, are clearly shown in the reproofs that our blessed Saviour pointed against the hypocrisy and the pride of the Jews. This people boasted themselves the descendants of Abraham and the favourites of Jehovah; but their boasts were arrogant and vain, so long as they imitated not the patriarch's righteousness, and set at nought the commands of their God. They could not in strict propriety be said to know the master, whom they did not obey; or, at least, their knowledge of his will, served only to aggravate the crime of transgressing it, and added insolence to impiety—perfidy to rebellion.

For the same reason, we Christians stand inexcusable in confessing the excellence of a law that we obstinately violate. We voluntarily earn the wages of unrighteousness, while we claim the privileges of virtue. We are enslaved by the shackles of worldly temptations when surrounded by every expedient that should make us free; and though eternal glory be the prize set before us, instead of exerting our resolute and reiterated efforts to obtain it, we utter a few idle professions,—we form a few unauthorized hopes, which answer no end but that of exposing our absurdity and our inconsistency—the deceit we put upon ourselves, and the horrid indignity we offer to our Judge. Do not imagine this description exaggerated. If the recollection of your own sins makes you afraid to think it true—if the secret corruptions of your heart would persuade you to think it false, reflect, I beseech you, reflect, before it is too late, on the only plea which such an offender can support on the last day.

Thus will he speak—I acknowledge that the blessed Jesus designed to further the salvation of mankind, and that his Gospel is admirably framed to effect it, by reforming their lives, if such reformation be necessary; but as the way that his moral precepts opened to happiness was tedious and painful, I struck aside into another path, whither my passions guided me, and my pleasures followed me. He commanded me, no doubt, to abstain from sensual gratifications, but I have wallowed in them—to renounce wealth, but I have grasped at it—to despise power, but I have thirsted for it. Yet I call myself a son of God, and of course am entitled to all the privileges of that relation, even though I have fulfilled none of its conditions. I ever took my rank under the banners of Christ, though I have not sacrificed one interest or subdued one lust in his service. I have extolled without obeying his laws. I have admired without imitating his example. But for what purpose should I have engaged in these laborious works? I had risen to the towering heights of faith—of a faith unshaken and most unlimited. In consequence of that faith, I, who have willingly been a captive to the world, challenge a reward not less distinguished

than falls to the share of other men, who have overcome it at the loss of all that is dear to flesh and blood.

My brethren, let your own consciences determine how far such pretensions can avail before the just and awful tribunal of Jesus Christ.—*Parr's Works*, vol. vi.

274.—VARIETY WHICH CHARACTERIZES WORKS OF IMAGINATION.

[REV. ROBERT HALL, 1764—1831.

[ROBERT HALL was a distinguished preacher of the sect of Baptists. He was born at Ormsby, Leicestershire, 1764, and performed his duties as a Baptist minister in Cambridge, Leicester, and Bristol, at which city he died 1831. "Whoever wishes to see the English language in its perfection," says Dugald Stewart, "must read the writings of that great divine Robert Hall."]

To explain the particular causes which vary the direction of the fancy in different men, would perhaps be no easy task.

We are led, it may be at first through accident, to the survey of one class of objects; this calls up a particular train of thinking, which we afterwards freely indulge; it easily finds access to the mind upon all occasions; the slightest accident serves to suggest it. It is nursed by habit, and reared up with attention, till it gradually swells to a torrent which bears away every obstacle, and awakens in the mind the consciousness of peculiar powers. Such sensations eagerly impel to a particular purpose, and are sufficient to give to the mind a distinct and determinate character.

Poetical genius is likewise much under the influence of the passions. The pleased and the splenetic, the serious and the gay, survey nature with very different eyes. That elevation of fancy, which, with a melancholy turn, will produce scenes of gloomy grandeur and awful solemnity, will lead another, of a cheerful complexion, to delight, by presenting images of splendour and gaiety, and by inspiring gladness and joy. To these and other similar causes may be traced that boundless variety which diversifies the works of imagination, and which is so great that I have thought the perusal of fine authors is like traversing the different regions of the earth: some glow with a pleasant and refreshing warmth, whilst others kindle with a fierce and fiery heat; in one we meet with scenes of elegance and art, where all is regular, and a thousand beautiful objects spread their colours to the eye, and regale the senses; in another, we behold nature in an unadorned majestic simplicity, scouring the plain with a tempest, sitting upon a rock, or walking upon the wings of the wind. Here we meet with a Sterne, who fans us with the softest delicacies; and there a Rousseau, who hurries us along in whirlwind and tempest. Hence that delightful

succession of emotions which is felt in the bosom of sensibility. We feel the empire of genius, we imbibe the impression, and the mind resembles an enchanted mansion, which, at the touch of some superior hand, at one time brightens into beauty, and at another darkens into horror. Even where the talents of men approach most nearly, an attentive eye will ever remark some small shades of difference sufficient to distinguish them. Perhaps few authors have been distinguished by more similar features of character than Homer and Milton. That vastness of thought which fills the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are the qualities of both: but Milton is the most sublime, and Homer the most picturesque. Homer lived in an early age, before knowledge was much advanced; he would derive little from any acquired abilities, and therefore may be styled the poet of nature. To this source, perhaps, we may trace the principal difference betwixt Homer and Milton. The Grecian poet was left to the movements of his own mind, and to the full influence of that variety of passions which is common to all: his conceptions therefore are distinguished by their simplicity and force. In Milton, who was skilled in almost every department of science, learning seems sometimes to have shaded the splendour of his genius.

No epic poet excites emotions so fervid as Homer, or possesses so much fire; but in point of sublimity he cannot be compared to Milton. I rather think the Greek poet has been thought to excel in this quality more than he really does, for want of a proper conception of its effects. When the perusal of an author raises us above our usual tone of mind, we immediately ascribe those sensations to the sublime, without considering whether they light on the imagination or the feelings; whether they elevate the fancy or only fire the passions.

The sublime has for its object the imagination only, and its influence is not so much to occasion any fervour of feeling, as the calmness of fixed astonishment. If we consider the sublime as thus distinguished from every other quality, Milton will appear to possess it in an unrivalled degree; and here indeed lies the secret of his power. The perusal of Homer inspires us with an ardent sensibility; Milton with the stillness of surprise. The one fills and delights the mind with the confluence of various emotions; the other amazes with the vastness of his ideas. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive; he carries the fancy through successive stages of elevation, and gradually increases the heat by adding fuel to the fire.

The flights of Homer are more sudden and transitory; Milton, whose mind was enlightened by science, appears the most comprehensive; he shows more acuteness in his reflections and more sublimity of thought. Homer, who lived more with men, and had perhaps a deeper

tincture of the human passions, is by far the most vehement and picturesque. To the view of Milton, the wide scenes of the universe seem to have been thrown open, which he regards with a cool and comprehensive survey, little agitated, and superior to those emotions which affect inferior mortals. Homer, when he soars the highest, goes not beyond the bounds of human nature; he still connects his descriptions with human passions; and though his ideas have less sublimity, they have more fire. The appetite for greatness—that appetite which always grasps at more than it can reach, is never so fully satisfied as in the perusal of *Paradise Lost*. In following Milton, we grow familiar with new worlds, we traverse the immensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds. Homer confines the mind to a narrower circle, but that circle he brings nearer the eye, he fills it with a quicker succession of objects, and makes it the scene of more interesting action.—*The Amulet*, 1829, p. 299.

275.—HERNANA AND THE HAT.

[ANNE MARSH-CALDWELL, 1799.]

[MRS. MARSH-CALDWELL is the daughter of the late James Caldwell, Esq., of Linley Wood, Staffordshire, Recorder of Newcastle-under-Line, and was born at her father's seat at the close of the last century. In 1834 she published her first work, "Two Old Men's Tales," which became popular. They were followed by "Tales of the Woods and the Fields," in 1836, and numerous other novels; the most successful of which was, probably, "Emilia Wyndham." Mrs. Marsh-Caldwell has been one of the most productive as well as the most popular of our modern novelists. She married Arthur Cuthbert Marsh, Esq., of Willey House, near Farnham, Surrey, and at the death of her only brother in 1858, she entered into possession of her family inheritance of Linley Wood; assuming at the same time the name and arms of Caldwell in addition to her husband's.]

BUT now again she meditates upon her father's hat; and the more she looks at it the shabbier she thinks it: in truth, she could not think it shabbier than it really was; and she also remembers that Philip Gorhambury made game of it yesterday; only yesterday. Her father must have a new hat.

She was a privileged person. She might go into her father's little study whenever she would. If he were busy, or if he were melancholy, he would gently send her out again; but most often he took her upon his knee, and cheered his mind with a little prattling and joking before he let her go. So she made no scruple of opening his study door, and there she found him with an open drawer before him. The drawer, in fact, was that in which he kept his money; which money (strange employment for him to be caught in!) he was count-

ing and recounting over and over. The treasure was made up of pieces but small in value—shillings, sixpences, pence and halfpence. He sighed as he gathered the tiny heap in his hand; and then shuffling it into the farther division of the drawer, he shut it, and looked up with—

“And what do you come for, my little girl?”

She had the hat in her hand.

“Papa, I am come to talk to you about your hat.”

“Well, child! But you haven’t brushed it, Hernana. You are a little sloven. I thought you would have made it quite spruce by this time.”

“Mrs. Alworthy says it is not brushable.”

“Nonsense of Mrs. Alworthy. It looks bad, to be sure,” said he, regarding it with a queer sort of smile; “and how it is to last me six months longer, may be a question to be asked; but it must do for the present, my love.”

“Oh, papa! but Mrs. Alworthy, and Philip Gorhambury, and everybody, say it is so shabby.”

“I am sorry for that.”

“Philip says he should be quite ashamed if he was me, to walk out with such a hat.”

“Does he? And does Mrs. Alworthy?”

“No; she never said so; but Philip does, over and over.”

“And are you ashamed, Hernana?”

“Why—why, no; but,” and the colour rose to her olive cheek, “I do wish you *would* buy a new hat. Do, dear papa, do.”

“But if I have no money to buy one?”

“Dear papa; but you have some money. You were counting a great big heap of money, as big as this, when I came into the room.”

“But suppose I want the money for other things?”

“Oh! but what other things? Nothing shows so much as a hat. Philip says——”

“What does Philip say?”

“He says—oh, papa! it’s so shocking—that people call you stingy; and think you mean and a miser, for nobody else would dress so unlike a gentleman. That’s what he says, papa; and it makes me almost cry to hear him.”

“Come here, my little Hernana (for you look ready, at all events, to cry now), and sit down upon your father’s lap, and let us talk about it. Does my child say that everybody cries shame upon her father because he does not get himself a new hat? And do they call it mean and miserly? Was that it? What is mean and miserly, little woman? Do you know what those terms signify?”

"Something very horrid, I am sure; and what everybody hates; and what you are not, I am certain, papa; for everybody loves you."

"That's very good of everybody, I am sure, when a man wears a shabby hat. I did not think there had been so much goodness in the world. So it's mean and miserly in me, is it, Hernana?"

"So they say; and I can't bear to hear it. Do, pray, papa, get a new hat."

"A mean person," Mr. Lovel went on, bending his beautiful serious eyes upon his daughter's face, "is one who spares his money by taking unfair advantages of others; who endeavours to obtain services unrequited; and to discharge duties—the duties of hospitality, liberality, and generosity—by halves, in order to save the appearance, and spare the cost. Dost thou understand me, child?"

"Yes, papa, I do."

"A miser is one," Mr. Lovel continued, "who hoards his money for no purpose but to gratify the base desire of mere possession—the sin of covetousness. Now, Hernana, though it does not become a man to speak up for himself, this once I must do it. I am *not* mean, for the person on whom I spare is myself, not another: I am *not* miserly, for the money I save is not intended to be hoarded. Child, we are very poor people, you and I, and it is difficult for the poor to walk uprightly, and honourably, and liberally, and generously; and it is most especially difficult to avoid false shame. But, my dear, we must be all these things, and we *must* defy false shame, if we would acquit ourselves to God and to our own consciences. You understand me, I see you do," he went on; for the expressive eyes of the little girl showed that she did. "And now I will tell you why I have not, and why I cannot for a long time, have a hat. There is a man in this city who has fallen into great poverty by no fault of his own, and his children are crying for bread. He is not a beggar: he cannot take refuge in the workhouse with his children; he would rather lie down and die than do that. He once, when my father was in difficulties, lent him money: I must now lend *him* money. What I have, he shall have. It would cost me a guinea to buy a new hat—half of all I can spare at present; I choose to give it to this man, to buy bread for his children, Hernana; and I will wear a shabby hat, call me mean and miserly who may. Shalt you be ashamed to walk with me now, Hernana?"

She made no answer; she still held the hat. Presently she began to press it to her bosom, and to cover it with kisses—with tears. She slid down from her father's knee, carrying the hat with her. Oh! how

she and Mrs. Alworthy brushed and smoothed, and did the impossible to improve its appearance! And they so far succeeded that when Mr. Lovel put it upon his head, he declared that he did not know his own hat again!—*Castle Avon*, vol. i. chap. x.

276.—FLORENCE UNDER LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

[WILLIAM ROSCOE, 1753—1831.]

[WILLIAM ROSCOE was the son of a market gardener near Liverpool. He was born near that town in 1753; was placed at first in a bookseller's shop, and afterwards articled to an attorney. During his term he studied Greek, Latin, French, and Italian, and also wrote some verses, some of which (on engraving) introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds. In 1796 he published his "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," a work which at once took a foremost place in the literature of the day, and which was translated into French, German, and Italian. He next wrote "Illustrations Historical and Critical of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici," and the "Life and Pontificate of Leo X." All of these works were admirable illustrations of Italian history, and have retained their place in our literature. He became a member of Parliament, and partner in a banking-house. In politics he was a Whig, and one of the advocates of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. He died 1831.]

AT this period the city of Florence was at its highest degree of prosperity. The vigilance of Lorenzo had secured it from all apprehensions of external attack; and his acknowledged disinterestedness and moderation had almost extinguished that spirit of dissension for which it had been so long remarkable. The Florentines gloried in their illustrious citizen, and were gratified by numbering in their body, a man who wielded in his hands the fate of nations, and attracted the respect and admiration of all Europe. Though much inferior in population, extent of dominion, and military character, to several of the other states of Italy, Florence stood at this time in the first degree of respectability. The active spirit of its inhabitants, no longer engaged in hostile contentions, displayed itself in the pursuits of commerce and the improvement of their manufactures. Equally enterprising and acute, wherever there appeared a possibility of profit or of fame, they were the first to avail themselves of it; and a Florentine adventurer, though with doubtful pretensions, has erected to himself a monument which the proudest conqueror might envy, and impressed his name upon a new world in characters that are now indelible.* The silk and linen fabrics

* Amerigo Vespucci, who has contended with Columbus for the honour of the discovery of America, was born at Florence, in the year 1451, of a respectable family, of which several individuals had enjoyed the chief offices of the republic. The name of Amerigo was at Florence a common name of baptism. For an account of the controversy that has taken place respecting the pretensions of these eminent navigators, I must refer to Dr. Robertson's "History of America," book ii. note 22, without, how-

manufactured by the Florentines, were in a great degree wrought from their native productions; but their wool was imported from England and from Spain, whose inhabitants indolently resigned their natural advantages, and purchased again at an extravagant price their own commodities. In almost every part to which the Florentines extended their trade, they were favoured with peculiar privileges, which enabled them to avail themselves of the riches they had already acquired; and the superstitious prohibitions of the clergy against usury were of little avail against a traffic in which the rich found employment for their wealth, and the powerful, relief in their necessities. The consequence of these industrious exertions was a sudden increase of population in Florence; insomuch that Lorenzo was under the necessity of applying to the pope for his permission to build in the gardens of the monasteries within the walls of the city. By his attention the police was also effectually reformed. A contemporary author assures us that there was no part of Italy where the people were more regular in their conduct, or where atrocious crimes were less frequent.* "We have here," says he, "no robberies, no nocturnal commotions, no assassinations. By night or by day every person may transact his concerns in perfect safety. Spies and informers are here unknown. The accusation of one is not suffered to affect the safety of the many, for it is a maxim with Lorenzo, 'that it is better to confide in all than in a few.'" From the same authority we learn that the due administration of justice engaged his constant attention, and that he carefully avoided giving rise to an idea that he was himself above the control of the law. Where compulsory regulations lost their effect, the assiduity and example of Lorenzo produced the most salutary consequences, and

ever, approving the severity of his animadversions on the respectable Canonico Bandini, who has endeavoured, from original and almost contemporary documents, to support the claims of his countryman.—Band. Vita di Amerigo Vesp. Flor. 1745. However this may be, it is certain, that about the year 1507, Vespucci resided at Seville, with the title of master pilot, and with authority to examine all other pilots; for which he had a salary assigned him; an employment, as Tiraboschi well observes, suitable to a skilful navigator, but far below the pretensions of a man who had first discovered the new continent. This employment, however, afforded Vespucci an opportunity of rendering his name immortal. As he designed the charts for navigation, he uniformly denominated that continent by the name of AMERICA, which being adopted by other mariners and navigators, soon became general.—Tiraboschi, vi. par. i. p. 192. The memory of Vespucci is therefore now secured by a memorial,

"Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fugax temporum."

* Philippus Redditus Exhort. ad Pet. Med. Laur. fil. inter opusc. Joan. Lamii, Delic. Erudit. (Flor. 1742.)

banished that dissipation which enervates, and that indolence which palsies society. By forming institutions for the cultivation of the ancient languages, or the discussion of philosophical truths, by promoting the sciences and encouraging the useful and ornamental arts, he stimulated talents into action, and excited an emulation which called forth all the powers of the mind. Even the public spectacles intended for the gratification of the multitude, partook of the polished character of the inhabitants, and were conceived with ingenuity and enlivened with wit. The prosperity and happiness which the citizens thus enjoyed were attributed to their true source, and Lorenzo received the best reward of his labours in the gratitude of his country.

Beyond the limits of Tuscany, the character of this illustrious Florentine was yet more eminently conspicuous. The glory of the republic appeared at a distance to be concentrated in himself. To him individually ambassadors were frequently despatched by the first monarchs of Europe, who, as their concerns required, alternately courted his assistance or solicited his advice.* In the year 1489, when the Emperor Frederick III. sent an embassy to Rome, he directed them to pass through Florence, to obtain the patronage of Lorenzo, being, as he said, convinced of his importance in directing the affairs of Italy. An interchange of kind offices subsisted between this eminent citizen and John II., King of Portugal, who was deservedly dignified with the appellation of Great, and was desirous that the transactions of his life should be recorded by the pen of Politiano.† From Matteo Corvino, whose virtues had raised him to the throne of Hungary, many letters addressed to Lorenzo are yet extant, which demonstrate not only the warm attachment of that monarch to the cause of science and the arts, but his esteem and veneration for the man whom he considered as their most zealous protector. As the reputation of Lorenzo increased, the assiduities of Louis XI. of France became more conspicuous; and in exchange for professions of esteem, which from such a quarter could confer no honour, we find him soliciting from Lorenzo substantial favours. The commercial intercourse between Florence and Egypt, by means of which the Florentines carried on their lucrative traffic in

* "It was a thing as admirable in itself, as remote from our manners, to see this citizen, who still carried on his commercial affairs, selling with one hand the merchandize of the Levant, and sustaining with the other the weight of the republic; receiving factors, and giving audience to ambassadors; resisting the pope, making war and peace; regarded as the oracle of princes, cultivating literature, exhibiting shows to the people, and entertaining all the learned Greeks of Constantinople. He equalled the great Cosmo in his benefit to society, and surpassed him in magnificence."—*Volt. Essai*, ii. 284.

† *Pol. Epist.* x. i. ii.

the productions of the East, was extended and improved by Lorenzo; and such was the estimation in which he was held by the sultan, that in the year 1487 an ambassador arrived at Florence, bringing with him, as a mark of his master's esteem, many singular presents of rare animals and valuable commodities, amongst the former of which a giraffe principally attracted the curiosity of the populace.

This epoch forms one of those scanty portions in the history of mankind, on which we may dwell without weeping over the calamities or blushing for the crimes of our species. Accordingly, the fancy of the poet, expanding in the gleam of prosperity, has celebrated these times as realizing the beautiful fiction of the golden age. This season of tranquillity is the interval to which Guicciardini so strikingly adverts in the commencement of his history, as being "prosperous beyond any other that Italy had experienced during the long course of a thousand years. When the whole extent of that fertile and beautiful country was cultivated, not only throughout its wide plains and fruitful valleys, but even amidst its most sterile and mountainous regions, and under no control but that of its native nobility and rulers, exulted, not only in the number and riches of its inhabitants, but in the magnificence of its princes, in the splendour of many superb and noble cities, and in the residence and majesty of religion itself. Abounding with men eminent in the administration of public affairs, skilled in every honourable science and every useful art, it stood high in the estimation of foreign nations. Which extraordinary felicity, acquired at many different opportunities, several circumstances contributed to preserve, but among the rest no small share of it was, by general consent, ascribed to the industry and the virtue of Lorenzo de' Medici; a citizen who rose so far beyond the mediocrity of a private station, that he regulated by his counsels the affairs of Florence, then more important by its situation, by the genius of its inhabitants, and the promptitude of its resources, than by the extent of its dominions; and who having obtained the implicit confidence of the Roman pontiff, Innocent VIII., rendered his name great and his authority important in the affairs of Italy.—*Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, chap. 6.

277.—THE LAPPS.

[LORD DUFFERIN, 1826.]

[The Right Hon. Frederick T. Blackwood, LORD DUFFERIN, is the son of the late Lord Dufferin and Selina, daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan. He was born 1826, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. He succeeded to his father's title in 1841. In 1859 he made a yacht voyage to Iceland, an account of which he published under the title of "Notes from High Latitudes." In 1860

he was sent by Lord Palmerston as British Commissioner in Syria, to inquire into the circumstances of the massacre of the Christians which had taken place there. He performed his duties with great judgment, and received as a reward for his services the Order of the Bath.]

It was in the streets of Hammerfest that I first set eyes on a Laplander. Turning round the corner of one of the ill-built houses we suddenly ran over a diminutive little personage, in a white woollen tunic, bordered with red and yellow stripes, green trousers, fastened round the ankles, and reindeer boots, curling up at the toes like Turkish slippers. On her head—for, notwithstanding the trousers, she turned out to be a lady—was perched a gay parti-coloured cap, fitting close round the face, and running up at the back into an over-arching peak of red cloth. Within this peak was crammed—as I afterwards learnt—a piece of hollow wood, weighing about a quarter of a pound, into which is fitted the wearer's back hair: so that perhaps, after all, there does exist a more inconvenient coiffure than a Paris bonnet. Hardly had we taken off our hats, and bowed a thousand apologies for our unintentional rudeness to the fair inhabitant of the green trousers, before a couple of Lapp gentlemen hove in sight. They were dressed pretty much like their companion, except that an ordinary red night-cap replaced the queer helmet worn by the lady; and the knife and sporran fastened to their belts instead of being suspended in front, as hers were, hung down against their hips. Their tunics too may have been a trifle shorter. None of the three were beautiful. High cheek bones, short noses, oblique Mongol eyes, no eyelashes, and enormous mouths, composed a cast of features which their burnt sienna complexion, and hair—like ill got-in hay—did not much enhance. The expression of their countenances was not unintelligent; and there was a merry, half timid, half cunning twinkle in their eyes, which reminded me a little of faces I had met in the more neglected districts of Ireland. Some ethnologists, indeed, are inclined to reckon the Laplanders as a branch of the Celtic family; others again maintain them to be Ugrians; while a few pretend to discover a relationship between the Lapp language and the dialects of the Australian savages, and similar outsiders of the human family, alleging that as successive stocks bubbled up from the central birth-place of mankind in Asia, the earlier and inferior races were gradually driven outwards in concentric circles, like the rings produced by the throwing of a stone in a pond; and that consequently those who dwell in the uttermost ends of the earth are *ipso facto*, first cousins.

This relationship with the Polynesian niggers the native genealogists would probably scout with indignation, being perfectly persuaded of the extreme gentility of their descent. Their only knowledge of

the patriarch Noah, is as a personage who derives his principal claim to notoriety from having been the first Lapp. Their acquaintance with any sacred history, nay, with Christianity at all, is very limited. It was not until after the thirteenth century that an attempt was made to convert them; and though Charles IV. and Gustavus ordered portions of Scripture to be translated into Lappish, to this very day a great proportion of the race are Pagans; and even the most illuminated amongst them remain slaves to the grossest superstition. When a couple is to be married, if a priest happens to be in the way they will send for him perhaps, out of complaisance; but otherwise the young lady's papa merely strikes a flint and steel together, and the ceremony is not the less irrevocably completed. When they die, a hatchet and a flint and steel are invariably buried with the defunct, in case he should feel himself chilly on his long journey—an unnecessary precaution, many of the orthodox would consider, on the part of such lax religionists. When they go bear-hunting—the most important business of their lives—it is a sorcerer, with no other defence than his incantations, who marches at the head of the procession. In the internal arrangements of their tents it is not a room to themselves but a door to themselves that they assign to their womankind; for woe betide the hunter if a woman has crossed the threshold over which he sallies to the chase; and for three days after the slaughter of his prey he must live apart from the female portion of his family, in order to appease the evil deity whose familiar he is supposed to have destroyed. It would be endless to recount the innumerable occasions upon which the ancient rites of Jumala are still interpolated among the Christian observances they profess to have adopted.

Their manner of life I had scarcely any opportunity of observing. Our consul kindly undertook to take us up to one of their encampments; but they flit so often from place to place, it is very difficult to light upon them. Here and there, as we cruised about among the fiords, the blue wreaths of smoke rising from some little green nook among the rocks would betray their temporary place of abode; but I never got a near view of a regular settlement.

In the summer-time they live in canvas tents; during winter, when the snow is on the ground, the forest Lapps build huts in the branches of trees, and so roost like birds. The principal tent is of an hexagonal form, with a fire in the centre, whose smoke rises through a hole in the roof. The gentlemen and ladies occupy different sides of the same apartment; but a long pole laid along the ground midway between them symbolizes an ideal partition, which I daresay is in the end as effectual a defence as lath and plaster prove in more civilized countries. At all events, the ladies have a doorway quite to

themselves, which doubtless they consider a far greater privilege than the seclusion of a separate boudoir. Hunting and fishing are the principal employments of the Lapp tribes; and to slay a bear is the most honourable exploit a Lapp hero can achieve. The flesh of the slaughtered beast becomes the property—not of the man who killed him, but of him who discovered his trail; and the skin is hung up on a pole for the wives of all who took part in the expedition to shoot at with their eyes bandaged. Fortunate is she whose arrow pierces the trophy,—not only does it become her prize, but in the eyes of the whole settlement her husband is looked upon thenceforward as the most fortunate of men. As long as the chase is going on, the women are not allowed to stir abroad; but as soon as the party have safely brought home their booty, the whole female population issues from the tents, and having deliberately chewed some bark of a species of alder, they spit the red juice into their husbands' faces, typifying thereby the bear's blood which has been shed in the honourable encounter.—*Letters from High Latitudes*, Letter x.

278.—THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

[JEAN BAPTISTE ALPHONSE KARR, 1808.

[JEAN BAPTISTE ALPHONSE KARR was born at Paris, 1808. He received his early education from his father; later he was a pupil of the Collège Bourbon, where he afterwards became a teacher. A copy of verses in *Figaro* introduced him to the literary world of Paris. "Sous les Tilleuls," a novel, established him as a popular author. He has written many novels, "Une Heure trop tard," "Geneviève," &c., &c., but he is best known to the British public by his "Tour Round my Garden." In 1839, M. Karr became editor in chief of the *Figaro*, and in the same year commenced *Les Guêpes*, a monthly satirical journal. Alphonse Karr writes occasionally for the "Revue des deux Mondes," and other periodicals, and is extremely popular both in private and public life.]

THERE are times when the flowers languish with heat; there are times when one only hears among the parched herbs the monotonous cry of the grasshopper, when one sees nothing stirring abroad but the lizards. The nights are cool, sweet, and fragrant; the flowering trees are filled with nightingales, exhaling perfumes and celestial melody; and the grass is brilliant with the glowworms gliding about with their violet flames.

You will in this manner describe to me some far-off country, I will thus delineate what my garden affords. The seasons, as they pass away, are climates which travel round the globe, and come to seek me. Your long voyages are nothing but fatiguing visits, which you go to pay to the seasons which would themselves have come to you.

But there is still another land, a delightful country, which would in

vain be sought for on the waves of the sea, or across the lofty mountains. In that country the flowers not only exhale sweet perfumes, but intoxicating thoughts of love. There every tree, every plant breathes, in a language more noble than poetry, and more sweet than music, things of which no human tongue can give an idea. The sand of the roads is gold and precious stones, the air is filled with songs, compared to which those of the nightingales and thrushes, which I now listen to, are no better than the croaking of frogs in their reedy marshes. Man in that land is good, great, noble, and generous.

There all things are the reverse of those which we see every day; all the treasures of the earth, all dignities crowded together, would be but objects of ridicule if there offered in exchange for a faded flower, or an old glove, left in a honeysuckle arbour. But why do I talk about honeysuckles? Why I am forced to give the names of flowers you know to the flowers of these charming regions. In this country no one believes in the existence of perfidy, inconstancy, old age, death, or forgetfulness, which is the death of the heart. Man there requires neither sleep nor food; an old wooden bench is there a thousand times more soft than eider-down elsewhere; slumbers are there more calm and delicious, constantly attended by blissful dreams. The sour sloe of the hedges, the insipid fruit of the bramble, there acquire a flavour so delicious that it would be absurd to compare them to the pine-apple of other regions. Life is there more mildly happy than dreams can aspire to be in other countries. Go, then, and seek these poetic isles!

Alas! in reality it was but a poor little garden, in a mean suburb, when I was eighteen, in love, and when *she* would steal thither for an instant at sunset!

So loved I a little shut-up garden.

After all, is this life anything but a terrible journey without repose, and with but one common end in view? Is it anything more than arriving successively at various ages, and taking or leaving something at each? Does not all that surrounds us change every year? Is not every age a different country? You were a child; you are a young man; you may become an old man. Do you believe you shall find as much difference between two persons, however remote from each other they may be, as between you a child and you an old man?

You are in childhood;—the man is there with his fair hair, his bold, limpid glance, and his light-and-joyous heart; he loves every one, and every one seems to love him; everything gives him something, and everything promises him still much more. There is nothing which does not pay him a tribute of joy, nothing which for him is not a plaything. The butterflies in the air, the bluebottles in the corn-fields, the sand of the sea-shore, the herbage of the meadows, the green alleys

of the forest—all give him pleasure, all whisper to him promises of mystic happiness.

You arrive at youth; the body is active and strong, the heart noble and disinterested. There, you violently break the playthings of your childhood, and smile at the importance you once attached to them because you have found some fresh playthings, with which you are as much in earnest as you were with your tops and balls; now is the turn of friendship, love, heroism, and devotedness,—you have all these within you, and you look for them in others. But these are flowers that fade, and do not flourish at the same time in every heart. With this one, they are only in bud; with that they have long since passed away. You ask aloud the accomplishment of your desires, as you would ask holy promises. There is not a flower or a tree that does not appear to have betrayed you.

But here we now are, arrived at old age; we then have grey or white hairs—or a wig. The beautiful flowers of which we were speaking yield fruit but little expected,—incredulity, egotism, mistrust, avarice, irony, gluttony. You laugh at the playthings of your youth, because you still meet with others to which you attach yourself more seriously, places, medals, ribbons of different orders, honours, and dignities.

"It nothing boots that man, by doom, grows old,
He gains each stage, still ignorant and new;—
On our last winters, on our age extinct,
Wisdom bestows but pale and sickly light,
Like the fair moon's whose mild andopal rays
Fall on night's hours, when nothing more is done."

Days and years are darts which Death launches at us; it reserves the most penetrating for old age; the early ones have destroyed successively your faiths, your passions, your virtues, your happiness. Now it pours in grape-shot!—it has shot away your hair, and your teeth, it has wounded and weakened your muscles, it has touched your memory, it aims at the heart, it aims at life. Then everything becomes your enemy: in youth, the beautiful nights of summer brought you perfumes, remembrances, and delicious reveries; they yield you nothing now but coughs, rheumatism, and pleurisies.

You hate those who are younger than yourself, because they will inherit your money; they are already the heirs of your youth, your hopes, your visions, of all which is already dead in you—

"Few men the secret learn of growing old;
Like certain fruits, they rot, but ripen not."

Tell me, are we to-day that which we were yesterday, or shall be

to-morrow? Have we not cause to make singular observations upon ourselves daily? Do we not present a curious spectacle to ourselves?

Well, I will decide to commence my journey to-morrow, or perhaps I shall finish by finding that it is too great an exertion, even to make the tour of one's garden.—*Tour Round my Garden*, Letter iii.

279.—THE HIGH TIDE.

(ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE, 1571.)

[JEAN INGELOW.]

[The name of Miss Jean Ingelow will doubtless be new to many of our readers, but she is a popular poetess notwithstanding, her poems having now reached a ninth edition. She is a worthy follower of Mrs. E. B. Browning, on whom she appears to have founded her style, and writes very conscientiously; her subjects are very well chosen, and her thoughts original.]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he:
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and pæwits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;

Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—
“Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !” calling,
“For the dewes will soone be falling :—
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow ;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot ;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow ;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head ;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.”

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong ;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The “Brides of Mavis Enderby.”

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows

To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, whera Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Plung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awsome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his dogre,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To manye more than myne and mee :

But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

—*Poems.*

286.—THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

[BISHOP HORSLEY, 1733—1806.]

[SAMUEL HORSLEY was born in 1733. He was the son of the Rector of Newington, and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He took Holy Orders in 1759, and became Rector of Newington on the resignation of his father. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society 1767, and became secretary to it in 1773. In 1781 he entered into controversy with Dr. Joseph Priestley, combating his doctrines of Materialism and Unitarianism. In 1788 he was ordained Bishop of St. David's, and displayed in parliament great political ability. He supported Mr. Pitt, and was made successively Bishop of Rochester and Bishop of St. Asaph. He published a large number of theological works, and died in 1806.]

IN that memorable night, when divine love and infernal malice had each their perfect work,—the night when Jesus was betrayed into the hands of those who thirsted for his blood, and the mysterious scheme of man's redemption was brought to its accomplishment, Jesus, having finished the Paschal supper, and instituted those holy mysteries by which the thankful remembrance of his oblation of himself is continued in the church until his second coming, and the believer is nourished with the food of everlasting life, the body and blood of the crucified Redeemer;—when all this was finished, and nothing now remained of his great and painful undertaking, but the last trying part of it, to be led like a sheep to the slaughter, and to make his life a sacrifice for sin,—in that trying hour, just before he retired to the garden, where the power of darkness was to be permitted to display on him its last and utmost effort; Jesus gave it solemnly in charge to the eleven apostles (the twelfth, the son of perdition, was already lost; he was gone to hasten the execution of his intended treason),—to the eleven, whose loyalty remained as yet unshaken, Jesus in that awful hour gave it solemnly in charge, “to love one another, as he had loved them.” And because the perverse wit of man is ever fertile in plausible evasions of the plainest duties,—lest this command should be interpreted, in after ages, as an injunction in which the apostles only were concerned, imposed upon them in their peculiar character of the governors of the church, our great Master, to obviate any such wilful misconstruction of his dying charge, declared it to be his pleasure and his meaning, that the exercise of mutual love, in all ages, and in all nations, among men of all ranks, callings, and conditions, should be the general badge and distinction of his disciples.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another." And this injunction of loving one another as he had loved them, he calls a new commandment: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

It is commonly said, and sometimes strenuously insisted, as a circumstance in which the ethic of all religions falls short of the Christian, that the precept of universal benevolence, embracing all mankind, without distinction of party, sect, or nation, had never been heard of till it was inculcated by our Saviour. But this is a mistake. Were it not that experience and observation afford daily proof how easily a sound judgment is misled by the exuberance even of an honest zeal, we should be apt to say that this could be maintained by none who had ever read the Old Testament. The obligation indeed upon Christians, to make the avowed enemies of Christianity the objects of their prayers and of their love, arises out of the peculiar nature of Christianity, considered as the work of reconciliation. Our Saviour too was the first who showed to what extent the specific duty of mutual forgiveness is included in the general command of mutual love; but the command itself, in its full extent, "That every man should love his neighbour as himself," we shall find, if we consult the Old Testament, to be just as old as any part of the religion of the Jews. The two maxims to which our Saviour refers the whole of the law and the prophets, were maxims of the Mosaic law itself. Had it indeed been otherwise, our Saviour, when he alleged these maxims in answer to the lawyer's question, "Which is the chief commandment of the law?" would not have answered with that wonderful precision and discernment which on so many occasions put his adversaries to shame and silence.

Indeed, had these maxims not been found in the law of Moses, it would still have been true of them that they contain everything which can be required of man, as matter of general, indispensable duty; insomuch that nothing can become an act of duty to God or to our neighbour, otherwise than as it is capable of being referred to the one or the other of these two general topics. They might be said therefore to be, in the nature of the thing, the supreme and chief of all commandments; being those to which all others are naturally and necessarily subordinate, and in which all others are contained as parts in the whole. All this would have been true, though neither of these maxims had had a place in the law of Moses. But it would not have been a pertinent answer to the lawyer's question, nor would it have taken the effect which our Lord's answer actually took, with the subtle disputants with whom he was engaged, "that no man durst ask him any more questions." The lawyer's question

was not, what thing might, in its own nature, be the best to be commanded. To this indeed it might have been wisely answered, that the love of God is the best of all things, and that the next best is the love of man; although Moses had not expressly mentioned either. But the question was, "Which is the great commandment in the law?"—that is, in Moses's law; for the expression "the law," in the mouth of a Jew, could carry no other meaning. To this it had been vain to allege "the love of God or man," had there been no express requisition of them in the law, notwithstanding the confessed natural excellence of the things; because the question was not about natural excellence, but what was to be reckoned the first in authority and importance among the written commandments. Those masters of sophistry with whom our Saviour had been for some hours engaged, felt themselves overcome when he produced from the books of the law two maxims which, forming a complete and simple summary of the whole—and not only of the whole of the Mosaic law, but of every law which God ever did or ever will prescribe to man—evidently claimed to be the first and chief commandments. The first enjoining the love of God, is to be found in the very words in which our Saviour recited it, in the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, at the fifth verse. The second, enjoining the love of our neighbour, is to be found in the very words in which our Saviour recited it, in the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus, at the eighteenth verse.

The injunction therefore of conformity to his own example, is that which is chiefly new in the commandment of our Lord. As it is in this circumstance that the commandment is properly his, it is by nothing less than the conformity enjoined, or an assiduous endeavour after that conformity, that his commandment is fulfilled.

The perfection of Christ's example it is easier to understand than to imitate; and yet it is not to be understood without serious and deep meditation on the particulars of his history. Pure and disinterested in its motives, the love of Christ had solely for its end the happiness of those who were the objects of it. An equal sharer with the Almighty Father in the happiness and glory of the Godhead, the Redeemer had no proper interest in the fate of fallen man. Infinite in its comprehension, his love embraced his enemies; intense in its energy, it incited him to assume a frail and mortal nature—to undergo contempt and death; constant in its operations, in the paroxysm of an agony, the sharpest the human mind was ever known to sustain, it maintained its vigour unimpaired. In the whole business of man's redemption, wonderful in all its parts, in its beginning, its progress, and completion, the most wonderful part of all is the character of Christ—a character not exempt from those feelings of the soul and infirmities of the body which render man obnoxious to temptation,

but in which the two principles of piety to God, and goodwill to man, maintained such an ascendancy over all the rest, that they might seem by themselves to make the whole. This character, in which piety and benevolence, upon all occasions, and in all circumstances, overpowered all the inferior passions, is more incomprehensible to the natural reason of the carnal man than the deepest mysteries,—more improbable than the greatest miracles,—of all the particulars of the gospel history. the most trying to the evil heart of unbelief,—the very last thing, I am persuaded, that a ripened faith receives; but of all things the most important and the most necessary to be well understood and firmly believed,—the most efficacious for the softening of the sinner's heart, for quelling the pride of human wisdom, and for bringing every thought and imagination of the soul into subjection to the righteousness of God. "Let this mind," says the apostle, "be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus;"—that mind which incited him, when he considered the holiness of God and the guilt and corruption of fallen man, to say, "I come to do thy will, O God!"—that is, according to the same apostle's interpretation, to do that will by which we are sanctified, to make the satisfaction for the sinful race which divine justice demanded. Being in the form of God, he made himself of no reputation; he divested himself of that external form of glory in which he had been accustomed to appear to the patriarchs in the first ages, in which he appeared to Moses in the bush, and to his chosen servants in later periods of the Jewish history, —that form of glory in which his presence was manifested between the cherubim in the Jewish sanctuary. He made himself of no reputation, and, uniting himself to the holy fruit of Mary's womb, he took upon him the form of a slave—of that fallen creature who had sold himself into the bondage of Satan, sin, and death; and, being found in fashion as a man he humbled himself,—he submitted to the condition of a man in its most humiliating circumstances, and carried his obedience unto death—the death even of the cross—the painful ignominious death of a malefactor, by a public execution. He who shall one day judge the world suffered himself to be produced as a criminal at Pilate's tribunal; he submitted to the sentence which the dastardly judge who pronounced it confessed to be unjust: the Lord of glory suffered himself to be made the jest of Herod and his captains: he who could have summoned twelve legions of angels to form a flaming guard around his person, or have called down fire from Heaven on the guilty city of Jerusalem, on his false accusers, his unrighteous judge, the executioners, and the insulting rabble,—made no resistance when his body was fastened to the cross by the Roman soldiers,—endured the reproaches of the chief priests and rulers, the taunts and revilings of the Jewish populace; and this not from

any consternation arising from his bodily sufferings, which might be supposed for the moment to deprive him of the knowledge of himself. He possessed himself to the last. In the height of his agonies, with a magnanimity not less extraordinary than his patient endurance of pain and contumely, he accepted the homage, which, in that situation, was offered to him as the king of Israel, and in the highest tone of confident authority, promised to conduct the penitent companion of his sufferings that very day to Paradise. What, then, was the motive which restrained the Lord of might and glory, that he put not forth his power for the deliverance of himself and the destruction of his enemies? Evidently that which he avows upon his coming first into the world: "I come to do thy will, O God!" and by doing of that will, to rescue man from wrath and punishment. Such is the example of resignation to God's will—of indifference to things temporal—of humility and of love, we are called upon to imitate.

The sense of our inability to attain to the perfection of Christ's example, is a reason for much humility, and for much mutual forbearance, but no excuse for the wilful neglect of his command. It may seem that it is of little consequence to inculcate virtues which can be but seldom practised; and a general and active benevolence, embracing all mankind, and embracing persecution and death, may appear to come under this description: it may seem a virtue proportioned to the abilities of few, and inculcated on mankind in general to little purpose. But, though it may be given to few to make themselves conspicuous as benefactors of mankind, by such actions as are usually called great, because the effect of them on the welfare of various descriptions of the human race is immediate and notorious, the principle of religious philanthropy, influencing the whole conduct of a private man, in the lowest situations of life, is of much more universal benefit than is first perceived. The terror of the laws may restrain men from flagrant crimes, but it is this principle alone that can make any man a useful member of society. This restrains him, not only from those violent invasions of another's right which are punished by human laws, but it overrules the passions from which those enormities proceed; and the secret effects of it, were it but once universal, would be more beneficial to human life than the most brilliant actions of those have ever been to whom blind superstition has erected statues and devoted altars. As this principle is that which makes a man the most useful to others, so it is that alone which makes the character of the individual amiable in itself,—amiable not only in the judgment of man, but in the sight of God, and in the truth of things; for God himself is love, and the perfections of God are the standard of all perfection.—*Sermons.* Sermon xi.

281.—THE LIBRARY.

[HORACE SMITH, 1780—1849.

[HORACE SMITH was the younger of the two brothers, James and Horace Smith, born respectively 1775 and 1780. Their first effusions were contributed to the "Picnic," a periodical established in 1802, and some of their best articles appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine," under its first editorship, that of Thomas Campbell. In 1812 the work appeared with which their names will always be associated. The committee of Drury Lane Theatre offered a prize for the best address to be spoken at the opening of that edifice; they failed to obtain one to their taste. Lord Byron was therefore applied to, and he supplied the one which was spoken. The Smiths then brought out their work which purported to be "*The Rejected Addresses*," in which the various styles of the then popular writers were imitated with marvellous fidelity. Twenty-two editions were subsequently sold. James appears to have written no longer, but Horace became a hard-working and successful literary labourer. His "*Brambletye House*" almost equals in merit many of Scott's novels. He died in 1849, surviving his brother ten years. His poetical works, in 2 vols., were published by Colburn.]

WHAT laborious days, what watchings by the midnight lamp, what rackings of the brain, what hopes and fears, what long lives of laborious study are here sublimized into print, and condensed into the narrow compass of these surrounding shelves! What an epitome of the past world, and how capricious the fate by which some of them have been preserved, while others of greater value have perished!

* * * * *

Some of the richest treasures of antiquity have been redeemed from the dust and cobwebs of monastical libraries, lumber-rooms, sacristies, and cellars; others have been excavated in iron chests, or disinterred from beneath ponderous tomes of controversial divinity, or copied from the backs of homilies and sermons, with which, in the scarcity of parchment, they had been over-written. If some of our multitudinous writers would compile a circumstantial account of the resurrection of every classical author, and a minute narrative of the discovery of every celebrated piece of ancient sculpture, what an interesting volume might be formed!

Numerous as they are, what are the books preserved in comparison with those that we have lost? The dead races of mankind scarcely outnumber the existing generation more prodigiously than do the books that have perished exceed those that remain to us. Men are naturally scribblers, and there has probably prevailed, in all ages since the invention of letters, a much more extensive literature than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Osymandias, the ancient King of Egypt, if Herodotus may be credited, built a library in his palace, over the door of which was the well known inscription, "Physic for the soul." Job wishes that his adversary had written a book, probably for the consolation of cutting it up in some Quarterly or Jerusalem Review;

the expression, at all events, indicates a greater activity "in the Row" than we are apt to ascribe to those primitive times. Allusion is also made in the Scriptures to the library of the Kings of Persia, as well as to one built by Nehemiah. Ptolemy Philadelphus had a collection of 700,000 volumes destroyed by Cæsar's soldiers; and the Alexandrian Library, burned by the Caliph Omar, contained 400,000 manuscripts. What a combustion of congregated brains!—the quintessence of ages—the wisdom of a world—all simultaneously converted into smoke and ashes! This, as Cowley would have said, is to put out the fire of genius by that of the torch; to extinguish the light of reason in that of its own funeral pyre; to make matter once more triumph over mind. Possibly, however, our loss is rather imaginary than real, greater in quantity than in quality. Men's intellects, like their frames, continue pretty much the same in all ages, and the human faculty, limited in its sphere of action, and operating always upon the same materials, soon arrives at an impassable acme which leaves us nothing to do but to ring the changes upon antiquity. Half our epic poems are modifications of Homer, though none are equal to that primitive model; our Ovidian elegies, our Pindarics, and our Anacreontics, all resemble their first parents in features as well as in name. Fertilizing our minds with the brains of our predecessors, we raise new crops of the old grain, and pass away to manure the intellectual field for future harvests of the same description. Destruction and reproduction make the system of the moral as well as of the physical world.

An anonymous book loses half its interest; it is the voice of the invisible, an echo from the clouds, the shadow of an unknown substance, an abstraction devoid of all humanity. One likes to hunt out an author, if he be dead, in obituaries and biographical dictionaries; to chase him from his birth; to be in at his death, and learn what other offspring of his brain survive him. Even an assumed name is better than none, though it is clearly a nominal fraud, a desertion from our own to enlist into another identity. It may be doubted whether we have any natural right thus to leap down the throat, as it were, of an imaginary personage, and pass off a counterfeit of our own creation for genuine coinage. But the strongest semi-vitality, or zoophyte state of existence, is that of the writers of Ephemerides, who squeeze the whole bulk of their individuality into the narrow compass of a single consonant or vowel; who have an alphabious being as Mr. A., a liquid celebrity under the initial of L., or attain an immortality of zigzag under the signature of Z. How fantastical to be personally known as an impersonal, to be literally a man of letters, to have all our virtues and talents entrusted to one little hieroglyphic, like the bottles in the apothecary's shop.

Even when we assume a literary individuality somewhat more substantial than this fanciful creation; when one is known, *propria persona*, as the real identical *Tomkins*, who writes in a popular magazine under the signature of any specific letter, to what does it amount?—an immortality of a month, after which we are tranquilly left to enjoy an eternity—of oblivion. Our very nature is ephemeral: we “come like shadows, so depart.” From time to time some benevolent and disinterested compiler endeavours to pluck us from the Lethean gulf, by republishing our best papers under the captivating title of “*Beauties of the Magazines*,” “*Spirit of the Modern Essayists*,” or some such embalming words; but alas! like a swimmer in the wide ocean, who attempts to uphold his sinking comrade, he can but give him a few moments’ respite, when both sink together in the waters of oblivion.—*The Casquet*, vol. ii.

282.—COMMODORE TRUNNION’S RIDE.

[TOBIAS SMOLLETT, 1721—1771.

[SMOLLETT was born near the village of Renton, Dumbartonshire, in 1721. His father, a younger son of Sir James Smollett, having died young, he was educated at the cost of his grandfather in the Grammar School of Dumbarton, and at the University of Glasgow. His education complete, Tobias was apprenticed to a medical practitioner in Glasgow, but his grandfather dying without having made any provision for him, he proceeded to London to try his luck as a professional author. All he brought with him was a few light packages of personal baggage, and a heavy tragedy, called “*The Regicide*.” As might be expected, his juvenile contribution was rejected, and the tragedy was not brought out; so he went aboard an eighty-gun ship, and served as surgeon’s mate. Failing to obtain promotion in the navy, he left the service and resided some time in the West Indies, but returned to England in 1744, and resumed the practice of medicine. In 1748 his novel of “*Roderick Random*” appeared, and finding that he made no progress in the profession of physician, he abandoned it, took a house in Chelsea, and henceforth devoted his talents entirely to literature. “*Roderick Random*” was well timed; the public had tasted of Richardson, and revelled in Fielding; appetite grew on what it fed, and Smollett too became popular. In his early days Smollett married a young West Indian lady, by whom he had one daughter, who died at the age of fifteen. Disconsolate for her loss, he made a tour of France and Italy, and was absent from England for two years. He published an account of his tour, which was an odd mixture of humour and imbecility, and it was to satirize this work that Sterne wrote his “*Sentimental Journey*,” a fact that is lost sight of now, or, more generally, unknown, by those who, in speaking of Sterne, blame him for the very foible he held up to ridicule. “*Roderick Random*” was followed by “*Peregrine Pickle*,” “*Count Fathom*,” “*Sir Lanciot Greaves*,” and “*Humphrey Clinker*,” and during the composition of these works, Smollett also wrote his “*Continuation of Hume’s History of England*,” and his translation of “*Don Quixote*,” besides editing a paper, *The Briton*, in opposition to Wilkes, of *The North Briton*. Like his contemporary,

Fielding, he went abroad in quest of health, and died, near Leghorn, October 21, 1771, aged fifty-one.]

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction* spread all over the county; and on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage then he set out from the garrison for church, after having despatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted.

She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half-hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding further in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway." "Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at

* The marriage of the Commodore and Mrs. Grizzle.

the church-porch in less than a quarter of an hour." "What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the commander; "ahoy! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." The courier finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had just begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half-hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion: some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this.—The commodore and his crew had, by dint of tacking, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, over-leaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders.* The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!" The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, "Oh, you are safe at an anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored!" Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not

venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until Providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But alas! he reckoned without his host. Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his pupials, his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger, with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bearskin. The loss of his tie periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lantern jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he, in a few minutes, outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt

him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase, that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.—*Peregrine Pickle*, chap. v.

283.—THE IMAGE-BREAKERS OF THE NETHERLANDS. 1566.

[JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, 1814.

[JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, the author of one of the most important historical works of modern times, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," is an American by birth, though of English extraction on both sides, his parents being able to trace their descent from the "Pilgrim Fathers." He was born in Mas., U.S.A., April 15th, 1814. Having graduated at Harvard University, he was appointed Secretary to the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. Returning to the States, he occupied himself with literary pursuits, contributing largely to the *North American Review*. In 1851 he visited Europe, and established himself at Dresden, with a view to writing the history of that great struggle by which the Netherlands threw off the Spanish yoke. This task he has accomplished in a manner that places him among the first of modern historians. It appeared in its complete form, in 2 vols., 1860, and has already been translated into the French (by Guizot), Dutch, and German languages.]

A VERY paltry old woman excited the image-breaking of Antwerp. She had for years been accustomed to sit before the door of the cathedral with wax tapers and wafers, earning a scanty subsistence from the profits of her meagre trade, and by the small coins which she sometimes received in charity. Some of the rabble began to chaffer with this ancient hucksteress. They scoffed at her consecrated wares; they bandied with her ribald jests, of which her public position had fur-

nished her with a supply; they assured her that the hour had come when her idolatrous traffic was to be for ever terminated, when she and her patroness Mary were to be given over to destruction together. The old woman, enraged, answered threat with threat, and gibe with gibe. Passing from words to deeds, she began to catch from the ground every offensive missile or weapon which she could find, and to lay about her in all directions. Her tormentors defended themselves as they could. Having destroyed her whole stock-in-trade, they provoked others to appear in her defence. The passers-by thronged to the scene; the cathedral was soon filled to overflowing; a furious tumult was already in progress.

Many persons fled in alarm to the Town House, carrying information of this outbreak to the magistrates. John Van Immerzeel, Margrave of Antwerp, was then holding communication with the senate, and awaiting the arrival of the wardmasters, whom it had at last been thought expedient to summon. Upon intelligence of this riot, which the militia, if previously mustered, might have prevented, the senate determined to proceed to the cathedral in a body, with the hope of quelling the mob by the dignity of their presence. The margrave, who was the high executive officer of the little commonwealth, marched down to the cathedral accordingly, attended by the two burgomasters and all the senators. At first their authority, solicitations, and personal influence, produced a good effect. Some of those outside consented to retire, and the tumult partially subsided within. As night, however, was fast approaching, many of the mob insisted upon remaining for evening service. They were informed that there would be none that night, and that for once the people could certainly dispense with their vespers.

Several persons now manifesting an intention of leaving the cathedral, it was suggested to the senators that if they should lead the way, the population would follow in their train, and so disperse to their homes. The excellent magistrates took the advice, not caring perhaps to fulfil any longer the dangerous but not dignified functions of police-officers. Before departing they adopted the precaution of closing all the doors of the church, leaving a single one open, that the rabble still remaining might have an opportunity to depart. It seemed not to occur to the senators that the same gate would as conveniently afford an entrance for those without as an egress for those within. That unlooked-for event happened, however. No sooner had the magistrates retired than the rabble burst through the single door which had been left open, overpowered the margrave, who, with a few attendants, had remained behind, vainly endeavouring by threats and exhortations to appease the tumult, drove him ignominiously from the

church, and threw all the other portals wide open. Then the populace flowed in like an angry sea. The whole of the cathedral was at the mercy of the rioters, who were evidently bent on mischief. The wardens and treasurers of the church, after a vain attempt to secure a few of its most precious possessions, retired. They carried the news to the senators, who, accompanied by a few halberdmen, again ventured to approach the spot. It was but for a moment, however, for, appalled by the furious sounds which came from within the church, as if invisible forces were preparing a catastrophe which no human power could withstand, the magistrates fled precipitately from the scene. Fearing that the next attack would be upon the Town House, they hastened to concentrate at that point their available strength, and left the stately cathedral to its fate.

And now, as the shadows of night were deepening the perpetual twilight of the church, the work of destruction commenced. Instead of vespers rose the fierce music of a psalm, yelled by a thousand angry voices. It seemed the preconcerted signal for a general attack. A band of marauders flew upon the image of the Virgin, dragged it forth from its receptacle, plunged daggers into its inanimate body, tore off its jewelled and embroidered garments, broke the whole figure into a thousand pieces, and scattered the fragments along the floor. A wild shout succeeded, and then the work, which seemed delegated to a comparatively small number of the assembled crowd, went on with incredible celerity. Some were armed with axes, some with bludgeons, some with sledge-hammers; others brought ladders, pulleys, ropes, and levers. Every statue was hurled from its niche, every picture torn from the wall, every painted window shattered to atoms, every ancient monument shattered, every sculptured decoration, however inaccessible in appearance, hurled to the ground. Indefatigably, audaciously endowed, as it seemed, with preternatural strength and nimbleness, these furious iconoclasts clambered up the dizzy heights, shrieking and chattering like malignant apes, as they tore off in triumph the slowly-matured fruit of centuries. In a space of time wonderfully brief, they had accomplished their task.

A colossal and magnificent group of the Saviour crucified between two thieves adorned the principal altar. The statue of Christ was wrenched from its place with ropes and pulleys, while the malefactors, with bitter and blasphemous irony, were left on high, the only representatives of the marble crowd which had been destroyed. A very beautiful piece of architecture decorated the choir—the “repository,” as it was called, in which the body of Christ was figuratively enshrined. This much-admired work rested upon a single column, but rose, arch upon arch, pillar upon pillar, to the height of three hundred feet, till

quite lost in the vault above. It was now shattered into a million pieces. The statues, images, pictures, ornaments, as they lay upon the ground, were broken with sledge-hammers, hewn with axes, trampled, torn, and beaten into shreds. A troop of harlots, snatching waxen tapers from the altars, stood around the destroyers, and lighted them at their work. Nothing escaped their omnivorous rage. They desecrated seventy chapels, forced open all the chests of treasure, covered their own squalid attire with the gorgeous robes of the ecclesiastics, broke the sacred bread, poured out the sacramental wine into golden chalices, quaffing huge draughts to the beggars' health; burned all the splendid missals and manuscripts, and smeared their shoes with the sacred oil, with which kings and prelates had been anointed. It seemed that each of these malicious creatures must have been endowed with the strength of a hundred giants. How else, in the few brief hours of a midsummer night, could such a monstrous desecration have been accomplished by a troop, which, according to all accounts, was not more than one hundred in number. There was a multitude of spectators, as upon all such occasions, but the actual spoilers were very few.

The noblest and richest temple of the Netherlands was a wreck, but the fury of the spoilers was excited, not appeased. Each seizing a burning torch, the whole herd rushed from the cathedral, and swept howling through the streets. "Long live the beggars!" resounded through the sultry midnight air, as the ravenous pack flew to and fro, smiting every image of the Virgin, every crucifix, every sculptured saint, every Catholic symbol which they met with upon their path. All night long they roamed from one sacred edifice to another, thoroughly destroying as they went. Before morning they had sacked thirty churches within the city walls. They entered the monasteries, burned their invaluable libraries, destroyed their altars, statues, pictures, and, descending into the cellars, broached every cask which they found there, pouring out in one great flood all the ancient wine and ale with which those holy men had been wont to solace their retirement from generation to generation. They invaded the nunneries, whence the occupants, panic-stricken, fled for refuge to the houses of their friends and kindred. The streets were filled with monks and nuns, running this way and that, shrieking and fluttering, to escape the claws of these fiendish Calvinists. The terror was imaginary, for not the least remarkable feature in these transactions was, that neither insult nor injury was offered to man or woman, and that not a farthing's value of the immense amount of property destroyed was appropriated. It was a war, not against the living, but against graven images, nor was the sentiment which prompted the onslaught in the least commingled

with a desire of plunder. The principal citizens of Antwerp, expecting every instant that the storm would be diverted from the ecclesiastical edifices to private dwellings, and that robbery, rape, and murder would follow sacrilege, remained all night expecting the attack, and prepared to defend their hearths, even if the altars were profaned. The precaution was needless. It was asserted by the Catholics that the confederates, and other opulent Protestants, had organized this company of profligates for the meagre pittance of ten stivers a day. On the other hand, it was believed by many that the Catholics had themselves plotted the whole outrage in order to bring odium upon the Reformers. Both statements were equally unfounded. The task was most thoroughly performed, but it was prompted by a furious fanaticism, not by baser motives.

Two days and nights longer the havoc raged unchecked through all the churches of Antwerp and the neighbouring villages. Hardly a statue or picture escaped destruction. Yet the rage was directed exclusively against stocks and stones. Not a man was wounded nor a woman outraged. Prisoners, indeed, who had been languishing hopelessly in dungeons were liberated. A monk who had been in the prison of the Barefoot Monastery for twelve years, recovered his freedom. Art was trampled in the dust, but humanity deplored no victims.—*Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

284.—ORIGIN OF DESERTS.

[ROBERT MUDIE, 1777—1842.]

[ROBERT MUDIE was born in Forfarshire, 1777. In 1802 he was appointed professor of Gaelic and teacher of drawing in the Academy of Inverness. But he abandoned the duties of a teacher for literature, and commenced his career with a novel called "Glenfergus." He then became a reporter to the London newspapers; wrote for periodicals, and published in rapid succession eighty volumes on natural history and other subjects of an instructive or entertaining character. His chief works are, "The British Naturalist," "Feathered Tribes of the British Islands," "The Elements—the Heavens, the Earth, the Air, the Sea," "Popular Mathematics," "The Seasons," "Man in his Physical Structure, Intellectual Faculties," &c., &c. Mr. Mudie died in 1842.]

WHEN once a desert has been formed to the same extent as it exists here,*—and indeed as it may be partially traced, and sometimes is very conspicuous along the whole of the lower ground which separates the central basin of the eastern continent from the countries which lie to the south and the east,—when once such a desert has been formed, it tends to spread itself, as though it were an ill-conditioned sore upon the earth; and it does this the more readily the more

* Sahara.

extensive it is, and the warmer the climate in which it is situated. We may mention without anticipating, that one of the chief means by which the air is cooled is the converting the moisture into vapour, and that, generally speaking, this operation is nearly in proportion to the heat. This is the reason why the margin of the waters and the shade of trees are so cool and refreshing in sultry weather; by their cooling tendency the trees, to some extent, and the water if it is extensive, probably to more, perform a part the very opposite of that which the desert performs—they cool the air over them, and it descends and comes outwards in all directions from them, often a delightful and refreshing breeze, which tends to spread fertility.

The desert, on the other hand, when beaten upon by the heat of the sun, especially when that sun is nearly overhead, as is the case on Sahara, is intensely hot; in consequence of this heat the air over it is continually ascending, like the smoke of a furnace, and the air from all sides around moves inwards to supply its place; but the air which thus moves towards the desert becomes hotter as it approaches, and therefore, instead of letting fall in rain any part of the moisture with which it is already charged, it drains the moisture of the surrounding parts; and, as it is not cooled when over the desert, it lets fall none of its moisture, but ascends into the upper regions of the air, and there spreads to a great distance, carrying the moisture along with it. In this way it is highly probable that the moisture which the desert thus drains from the dry and scanty vegetation on the desertward side of the mountains of Atlas may descend in snow upon the summits of those mountains, or in rain upon the countries between them and the sea.

This progress can easily be understood to be much more rapid than the original conversion of a fertile country into a desert, and hence we find that there is not a little of its progress which has taken place within the period of authentic and not very remote history. On both sides of the valley of the Nile, and on every part of the margin of the desert, which has been examined with sufficient care, there have been found the most conclusive evidence of former fertility and population, and in many instances abundant population and a high state of the arts. These evidences are traceable along the whole line of the desert, both in Africa and where it extends into Asia; and in the latter quarter of the world, we have whole provinces now entirely unproductive, and ruins of magnificent cities, well known to history, in the progress of being buried in the sand.

What may have been the cause which converted the first portion of the earth into a desert of sand we have not the means of ascertaining; but there is some reason to believe that the tropi-

cal character of the year which belongs to all the southern hemisphere, with the exception of the smaller islands, which are either of volcanic origin or the production of coral insects, has probably some connexion with the extent of desert which lies between the countries which communicate with one another by the medium of the Mediterranean waters and those which have the tropical seasons. We are not yet in possession of all the elements; but we shall afterwards be able perhaps to show with at least a considerable degree of probability, that the circulation of the air and the waters freely round the southern hemisphere in not a very high latitude, and the cutting off the influence of the cold of the south pole from any connexion with the climate and economy of the middle latitudes, which is the result of this circulation, is at least one important element in determining why, in the one hemisphere, the seasons should be chiefly broken into dry and rainy, while in the other there is the regular succession of spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

In some parts of India we have at least a vague sort of evidence of the manner in which a desert might be produced. The action of nature is so powerful in that country, that if man ceases to practise his arts of culture for even a very short time, the memorials of himself and his works are speedily obliterated. If the country is so situated that the periodical rains can reach it, man and his memorials are blotted out by the power of vegetation; and the Bamboe jungle, rising to the height of sixty feet in a single year, and bristling with spines which are almost as formidable as the bayonets of armies, first conceal his dwelling, and then give up the remains of it to the leopard, the snake, and the bat. If, however, the rains do not reach the country, the change would be of a very different character: vegetation would soon cease, and in brief space large tracts of erewhile fertile ground would be turned into unproductive deserts. There are many of the higher districts of southern India upon which it would be altogether impossible to obtain crops, except by means of artificial watering, often from wells which require to be sunk to the depth of two hundred or three hundred feet; and we have only to suppose a stop to the labours of man in such a country, in order to conceive how a desert might be begun in it, and this desert, once begun, would extend very rapidly. Indeed, from the violence of elemental action, probably at a time when the rains of the Monsoons extended more completely over India than they do at present, there are evidences of a very remarkable decomposition of what has once been the uppermost rock in that country.

To enter into all the details of evidence, either as to the original cause of the great desert itself, or as to the effects which it produces

in the general economy of the earth, would, however, require more space than we are able to bestow upon it; and the full understanding even of what is known would require the introduction of principles which do not, strictly speaking, come within the scope of this volume. We shall, therefore, only offer one or two further short remarks on this very singular region of the world,—a region which, though it is most extended and conspicuous in Africa, yet stretches the whole way from the extreme west of that continent to the confines of Siberia, interrupted only by mountain chains and the valleys of rivers, the last of which it is gradually invading. Indeed, it is easy to see how very soon even a large river might be obliterated by the desert; because, if the sand once reach the banks, and drift into the channel, the water will steal through underneath, and the process of obliteration will go on much more rapidly than those who have not thought of the subject are aware of. And in those situations where the river flows in a sandy channel, and receives no addition to its waters, we have proofs in many places that the evaporation alone is sufficient to dry it up; for in Arabia, Persia, and various other countries, the greater number of the rivers which rise in the interior mountains, and flow for some distance over the plains, are lost in the sand or dried up by the heat of the sun acting upon its surface.

There is a peculiar species of vegetation which, as we may so express it, contends with and resists the desert; this consists chiefly of saline plants, but these in time increase the evil. Though their growth is exceedingly slow, and they keep their places for long periods of time, yet they at last give way; and, as they decompose, the salts which they contain are left on the surface. In the wet season, there is generally some rain upon the desert as far as vegetation extends, and this rain washes the saline water into the hollows, where it poisons the waters, or at all events renders them bitter, whether those waters remain in pools at the surface, or sink down into the sand and are procured by digging wells.—*The Earth*, section iv.

285.—THE STORK.

[THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD STANLEY, Bishop of Norwich, 1779—1849.]

[THE REV. EDWARD STANLEY was born in London in 1779. He studied at Cambridge, took holy orders, and was presented by his father, Sir John Stanley, in 1805, to the living of Alderley, in Cheshire, the duties of which he fulfilled for the long period of thirty-two years. He was made Bishop of Norwich in 1837. Bishop Stanley was a geologist, entomologist, botanist, and ornithologist. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and President of the Linnean Society. He contributed articles of

natural history to "Blackwood," and his "Familiar History of Birds" is a much valued work, and has passed through many editions. Bishop Stanley died in 1849.]

So punctual is the arrival and departure of the various migratory birds, that to this day the Persians, as well as ancient Arabs, often form their almanacks on their movements. Thus, the beginning of the singing of the Nightingales was the commencement of a festival, welcoming the return of warm weather; while the coming of the Storks was the period of another, announcing their joy at the departure of Winter. The expression, "the Stork in the Heaven," is more applicable than at first appears, for even when out of sight, its pathway may be traced by the loud and piercing cries, peculiar to those of the New as well as of the Old World. In America* too its migrations are equally regular, passing its immense periodical journeys at such a prodigious height as to be seldom observed. It is satisfactory thus to strengthen the authority of a Scriptural passage from so distinct a source, though amply borne out by witnesses in the very country in which the prophet dwelt.

"In the middle of April," says a traveller† in the Holy Land, "while our ship was riding at anchor under Mount Carmel, we saw three flights of these birds, each of which took up more than three hours in passing us, extending itself, at the same time, more than half a mile in breadth." They were then leaving Egypt, and steering towards the north-east of Palestine, where it seems, from the account of another eye-witness, they abound in the month of May. "Returning from Cana to Nazareth," he observes, "I saw the fields so filled with flocks of Storks, that they appeared quite white with them; and when they rose and hovered in the air, they seemed like clouds. The respect paid in former times to these birds is still shown; for the Turks, notwithstanding their recklessness in shedding human blood, have a more than ordinary regard for Storks, looking upon them with an almost reverential affection."

In the neighbourhood of Smyrna, and indeed throughout the whole of the Ottoman dominions, wherever the bird abides during his summer visits, he is welcomed. They call him their friend and their brother, the friend and brother exclusively of the Moslem race, entertaining a belief that wherever the influence of their religion prevailed, he would still bear them company, and it might seem that these sagacious birds are well aware of this predilection; for singularly enough, a recent traveller,‡ who met with them in incredible numbers in Asia Minor, observed that, although they built on the mosques,

* Hearn's "Journey in North America."

† Chardin.

‡ Macfarlane's "Constantinople."

minarets, and Turkish houses, their nests were never erected on a Christian roof. In the Turkish quarters they were met in all directions, strutting about most familiarly, mixing with the people in the streets, but rarely entering the parts of the town inhabited by the Greeks or Armenians, by whom, possibly, they may be occasionally disturbed. Nothing can be more interesting than the view of an assemblage of their nests. Divided as they always are, into pairs, sometimes only the long elastic neck of one of them is to be seen peering from its cradle of nestlings, the mate standing by on one of his long slim legs, and watching with every sign of the closest affection. While other couples on the adjacent walls are fondly entwining their pliant necks, and mixing their long bills, the one sometimes bending her neck over her back, and burying her bill in the soft plumage, while her companion, clacking his long beak with a peculiar sharp and monotonous sound, raises her head and embraces it with a quivering delight; while from the holes and crannies of the walls, below the Stork's nest, thousands of little blue Turtle-Doves flit in all directions, keeping up an incessant cooing by day and night.

At another Mohammedan town, Fez, on the coast of Barbary, there is a rich hospital, expressly built, and supported by large funds, for the sole purpose of assisting and nursing sick Cranes and Storks, and of burying them when dead! This respect arises from a strange belief, handed down from time immemorial, that the Storks are human beings in that form, men from some distant islands, who, at certain seasons of the year, assume the shape of these birds, that they may visit Barbary, and return at a fixed time to their own country, where they resume the human form. It has been conjectured that this tradition came originally from Egypt, where the Storks are held in equal respect, as we shall see, when we speak of their sacred bird, the Ibis. By the Jews, the former was also respected, though for a different reason; they called it Chaseda,—which in Hebrew signifies piety or mercy,—from the tenderness shown by the young to the older birds, who, when the latter were feeble or sick, would bring them food.

This affection, however, appears to be mutual, for the parent birds have a more than ordinary degree of affection for their young, and have been known to perish rather than desert them. An attachment of this sort once occasioned the death of an old Stork, at the burning of the city of Delft, in Holland. When the flames approached her nest, situated on a house-top, she exerted herself to the utmost to save her young; but finding every effort useless, she remained and perished with them. Besides the Jews, other ancient nations held these birds in veneration. A law among the Greeks, obliging children to support

their parents, even received its name from a reference to these birds.* By the Romans it was called the pious bird, and was also an emblem on the medals of such Roman princes as merited the title of *Pius*. Of their attachment towards each other, we can give another instance, which occurred in this country.

A gentleman had for some years been possessed of two brown Cranes (*Ardea pavonia*); one of them at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He was apparently following his companion, when his master introduced a large looking-glass into the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image, than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely: the Crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after, dying at length of an accidental injury.—*Familiar History of Birds*, pp. 341-344.

286.—ION'S INTERCESSION.

[SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, 1795—1854.

[MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD was born at Reading, 1795: his father was a brewer, his mother the daughter of a dissenting minister. Young Talfourd was sent to a dissenting grammar school, where he studied under the guidance of the celebrated Dr. Valpy. In 1813 he became the pupil of Mr. Chitty, and was called to the Bar in 1821: he travelled the Western Circuit, and was at the same time law reporter to the *Times*. His power as an orator and his legal acumen soon brought him into notice. In 1835 he was returned as member of parliament for his native town. In his representative capacity he introduced the Copyright Act (5 and 6 Vict. c. 45, July 1, 1842). Sir Thomas Talfourd's most celebrated works are his three tragedies, "Ion," the "Athenian Captive," and "Glencoe." The most popular of these was "Ion," which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1835, with Mr. Macready as the hero. Sir Thomas made many other contributions in prose and verse to general literature. Of his prose writings, his "Vacation Rambles" abounds with graceful passages, and evinces his fine literary culture. In May, 1854, he was in the act of addressing the grand jury at Stafford, when he was seized with apoplexy, and died within the precincts of the court.]

CHARACTERS.

ADRASTUS.

CRYTHES.

ION.

ADRASTUS discovered.—CRYTHES introducing ION.

Cry. The king!

Ad. Stranger, I bid thee welcome;

We are about to tread the same dark passage,

* Πιλαργικός νομός.

Thou almost on the instant.—Is the sword [*to CRYTHES*]
Of justice sharpen'd, and the headsman ready?

Cry. Thou may'st behold them plainly in the court;
Even now the solemn soldiers line the ground,
The steel gleams on the altar, and the slave
Disrobes himself for duty.

Ad. (to ION) Dost thou see them?

Ion. I do.

Ad. By Heaven! he does not change.
If, even now, thou wilt depart, and leave
Thy traitorous thoughts unspoken, thou art free.

Ion. I thank thee for thy offer; but I stand
Before thee for the lives of thousands, rich
In all that makes life precious to the brave;
Who perish not alone, but in their fall
Break the far-spreading tendrils that they feed,
And leave them nurtureless. If thou wilt hear me
For them, I am content to speak no more.

Ad. Thou hast thy wish, then. Crythes! till yon dial
Casts its thin shadow on the approaching hour,
I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant,
Come without word, and lead him to his doom.
Now leave us.

Cry. What, alone?

Ad. Yes, slave, alone:
He is no assassin!

[*Exit CRYTHES.*]

Tell me who thou art.

What generous source owns that heroic blood,
Which holds its course thus bravely? What great wars
Have nursed the courage that can look on death—
Certain and speedy death—with placid eye?

Ion. I am a simple youth, who never bore
The weight of armour—one who may not boast
Of noble birth, or valour of his own.
Deem not the powers which nerve me thus to speak
In thy great presence, and have made my heart,
Upon the verge of bloody death, as calm,
As equal in its beatings, as when sleep
Approach'd me nestling from the sportive toils
Of thoughtless childhood, and celestial forms
Began to glimmer through the deepening shadows
Of soft oblivion—to belong to me!
These are the strengths of Heaven; to thee they speak,

Bid thee to hearken to thy people's cry,
Or warn thee that thy hour must shortly come !

Ad. I know it must ; so may'st thou spare thy warnings.
The envious gods in me have doom'd a race,
Whose glories stream from the same cloud-girt founts,
Whence their own dawn upon the infant world ;
And I shall sit on my ancestral throne
To meet their vengeance ; but till then I rule
As I have ever ruled, and thou wilt feel.

Ion. I will not further urge thy safety to thee ;
It may be, as thou say'st, too late ; nor seek
To make thee tremble at the gathering curse
Which shall burst forth in mockery at thy fall ;
But thou art gifted with a nobler sense—
I know thou art my sovereign !—sense of pain
Endured by myriad Argives, in whose souls,
And in whose fathers' souls, thou and thy fathers
Have kept their cherish'd state ; whose heartstrings, still
The living fibres of thy rooted power,
Quiver with agonies thy crimes have drawn
From Heavenly justice on them.

Ad. How ! my crimes ?

Ion. Yes ; 'tis the eternal law, that where guilt is,
Sorrow shall answer it ; and thou hast not
A poor man's privilege to bear alone,
Or in the narrow circle of his kinsmen,
The penalties of evil ; for in thine,
A nation's fate lies circled. King Adrastus !
Steel'd as thy heart is with the usages
Of pomp and power, a few short summers since
Thou wert a child, and canst not be relentless.
Oh, if maternal love embraced thee then,
Think of the mothers who with eyes unwet
Glare o'er their perishing children ; hast thou shared
The glow of a first friendship, which is born
'Midst the rude sports of boyhood, think of youth
Smitten amidst its playthings ;—let the spirit
Of thy own innocent childhood whisper pity !—*Ion ; a Tragedy.*

287.—ON SELF-DENIAL.

[BISHOP BEVERIDGE, 1637—1708.

[THE REV. WILLIAM BEVERIDGE was born at Barrow, in Leicestershire, 1637. At the age of eighteen he wrote a treatise on the excellence and use of the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Samaritan tongues, with a Syriac grammar. He was ordained in 1661, and was successively Vicar of Ealing, in Middlesex, and Rector of St. Peter's, Cornhill. His piety and energy as a parish priest obtained for him the name of the Restorer and Reviver of primitive piety. He was made Prebendary of St. Paul's—then Archdeacon of Colchester—and afterwards Prebendary of Canterbury. In 1704 he was promoted to the see of St. Asaph, where he was equally distinguished by his apostolic virtues. His works are very numerous; his "Private Thoughts on Religion" is well known. Bishop Beveridge died at Westminster in 1708.]

CHRIST hath said in plain terms, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself;" implying, that he that doth not deny himself cannot go after him.

But besides that, there is an impossibility in the thing itself, that any one should be a true Christian or go after Christ, and not deny himself, as may be easily perceived, if we will but consider what true Christianity requires of us, and what it is to be a real Christian. A true Christian, we know, is one that lives by faith and not by sight; that "looks not at the things which are seen, but at those things which are not seen;" that believes whatsoever Christ hath said, trusteth on whatsoever he hath promised, and obeyeth whatsoever he hath commanded; that receiveth Christ as his only Priest to make atonement for him, as his only Prophet to instruct, and as his only Lord and Master to rule and govern him. In a word, a Christian is one that gives up himself and all he hath to Christ, who gave himself and all he hath to him; and therefore the very notion of true Christianity implies and supposes the denial of ourselves, without which it is as impossible for a man to be a Christian, as it is for a subject to be rebellious and loyal to his prince at the same time; and therefore it is absolutely necessary that we go out of ourselves before we can go to him. We must strip ourselves of our very selves before we can put on Christ; for Christ himself hath told us, that "no man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. We cannot serve both "God and Mammon," Christ and ourselves too; so that we must either deny ourselves to go after Christ, or else deny Christ to go after ourselves, so as to mind our own selfish ends and desigus in the world.

And verily it is a hard case if we cannot deny ourselves for him, who so far denied himself for us, as to lay down his own life to redeem

ours. He who was equal to God himself, yea, who himself was the true God, so far denied himself as to become man, yea, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs," for us; and cannot we deny ourselves so much as a fancy, a conceit, a sin, or lust, for him? How then can we expect that he should own us for his friends, his servants, or disciples? No, he will never do it. Neither can we in reason expect that he should give himself and all the merits of his death and passion unto us, so long as we think much to give ourselves to him, or to deny ourselves for him. And therefore if we desire to be made partakers of all those glorious things that he hath purchased with his own most precious blood for the sons of men, let us begin here—indulge our flesh no longer, but deny ourselves whatsoever God hath been pleased to forbid. And for this end, let us endeavour each day more and more to live above ourselves, above the temper of our bodies, and above the allurements of the world: live as those who believe and profess that they are none of their own, but Christ's—his by creation; it was he that made us—his by preservation; it is he that maintains us—and his by redemption; it is he that hath purchased and redeemed us with his own blood. And therefore let us deny ourselves for the future to our very selves, whose we are not, and devote ourselves to him, whose alone we are. By this we shall manifest ourselves to be Christ's disciples indeed, especially if we do not only deny ourselves, but also take up our cross and follow him.

There is still another thing behind wherein we must deny ourselves, if we desire to go after Christ; and that is, we must deny and renounce all our self-righteousness, and all hopes and confidences from ourselves and from what we have done; which I look upon as a very great piece of self-denial; for naturally we are all prone to sacrifice to our own nets, to burn incense to our own drags, to boast of our own good works, and to pride ourselves with the conceit of our own righteousness. Though we be never so sinful, we would not be thought to be so, but would very fain be accounted righteous, not only by men, but by God himself, for something or other which ourselves do; though, when all comes to all, we know not what that should be; but howsoever, the pride of our hearts is such, that we are loth to go out of ourselves to look for righteousness, or to be beholden to another for it.

And this is the reason that justification by faith in Christ hath had so many adversaries in the world; mankind in general being so much in love with themselves, and doting upon what themselves do, that they cannot endure to renounce and vilify their own obedience and good works, so much as to think that they stand in need of any other righteousness besides their own; as if their own righteousness was so perfect, that God himself could find no fault with it, nor make any

exceptions against it, but must needs acknowledge them to be just and righteous persons for it. Whereas, alas ! there is not the best action that ever a mere mortal did, but if examined by the strict rules of justice, it is far from being good ; yea, so far, that God himself may justly pronounce it evil, and by consequence condemn the person that did it for doing of it. And therefore I cannot but wonder what it is that any man doth or can do, for which he can in reason expect to be justified before God ; our very righteousness being, as the prophet tells us, but as "filthy rags," and our most holy performances fraught with sin and imperfection, and therefore so far from justifying us, that we may justly be condemned for them ; but this mankind doth not love to hear of, the pride of our hearts being such, that by all means we must have something in ourselves whercof to glory before God himself. But woe be to that person who hath no other righteousness but his own, wherein to appear before the Judge of the whole world, for howsoever specious his actions may seem to men, they will be adjudged sins before the eternal God.

He therefore that would come to Christ, although he must labour after righteousness to the utmost of his power, yet when he hath done all, he must renounce it, and look upon himself as an unprofitable servant ; for Christ "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance ;" that is, he came not to call such persons as think they have righteousness enough of their own to serve their turns, for such persons think they have no need of him, and therefore it would be in vain to call them ; but he calls sinners, that is, such as may perhaps be as righteous as the other ; but they do not think themselves to be so, but look upon themselves as undone for ever, unless they have something else to trust to than their own good works and obedience to the moral law. Such persons therefore Christ came to call ; and if they come to him, they cannot but find rest and righteousness in him. And if any of us desire to go after Christ so as to be his disciples, we must be sure to look upon ourselves as sinners, as deserving nothing but wrath and vengeance for whatsoever we have done. We must renounce all our own righteousness, and be so far from depending upon it, as to think that we have none to depend upon, for so really we have not. And when we have laid aside all thoughts of our own righteousness, as to the matter of our justification before God, then, and not till then, shall we be rightly qualified to embrace another's, even that righteousness which is by faith in Christ. Thus St. Paul, though he had as much, yea, more reason to trust in the flesh or in himself than others, for himself saith that "touching the righteousness which is of the law," he was blameless ; yet, saith he, "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea, doubtless, and

I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him; not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith," Phil. iii. 7—9. Thus therefore it is that all those must do who desire to be, as St. Paul was, real disciples of Jesus Christ; as we must forsake our sins, so we must renounce our righteousness too. It is true, this is a great and difficult part of self-denial, thus to deny ourselves all that pride, pleasure, and confidence which we used to take in the thoughts of our own righteousness and obedience to the law of God; but we must remember, that the first thing which our Saviour enjoins those that come after him, is to deny themselves.—*Private Thoughts on a Christian Life*, part ii.

288.—MACBETH.

[AUGUSTUS W. VON SCHLEGEL, 1767—1845.]

[AUGUSTUS WILLIAM VON SCHLEGEL was born at Hanover, September 5, 1767. He was the son of John Adolph von Schlegel, a native of Saxony, and descended from a noble family. He was the brother of the no less distinguished Frederick von Schlegel. He was educated partly at home and partly at the grammar school at Hanover, where he displayed a great talent for the acquisition of languages, and learned not only Greek and Latin, but English and French. He then proceeded to the University of Göttingen, where he studied philology. While at the university he formed an intimate friendship for Heyne, for whose "Virgil" in 1788 he completed an index. He also became acquainted with Michaelis and Bürger, to whose "Akademie der schönen Redekünste" he contributed his "Ariadne" and an Essay on Dante. Schlegel combined his own studies with tuition, undertaking the private instruction of a rich young Englishman, and at the close of his University career, accepting the post of tutor to the son of Herr Muilmann, the celebrated banker of Amsterdam. On his return to Germany, he was elected professor in the University of Jena. Here he became acquainted with Schiller and Goethe, and shortly afterwards commenced his translations of Shakspeare. In 1805 he became acquainted with Madame de Staël, who was then visiting Berlin. She selected Schlegel to direct her studies in German, and confided to his charge the education of her children. He accompanied her in her travels through Italy, and finally made his abode at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva, her paternal seat. On the death of his patroness, he accepted a Professor's Chair at Bonn, where he died 1845. The brothers Schlegel were the founders of the Modern Romantic School of German literature. Reckoning both his separate publications and contributions to periodicals, his printed works amount in number to 126. He is best known to the English public by his lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.]

OF *Macbeth* I have already spoken once in passing, and who could exhaust the praises of this sublime work. Since *The Eumenides* of Æschylus, nothing so grand and terrible has ever been written. The witches are not, it is true, divine Eumenides, and are not intended to

be : they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. A German poet, therefore, very ill understood their meaning, when he transformed them into mongrel beings, a mixture of fates, furies, and enchantresses, and clothed them with tragic dignity. Let no man venture to lay hand on Shakspeare's works thinking to improve anything essential : he will be sure to punish himself. The bad is radically odious, and to endeavour in any manner to ennoble it, is to violate the laws of propriety. Hence, in my opinion, Dante, and even Tasso, have been much more successful in their portraiture of dæmons than Milton. Whether the age of Shakspeare still believed in ghosts and witches, is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* he has made of pre-existing traditions. No superstition can be widely diffused without having a foundation in human nature : on this the poet builds ; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, that presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits, which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of superstition ; that is, not the philosopher who denies and turns it into ridicule, but, what is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions. But when he ventures to make arbitrary changes in these popular traditions, he altogether forfeits his right to them, and merely holds up his own idle fancies to our ridicule. Shakspeare's picture of the witches is truly magical ; in the short scenes where they enter, he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary witch-dance. He has been abused for using the names of disgusting objects ; but he who fancies the kettle of the witches can be made effective with agreeable aromatics, is as wise as those who desire that hell should sincerely and honestly give good advice. These repulsive things, from which the imagination shrinks, are here emblems of the hostile powers which operate in nature ; and the repugnance of our senses is outweighed by the mental horror. With one another the witches discourse like women of the very lowest class ; for this was the class to which witches were ordinarily supposed to belong : when, however, they address *Macbeth* they assume a loftier tone : their predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity of oracles.

We here see that the witches are merely instruments ; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and

dreadful events would be above their sphere. With what intent did Shakspeare assign the same place to them in his play, which they occupy in the history of Macbeth as related in the old chronicles? A monstrous crime is committed: Duncan, a venerable old man, and the best of kings, is, in defenceless sleep, under the hospitable roof, murdered by his subject, whom he has loaded with honours and rewards. Natural motives alone seem inadequate, or the perpetrator must have been portrayed as a hardened villain. Shakspeare wished to exhibit a more sublime picture: an ambitious but noble hero, yielding to a deep-laid hellish temptation; and in whom all the crimes to which, in order to secure the fruits of his first crime, he is impelled by necessity, cannot altogether eradicate the stamp of native heroism. He has therefore given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The weird sisters surprise Macbeth in the moment of intoxication of victory, when his love of glory has been gratified; they cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what in reality can only be accomplished by his own deed, and gain credence for all their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction.* The opportunity of murdering the King immediately offers; the wife of Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence, which has at command all those sophisms that serve to throw a false splendour over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth; he is driven into it, as it were, in a tumult of fascination. Repentance immediately follows, nay, even precedes the deed, and the stings of conscience leave him rest neither night nor day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell; truly frightful is it to behold that same Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come,* clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of the way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to compassionate the state of his mind; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities, and even in his last defence we are compelled to admire the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience. We might believe that we witness in this tragedy the overruling destiny of the ancients represented in perfect accordance with their ideas: the whole originates in a supernatural influence, to which the subsequent events seem inevitably linked. Moreover, we even find here the same ambiguous oracles which, by their literal fulfilment,

* We'd jump the life to come.

deceive those who confide in them. Yet it may be easily shown that the poet has, in his work, displayed more enlightened views. He wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. An accurate scale is followed in the retaliation. Lady Macbeth, who of all the human participators in the king's murder is the most guilty, is thrown by the terrors of her conscience into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy to die the death of a hero on the field of battle. The noble Macduff is allowed the satisfaction of saving his country by punishing with his own hand the tyrant who had murdered his wife and children. Banquo, by an early death, atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted the wish to know his glorious descendants, as he thereby has roused Macbeth's jealousy; but he preserved his mind pure from the evil suggestions of the witches: his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold for his own life. In the progress of the action, this piece is altogether the reverse of *Hamlet*: it strides forward with amazing rapidity, from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. "Thought, and done!" is the general motto; for, as Macbeth says,

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.

In every feature we see an energetic heroic age, in the hardy North which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years perhaps, according to the story; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much could ever have been compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events,—the very inmost recesses in the minds of the dramatic personages are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they roll along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal this picture in its power to excite terror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth; what can possibly be said on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression they naturally leave? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of *Medusa*.—*Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*

289.—THE MINISTER'S "PLACING."

[JOHN GALT, 1779—1839.]

[JOHN GALT was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779. He was educated partly at home, partly at the grammar school of Irvine, and at Greenock. He was engaged for a short time in mercantile pursuits, and afterwards entered himself at Lincoln's Inn with the view of being called to the bar; he did not, however, pursue his study of the law. Galt is known chiefly by his Scotch novels, "The Ayrshire Legatees," which first appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," the "Annals of the Parish," and the "Entail." These works give a view of society in the west of Scotland as it existed in the last century and the commencement of the present one. Galt was the author also of the "Life and Administration of Wolsey," "Voyages and Travels," "Sir Andrew Wylie," "Laurie Todd," "The Provost," "The Steamboat," "The Wandering Jew," "The Earthquake," &c., and numerous contributions to periodical literature. Galt died on the 11th of April, 1839, at Greenock.]

Annals of the Year—1760.

FIRST of the placing.—It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me; and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the Presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a dash of glar on the side of his face that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair day, with their grievous gelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon, they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, he got up and protested, and said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." And I thought I would have a hard time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister of Lugton, was a jocoose man, and

would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the laying of the hands upon me was a-doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest, "This will do well enough, timber to timber;" but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Walls, of the new-jun of Irville, prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them, and therefore, the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers, "Here's the fockless Mess-John!" and then, when I went into the houses, their parents wouldna ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way, said, "Honest man, what's your pleasure here?" Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door like a dejected beggar, till I got the alms-deed of a civil reception—and who would have thought it?—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl, that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron, and his red Kilmarnock nightcap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner, "Come in, Sir, and ease yersel'; this will never do, the clergy are God's gorbies, and for their Master's sake it behoves us to respect them. There was no one in the whole parish mair against you than mysel'; but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out the nest of patronage." I thanked Thomas and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night or by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. "I was mindit," quoth he, "never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there;

but to testify and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family."—*Annals of the Parish*, chapter i.

290.—PLAGUE IN ATHENS AND DEATH OF PERICLES.

[THE RIGHT REV. CONNOP THIRLWALL, Bishop of St. David's, 1797.

[THE RIGHT REV. CONNOP THIRLWALL was born at Stepney, Middlesex, February 11, 1797. He was educated at the Charterhouse, and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1825; but three years after he took holy orders and became Rector of Kirby Underdale, Yorkshire. He was Tutor of Trinity College in 1815; Craven Scholar and Beil's Scholar; and Examiner for the Classical Tripos from 1828 to 1834. In 1840 he was made Bishop of St. David's. Bishop Thirlwall is known as a writer by his "History of Greece," published originally in Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia" and since in a larger form. In conjunction with the late Archdeacon Hare, he translated Niebuhr's "Roman History," and he was one of the editors of the "Cambridge Philological Museum."]

THE general aspect of the city was perhaps more hideous and frightful than that of modern cities afflicted by a like calamity. Thucydides does not mention any precautions taken by public authority to prevent the spreading of the infection. And though such precautions are always partially eluded, their entire absence must have cost many lives, as well as have filled the city with horrible spectacles. Not only the streets and public places, but the sanctuaries which had been occupied for shelter, were strewed with corpses; which when, as frequently happened, no friendly hand could be found to burn them, seem to have been suffered to lie. And it was observed that neither dogs, nor carrion birds, would touch them, and that the latter were not to be seen in the city so long as the pestilence lasted. Another consequence of this neglect was, that acts of violence were frequently committed by the relatives of the deceased, who had not the means of paying them the last offices of piety. The funeral pile which had been raised for one was pre-occupied by the friends of another; or a strange corpse would be thrown upon a pile already burning. But still more dreadful was the sight of the living sufferers, who goaded by their inward fever and quenchless thirst, rushed naked out of their dwellings in search of water, less that they might drink than that they might plunge into it, and thus relieve themselves from both their torments at once. Hence the wells and cisterns were always surrounded by a crowd of wretches, struggling, or dying, or dead.

The moral consequences of the plague of Athens were in many respects similar to those which have been always witnessed on such

occasions, and which have been so vividly described by Boccaccio, Manzoni, and De Foe. The passions of men were freed from the usual restraints of law, custom, and conscience, and their characters unfolded without reserve or disguise. The urgency of the common danger, as it seemed to interrupt all prospects of honourable industry and ambition, and to reduce the whole value of life to the enjoyment of the passing hour, operated as an assurance of impunity to encourage the perpetration of every crime. But at Athens, when the sanctions of human laws had lost their terrors, there were no restraints, for the multitude at least, sufficient to supply their place. The moral influence of a religion, which regarded the gods only as the dispensers of temporal good and evil, was universally relaxed by the calamity which fell indiscriminately upon the best and the worst.* There seems to have been as little of the spirit of benevolence among individuals, as of parental solicitude on the part of the state. The only exceptions to the general all-engrossing selfishness which are mentioned by Thucydides, were some persons of extraordinary generosity, who—as he says, from a sense of honour—ventured their lives to attend upon their sick friends. A striking contrast to the sublime charity, which has made the plagues of Milan and of Marseilles bright spots in the history of religion and humanity.

* * * * * *

But this third year of the war was marked by an event more important to Athens and to Greece. In the middle of it,† Pericles was carried off by a lingering illness, which was perhaps connected with the epidemic, but seems not to have exhibited any of its violent symptoms. Possibly the pestilence only struck him by depriving him of his two legitimate sons, his sister, and many of his most valued relatives and friends. His eldest son Xanthippus was a worthless and undutiful youth, who, discontented with his father because he refused to supply his extravagance, assailed him with ridicule and calumny. His death was little, to be regretted; but when it was followed by that of his more hopeful brother Paralus, the father's firmness, which had supported him under his other losses, gave way, and as he placed the

* Cantacuzenus (u.s.) exhibits only the reverse—a general increase of piety and virtue. Yet it seems from the last words of his description (*εἰ μὴ πάντ' ἀνδρώς εἴχε, καὶ ἀθεραπεύτως τὴν ψυχὴν*) that, if he had thought proper, he could have told of some exceptions.

† Two years and a half after the commencement of the war (Thuc. ii. 65), near the end of September or the beginning of October, 429. He was therefore no doubt living at the time of the imprudent counsel taken in the affair of Nicias the Cretan, though he may have been too ill to attend to public business. He survived the fall of Potidea eight or nine months.

funeral wreath on the lifeless head, he sobbed aloud, and melted into tears. He had still indeed one son remaining, Aspasia's child; but he was excluded, by the law which Pericles himself had proposed, from the privileges of an Athenian citizen, and therefore could not represent his father's house. Seeing therefore his name and race threatened with extinction—a thought of intolerable bitterness to a Greek—he petitioned the people to interpose its power. Plutarch says that he wished to repeal his own law; this was at least unnecessary; and the people conferred an honour as well as a privilege when it legitimated his natural son, permitting him to be enrolled in his father's phratry, and to take the name of Pericles. It proved a calamitous boon.

Pericles seems to have died with philosophical composure. He allowed the women who attended him to hang a charm round his neck; but he showed it with quiet playfulness to a friend, as a sign to what a pass his disorder had brought him, when he could submit to such trifling. When he was near his end and apparently insensible, his friends, gathered round his bed, relieved their sorrow by recalling the remembrance of his military exploits, and of the trophies which he had raised. He interrupted them, and observed, that they had omitted the most glorious praise which he could claim: "Other generals had been as fortunate; but he had never caused an Athenian to put on mourning."* A singular ground of satisfaction, notwithstanding the caution which marked his military career, if he had been conscious of having involved his country in the bloodiest war it had ever waged. His death was a loss which Athens could not repair. Many were eager to step into his place; but there was no man able to fill it; and the fragments of his power were snatched up by unworthy hands. He died, when the caution on which he valued himself was more than ever needed to guard Athens from fatal errors; and when the humanity which breathes through his dying boast, might have saved her from her deepest disgrace.—*History of Greece*, vol. iii., chap. xx.

291.—POWERS OF THE AIR AND THE SEA.

[MATTHEW F. MAURY, A.R.N., 1806.

[MATTHEW F. MAURY, astronomer and hydrographer, was born at Spottsylvania, Virginia, January 14, 1806. He is the son of Richard Maury, Esq. His parents

* Plut. Per. 38. The interpretation which Plutarch puts upon these words,—as if they referred to the moderation with which he treated his political opponents,—is a sign of surprising forgetfulness or inattention: since he records a favourite saying of Pericles, which clearly ascertains the meaning of his last words. He used to tell the Athenians, that as far as depended on him, as their general, they should be immortal.

removed to Tennessee when he was three or four years old. In 1825 Matthew entered the American navy, and was appointed a midshipman of the *Brandywine*. He joined the *Pincennes* sloop in the Pacific, and in her circumnavigated the globe, commencing his work on navigation while on board her. After his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant, he was appointed Astronomer to the South Sea Exploring Expedition, under Commander A. Catesby Jones, on whose retirement from the command of the expedition Mr. Maury withdrew from it also, and was put in charge of the dépôt of charts and instruments, which served as a nucleus for the National Observatory and Hydrographic Office of the United States, of which he was made superintendent. In 1854 Mr. Maury visited England, and excited attention by his inquiry into the ocean currents, local winds, &c. In illustration of these subjects he published his "Physical Geography of the Sea" (with charts and diagrams) which has been translated into several languages. The King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria presented him with gold medals in acknowledgment of his useful labours. On the outbreak of the Civil War Captain Maury threw up his appointments and joined the Confederates—loyally and ably advocating their cause in the English press.]

We have already said that the atmosphere forms a spherical shell, surrounding the earth to a depth which is unknown to us, by reason of its growing tenuity, as it is released from the pressure of its own superincumbent mass. Its upper surface cannot be nearer to us than fifty, and can scarcely be more remote than five hundred miles. It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the finest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level with the earth the most stately forests and stable buildings, to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapours from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew, when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path to give us the aurora of the morning and twilight of evening; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and the retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us in a moment and fail us in the twinkling of an eye, removing us in an instant from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat; but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

The atmosphere affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames ; it receives into itself that which has been polluted by use, and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire. It is in both cases consumed, in both cases it affords the food of consumption, and in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal, which requires it for combustion, and which removes it when combustion is over. It is the girdling encircling air that makes the whole world kin. The carbonic acid with which body our breathing fills the air, to-morrow seeks its way round the world. The date-trees that grow round the falls of the Nile will drink it in by their leaves ; the cedars of Lebanon will take of it to add to their stature ; the cocoa-nuts of Tahiti will grow rapidly upon it ; and the palms and bananas of Japan will change it into flowers. The oxygen we are breathing was distilled for us some short time ago by the magnolias of the Susquehanna and the great trees that skirt the Orinoco and the Amazon ; the giant rhododendrons of the Himalayas contributed to it, and the roses and myrtles of Cashmere, the cinnamon-tree of Ceylon, and the forest, older than the flood, that lies buried deep in the heart of Africa, far behind the mountains of the moon, gave it out. The rain we see descending was thawed for us out of the icebergs which have watched the Polar Star for ages, or it came from snows that rested on the summits of the Alps, but which the lotus lilies have soaked up from the Nile, and exhaled as vapour again into the ever-present air.

There are processes no less interesting going on in other parts of this magnificent field of research. Water is Nature's carrier : with its currents it conveys heat away from the torrid zone and ice from the frigid ; or, bottling the caloric away in the vesicles of its vapour, it first makes it impalpable, and then conveys it, by unknown paths, to the most distant parts of the earth. The materials of which the coral builds the island, and the sea-couch its shell, are gathered by this restless leveller from mountains, rocks, and valleys in all latitudes. Some it washes down from the mountains of the moon, or out of the gold-fields of Australia, or from the mines of Potosi, others from the battle-fields of Europe, or from the marble quarries of ancient Greece and Rome. These materials, thus collected and carried over falls or down rapids, are transported from river to sea, and delivered by the obedient waters to each insect and to every plant in the ocean at the right time and temperature, in proper form and in due quantity.

Treating the rocks less gently, it grinds them into dust, or pounds them into sand, or rolls and rubs them until they are fashioned into pebbles, rubble, or boulders ; the sand and shingle on the sea-shore are monuments of the abrading, tritulating power of water. By water the

soil has been brought down from the hills and spread out into valleys, plains, and fields for man's use. Saving the rocks on which the everlasting hills are established, everything on the surface of our planet seems to have been removed from its original foundation and lodged in its present place by water. Protean in shape, benignant in office, water, whether fresh or salt, solid, fluid, or gaseous, is marvellous in its powers.

It is one of the chief agents in the manifold workshops in which and by which the earth has been made a habitation fit for man.—*The Physical Geography of the Sea*, chap. i.

292.—A COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT.

[JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, 1827.

[JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, one of the most distinguished journalists and "Special Correspondents" of the day, was born Sept. 9, 1827. Apart from his active pursuits on the daily press, he has contributed much to general literature. As a descriptive writer, he narrates scenes and events with an almost photographic minuteness, while in many of his essays there is a tenderness, grace, and pathos, which strongly remind us of Charles Lamb. "Household Words," "All the Year Round," and the "Cornhill Magazine," owe much of their popularity to Mr. Hollingshead's contributions. His published volumes are "Under Bow Bells," 1859; "Rubbing the Gilt off," 1860; "The Ways of Life," 1861; and "Ragged London," in 1861; he is also the author of "The Birthplace of Podgers," a very popular farce, and of other dramatic compositions.]

My name is not unknown to the British public. When I mention that I am the author of those powerful letters which appear occasionally under the signature of Hydrophobius, I need scarcely add that I am the celebrated Sweetwort. While writing those letters I was a happy man. My privacy was as strictly preserved as that of Junius, and probably for the same reason, because my name would then have added nothing to the force of my fulminations. In a moment of weakness I allowed the veil to be torn asunder. My letters were collected and published; and, not content with that, to show my versatility, I gave to the world a collection of poetry, bearing my signature at full length, under the title of *The Rhododendron, and Other Poems*. For about three months after the publication of these two volumes, I had the exciting pleasure of seeing myself torn to pieces by my enemies in the daily and weekly critical organs; and the stupefying agony of seeing myself defended by my friends in the same channels of public instruction. The result of this contest was, that I became a literary lion. No gathering of wits was considered perfect without me. My time, during the week, was divided between dinner parties, evening

parties, and conversazioni. Occasionally, as I passed along the streets, I had the satisfaction of seeing men who were walking together, turn round as I went by, and hearing them say to each other hastily : "There he is ! That's Sweetwort !—Hydrophobius, you know !"

I had lived in this happy state for about six months, when it was suddenly found by photographic artists that a public demand existed for my portrait. I might have anticipated this natural result of my exalted position, but I had purposely closed my eyes to it for certain reasons of a physical nature.

My face and head are of that peculiar character, that, under no possible combination of lights and attitude could they be agreeable in a photographic portrait, or give any correct idea of the original. This, however, availed nothing to stem the tide of persecution, which set in, gently at first, but gradually increased in power, until it broke down every barrier which the forms and decencies of society had raised before it.

The attack was commenced with letters, which came one and two a day, three and four, ten, a dozen, even twenty at last, from photographic artists, soliciting the favour of a sitting. Some came with bare requests ; others backed by the recommendations of acquaintances, to whom they were allowed to refer ; others giving a list of what they had already done in the wide field of literary and artistic portraits. All these letters required to be answered according to the rules of business and politeness.

Not always, however, was the request conveyed in writing ; frequently it gave rise to personal visits of gentlemanly-looking men, who, if I was not at home, would not leave their cards, saying it was no matter, and they would call again. Some, by great tact and industry, obtained an interview, and were very difficult to bow out, they were so mild and persuasive. A few of the more energetic, when they called, were thoroughly prepared to take advantage, if I happened to be in one of my moments of weakness. Boys were waiting with the necessary apparatus round the corner ; and sometimes the shadow of the abominable instrument was cast by the sun-light across my study blinds, as I was endeavouring with all the powers at my command to get rid of its owner. I was as much attacked by the implements of photographic art, as ever an unpopular Irish landlord was by the blunderbusses of insolvent tenants. My excited imagination saw the detestable lens pointed at me in the street, levelled at my dressing-room curtain as I went through the task of shaving ; lurking for me in by-lanes, and under cover of the trees in the open meadows ; stationed even in the very centre of the green-coated German band who played their operatic selections before my breakfast-room window.

The real or presumed ties of family and kindred were raked up to assist in my persecution.

A full-bearded gentleman of Venetian aspect waited upon me early one morning with a letter from an agriculturist stationed in one of the most inaccessible parts of Wales begging to introduce the bearer to my notice, he being the grandson of some old lady that I was supposed to remember, who was the niece of my mother's aunt by my mother's marriage with her first husband before she became the wife of my late father. I read the letter, and exhibited a decent degree of cordiality to my visitor. I even invited him to dinner, when, to my horror, he slowly explained, over the wine, the object of his visit—the old story—my portrait. But he did not get it. Oh no!

On another occasion, by the carelessness and ignorance of a new servant, a shabby sheriff's-officer-looking man was admitted into my study, where he immediately took a seat, placing a greasy hat upon the floor, containing a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. I awaited his pleasure, not being aware that any writs were out against me, or that a distress was likely to be put in for rent. He was not long in explaining his business.

"Of course," he began, "as I says to my gov'nor, a gent didn't ought to have his val'able time took up without gettin' suffin for it."

"Sir!" I said, in astonishment.

"Well," he continued, drowsily, without noticing my remark, "a gent's pictur' fetches money—consequently it's worth money—that's about the size of it, I think!"

I gave him no reply, being too much engaged in thinking of the uncharitableness of the world, which was probably attributing my coyness to interested motives. The photographic professors perhaps thought that the proper price for my portrait had not yet been offered to me, and had sent this agreeable agent to negotiate the purchase.

"Come," he added, in what was intended to be a wheedling tone, "it's soon over, you know; only like havin' a tooth out, after all. If a gen'lman's a gen'lman, my gov'nor 'll do the thing that's right."

Whether this man was simply drunk—a paid agent, or a self-constituted agent, I did not stay to ascertain. At the close of the last speech I had him moved bodily out of the house, and I was annoyed with no more personal applications for the space of three weeks.

For the short period of three weeks I was entirely undisturbed, and began to comfort myself with the delightful belief that the portrait mania, as far as I was concerned, had at length worked itself out by sheer exhaustion, and died quietly away. I was the victim of a miserable self-deception. The calm was only the forerunner of the tempest.

Entering my study one morning a little earlier than usual, I found

it, to my astonishment, in the possession of a tall, stout, determined-looking man, who returned my inquiring glance with a steady eye, that seemed prepared for everything. A mysterious feeling came over me, as I gazed with a kind of fascination upon the stranger, that at last I had found my master. He had obtained admission, in defiance of my strict instructions, by stepping over the pail and the housemaid, as she was cleaning the steps in the morning. Remonstrance, with such a man, I seemed to feel was useless, and I allowed him to state his business at once, without interruption, conscious that no time would be lost.

"Now, sir," he said loudly, in the tone of a policeman who had just caught a notorious criminal, "you are aware that for some time a growing demand has existed for your portrait?"

I assented silently.

"You are aware," he continued, calmly, but forcibly, "that, when a demand reaches a certain height, it must be supplied?"

I again assented with a feeble nod.

"Good. Look here."

He drew a picture from his capacious coat-pocket. He placed it in my hand. I examined it carefully. It was a marvellous production of photographic skill—a beetle-browed man, with the Sunday complexion of a master chimney-sweep, the lineaments of a churchwarden mixed with those of the professional burglar, but whether the churchwarden turned burglar or the burglar turned churchwarden, it was impossible to determine.

"Know that person?" asked my visitor.

I replied that I did not.

"Bill Tippetts—the Lambeth Phenomenon."

"Of the prize-ring?"

"Of the prize-ring."

I returned the portrait of Bill Tippetts.

"Now," continued my visitor, "I'm a practical man. I've got an order for two thousand copies of your portrait for home consumption, and fifteen hundred for exportation. I don't want to do anything offensive; but, knowing your objection to sit for a photograph, I have been compelled to look amongst my stock for something like you, and I can find nothing so near the mark as Bill Tippetts."

A cold perspiration came over me: the practical man had got me in his power.

"This order for two thousand copies of your likeness for home consumption, and fifteen hundred for exportation," he resumed, "must be executed within ten days, and I can only give you till ten o'clock to-morrow morning to decide. At that hour I must know whether it is to be Bill Tippetts, or Mr. Edgar Sweetwort. Good morning."

Long before the appointed hour I was sitting helplessly, under a broiling sun, in a glass cage upon the tiles of an elevated house near the Haymarket, W., composing my countenance according to the imperious instructions of the relentless photographer.—*Ways of Life*.

293.—HOME AT LAST.

[TOM HOOD, 1835.

[GENES is seldom hereditary, nevertheless the talent of Thomas Hood appears to have descended in a slightly varied form to his son. Tom Hood,—editor of "Fun," and author of "Pen and Pencil Sketches," "Quips and Cranks," "Daughters of King Dahur, and other Poems," "A Disputed Inheritance," "Golden Heart," "Lost Link," and numerous other works, was born at Lake House, Wanstead, Essex, January 19, 1835. He was educated at University College School and Louth Grammar School, and entered as a Commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1853, where he passed all the examinations for the degrees, but did not put on the gown of a B.A. Tom Hood is an artist as well as an author. He has illustrated his father's comic verses, "Precocious Peggy," and other works. He is a contributor to the magazines, and has had some experience as a journalist.]

SISTER Mary, come and sit

Here beside me in the bay

Of the window—ruby-lit

With the last gleams of the day.

Steeped in crimson through and through

Glow the battlements of vapour;

While above them, in the blue,

Hesper lights his tiny taper.

Look! the rook flies westward, darling,

Flapping slowly over head;

See, in dusky clouds the starling

Whirring to the willow bed.

Through the lakes of mist, that lie

Breast-deep in the fields below,

Underneath the darkening sky

Home the weary reapers go.

Peace and rest, at length have come,

All the day's long toil is past;

And each heart is whispering "Home—

Home at last!"

Mary! in your great grey eyes

I can see the long-repress

Grief, whose earnest look denies

That to-night each heart's at rest.

Twelve long years ago you parted—
He to India went alone ;
Young and strong and hopeful-hearted—
“ Oh, he would not long be gone.”
Twelve long years have lingered by ;
Youth, and strength and hope have fled,
Life beneath an Indian sky
Withers limb and whitens head ;
But his faith has never faltered,
Time his noble heart has spared ;
Yet, dear, he is sadly altered—
So he writes me. Be prepared !
I have news—good news ! He says—
In this hurried note and short—
That his ship, ere many days,
Will be anchored safe in port.
Courage !—Soon, dear, will he come—
Those few days will fly so fast ;
Yes ! he's coming, Mary—Home—
Home at last.

* * * * *

Idle words !—yet strangely fit !
In a vessel, leagues away,
In the cabin, ruby-lit
By the last gleams of the day,
Calm and still the loved one lies ;
Never tear of joy or sorrow
Shall unseal those heavy eyes—
They will ope to no to-morrow.
Folded hands upon a breast
Where no feverish pulses flutter,
Speak of an unbroken rest,
That no earthly tongue may utter.
And a sweet smile seems to grow—
Seems to hover on the lip
As the shadows come and go
With the motion of the ship.
Rest and Peace at length have come—
Rest and Peace how deep and vast ;
Weary wanderer—truly Home—
Home at last.

Daughters of King Daher, and other Poems.

294.—COMPARISON BETWEEN THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.

[REV. WM. JONES, of Nayland, 1726—1801.]

[THE REV. WILLIAM JONES was born at Lowick, Northamptonshire, 1726, and educated at the Charter House, and University College, Oxford, where he obtained an exhibition. His first curacy was that of Finedon, Northamptonshire, where he wrote his answer to Bishop Clayton's Essay on Spirit. In 1764 he was presented to Bethersden Vicarage, Kent; afterwards he resided at Nayland, Suffolk, till the elevation of Dr. Horne to the See of Norwich, when he became domestic chaplain to his venerable friend. In 1798, he was presented by the archbishop to the living of Hollingbourne, Kent. He afterwards held Pluckley Rectory, Kent, which he exchanged for Paston, Northamptonshire. This excellent divine died in 1801. His chief works are "Catholic Doctrine of the Trinity," "Discourses on the Natural Philosophy of the Elements," "The Scholar Armed"—tracts for the times, during the troubled period of the French Revolution; Sermons; Essays, &c. and "Memoirs of Bishop Horne."

Two things of a contrary nature are best understood when they are placed near to one another, or compared together in the mind. The summer is better understood, and more to be valued, when we compare it with the winter; a season in which so many comforts are wanting, which the summer affords us. The blessings of government are more acceptable, when compared with the miseries of anarchy. We have the like advantage, when we compare together the *Church* and the *World*, those two societies of which we are members: of the *World* by our natural birth; of the *Church* by our spiritual birth in Baptism. When we are admitted into the Christian covenant, we renounce this world as a *wicked* world, and become members of the *Church*, which is called the *holy* Church. Both these societies are influential on those who belong to them; the one corrupts, the other sanctifies; therefore it is of the last importance to mankind to consider and understand the difference between them.

If we ask, why the world is called wicked, we shall find it to be such from the nature and manners of its inhabitants: for the world, as it means the system of the visible creation, can have no harm in it. There can be no wickedness, where there is no moral agency nor freedom of action.

From the sin of Adam, and the effects of his fall, the state of man by nature is a state of sin. The Scripture is so express in this, that it is not necessary to insist upon it. A disposition to evil comes into the world with every man, and is as a seed, which brings forth its fruit throughout the course of his life. Many evil passions disturb and agitate his mind; and from the ignorance or darkness which prevails in him, he knows not that he is to resist them in order to his peace and happiness, nor hath he ability so to do, if he did know it. The worst and the most violent of all his passions is pride, which affects superiority, and delights

in vain show and pompous distinction ; whether it be that of wealth, or honour, or wisdom. Covetousness disposes him to take all he can to himself, and pay no regard to the wants of others ; whence the state of nature is a state of war, in which men plunder and destroy one another ; not knowing the way of peace, which consists only with restraint, and must be taught them from above ; "the way of peace have they not known," saith the Scripture.

Man knows all things by education, but nothing by nature, except, as the Apostle saith, what "he knoweth naturally, as a brute beast." The world, as we see it now, is under the restraint of laws, which in some countries are better in themselves and better executed than in others : but if there were no laws, and no governments to execute them, then we should see what a scene of destruction and misery this world would be, through the sinfulness of man's nature. Fraud, rapine, and cruelty, those three dreadful monsters, make strange havoc amongst us, notwithstanding the law and regulations of society : what then would this world be without them ?

With respect to God, the state of man is a state of rebellion, alienation, and condemnation. His ways are so opposite to the will of God, that he is said to be *at enmity* with Him. He has no alliance with his Maker, either as a child, a subject, or a servant ; but being under a general law of disobedience, can inherit nothing from God but wrath and punishment.

You will see this account verified by the plainest declarations of the Scripture. First, as to the enmity of the world against God. "If the world hate you," saith our Lord when he came to save it, "ye know* that it hated Me before it hated you." Secondly, as to their alienation or departure from all alliance with Him. "You that were some time alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked works," saith St. Paul ;* and again, speaking of the natural state of the Ephesians before their conversion, he describes them as "aliens and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world ;" in which passage there is something farther than appears from the sound of the words, for when we read, "without God in the world," the words, "in the world," are emphatical, and denote this *wicked world*, such as we have been describing it, of which they that are members, must of course be without God, and without hope : they belong to a society which knows Him not.

Then, thirdly, that the world is under condemnation. "We are chastened of the Lord," saith St. Paul, "that we should not be condemned with the world ;" whence it is evident that the world, as

* Col. i. 12.

such, is under condemnation, and can expect nothing of God, but punishment for sin.

* * * * *

Such then is the world, and such are we all, so far as we are members of it. God therefore, of His infinite mercy, takes us out of this wicked society, and *translates* us into another. He "delivers us from the power of darkness, and translates us into the kingdom of His dear Son ; " * and without this translation we are inevitably lost. You are here to observe, that the *kingdom* of Christ is one of the names of His *Church* ; and they that are in it, as it is distinguished from the world, are called *children of the kingdom*. Its nature is totally different from the kingdom of this world (of which we shall see more hereafter) ; for as the world is called *wicked*, so the Church is called *holy*, and all the holiness that can be in a man must be derived from thence. If we inquire how, and in what respects, the Church is holy, we find it must be so from its relation to God. It is called the *Church of God*, and He being holy, everything that belongs to Him must be so of course. And further, it is a society, or body, of which the Holy Spirit is the life ; and this life being communicated to those who are taken into the Church, they are thereby made partakers of an holy life, which is elsewhere called *the life of God* ; from which life they are *alienated* who are out of this society. It is holy in its Sacraments ; our Baptism is 'an holy Baptism from the Holy Spirit of God : the Lord's Supper is an holy sacrifice : the ordinance of Absolution is for the forgiveness of past sin, that the members of the Church may be * recovered from sin to a state of holiness and peace with God. The Church is holy in its Priesthood, all the offices of which are for the sanctification of the people.

The contrary nature of the two societies I have been speaking of will now be better understood, when they* are compared together. In the one, men are in a lost condition ; in the other, they are in a state of salvation ; for as the world is *alienated from God*, the Church is in alliance and covenant with Him, and partaker of His promises. As the world is under condemnation, the Church is under grace, and pardon of sin ; its Baptism washes away original sin, and gives a new birth to purity and righteousness ; its other Sacrament of the Lord's Supper maintains that spiritual life which is begun at Baptism, as meat and drink support the life we receive at our natural birth. As the world is *without hope*, the Christian hath *hope in death*, through the resurrection of Christ, and is assured that he who is united to the life of God can never die : for God is not the God of the dead, but of

* Col. i. 13.

the living. While the wicked are to perish with the world which they inhabit, the children of God are *heirs with Christ of an eternal kingdom.*

The church is also holy, when by the word *church* we understand the building or place in which the people assemble to accomplish the service of God: as the world, on the other hand, hath always had its unholy places of assembly, its theatre, its idol temples, &c., which un-sanctify and pollute those who frequent them. Under the Jewish state of the Church, the temple is called the *holy temple*, or *holy place* (Heb.); and a part of it was called the *most holy place*. Our Saviour allows that the temple *sanctified the gold* which was offered in it, and consequently all other offerings and sacrifices there made. Now, if that temple was holy, whose glory was to be done away, certainly the place of Christian worship, called the church, must be holy also. For why was the temple at Jerusalem holy, but because the presence of God attended it? And has He not promised to be in the midst of us? And must not our churches therefore be holy upon the same account? And are they not guilty of a great sin who treat any church with irreverence; much more if they despise or defile it? For it is said, "he that defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy." — *An Essay on the Church*, 1760.

295.—A CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

[CHARLES P. PHILLIPS, 1787—1860.

[MR. PHILLIPS, the celebrated orator and pleader, was born at Sligo, 1787; he went to Dublin University (1802), where he took the degree of B.A., and was called to the Irish bar in 1811. In 1821 he was called to the English bar, and, the fame of his eloquence having preceded him, he soon rose into note. In 1842 he was appointed a Commissioner of Bankruptcy at Liverpool by Lord Lyndhurst, and in 1846 a Commissioner of Insolvent Debtors, which office he held until his death. He is the author of "The Life and Oratory of Curran," and a collection of his speeches (edited by himself) was published 8vo, 1822.]

HE IS FALLEN! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality.

A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life, in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every

energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity !

With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glauce of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshipped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate ; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent ; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross : the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the Republic ; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the fabric of his despotism.

A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope ; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country ; and in the name of Brutus,* he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars !

Through this pantomime of his policy, Fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendant ; decision flashed upon his councils ; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable ; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption.

His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field.

Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn ; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity ! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance ; romance assumed the air of history ; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All

* In his hypocritical cant after liberty, in the commencement of the Revolution, he assumed the name of "Brutus."—Proh pudor !

the visions of antiquity became commonplaces in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room—with the mob or the levée—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

Cradled in the camp, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless, and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite.

They knew well that if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized everybody; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Staël, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.*

Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A Royalist—a Republican and an Emperor—a Mahometan—a Catholic and a patron of the Synagogue—a Subaltern and a Sovereign—a Traitor and a Tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte, the first Emperor of the French.

That he has done much evil there is little doubt; that he has been

* To Sir Humphry Davy he transmitted the first prize of the Academy of Sciences.

the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France have risen to the blessings of a free constitution; Superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the Inquisition, and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever. Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism so stupendous against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson that if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.—*Speeches*. 1822.

296.—HOW 'THE TIDE TURNED.

[THOMAS HUGHES, M.A., M.P., 1823.]

[MR. HUGHES was born at Donnington Priory, near Newbury, Berks, October 20, 1823. He was educated at Rugby, when that most famous among our public schools was under the sway of Dr. Arnold. To the recollection of his schoolboy days we owe one of the most charming books that has ever been placed in the hands of youth, and from which even "children of larger growth" may learn lessons of deep import—viz., "Tom Brown's School Days"—or rather Thomas Hughes', under a thin veil of fiction. Mr. Hughes entered at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1841; studied at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1848. His "School Days" was published in 1856, his "Scouring of the White Horse" in 1858, and "Tom Brown at College" in "Macmillan's Magazine." He is also the author of several Tracts and critical Essays.]

I HAVE already described the School-house prayers; they were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys who stood all together at the further table—of all sorts and sizes, like young bears with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him when he was in the same position. He thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor little slight Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him upstairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed. It was a huge high-chair room, with two large windows looking on to the School close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the furthest corner by the fireplace, occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other junior forms, all fags (for the fifth-form boys, as has been said, slept in rooms by themselves). Being fags, (the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old,) they were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter-past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes therefore of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand-stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the

sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished the unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, gen'l'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leapt, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the School-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony

next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him first, all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

* * * * *

He found too how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact, that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy in the room except the præposter; at any rate, every boy knew that he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers. Some of the small boys of Number 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums, and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried it on; in one instance or so, where the præposter heard of it and interfered very decidedly, with partial success; but in the rest, after a short struggle, the confessors were bullied or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer. Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the School-house, there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out for ever.—*Tom Brown's School-days*,

297.—ODIN.

[MALLET, TRANSLATED BY DR. THOMAS PERCY, 1728—1811.

[THOMAS PERCY, D.D., was born in Shropshire, 1728. He was educated at Oxford. He was an antiquarian and accomplished translator. To him we are indebted for the "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," "The Northumberland Household Book," and the translation of Mallet's valuable "Northern Antiquities."* Dr. Percy was ordained

* M. Mallet was the tutor of the unhappy Christian VII. of Denmark. He was engaged by Frederick V. to write a history of Denmark in French; the "Antiquities" were the two prefatory volumes to it, and have gained a European celebrity.

Bishop of Dromore in 1782; from that time he ceased writing, and devoted himself wholly to the duties of his diocese. He died in Ireland in 1811.]

THE Roman Commonwealth was arrived at the highest pitch of power, and saw all the then known world subject to its laws, when an unforeseen event raised up enemies against it, from the very bosom of the forests of Scythia, and on the banks of the Tanäis. Mithridates, by flying, had drawn Pompey after him into those deserts. The king of Pontus sought there for refuge, and new means of vengeance. He hoped to arm against the ambition of Rome all the barbarous nations, his neighbours, whose liberty she threatened. He succeeded in this at first; but all those people, ill united as allies, ill armed as soldiers, and still worse disciplined, were forced to yield to the genius of Pompey. Odin is said to have been of this number. He was obliged to withdraw himself by flight from the vengeance of the Romans; and to go and seek in countries unknown to his enemies that safety which he could no longer find in his own. His true name was Sigge, son of Fridulph; but he assumed that of Odin, who was the Supreme God among the Teutonic nations; either in order to pass among his followers for a man inspired by the Gods, or because he was chief priest, and presided over the worship paid to that deity. We know that it was usual with many nations to give their pontiffs the name of the God they worshipped. Sigge, full of his ambitious projects, we may be assured, took care to avail himself of a title so proper to procure him respect among the people he meant to subject.

Odin, for so we shall hereafter call him, commanded the Æsir, whose country must have been situated between the Pontus Euxinus and the Caspian Sea. Their principal city was Asgard. The worship there paid to their supreme God was famous throughout the circumjacent countries. Odin, having united under his banners the youth of the neighbouring nations, marched towards the north and west of Europe, subduing, we are told, all the people he found in his passage, and giving them to one or other of his sons for subjects. Many sovereign families of the north are said to be descended from these princes. Thus Horsa and Hengist, the chiefs of those Saxons who conquered Britain in the fifth century, counted Odin, or Wodin, in the number of their ancestors; it was the same with the other Anglo-Saxon princes; as well as the greatest part of those of Lower Germany and the north. But there is reason to suspect that all these genealogies, which have given birth to so many insipid panegyrics and frivolous researches, are founded upon a mere equivocal, or double meaning of the word Odin. This word signified, as we have seen above, the Supreme God of the Teutonic nations; we know also that it was customary with all the heroes of these nations to speak of themselves

as sprung from their divinities, especially their god of war. The historians of those times, that is to say the poets, never failed to bestow the same honour on all those whose praises they sung : and thus they multiplied the descendants of Odin, or the Supreme God, as much as ever they found convenient.

After having disposed of so many countries, and confirmed and settled his new governments, Odin directed his course towards Scandinavia, passing through Cimbria, at present Holstein and Jutland. These provinces, exhausted of inhabitants, made him no resistance; and shortly after he passed into Fünen, which submitted as soon as ever he appeared. He is said to have stayed a long time in this agreeable island, where he built the city of Odensee, which still preserves in its name the memory of its founder. Hence he extended his arms over all the north. He subdued the rest of Denmark, and made his son Skjöld be received there as king; a title which, according to the Icelandic annals, no person had ever borne before, and which passed to his descendants, called after his name Skjöldungians; if this name was not rather given them on account of the shield, which they were accustomed to bear, for this is called Skjold in the Danish language to this day. Odin, who was apparently better pleased to give crowns to his children than to wear them himself, afterwards passed into Sweden, where at that time reigned a prince named Gylfi, who persuaded that the author of a new worship consecrated by conquests so brilliant, could not be of the ordinary race of mortals, paid him great honours, and even worshipped him as a divinity. By favour of this opinion, which the ignorance of that age led men easily to embrace, Odin quickly acquired in Sweden the same authority he had obtained in Denmark. The Swedes came in crowds to do him homage, and by common consent bestowed the regal title and office upon his son Yngiv and his posterity. Hence sprung the Ynglingians, a name by which the kings of Sweden were for a long time distinguished. Gylfi died, or was forgotten. Odin governed with absolute dominion. He enacted new laws, introduced the customs of his own country, and established at Sigtuna (a city at present destroyed, situate in the same province with Stockholm) a supreme council or tribunal, composed of twelve pontiffs or judges. Their business was to watch over the public weal, to distribute justice to the people, to preside over the new worship, which Odin brought with him into the north, and to preserve faithfully the religious and magical secrets which that prince deposited with them. He was quickly acknowledged as a sovereign and a god by all the petty kings among whom Sweden was then divided; and he levied an impost or poll-tax upon every head through the whole country. He engaged on his part to defend the inhabitants against all

their enemies, and to defray the expense of the worship rendered to the gods at Sigtuna.

These great acquisitions seem not, however, to have satisfied his ambition. The desire of extending farther his religion, his authority, and his glory, caused him to undertake the conquest of Norway. His good fortune or address followed him thither, and this kingdom quickly obeyed a son of Odin named Sæming, whom they have taken care to make head of a family, the different branches of which reigned for a long time in that country.

After he had finished these glorious achievements, Odin retired into Sweden; where, perceiving his end to draw near, he would not wait till the consequences of a lingering disease should put a period to that life which he had so often bravely hazarded in the field; but assembling the friends and companions of his fortune, he gave himself nine wounds in the form of a circle with the point of a lance, and many other cuts in his skin with his sword. As he was dying, he declared he was going back to Asgard to take his seat among the other gods at an eternal banquet, where he would receive with great honours all who should expose themselves intrepidly in battle, and die bravely with their swords in their hands. As soon as he had breathed his last, they carried his body to Sigtuna, where, conformably to a custom introduced by him into the north, his body was burnt with much pomp and magnificence.

Such was the end of this man, whose death was as extraordinary as his life.—*Northern Antiquities*, chap. iii.

298.—CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

[J. S. BUCKINGHAM, 1786—1855.]

[JAMES SILK BUCKINGHAM was born at Flushing, near Falmouth, Cornwall, in 1786. He rose from humble circumstances to represent Sheffield in Parliament from 1832 to 1837. He was a celebrated traveller, and established the *Oriental Herald*, which was the precursor of the *Athenæum*. In 1816 he established a journal in Bengal, but on account of the freedom of his criticisms on the local government, he was expelled from the presidency. The East India Company afterwards allowed him a pension. He also received a literary pension of 200*l.* per annum from the Civil List. He died in London in 1855.]

DURING the recent expedition of Mohammed Ali Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt, against the Wahabees of the Hedjaz, his highness was detained in the Holy Land of the Mohammedans a longer period than he had anticipated on his first setting out for the war. Neither the tomb of the Prophet at Medina, nor the temple of the Faithful at Mecca, could console him for the loss of his harem, which he had

left behind him at the Egyptian capital, in the hope of his speedy return to the palace in which they were immured. He had accordingly sent off expresses by the fleetest dromedaries, commanding the whole of his wives and their attendants to be brought to him; and a large caravan being about to be formed, for the purpose of accompanying and conveying them on their route, I availed myself of this favourable opportunity to cross the Desert of Suez under its protection; and after the usual preparations for such a journey, encamped with the rest on the banks of the Buket-el-Hadji, or the Lake of the Pilgrims, a few miles from Cairo, which forms the grand rendezvous at which all the scattered elements of the caravans are finally united, and from whence they set out in the order necessary for their security.

At noon the first signal gun for loading was fired, when all was bustle and confusion; and the breaking-up of the tents, harnessing the animals to the clumsy carriages constructed for the conveyance of the Pacha's wives and principal slaves, loading the camels which had all been watered at the lake in the morning, arranging the stations of the Turkish cavalry as guards, &c., occupied all parties until nearly four o'clock in the afternoon.

At length, on the firing of a second gun, the whole caravan was put in motion, and commenced its march in the following order:—An advanced guard of horsemen (at the head of whom was the "Emir-el-Hadji, or Prince of the Pilgrims," a title given to the chief conductor of the caravan), kept their station two or three miles ahead, so as to be almost always within sight, except when hidden from the view by a hollow in the sands, of which there are many, resembling the space left between two succeeding billows in a tempest; and as vessels sink between the rising waves, so as to be lost for a moment from the sight of those around them, so even on this desert plain the same effect is produced by many furrows, which intercept its otherwise level surface. In front of the caravan, and immediately preceding it, was a six-pound iron cannon, very loosely fitted as a field-piece, on a heavy car, and drawn by four horses. On each side of this were parties of about twenty horsemen in each, whose province it appeared to be to keep an equal line, by riding up and down the breadth of the front, and checking those who were too far advanced, as well as bringing up by a quicker pace those who appeared to tarry behind. Following in succession came separate trains of camels, some of which contained more than fifty animals in a line. In the centre a large space was left for the harem of the Pacha, the principal personages of which were conveyed each in a separate vehicle, resembling an Indian palanquin, closed on all sides round with hollow lattice work, very gaudily painted and gilded, and borne between two camels.

All the attendant females, whether companions, servants, or slaves, were borne on camels in a kind of tented pannier, one of them suspended on each side of the animal, so that the pair of tents contained two persons, who faced each other, and were sheltered from the sun by the canvas, which at once covered them and curtained them from the prying eyes of curious passengers. In front of the central was a pedestrian band of musicians, who walked between the two principal palanquins as they kept their pace abreast of each other: and whenever their portion of the caravan halted for a few minutes, which happened frequently from the pressure of those before, or the intervention of very trifling obstacles, they beguiled the tedium of the delay by an Arabic song, accompanying the voices with the common instruments in use among them.

As it was considered more than probable that the known passage of the Pacha's harem across the desert might attract the Bedouins of the surrounding country, under the hope of being able to plunder them of their jewels, &c., they were completely hemmed in the centre of the caravan, and very strongly guarded also by two detachments of fifty men each, under the separate commands of Ibrahim Pacha and Ismael Pacha, the viceroy's sons, whose mothers were also among the principal females of those whom they protected. On the right and left of the centre, and about the same distance from the nearest limits of the edge of the caravan as the advanced guard were from its front, two parties of horsemen formed what might be called the wing guards, as their province was to keep a good look-out in their respective quarters, and to protect that portion of the caravan nearest to which they were placed. Behind came trains of camels, fastened to each other in long lines; and last of all was a party of about twenty horsemen, apparently for the purpose of keeping the caravan as compactly as possible together, while a rear guard, at the distance of from two to three miles astern, brought up the whole.

The route taken by the caravan was the central or, most generally frequented one, being to the northward of that which I had pursued in a former journey across the desert to Suez, and resembling it in soil, having a firm and hard gravel, over which artillery and baggage-waggons might be drawn with ease; indeed, beside the field-piece car, which was drawn in front, there were several other wheeled carriages accompanying the harem in the present caravan.

Toward sunset we had on our left a long line of sand-hills, whose summits were pointed and variegated in a thousand forms, and their fine outlines, more accurately defined as evening advanced, formed a beautiful contrast, by opposing their yellow edges to the deep azure of a serene sky. At Muggrib, the hour when twilight ends, the signal

gun was fired to halt; and while the camels reposed on the ground without being unladen, the pilgrims of the caravan performed their ablutions and evening prayers, and another hour was allowed for supper. As the former was a duty in which I did not join, and the latter was entirely omitted for want of inclination, I profited by the interval to throw myself along upon the sand, and catch a short repose; but to sleep was impossible. Appetite to eat I had none; to have drank wine, with the high fever which continued on me, would have been poison; and of water no supply had been laid in, from an expectation that the chief to whose care and protection I had been commended, would afford it to me from his tent, as well as every other species of provisions; so that subsequently, when unable to endure any longer the parched thirst that oppressed me, I was obliged to alight, and walking by the side of the camel, to suck from a goat's skin the putrid water which our drivers had provided for the asses and beasts of burthen—they having, for their own use, only a small kid's skin full, which the impossibility of replenishing in the desert made them carefully preserve.

When night advanced its darkness was very sensibly lessened by the yellowish whiteness of the plains around, as well as by the unclouded sky, which yielded us a clear and steady light from the brilliant orbs that studded it, whose lustre, through the clear transparency of a desert atmosphere in southern climates, surpasses in the highest degree the brilliancy which they shed on those who inhabit beneath the humid and clouded canopy of a northern sky.

The halt of our caravan being nearly three hours, it must have been about ten o'clock when the cannon announced to us the order for remounting. Immediately the camels were raised, the portable table service of their Oriental riders thrown into their bags, and in less than a quarter of an hour every one had resumed his station.

For the supposed safer direction of our midnight march, a considerable number of torches had been lighted, the largest of them consisting of a long pole, having on its summit a circular framework of iron, after the manner of a cage, in which a fire is borne aloft, and fed with wood as occasion requires. These torches were not only dispersed amongst the body of the caravan itself, but were carried also before the advanced, the wing, and the rear guards, who, excepting at momentary intervals, when they were hidden by the inequalities of the road, were always in sight. Amid all my sufferings from fatigue, inconvenience, and severe illness, it was impossible to be perfectly prepared for the impressions which our situation was so well calculated to excite; yet I am sure they occasionally lost for a moment their poignancy, if they were not altogether forgotten, in the admiration with which

I viewed so grand a spectacle as the one that this hour of midnight presented. The caravan consisted of more than five thousand camels, besides mules, asses, wheeled carriages, &c.; and the number of persons who accompanied it, mounted and on foot, were certainly double. The four points of the horizon were intercepted by the separate groups of lights that accompanied those respective divisions of our surrounding guards; although while the waving movements of the lights themselves were distinctly marked, not an individual, either of the Arabs by whom they were borne, or of the guard, whose path they were intended to illuminate, could at all be seen. Immediately around us, the crowded caravan pursued its march in the most compact and closest order, to the unbroken preservation of which every individual was induced to attend by a regard to his own personal safety; when it was considered that we had entered a desert, before whose tribes, if they attacked us, flight would be ineffectual, and upon whose naked plains no refuge from them could be found. The Arab drivers sang to their camels most appropriate songs; alternately encouraging them to continue with unslackened steps towards the fountain whose streams awaited their arrival, and promising to lead them to a spot where wells and herbage would reward them with a sweet repast; then imploring Allah to give strength and firmness to their limbs, and steadiness to all their paces; while the beasts themselves seemed really conscious of approbation and encouragement being implied in the sounds they heard, most probably from their frequent repetition. I have never listened to them myself without considerable pleasure, from knowing how unaffected is the attachment which the Arabs bear towards their animals in general; and it has always forcibly recalled to my memory the general truth, as well as beauty, of that affecting address which Hassan makes to his camels while traversing the desert at mid-day, so poetically expressed by Collins in the second of his *Oriental Eclogues*:

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowded fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands, are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around!"

In short, all the variety of scenes, of circumstances, and of recollections, arising out of our immediate situation, contributed only to heighten the interest of it; while the slow and steady pace of the camels; the song of their drivers; the countless number of torches that

blazed through every part of the caravan; the flying squadrons of horse that galloped through our lines, and skirted their extremes, to preserve the compact order of our march; the scattered parties of Arab musicians who surrounded the litters and palanquins of the harem; and the repeated cries of "Ish Allah!" that were heard at intervals from every quarter, being pronounced in such a tone of voice as to rise superior to the mingled tumult of other sounds; altogether formed a scene, which, for grandeur and impressive effect, I have seldom seen equalled, certainly not surpassed, and of which it would not be easy soon to lose the remembrance.—*Literary Souvenir*, 1827.

299.—LA FAYETTE.

[EDWARD EVERETT, 1794—1866.

[EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Norfolk county, Massachusetts, U.S., 11th April, 1794. His father was a clergyman of great repute at Boston, and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Norfolk county. He was educated at Boston by a brother of the celebrated Daniel Webster. Before he was twenty years old he became pastor of the Brattle-street Church, Boston, where he wrote his "Defence of Christianity," a masterly work. He visited London in 1815; and afterwards studied in the University of Göttingen. In 1819 he was again in England, and became intimate with Byron, Jeffrey, Campbell, Rogers, Scott, and the other great authors of the day. In 1841 he was Ambassador from the United States to England. Mr. Everett enjoyed great reputation in America as a public man and a poet. His "Dirge of Alaric" first appeared in England, and was pronounced admirable by Campbell. He died in 1866.]

THERE have been those who have denied to La Fayette the name of a *great man*. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness, and make an essential part of it? Is there yet enough of virtue left in the world to echo the sentiment, that

"'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great?"

If there is, *who*, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career, with so little reproach, justly or unjustly bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? La Fayette was entrusted by Washington with all kinds of service;—the laborious and complicated, which required skill and patience; the perilous, that demanded nerve;—and we see him keeping up a pursuit, effecting a retreat; out-manceuvring a wary adversary with a superior force, harmonizing the action of French regular troops and American militia, commanding an assault at the point of the bayonet; and all with entire success and brilliant reputation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibility a proof of greatness? The

Memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us that there was a moment in 1789 when La Fayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the revolution, and when, as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion,—and he their idol,—we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the fortitude required to resist the multitude pressing onward their leader to glorious crime, a part of greatness? Behold him the fugitive and the victim, when he might have been the chief of the revolution. Is the solitary and unaided opposition of a good citizen to the pretensions of an absolute ruler, whose power was as boundless as his ambition, an effort of greatness? Read the letter of La Fayette to Napoleon Bonaparte, refusing to vote for him as consul for life. Is the voluntary return in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when, in 1815, the ponderous machinery of the French empire was flying asunder,—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side,—a mark of greatness? Contemplate La Fayette at the tribune, in Paris, when allied Europe was thundering at its gates, when Napoleon yet stood in his desperation and at bay. Are dignity, propriety, cheerfulness, unerring discretion in new and conspicuous stations of extraordinary delicacy, a sign of greatness? Watch his progress in America in 1824 and 1825; hear him say the right word at the right time, in a series of interviews, public and private, crowding on each other every day, for a twelvemonth, throughout the Union, with every description of persons, without ever wounding for a moment the self-love of others, or forgetting the dignity of his own position. Lastly, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution;—to change the dynasty,—to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men;—to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money;—to live, to labour, and suffer for great public ends alone;—to adhere to principle under all circumstances;—to stand before Europe and America conspicuous for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

I think I understand the proposition, that La Fayette was not a great man. It comes from the same school which also denies great-

ness to Washington, and which accords it to Alexander and Cæsar, to Napoleon and to his conqueror. When I analyse the greatness of these distinguished men, as contrasted with that of La Fayette and Washington, I find either one idea omitted, which is essential to true greatness, or one included as essential, which belongs only to the lowest conception of greatness. The moral, disinterested, and purely patriotic qualities are wholly wanting in the greatness of Cæsar and Napoleon; and, on the other hand, it is a certain splendour of success, a brilliancy of result, which, with the majority of mankind, marks them out as the great men of our race. But not only are a high morality and a true patriotism essential to greatness;—but they must first be renounced before a ruthless career of selfish conquest can begin. I profess to be no judge of military combinations; but, with the best reflection I have been able to give the subject, I perceive no reason to doubt that, had La Fayette, like Napoleon, been by principle capable of hovering on the edges of ultra-revolutionism; never halting enough to be denounced; never plunging too far to retreat;—but with a cool and well-balanced selfishness, sustaining himself at the head of affairs, under each new phase of the revolution, by the compliances sufficient to satisfy its demands,—had his principles allowed him to play this game, he might have anticipated the career of Napoleon. At three different periods he had it in his power, without usurpation, to take the government into his own hands. He was invited—urged to do so. Had he done it, and made use of the military means at his command, to maintain and perpetuate his power,—he would then, at the sacrifice of all his just claims to the name of great and good, have reached that which vulgar admiration alone worships—the greatness of high station and brilliant success.

But it was of the greatness of La Fayette, that he looked down on greatness of the false kind. He learned his lesson in the school of Washington, and took his first practice in victories over himself. Let it be questioned by the venal apologists of time-honoured abuses,—let it be sneered at by national prejudice and party detraction; let it be denied by the admirers of war and conquest;—by the idolaters of success;—but let it be gratefully acknowledged by good men; by Americans,—by every man who has sense to distinguish character from events; who has a heart to beat in concert with the pure enthusiasm of virtue.

But it is more than time, fellow-citizens, that I commit this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago,—when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population poured itself out, as one throng, to salute him,—when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous

salvoes, and your acclamations were responded from steeple to steeple by the voice of festal bells,—with what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words:—"I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city!" That noble heart—to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice, of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph,—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and motionless, it is already mingling with the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence—you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he is departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties, for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honours to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of La Fayette in those distinguished honours, which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson; and could your wishes and mine have prevailed, my lips would this day have been mute, and the same illustrious voice, which gave utterance to your filial emotions over their honoured graves, would have spoken, also, for you, over him who shared their earthly labours, enjoyed their friendship, and has now gone to share their last repose, and their imperishable remembrance.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty who has not dropped his head when he has heard that La Fayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright—has lost a benefactor—a patron—in La Fayette. But you, young men, at whose command I speak, for you a bright and particular loadstar is henceforward fixed in the front of heaven. What young man that reflects on the history of La Fayette—that sees him in the morning of his days the associate of sages, the friend of Washington—but will start with new vigour on the path of duty and renown?

And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to our La Fayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of his days with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness;—to the sanctity of plighted faith;—to

the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, of your pilgrim sires, the great principle of the age, was the rule of his life—the *love of liberty protected by law*.

You have now assembled within these renowned walls, to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor, beneath that roof which has resounded of old with the master-voices of American renown. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place;—the temple worthy of the new name, which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson, which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites. Ye Winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom; Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground; Echoing Arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days; Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas;—Speak, speak, marble lips & teach us "THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!"—*Speech on the death of La Fayette.*

300.—THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.*

[THOMAS DAVIS, 1814—1854.]

[THOMAS DAVIS was one of that band of advanced Irish patriots who thought that they could supersede, in Ireland, "Moore's Irish Melodies," because they did not go far enough for them; forgetting that Moore, in the language of Samuel Lover (as true an Irishman as ever lived), "did more for Ireland than all her other bards put together;" that "his winning lay insinuated a sympathy for Ireland into bosoms impervious to open assault; that the cold circle of prejudice that had hitherto guarded many a heart in high places, was opened by the magic of his song, and for the first time the harp of Ireland became more than an emblem of her fame—it was turned into an instrument for her good." Fortunately for Davis's chance of future fame, he did not confine his lyrics to political ones. We are told that he wrote the greater portion of them (they are published by Duffy, Dublin, in one volume) in a single year, 1844; and this, too, in addition to a great quantity of other writing for the journal with which he was connected—*The Nation*. Apart from his political

* Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for their purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D., vol. i. p. 270. Second edition. Dublin, 1774.—**AUTHOR'S NOTE.**

songs, which are of the fierce and fiery, cut-and-thrust order, he wrote with great tenderness. His love songs are unaffected and graceful. "Darling Nell," "Annie Dear," and "The Welcome," are all exquisite songs. He was born in 1814, and died in 1854.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carbery's hundred isles—
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard;
The hookers lie upon the beach; and children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes, and ruined towers, seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street:
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "the roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grandbabes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;
But see, yon pirate strangled lies and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's one hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore!

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds began to sing—
They see not now the milking-maids—deserted is the spring!
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;

They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Cléire, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bauldon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—
She's safe—he's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai;
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he, who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of MacMurchadh, who brought the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

301.—NECESSITY AND BENEFITS OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

[BISHOP MANT, 1776—1848.]

[THE RIGHT REV. RICHARD MANT, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, 1820; translated to Down and Connog, 1823, and to Dromore, in 1842. Dr. Mant devoted a great portion of his long life to authorship. He published an edition of the Bible with Notes and Commentaries, in which he was assisted by Dr. D'Oyly. He also wrote much for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Bishop Mant died in 1848.]

You know, that the Son of God undertook to redeem and to save mankind from the sad state [of sin] into which they had fallen;—to satisfy the offended justice of His Father;—to suffer in his own person, and thereby to make atonement, for the sins of men;—and at the same time to repair and renew that nature, which was so fatally polluted and diseased, by giving to men a new spirit, and by enabling them both to will and to do things pleasing unto God.

You know that in order to this, the Son of God was made man;—that in that form He took upon Himself the nature and the sins of men;—that He then submitted to a cruel and disgraceful death, for

the redemption and salvation of you and all mankind; whom he thus restored to the favour of God, and thereby made it possible for you to recover that happiness, which had been lost by the original fall of our first parents.

Finally, you know that God was so pleased with the wonderful love and goodness shown in this precious sacrifice of his Son, that he promised to pardon all men, who through faith in His blood should truly repent of their sins, and should prove their repentance by obeying the commandments of his Son, and **should** thus fulfil the conditions which He was pleased to appoint for their salvation.

These things (I say) you all know; and knowing these things, must you not think, nay, rather, **must** you not know it to be a duty which you owe to Christ, to obey any commandment which He may lay upon you, in return for the sufferings which He endured for your sakes and for the blessings which He has purchased for you? Must you not know it to be a duty, which you owe to yourselves, to obey His commandments, if on your obedience to His commandments depends the question, whether or not you shall receive any share in those blessings, which He died to purchase?

Surely the most inattentive and thoughtless man amongst you, if he thinks at all, must know that obedience to the commandments of Christ is on every account the duty of him, who calls himself a Christian. Is, then, the partaking in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper one of the commandments of Christ?—Hear and consider the words of one of His Apostles, and then answer for yourselves.

"I have received of the Lord" (saith St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians) "that which also I deliver unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread: and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."*

If you attend to this passage, you will find an express commandment positively and clearly given by our Saviour, Jesus Christ, in these words, which occur twice in the course of the passage: "This do in remembrance of me." Christ, then, commanded something to be done.

If again you consider the passage, you will find what it was that He commanded to be done. He was blessing and giving bread and wine, when He told the persons to whom he gave them, to do the same

* 1 Cor. xi. 23-26.

things in remembrance of Him. To bless and give bread and wine, then, are the things, which Christ commanded to be done.

If again you consider the passage, and compare it with the accounts given of the institution of the Lord's Supper by St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, you will perceive, that the commandment of Christ to bless and give bread and wine in remembrance of Him, was first committed to His Apostles, at that time the ministers of His word :—and if you further consider it, you will perceive that it was not meant to be confined to them alone, but was also committed to those, who should succeed the Apostles as ministers of the Gospel, because St. Paul speaks of “showing the Lord's death till he come.” And as the Lord will not come again before the end of the world, the commandment must remain in force as long as the world shall last.

You see then, that the ministers of Christ are commanded by Him to bless and to give bread and wine in remembrance of Him. And to whom are they to give them? Why, certainly to the people committed to their spiritual charge; who are therefore as much bound to attend and partake in the Lord's Supper as the minister is bound to attend and distribute it: for we cannot give, as we are commanded, unless you are ready to receive.

Is it not, then, the commandment of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that you partake in the holy communion of His body and blood? Is not the partaking in it a duty, which you owe to Christ who died for you, and to whom you promised obedience at your baptism? And is it not a duty which you owe to yourselves, if you would receive any benefit from His death.

And this I say, Christian brethren, even supposing this to be no more than an ordinary commandment of our Saviour. But there are circumstances, which distinguish this from all other commandments, and make it in an especial manner your duty.

It is the last and, as it were, the dying commandment and request of your Saviour. He who was on the right hand of God the Father, in whom shone the fulness of His Father's glory, and who was the express image of his person: He humbled Himself for you; He took your nature and form upon Him; He became obedient unto death, even the cruel and ignominious death of the cross; and when He was now upon the point of fulfilling His surprising love towards you by laying down His life for your sakes, He gives you this commandment, that you eat and drink the bread and wine offered you by His ministers! Is not the last request of a dying friend entitled to some regard? And of Him, too, who was such a friend?

It is the way, by which you are to show that you “remember” Christ, and have a just sense of his goodness towards you. “This do”

(said he) "in remembrance of me." You may indeed say that you remember Christ, that you have a just sense of his goodness, although you do not partake in the communion of his body and blood. But if he has appointed a particular way, by which he would have you remember him, I know not how you can show that you do remember him, except by following that one way; and I know not how you can stand acquitted of forgetfulness and ingratitude to him, unless you perform this his commandment.

The partaking in the Lord's Supper is again the only proper act of Christian worship. The professors of other religions, Jews, Turks, and Heathens, worship God by praying to, by thanking, and by praising him. In addition to these acts of worship, Christians perform that of eating and drinking bread and wine, as Christ has commanded. So that however devoutly you may worship God in general when you come to Church, you do not in so strict a sense worship *as Christians*, unless you partake in the bread and wine, which represents the body and blood of Christ; and thus perform that act, which Christ has made a mark of distinction to his followers.

The partaking in the holy communion is also a duty, which you owe to yourselves, on account of the benefits which you may receive from it; not only that benefit, which may be expected by all, who generally fulfil God's commandments; but those particular benefits, which follow upon a hearty and conscientious performance of this.—*Sermons*, vol. i. p. 249.

302.—FRIENDSHIP MANIFESTED IN FRENCH WOMEN.

[JULIA KAVANAGH, 1824.]

[JULIA KAVANAGH was born at Thurles, Co. Tipperary, 1824. She was taken by her parents to London and Paris in her childhood, and remained in the latter city till 1844, when she returned to London and became an author by profession. Her first book was one for children, called "The Three Paths;" her second the well-known story of "Madeline." This successful tale was followed by "Women in France during the Eighteenth Century," "Nathalie," "Women of Christianity," "French Women of Letters," "English Women of Letters," and a great number of pleasing novels.]

It has been the happy lot of French women to experience and receive in its fulness, that gentlest feeling of the human heart [friendship]. No friends have been so universally faithful and true, and none have been more beloved. If we read the social and literary history of France during the last two hundred years, we shall find more instances of the tender and enduring affection of women than can be the boast of any other nation during the same space of time. The profligate, the good, the intellectual, the ignorant have felt it alike. It has been calm, polite, and amiable in polished times; heroic and

devoted in evil days. Wherever we see a distinguished man, a literary circle, a persecution from the days of Montaigne down to those of Madame Roland, there we also see a woman's friendship shining pure and clear. Friendship was the great passion of Madame de Rambouillet. The embellishments of her noble mansion, the enjoyments of her pure and intellectual life, were for her friends even more than for herself. Tender and almost childish instances of her desire to please them have been freely given by her biographers. What friendship there was even in the austere Port Royal, where men and women studied, and prayed, and lived, as it seemed, but for eternity! How pure and true was the long affection of Mdlle. de Scudery and Pélisson! Scarcely love, though the fashion of the age made them call it so. But we may doubt if love begins near fifty and lives beyond the eightieth year of man and woman: and * * * Madame de la Fayette, how faithful and tender was the long intimacy between her and the cynical author of the "Maxims!" She had the wisdom and the mild gravity of years, without their aspect or their coldness; and he, a wearied man, but with more imagination and warmth than he showed, found in her all he could still care for in woman—sweetness and repose.

Well he might miss his faithful companion when she left him even but for a few days! Was it not she who had charmed away the bitterness of his philosophy? who had filled his daily life with calm pleasures? who, growing active and energetic for him, had, by her unwearied exertions and her sagacity, so materially helped him in some troublesome law-suits, that she had preserved a large portion of his household property to him and his? If Madame de Sevigné was her dearest friend, he was the most favoured, for he needed friendship most. Madame de Sevigné had her daughter to write to, her friends to see; M. de la Rochefoucauld's sons were away; he was infirm, and lived in the solitude of wealth and high rank without love. Madame de la Fayette, though infirm herself, found health and leisure enough to soothe his declining years; and, spite his sourness, he found kindness and tender affection for her.

Both needed that tie. Madame de la Fayette's melancholy is rather a matter of conjecture than of knowledge; but La Rochefoucauld has recorded his in a work famous for the bitterness of its philosophy, and the exquisite elegance of its language. The "Maxims" are world-known, but they are a slander on their author, no less than on human nature. His mind was cynical, but his heart was not a cold heart. He who wrote that love was like spirits, talked of by all, seen by none—had given up his youth to the worship of a lovely woman. He who based all human friendship on sordid calculation, was in the

decline of life dependent, and glad to be so, on the gentle and disinterested friendship of Madame de la Fayette.

They met at the very time for friendship; when both had seen the vanity of life's fairest promises; when for both was passed the time of hope and fruition; when nought remained save friendship, to their late autumn. The once brilliant adventurer of the Fronde had become a sad and infirm man.

In Madame de la Fayette, he found a grave and gentle mind, and a sincerity which he characterized by an expression not known before he used it, and which has remained in the French language. He did not say that she was truthful, but that she was true, "*elle est vraie.*" The two friends soon lived in an entire communion of mind and feeling.

Madame de la Fayette said to L grais: "He has improved my mind, but I have improved his heart." There was more modesty than truth in the saying: Madame de la Fayette's mind was already polished and perfect when her friendship for La Rochefoucauld began; but he helped her to revise, and his advice contributed to render more perfect that most perfect of her tales, the "*Princesse de Cl ves.*"

303.—THE RUINED GENTLEMAN.

[HENRY KINGSLEY, 1830.

[HENRY KINGSLEY, son of the late Rev. C. Kingsley, Rector of Chelsea, was born 1830, and educated at King's College, London, and Worcester College, Oxford. In 1852 he left the university and proceeded to Australia, where he resided six years. He is a distinguished novelist, and contributes to "*Macmillan's Magazine*," "*Gentleman's Magazine*," and other periodicals. His principal novels are "*Geoffrey Hamlyn*," "*Ravenshoe*," "*Mademoiselle Mathilde*," &c., &c.]

BLACKESTON came in from the next room, and seized General Oakfield by the throat. In the scandalous struggle which followed, the general fell down stairs.

Not one word was said on either side. Had it not been that General Oakfield did not appear at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, and that he took his regiment into action at Quatre Bras with a black eye, nothing would ever have been said. But people will cackle and gossip as long as the world lasts.

I believe that the thing might have been finished between these two men, had it not been for the cackling of their comrades. The porter of the house had told the truth to every one he met. So General Oakfield's friends taunted him with having been beaten, and Blackeston's friends sneered at him for not having called the general out. Blackeston, a studious and sensitive man, felt the taunts of his friends as only a student can.

Yet this quarrel between the two men would have died into stillness if it had been left alone. Blackeston thought that Oakfield was drunk, and did not know what he was about; and Oakfield confessed to himself that he was half drunk, had made a fool of himself, and had been properly served. The two men went into action together at Waterloo; and in that ghastly pushing crush up the hill at half-past six, with the world at stake, when Oakfield's horse, killed by a cannon shot, came headlong down dead, and cast Oakfield prone on the ground among the legs of his men, Blackeston "set him on his own beast," and said, "Heavens! general, I feared you were hit yourself."

But they would not leave them alone to settle their quarrel. Blackeston's friends sneered him into madness—sneered him into the miserable folly of sending a challenge to General Oakfield.

Oakfield very properly did not wish to fight. Since his half-tipsy escapade he had been very near the gates of death, and had seen very serious things: Quatre Bras and Mont St. Jean for instance. I think that the man behaved well. He consulted his friend General Lennox. He confessed himself in the wrong entirely; pointed out that, after his conduct at Waterloo, his courage was beyond suspicion; and asked his brother general whether he might not be allowed to apologize, and refuse to fight. His brother general agreed with him, but unfortunately allowed the matter to reach the ears of the Duke.

The Duke's heart was hot and furious within him. They were advancing on the country of the French, one of the most irritable, valiant, and sensitive people in the world. The Prussians were showing already signs of Vandalism. His own personal prestige was sufficiently great to keep all things in order, and to prevent a quarrel with the French which time could never heal—a quarrel which would make the name of Englishmen loathed in France for ever. The first necessary thing was to keep his own raw troops, few of whom had ever seen war, in order. The prestige which he had acquired by beating the starved French out of Spain, with command of the sea, and the lines of Torres Vedras for a basis of operations, would avail him to keep Blucher in order, who had nothing to show per contra but Jena and Ligny. But he must keep his own army in order. If he allowed one officer to fight one duel, where would he be? After an enmity of twenty-five years, there were twenty thousand high-spirited officers in France, who would shoot an Englishman as they would shoot a dog. This habit of duelling must be checked in one way or another. An example must be made: and the example was Blackeston. He was brought to court-martial for challenging his superior officer—was cashiered, disgraced, and ruined.

Blackeston was a rare man in the British army in those days, but

the type of man is getting commoner now, as the Staff College can witness. He was a student-soldier—a man of the Havelock type, of whom let our enemies beware. But he was a man of extreme sensibility; he thought himself disgraced, and went away to hide himself from the ken of man. He hid his head in Wales, at a place called Plas Gwynant, under Snowdon, as you go from Capel Curig to Bethgelert, fronting the lake which is called Llyn y Dinas. Here his poor bride, worried nearly to death by the details of the court-martial, and killed by the verdict of it, gave birth to a son, and died.

I cannot in this space go in a business-like manner into Blackeston's difficulties. They grew greater, and at last irremediable. But he declined to be ruined, to beg, and to whine. He was never in debt. The time came when even the rent of Plas Gwynant was beyond his means. He passed out of that house a free man, with some fifty pounds a year, and went into a cottage in that narrow gorge under Snowdon, which they call, I think, or ought to call, Glyn y llan. But he took with him his boy and his books.

His books. He refused to part with them. I am at this moment puzzled to say whether or not the books make the boy.

It would be wearisome, were it even possible, to give an account of these books. They comprised the best scientific and mathematical books, and a sufficiency of history; but the spécialité of the library was that it contained probably the finest collection of military books in any one private hand in England. Blackeston, ageing rapidly, hearing only dim rumours of the world, was left alone with his books, his boy, and his God, under the solemn shadows of the soaring Wydffa.

To shape the human soul which was in his keeping as near to perfection as he might, was now his care, his pleasure, and his labour. As for the boy's prosperity in life, for his profession, for his friends, Blackeston was profoundly indifferent. "I will make the boy fit," he said, "and God will find the work." His mind was getting unhealthy in his disappointment, and this fatalism went near to ruining the youth, in spite of all his excellences.

There was scarcely enough to eat in this little cottage of theirs, and yet he gave the lad the education of a German prince. As the son grew up, the father was astonished at his own handy-work. Lionel Blackeston at eighteen was not only a well grown and finely-framed youth, but also was a highly-informed man, a splendid theoretical soldier, and a perfect gentleman; a gentleman, however, who had scarcely twice in his life interchanged words with one of his own order.—*Warne's "Gold, Silver, Lead."*

304.—THE STORY OF ROMULUS AND REMUS.

[BERTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR, 1776—1831.

[BERTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR, the celebrated historian of Rome, was born at Copenhagen, August 27, 1776. He was the son of Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller in the East. Before he was a year old, his father received an appointment in South Ditmarsh (Germany), whither he took his son, whom he educated chiefly himself. Niebuhr tells us: "He taught me, by preference, out of English books, and put English works of all sorts into my hands; at a very early age he gave me a regular supply of English newspapers—a circumstance which I record here, not on account of the influence they have had on my maturer life, but as indications of *his* character." Association with J. H. Voss, the translator of Homer, with the famous Büsch, and with Klopstock, completed the lad's education. He studied law at Kiel in 1793-94. At nineteen years of age he proceeded to Edinburgh, and studied for a year and a half in the University; afterwards he travelled over England for six months. On his return to his native land, he was made private secretary to the Danish Minister of Finance. In 1806 he entered the Prussian service; was appointed one of the Counsellors of Public Affairs under Hardenberg, until the peace of Tilsit. In 1809 he was made Privy Counsellor of State at Berlin, where, in 1810, he delivered his first lectures, from which originated in 1811 and 1812, his two first volumes of Roman History. In 1816 he was appointed Prussian Minister at the Papal See, where he was esteemed and valued by Pius VII. Niebuhr spent much time in examining the MSS. in the Vatican Library. His residence in Rome gave him an intimate knowledge of the city, and a clear conception of its ancient character and history. On his return to Germany he settled at Bonn, and there wrote the third vol. of his "History of Rome." Niebuhr died January 2, 1831, at the age of 55.]

THE old Roman legend ran as follows. Procas king of Alba left two sons. Numitor, the elder, being weak and spiritless, suffered Amulius to wrest the government from him, and reduce him to his father's private estates. In the enjoyment of these he lived rich, and, as he desired nothing more, secure: but the usurper dreaded the claims that might be set up by heirs of a different character. He had Numitor's son murdered, and appointed his daughter, Silvia, one of the vestal virgins.

Amulius had no children, or at least only one daughter: so that the race of Anchises and Aphrodite seemed on the point of expiring, when the love of a god prolonged it, in spite of the ordinances of man, and gave it a lustre worthy of its origin. Silvia had gone into the sacred grove, to draw water from the spring for the service of the temple. The sun quenched its rays: the sight of a wolf made her fly into a cave: there Mars overpowered the timid virgin, and then consoled her with the promise of noble children, as Posidon consoled Tyro, the daughter

* I insist in behalf of my Romans on the right of collecting the poetical features of the story, wherever they are to be found, when they have dropt out of the common narrative. In the present case they are preserved by Servius, on *Æn.* i. 274; the eclipse, by Dionysius, ii. 56, and by Plutarch, *Romul.* c. 27.

of Salmoneus.* But he did not protect her from the tyrant; nor could her protestations of her innocence save her. Vesta herself seemed to demand the condemnation of the unfortunate priestess; for at the moment when she was delivered of twins, the image of the goddess hid its eyes, her altar trembled, and her fire died away.† Amulius ordered that the mother and her babes should be drowned in the river.‡ In the Anio Silvia exchanged her earthly life for that of a goddess. The river carried the bole or cradle in which the children were lying into the Tiber, which had overflowed its banks far and wide, even to the foot of the woody hills. At the foot of a wild fig-tree, the *Ficus Ruminalis*, which was preserved and held sacred for many centuries, at the foot of the Palatine, the cradle overturned. A she-wolf came to drink of the stream: she heard the whimpering of the children, carried them into her den hard by,§ made a bed for them, licked and suckled them. When they wanted other food than milk, a woodpecker, the bird sacred to Mars, brought it to them. Other birds consecrated to auguries hovered over them, to drive away insects. This marvellous spectacle was seen by Faustulus, the shepherd of the royal flocks. The she-wolf drew back, and gave up the children to human nurture. Acca Larentia, his wife, became their fostermother. They grew up along with her twelve sons,|| on the Palatine hill, in straw huts which they built for themselves: that of Romulus was preserved by continual repairs, as a sacred relic, down to the time of Nero. They were the stoutest of the shepherd lads, fought bravely against wild beasts and robbers, maintaining their right against every one by their might, and turning might into right. Their booty they shared with their comrades. The followers of Romulus were called *Quinctilii*, those of Remus *Fabii*: the seeds of discord were soon sown amongst them. Their wantonness engaged them in disputes with the shepherds of the wealthy Numitor, who fed their flocks on Mount Aventine: so that here, as in the story

* Homer, *Od.* xi. 235-259.

† Ovid, *Fast.* iii. 45.

‡ In poetry of this sort we have no right to ask, why she was thrown into the river,—whichever of the two it might be,—and not into the Alban lake?

§ It is remarkable how even those who did not altogether reject the poetry of the story, yet tried to reduce it to a minimum; to the wolf's suckling the little orphans at the first moment when she found them by the *Ficus Ruminalis*: as if in this case, as in that of St. Denis, everything did not turn on the first step. The *Lupercal* itself bears witness to the genuine form of the fiction; and the conceptions of the two Roman poets accorded with it. Virgil gives a description of the cave of *Mavors*: Ovid sings (*Fast.* iii. 53), *Lacte quis infantes nescit crevisse ferino, Et picum expositis sæpe tulisse cibos.* Nor did this poetical feature escape *Trogus*: cum *sæpius ad parvulos reverteretur.* The story of the woodpecker and its *ψυλλοπάρα* could not have been invented of new-born infants. See also *Plutarch, Quæst. Rom. c. xxi.*

|| *Masurius Sabinus*, quoted by *Gellius*, *N. A.* vi. 7.

of Evander and Cacus, we find the quarrel between the Palatine and the Aventine in the tales of the remotest times. Remus was taken by a stratagem of these shepherds, and dragged to Alba as a robber. A secret foreboding, the remembrance of his grandsons awakened by the story of the two brothers, kept Numitor from pronouncing a hasty sentence. The culprit's foster-father hurried with Romulus to the city, and told the old man and the youths of their kindred. They resolved to avenge their own wrong and that of their house. With their faithful comrades, whom the danger of Remus had brought into the city, they slew the king; and the people of Alba again became subject to Numitor.

This is the old tale, as it was written by Fabius, and sung in ancient sacred lays down to the time of Dionysius.* It certainly belongs to anything but history. Its essence is the marvellous. We may strip this of its peculiarities, and pare away and alter, until it is reduced to a possible everyday occurrence; but we ought to be fully convinced, that the *caput mortuum* which will remain, will be anything but a historical fact. Mythological tales of this sort are misty shapes, often no more than a *Fata Morgana*, the prototype of which is invisible, the law of its refraction unknown: and even were it not so, it would still surpass the power of reflection to proceed so subtly and skilfully, as to divine the unknown original from these strangely blended forms. But such magical shapes are different from mere dreams, and are not without a hidden ground of real truth. The name of dreams belongs to the fictions invented by the later Greeks, when the tradition had become extinct, and when individuals indulged a wanton licence in altering the old legends; not considering that their diversity and multiplicity had been the work of the whole people, and was not a matter for individual caprice to meddle with.—*History of Rome*, vol. i.

305.—PANORAMIC VIEW OF ROME.

[HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS, 1762—1827.]

[HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS was born in 1762, and settled in Paris in 1790. She was the friend and advocate of the Girondists, and on their fall she was imprisoned and nearly shared their fate. She wrote Poems, Novels, "A Narrative of Events in France, 1815," &c. She died in 1827.]

"Birth-place of Seneca—nurse of arms and arts,
Shrouded in ignorance and slavery."

WE stood on the tower of the capitol, and surveyed the remains of that city, and those trophies which emperors and kings, through many

* I. 79. ὡς ἐν τοῖς πατρίοις ὕμνοις ὑπὸ 'Ρωμαίων ἔτι καὶ νῦν ἄδεται.

ages conquerors of the world, had looked upon with exultation, and accounted substantial monuments of their glory. The colossal aqueducts bestrode the Campagna; the Appian way was shaded by the tombs of the most illustrious Romans, tombs now following fast into oblivion the relics of their proud possessors;—those of Caius Cestus and Cecilia Metella being all that are now distinguishable. We surveyed the ancient walls of the Eternal City, built to protect its infancy against the incursions of restless tribes, but insufficient to defend its age against its Gothic conquerors. The triumphal arches of Titus, Severus, and Constantine, built at a time when the arms of barbarians could never be expected to overtake those favourites of conquest, and to spoil, in their turn, the spoilers of mankind. We beheld the temples of heathen worship, now, with the worship itself, for ever fallen, though the spirit of Pagan superstition seems still to linger among the ruins. Jupiter Tonans, divested of his attributes, has long since resigned his thunders to the pontiffs of the Vatican. The palace of the Cæsars is scarcely discoverable by its paltry remains, wild weeds of a summer's growth overshadowing all that exists of structures intended for interminable duration. We threw our eyes over the ancient temples of Romulus and Remus, the founders of the monarchy; the temples of the Sun and of Peace,—the latter only suggesting its opposite, and serving to remind us of ancient Rome, as a nursery of warriors. We reverted to the capitol, still crowning and commanding the city of conquest, and to the curious excavations below, again bringing into view vestiges of ancient grandeur, of which history itself seems to have taken no account. Chief of all, our attention was riveted by the Coliseum and the Forum;—the former often wet with the blood of gladiators,—the latter, in the ear of fancy, still echoing to the eloquence of a Brutus or a Cicero. The Coliseum, perhaps, more than any of the antiquities, realizes the visions of the student of ancient history. Its vast size, its unnatural destination, its measured and tardy decay, having already outlived the lapse of many centuries, proclaim at once, that the earthly schemes of man, so far beyond the term of his mortal existence, are shortlived, mean, and trifling, compared to his eternal destination. To the right of the Tiber, which takes its course along the foot of the Aventine Mount, we remark the Ripa Grande or Quay, circumscribing its range to the south; the river itself, though choked and shallowed by the *débris* of its banks, and the crumbling edifices of successive centuries, broad, deep, and unruffled by the ruins which it conceals, is still the yellow muddy Tiber of the Augustan age, finely corresponding in tone and colour with the dusky ruins that nod upon its shores. The Tiber is lost for a time to the eye among the various buildings, and again appears in view, taking

its course in winding lines of light across the wide waste that stretches off towards the sea. The hill of Janiculum, the palaces, the villas of Pamphili, Corsini, and the numerous structures of modern Rome, its domes, monasteries, churches, and palaces, successively occupy the attention, till we come to the Tarpeian Rock itself, now scarcely formidable, being almost lost in rubbish.

Then turning towards the west, the eye rests on the dome of St. Peter's, and the Vatican, with all its far-famed treasures of sculpture and painting. The mighty building of St. Peter's, the first and most magnificent of temples in the world, seems sovereign of modern Rome (as the Coliseum does of the ancient city), surrounded by his vassals at humble distance, conformable to the inferiority of their rank and pretensions. All seems, however, to be provided for the purposes of a worship, meant to captivate the senses by its external splendour and beauty, until the very object of religion, the cultivation of the Christian virtues, which are meek and humble, is forgotten in the magnificence of a priesthood of princes; combining the splendour and luxuries of life with their preparations for bidding it adieu.

What a contrast with the Coliseum, which, on the other hand, speaks of heathen times, and feelings scarcely human, when a whole people used to assemble, to be delighted with the suffering, the groaning, and destruction of unfortunate fellow mortals, selected to shed each other's blood, without any motive of enmity or revenge, but for the sole purpose of gratifying the taste of an unthinking and ferocious populace! Such scenes might nerve the arm, and steel the heart for purposes of conquest; but as certainly they annihilated the finer sentiments of the soul, and degraded the lords of the creation into fit companions or rivals to the tyrants of the forest.

From St. Peter's we were naturally led to the Mausoleum of Hadrian and the Pantheon of Agrippa, together with the great works of a succession of ages; which, though differing in date, seem to the eye of a modern beholder of almost equal antiquity, and impress him with almost equal veneration and awe. From this spot, too, may be seen the columns of Antonine and Trajan. In the forum of the latter emperor, excavations disclose the pristine city, far beneath the level of its modern, though still ancient successor.

The Quirinal Palace of the Pope, to the north, combines with Soracte and the snowy Apennines, and presents to the eye the most interesting and ever-varying pictures. Lastly, and immediately below the spectator, the eye rests on the Museum of the Capitol, designed by Michael Angelo, and filled with works of the chisel, during every age of the progress of the rival yet sister arts of architecture and statuary, from the bronze wolf, said to have been struck by lightning at the

death of Cæsar, to the modern ornaments of the Museum. After examining the detail of this most astonishing scene, we cast our eyes generally over the whole, and rested them for awhile on those permanent features, the Alban Mount, with ancient Tusculum on its bosom, Tivoli sparkling in the sun, and the seven hills of ancient Rome. All this it were vain to attempt to describe, and still more the emotion which it excites.—*H. Williams' Travels. Extracted from the Flowers of Literature.*

306.—THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

[JAMES SMITH, 1775—1839.]

[JAMES SMITH was born in London February 10, 1775. He was the son of Robert Smith, Esq., solicitor to the Board of Ordnance, and elder brother of Horace Smith, the celebrated novelist. He was ultimately taken into partnership with his father, and succeeded to his official appointments. He was the joint author with his brother Horace, of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," and wrote light articles for several periodicals of the day, as well as supplying the elder Mathews, the actor, with material for his popular "At Home." The literary ambition of James did not extend beyond middle life, while his brother continued a worker to the end of his career. He died in 1839: Horace surviving him ten years.]

ÆTATIS 30. Looked back through a vista of ten years. Remembered that, at twenty, I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again; and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now." Looked in the glass: still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "a fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the *Morning Chronicle*, that a watchmaker in Paris, aged thirty-one, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne, "The expression *fall in love*, evidently shows *love* to be *beneath* a man." Went to Drury Lane: saw Miss Crotch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum: none but matrimonians need apply. Was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up such a little parcel), when Kitty Crotch eloped with Lord Buskin. Pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said, I was evidently in *rude* health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three

nights per week. Sympathized with the public in vexation occasioned by non-attendance the other three: can't please everybody. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricosian fluid. Mem. "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I *wore* well: wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket club, on account of the bad air about Paddington: could not run in it without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry: means expensive, and dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the Opera. So much the better; the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old great coat, and found it an old little one: cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face in putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one: then young and foolish. Brother Charles's wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served him right for marrying at twenty-one: age of discretion too! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in gloves' windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three grey hairs in left eyebrow.

36. Several grey hairs in whiskers: all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point! Men grew older sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skated on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise, only fit for boys. Gave skates to Charles's eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then? women require protectors; day settled; devilishly frightened; too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond Street. Some of these fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up quadrilles. Waltzing certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Thought of adding to number of *grave* gentlemen who learn

to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the *over-grown*s. Very impertinent, and utterly untrue.

39. *Valse à deux temps* rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties increasing. Found myself gradually *Tontine-ing* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ukima Thule* of hostess's elbow. Good places for cutting turkeys; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why I was always desired to walk up. Met two schoolfellows at Pimlico; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age: what lies boys tell!

40. Look back ten years. Remember, at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried Hullah. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass: one chin too much. Looked in other new glass; chin still double. Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What were legs made for?

42. Gout again: that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love sonnets. Imitated Horace's ode "*Ne sit ancilla*." Did not mean anything serious, though Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Stomach not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men, now-a-days, much too small in the waist. Read in *Morning Post* an advertisement "Pills to prevent Corpulency:" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows. Twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her. What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles's eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold. Began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Kean: saw nothing in Phelps. Talked of Lord Melbourne. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men: all of them talk too

much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at inns "My dear." Listened to a howl from Capt. Querulous, about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in "single blessedness."

47. Top of head quite bald. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Madame Vestris.

48. Quite settled not to remember Madame Vestris. Thought that I certainly did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for anything but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook!

307.—VIOLET.

[ALEXANDER SMITH, 1830—1867.

[ALEXANDER SMITH was born at Kilmarnock, December 31, 1830. His father was a drawer of patterns for the various fabrics manufactured in that town, Paisley, and Glasgow, and it was between these places that the boyhood of the poet was passed. He was educated at Glasgow, and from the singular ardour he exhibited in the acquisition of knowledge, he was destined for a minister of religion. A severe illness, however, put an end to his studies, and he became a designer of lace patterns for one of the Glasgow manufactories. While thus employed, he composed some fugitive verses, by which he obtained a local reputation; but on the publication of his "Life-Drama," by Mr. David Bogue, in 1853, he at once established his fame. To the "Critic" and the "Eclectic Review," the praise is due for having first pointed out his merits to the reading and critical world. Four editions of the "Life-Drama" followed in rapid succession, and every one agreed that a new star had appeared in the poetical hemisphere. In 1854, Mr. Smith's poetical merits had a more substantial, and a justly-deserved recognition, in his appointment to the Secretaryship of the University of Edinburgh—an appointment alike graceful and appropriate. He published (1857) his "City Poems," and, in conjunction with the author of "Balder," a small volume of "Sonnets on the War." He died January, 1867.]

A Balcony overlooking the Sea—EDWARD and WALTER seated.

Edw. (after a pause). The garrulous sea is talking to the shore,
Let us go down and hear the greybeard's speech. [*They walk.*
I shall go down to Bedfordshire to-morrow.
Will you go with me?

Wal. Whom shall we see there?

Edw. Why, various specimens of that biped, Man.

I'll show you one who might have been an abbot
 In the old time ; a large and portly man,
 With merry eyes, and crown that shines like glass.
 No thin-smiled April he, bedript with tears,
 But appled-Autumn, golden-checked and tan ;
 A jest in his mouth feels sweet as crusted wine.
 As if all eager for a merry thought,
 The pits of laughter dimple in his cheeks.
 His speech is flavorful, evermore he talks
 In a warm, brown, autumnal sort of style.
 A worthy man, Sir ! who shall stand at compt
 With conscious white, save some few stains of wine.

Wal. Commend me to him ! He is half right. The Past
 Is but an emptied flask, and the rich Future
 A bottle yet uncorked. Who is the next ?

Edw. Old Mr. Wilmott, nothing in himself,
 But rich as ocean. He has in his hand
 Sea-marge and moor, and miles of stream and grove,
 Dull flats, scream-startled, as the exulting train
 Streams like a meteor through the frightened night ;
 Wind-billowed plains of wheat, and marshy fens,
 Unto whose reeds, on midnights blue and cold,
 Long strings of geese come clanging from the stars.
 Yet wealthier in one child than in all these !
 Oh, she is fair as Heaven ! and she wears
 The sweetest name that woman ever wore ;
 And eyes to match her name—'tis Violet.

Wal. If like her name, she must be beautiful.

Edw. And so she is : she has dark violet eyes,
 A voice as soft as moonlight. On her cheek
 The blushing blood miraculous doth range
 From tender dawn to sunset. When she speaks
 Her soul is shining through her earnest face,
 As shines a moon through its up-swathing cloud—
 My tongue's a very beggar in her praise,
 It cannot gild her gold with all its words.

Wal. Hath unbreeched Cupid struck your heart of ice ?
 You speak of her as if you were her lover.
 Could *you* not find a home within her heart ?
 No, no ! you are too cold—you never loved.

Edw. There's nothing colder than a desolate hearth.

Wal. A desolate hearth ! Did fire leap on it once ?

Edw. My hand is o'er my heart, and shall remain—

Let the swift minutes run, red sink the sun;
To-morrow will be rich with Violet.

Wal. So be it : large he sinks ! Repentant Day
Frees with his dying hand the pallid stars
He held imprisoned since his young hot dawn.
Now watch with what a silent step of fear
They'll steal out one by one, and overspread
The cool, delicious meadows of the night.

Edw. And, lo ! the first one flutters in the blue,
With a quick sense of liberty and joy.

* * * * *

Wal. Thou look'st up to the night as to the face
Of one thou lov'st : I know her beauty is
Deep-mirrored in thy soul as in a sea.
What are thy thinkings of the earth and stars ?
A theatre magnificently lit
For sorry acting, undeserved applause ?
Dost think there's any music in the spheres !
Or doth the whole creation, in thine ear,
Moan like a stricken creature to its God,
Fettered eternal in a lair of pain ?

Edw. I think—we are two fools : let us to bed.
What care the stars for us ?—*Scene from a Life Drama.*

308.—CHURCH AND STATE.

[BISHOP NEWTON, 1704—1782.

[THOMAS NEWTON was born in Staffordshire, 1704. He was educated at Westminster School, and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a Fellow. In 1756 he was appointed chaplain in ordinary to the king. The bench of English bishops may justly number the eminent prelate, whose name stands above, among its brightest ornaments. His services, not less to the cause of literature in general than to his profession in particular, were on all occasions opportune and substantial ;—at the same time that they were adorned and upheld by a purity of life and suavity of manners than which nothing could have been more exemplary. The two great works by which Bishop Newton's name will more decidedly go down to posterity, are his "Dissertation on the Prophecies," and his edition of the "Poetical Works of Milton;" the latter, a masterpiece of its kind ; and first appearing in 1749 in two splendid quarto volumes. This first publication contained only the "Paradise Lost." In due time (1752) it was succeeded by the "Paradise Regained," and the "Minor Poems," in one quarto volume. This was not only the first regular *variorum* edition of Milton's poetical works—enriched with much choice information from Warburton, Jortin, Pearce, and others—but embodying all that was valuable in previous annotators, including the Essays of Addison. It was also adorned by engravings from the designs of no very despicable master ; for Hayman, who was the Stothard of his day, now and then presents us with a striking representation of the

thoughts of the poet. Lord Bath, the Bishop's patron, was at the expense of the engravings; and such was the success of this happy union of learning and art, that the editor lived to see *eight* impressions of his labours. The work was also well got up in other respects. The paper and printing were excellent; and the correctness of the text was such, that Baskerville was induced to lend the magic of his press to contribute to its celebrity. His edition of the text only, in two small quarto volumes, is one of the most beautiful efforts of his typographical skill. Bishop Newton's fame is inseparable from this admirable performance. Mr. Todd has doubtless enlarged the sphere of intelligence connected with the illustration of Milton's text by a crowd of apposite authorities, and by most curious and felicitous research; but the previous labours of the Bishop can at no time become obsolete. For half a century there was no similar work comparable with it. Bishop Newton's "Dissertation on the Prophecies"—the "magnum opus" of his professional labours—was first published in 1754, 8vo; since which it has re-appeared in a variety of forms, with more or less critical aid, down to the present day. It has now the sanction of time—confirmative of its being indispensable to the library of a clergyman. Its learned and amiable author survived the publication nearly thirty years, dying in 1782, in the 78th year of his age.]

RELIGION and loyalty go best hand in hand together. The fear of God enforceth obedience to the laws; and obedience to the laws promoteth the fear of God. True religion is the best support of good government; and good government maintains and encourages true religion. So that it is no visionary scheme, but there is a real foundation in the nature of things for the alliance and union between Church and State; and what God and the constitution of things have thus joined together, let not men impiously pretend to put asunder.

If we would attain any just conception of the ways and means whereby civil policy contributes to the promotion of true religion, we cannot form our notions upon any constitution better than our own, especially as we see it happily administered at present. The king, or, to speak more generally, the civil magistrate, protects and defends the church from injury and violence, of professed enemies without, and of false brethren within. He not only protects and defends the church from danger, but also provides for her support and maintenance by a public endowment for her ministers; so that, according to the prediction of the evangelical prophet (Isa. xlix. 23), "kings are," properly, "her nursing-fathers, and queens her nursing-mothers." He allows to the heads and governors of the church a seat in the court of legislature and supreme judicature of the kingdom, to sit there as watchmen and guardians, to see that nothing be enacted or adjudged contrary to the interests of the church and religion. He permits the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction with coercive powers for the reformation of manners, to supply the deficiencies of civil judicatures, and ratifies and enforces spiritual censures by temporal penalties. He farther promotes the fear of God and a sense of religion by punishing impiety and profaneness, vice and immorality, more especially such as

is opposite to or destructive of good government (Rom. xiii. 4); "for he beareth not the sword in vain, and is a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." He not only discountenances and punishes the bad, but also rewards and encourages the good, and manifests himself to be "sent" (1 Pet. ii. 14) as for the punishment of "evil doers," so likewise "for the praise of them that do well." But a good magistrate, a good king, no way promotes religion and virtue more effectually than by his own example. They who resist all other motives, will yet have some regard to royal example. It is of greater force than the dead letter of statutes. It is a living law to the whole nation. Happy are the people who can look up to the throne for a pattern of goodness, and experimentally find and feel the first in rank to be the first also in virtue.

Such influence hath the state upon religion, but religion operates more strongly upon the state, and "the fear of God" is the best foundation and support of "the honour of the king." Religion would be required of us, even if we lived without government or society; but no government or society can tolerably subsist without religion. A nation of atheists would be worse than a nation of Hottentots. "The fear of God" is the basis, as of all the social duties, so particularly of obedience to the civil powers. The one comprehends and includes the other, as the greater the less. From the one the other follows by natural consequence; and nothing can be of higher obligation than the will of God. If the authority of God cannot constrain and oblige us, it must be expected that the authority of man will have but little lasting effect upon us. Loose principles of religion must necessarily introduce loose principles of government, and disturb the peace and order and happiness of society. If men are under no fear or restraint of God, there can be no dependence upon the most solemn oaths and engagements, which are the greatest securities of government. Shake off this principle, and you unhinge the world; there is no bond to hold society together.

Religion is necessary for the support of government, as nothing else can supply the defects of human laws and constitutions. For human laws respect only overt acts, and bind the outward man; but the fear of God controls the mind and conscience, directs the intentions as well as regulates the actions. A man may be guilty of many breaches of the law in private, and yet escape public justice; but he will do nothing amiss in private any more than in public who setteth God always before him, and acteth always as in his presence. A man may be very wicked and profligate, offend against the spirit of the law, and yet keep within the letter of it; but religion influenceth the whole man, and will make us (Rom. xiii. 5) "subject

not only for wrath but also for conscience-sake." Human laws cannot restrain and prohibit some irregularities without the danger of introducing others as pernicious and destructive; but (Psal. xix. 7) "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul," and equally an enemy to every evil work. Human laws principally enjoin such duties as more immediately affect the being and safety of society, but others there are no less conducive to the public welfare and happiness, such as humanity, hospitality, charity, gratitude, love of our country, and the like, which human laws cannot reach. Here therefore religion is wanted to lend an helping hand, to complete the obligation, and enforce it by divine authority. Human laws are framed rather to punish and discountenance the bad, than to reward and encourage the good; so that in this sense we may say truly with the apostle (1 Tim. v. 9), that "the law is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient, for the ungodly and for sinners." Princes and governors cannot always distinguish the proper objects of their favour. This privilege belongs to Him alone who trieth the hearts and the reins. But if they were able to distinguish them, yet human means can never find a fund sufficient to reward them. The sanction of rewards, therefore, must be derived from religion. God, and God alone, can (Matt. xvi. 27) "reward every man according to his works."

Religion not only supplies the defects of human laws, but farther improves and advances our civil duties to the highest perfection. The church wisely consults and promotes the honour of the king by acknowledging her own dependency and his supremacy in all causes, as well ecclesiastical as civil. This power was for many ages usurped by a foreign bishop; but, by being restored to its rightful and lawful proprietor, all the absurdities are avoided, all the inconveniences are prevented of an empire within an empire. We are now taught (1 Pet. ii. 13) to "submit ourselves to the king as supreme for the Lord's sake;" and none other principle of duty can be so steady and permanent as this, or so to be depended upon at all times and upon all occasions.—*God and the King.* Sermon preached before George III. on the anniversary of his accession, 1761.

309.—BOOKS.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M.D., 1809.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, physician, poet, essayist, and novelist, is the son of the Rev. Abiel Holmes, author of the "Annals of America," and was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29th, 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He studied medicine in the hospitals of Paris, and other foreign capitals, and commenced practising it at Boston about 1835. His first poems appeared in the American periodicals in 1836. Dr. Holmes has published numerous works,

of which his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and "Elsie Venner," are the best known in England.]

I LIKE books, — I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get into their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses. I don't think I undervalue them either as companions or as instructors. But I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its greatest scholars great men. The Hebrew Patriarchs had small libraries I think, if any; yet they represent to our imagination a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask an Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honoured by his company. What I wanted to say about books is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

"I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, sir," said the divinity student, "who should feel himself above Shakspeare at any time."

"My young friend," I replied, "the man who is never conscious of a state of feeling or of intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever, is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. Why, think for a moment of the power of music. The nerves that make us alive to it, spread out (as the Professor tells me) in the most sensitive region of the marrow, just where it is widening to run upwards into the hemispheres. It has its seat in the region of sense rather than of thought; yet it produces a continuous and, as it were, logical sequence of emotional and intellectual changes; but how different from the trains of thought proper! how entirely beyond the reach of symbols! Think of human passions as compared with all phrases! Did you ever hear of a man's growing lean by reading of "Romeo and Juliet," or blowing his brains out because Desdemona was maligned? There are a good many symbols too that are more expressive than words. I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange colour with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences, namely—to waste away and die. When a man can read, his paroxysm of feeling is passing. When he can read, his thought has slackened its hold. You talk about reading Shakspeare, using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of Shak-

spere is one thing, and Coleridge or Schlegel's reading of him is another. The saturation point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind, which can only take up a little, as for the great one, which takes up much, that the suggested trains of thought and feeling ought always to rise above, not the author, but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may be."

I think most readers of Shakspeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region of thought without words. We may happen to be very dull folks, you and I, and probably are, unless there is some particular reason to suppose the contrary. But we get glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities, where we, dull as we are now, may sail in vast circles around the largest compass of earthly intelligences.

I confess there are times when I feel like the friend I mentioned to you some time ago—I hate the very sight of a book. Sometimes it becomes almost a physical necessity to talk out what is in the mind, before putting anything else into it. It is very bid to have thoughts and feelings, which were meant to come out, *strike in*, as they say of some complaints that ought to show outwardly.

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths, and something more of births—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Part vi.

310.—AN AWFUL NIGHT.

[DAVID MACBETH MOIR, 1798—1851.

[DAVID MACBETH MOIR was born at Musselburgh, 1798. He was educated for, and practised the medical profession. He commenced authorship in 1812, by publishing a small volume of poems. At the commencement of "Blackwood's Magazine," he became one of its contributors, and continued to write for it till his death. For "Blackwood" he wrote the "Autobiography of Mansie Wauch." Dr. Moir was a graceful essayist, an elegant minor poet, and a man of some note in his own profession. He died 1851.]

WHEN the voice of man was wheisht, and all was sunk in the sound sleep of midnight, it chanced that I was busy dreaming that I was sitting one of the spectawtors, looking at anither playacting piece of business. Before coming this length, howsomever, I should by right have ob-

served, that afore going to bed, I had eaten for my supper pairt of a black pudding, and twa sausengers, that Widow Grassie had sent in a compliment to my wife, being a genteel woman, and mindful of her friends—so that I must have had some sort of nightmare, and no been exactly in my seven senses—else I couldna hae been even dreaming of siccan a place. Weel, as I was saying, in the playhouse I thought I was; and a' at ance I heard Maister Wiggie, like ane crying in the wilderness, halloing with a loud voice through the window, bidding me flee from the snares, traps, and gin-nets of the Evil One; and from the terrors of the wrath to come. I was in a terrible funk; and just as I was trying to rise from the seat, that seemed somehow glued to my body and wadna let me, to reach down my hat, which, with its glazed cover, was hinging on a pin to ae side, my face all red, and glowing like a fiery furnace, for shame of being a second time caught in deadly sin, I heard the kirk-bell jow-jowing, as if it was the last trump, summoning sinners to their lang and black account; and Maister Wiggie thrust in his arm in his desperation, in a whirlwind of passion, clauting hold of my hand like a vice, to drag me out head foremost. Even in my sleep, howsomever, it appears that I like free-will, and ken that there are nae slaves in our blessed country, so I tried with all my might to pull against him, and gied his arm siccan a drive back, that he seemed to bleach ower on his side, and raised a hullabulloo of a yell, that not only weakened me, but made me start upright in my bed. For all the world such a scene! My wife was roaring, "Murder, murder! Mansie Wauch, will ye no wauken? Murder, murder! ye've felled me wi' ye're nieve—ye've felled me outright—I'm gone for evermair—my hail teeth are down my throat. Will ye no wauken?—Murder, murder!—I say Murder, murder, murder, murder!!!" "Wha's murdering us?" cried I, throwing my cowl back on the pillow, and rubbing my een in the hurry of a tremendous fright.—"Wha's murdering us?—where's the rubbers?—send for the town-officer!" "Oh, Mansie!—oh, Mansie!" said Nanse, in a kind of greeting tone, "I daursay ye've felled me—but nae matter, now I've gotten ye roused. Do ye no see the hail street in a bleeze of flame? Bad is the best; we maun either be burned to death, or out of house and hall, without a rag to cover our nakedness. Where's my son?—where's my dear bairn Benjie?" In a most awful consternation, I jumped at this out to the middle of the floor, hearing the causeway all in an uproar of voices; and seeing the flickering of the flames glancing on the houses in the opposite side of the street, all the windows of which were filled wi' the heads of half-naked folks, in round-eared mutches, or kilmarnocks; their mouths open, and their een staring wi' fright; while the sound of the fire-engine, rattling through the streets like thunder, seemed like the dead cart of the

plague, come to hurry away the corpses of the deceased, for interment in the kirkyard.

Never such a spectacle was witnessed since the creation of Adam. I pulled up the window, and lookit out—and lo and behold! the very next house to our ain was a' in a low from cellar to garret; the burning joists hissing and cracking like mad^d; and the very wind that blew along, as warm as if it had been out of the mouth o' a baker's oven. It was a most awfu' spectacle! mair betoken to me, who was likely to be intimately concerned wi't; and beating my brow with my clenched nieve, like a distracted creature, I saw that the labour of my haill life was likely to gang for nought, and me to be a ruined man, all the earnings of my industry being lajd out on my stock in trade, and on the plenishing of our bit house. The darkness of the latter days cam ower my speerit, like a vision before the prophet Isaiah; and I could see naething in the years to come but beggary and starvation; myself a fallen back auld man, with an out-at-the-elbows coat, a greasy hat and a bell pow, hirpling ower a staff, requesthing an awmous—Nans—a broken-hearted beggar wife, torn down to tatters, and weeping lik Rachel when she thought on better days, and puir wee Benjie gangin frae door t^o door wi' a meal-pock on his back. The thought findung me stupid, and then drave me to desperation; and not even mincing the dear wife[^] of my bosom, that had fainted away as dead as herring, I pulled on my trousers like mad, and rushed out into the street, bareheaded and barefoot as the day that Lucky Bringthereon brought me into the world.

The crowd saw, in the twinkling of an eyeball, that I was a desperate man, fierce as Sir William Wallace, and no to be withstood by gentle or semple. So maist o' them made way for me; them that tried to stop me finding it a bad job, being heeled ower from right to left, on the braid of their backs; like flounders, without respect of age or person; some auld women that were obstrapulous, being gey sa hurt, and ane o' them with a pain in her hainch even to this day. When I had got almost to the door-cheek of the burning house, I far ane gruppung me by the back like grim death; and in looking ower my shoulder, wha was it but Nanse hersell, that, rising up from her feir, had pursued me like a whirlwind. It was a heavy trial, but my duty to myself in the first place, and to my neibours in the second, roused me up to withstand it; so making a spend like a greyhound, I left the hindside of my sark in her grasp, like Joseph's garment in the nieve Potiphar's wife; and up the stairs head foremost among the flame. Mercy keep us a'! what a sight for mortal man to glour at wi' a living een. The bells were tolling amid the dark, like a summons from aboon, for the parish of Dalkeith to pack off to anither work.

the drums were beat, beating as if the French were coming, thousand on thousand, to kill, slay, and devour every maid and mother's son of us; the fire-engine pump—pump—pumping like daft, showering the water like rainbows, as if the windows of heaven were opened, and the days of auld Noah come back again; and the rabble throwing the good furniture ower the windōws like ingan peelings, where it either felled the folk below, or was dung to a thousand shivers on the causeway. I cried to them, for the love o' gudeness, to mak search in the beds, in case there might be ouy weans there, human life being still more precious than human means, but no a living soul was seen but a cat, which, being raised and wild with the din, wag on nae consideration allow itsell to be caught. Jacob Dribble fand that to his cost; for right or wrang, having a drappie in his head, he swore like a trooper that he wad catch her, and carry her down aneath his oxter; so forrit he wearied her into a corner, croutching down on his hunkers. He had muckle better have let it alane; for it fuffed ower his shouther like wull-fire, and scarting his back all the way down, jumped like a lamplighter head foremost through the flames, where, in the raging and roaring of the devouring element, its pitiful cries were soon hushed to silence for ever and ever, Amen!—*Autobiography of Mansie Wauch.*

311.—DEATH AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

[THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, 1796—1864.]

[THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, son of Colley Grattan, Esq., of Edenberry, King's County, was born in Dublin, 1796. Marrying and settling in the South of France, he adopted authorship as a profession. He became a frequent contributor to the "New Monthly Magazine" while it was edited by the poet Campbell; he also wrote for the "Edinburgh Review." In 1823 he published the first series of his "Highways and Byeways," which proving very successful, a second and third series followed in rapid succession. Mr. Grattan also wrote "Traits of Travel," "Heiress of Bruges," "Jacqueline of Holland," "History of the Netherlands." These works were published during his residence at Brussels. From thence he removed to Holland, and thence to Heidelberg, where he wrote "Legends of the Rhine" and "Agnes Mansfeldt." He returned to Brussels when Leopold I. was proclaimed king, and at that prince's special request was appointed British Consul to the state of Massachusetts in 1839. In 1848 he was allowed as an especial favour to resign this post to his son. He was next appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber in Her Majesty's Household. His latest and most serious work was on "Civilized America." Mr. Grattan died 1864.]

FROM the moment of their abandonment by the Duke of Anjou, the United Provinces considered themselves independent; and although they consented to renew his authority over the country at large, at the solicitation of the Prince of Orange, they were resolved to confirm

the influence of the latter over their particular interests, which they were now sensible could acquire stability only by that means.* The death of Anjou left them without a sovereign; and they did not hesitate in the choice which they were now called upon to make. On whom, indeed, could they fix but William of Nassau, without the utmost injustice to him, and the deepest injury to themselves? To whom could they turn, in preference to him who had given consistency to the early explosion of their despair; to him who first gave the country political existence, then nursed it into freedom, and now beheld it in the vigour and prime of independence? He had seen the necessity, but certainly overrated the value of foreign support, to enable the new state to cope with the tremendous tyranny from which it had broken. He had tried successively Germany, England, and France. From the first and the last of these powers he had received two governors, to whom he cheerfully resigned the title. The incapacity of both, and the treachery of the latter, proved to the states that their only chance for safety was in the consolidation of William's authority; and they contemplated the noblest reward which a grateful nation could bestow on a glorious liberator. And is it to be believed, that he who for twenty years had sacrificed his repose, lavished his fortune, and risked his life, for the public cause, now aimed at absolute dominion, or coveted a despotism which all his actions prove him to have abhorred? Defeated bigotry has put forward such vapid accusations. He has been also held responsible for the early cruelties which, it is notorious, he used every means to avert, and frequently punished. But while these revolting acts can only be viewed in the light of reprisals against the bloodiest persecution that ever existed, by exasperated men driven to vengeance by a bad example, not one single act of cruelty or bad faith has ever been made good against William, who may be safely pronounced one of the wisest and best men held up by history as examples to the species.

The authority of one author has been produced to prove that, during the lifetime of his brother Louis, offers were made to him by France, of the sovereignty of the northern provinces, on condition of the southern being joined to the French crown.† That he ever accepted those offers is without proof: that he never acted on them is certain. But he might have been justified in purchasing freedom for those states which had so well earned it, at the price even of a qualified independence under another power, to the exclusion of those which had never heartily struggled against Spain. The best evidence, however, of William's real views is to be found in the Capitulation, as it is called; that is to

* Meteren.

† Amelot de la Houssaye.

say, the act which was on the point of being executed between him and the states, when a base fanatic, instigated by a bloody tyrant, put a period to his splendid career. This capitulation exists at full length,* but was never formally executed. Its conditions are founded on the same principles, and conceived in nearly the same terms, as those accepted by the Duke of Anjou; and the whole compact is one of the most thoroughly liberal that history has on record. The Prince repaired to Delft for the ceremony of his inauguration, the price of his long labours; but there, instead of the anticipated dignity, he met the sudden stroke of death.†

On the 10th of July, as he left his dining-room, and while he placed his foot on the first step of the great stair leading to the upper apartments of his house, a man named Balthasar Gerard (who, like the former assassin, waited for him at the moment of convivial relaxation), discharged a pistol at his body: three balls entered it. He fell into the arms of an attendant, and cried out faintly, in the French language, "God pity me! I am sadly wounded—God have mercy on my soul, and on this unfortunate nation!" His sister, the Countess of Swartzenberg, who now hastened to his side, asked him in German, if he did not recommend his soul to God? He answered, "Yes," in the same language, but with a feeble voice. He was carried into the dining-room, where he immediately expired. His sister closed his eyes:‡ his wife too was on the spot,—Louisa, daughter of the illustrious Coligny, and widow of the gallant Count of Teligny, both of whom were also murdered almost in her sight, in the frightful massacre of St. Bartholomew. We may not enter on a description of the afflicting scene which followed: but the mind is pleased in picturing the bold solemnity with which Prince Maurice, then eighteen years of age, swore—not vengeance or hatred against his father's murderers, but that he would faithfully and religiously follow the glorious example he had given him.§

* Bor. liv. 159 p. 203. † Grotius. ‡ La Pice, Hist. des Princes d'Orange.

§ Whoever would really enjoy the spirit of historical details should never omit an opportunity of seeing places rendered memorable by associations connected with the deeds, and especially with the death, of great men: the spot, for instance, where William was assassinated at Delft; the old staircase he was just on the point of ascending; the narrow pass between that and the dining-hall whence he came out, of scarcely sufficient extent for the murderer to hold forth his arm and his pistol, 2½ feet long. This weapon, and its fellow, are both preserved in the museum of the Hague, together with two of the fatal bullets, and the very clothes which the victim wore. The leathern doublet, pierced by the balls and burned by the powder, lies beside the other parts of the dress, the simple gravity of which, in fashion and colour, irresistibly brings the wise great man before us, and adds a hundredfold to the interest excited by a recital of his murder.

There is but one important feature in the character of William which we have hitherto left untouched, but which the circumstances of his death seemed to sanctify, and point out for record in the same page with it. We mean his religious opinions; and we shall despatch a subject which is, in regard to all men, so delicate, indeed so sacred, in a few words. He was born a Rutheran. When he arrived, a boy, at the Court of Charles V., he was initiated into the Catholic creed, in which he was thenceforward brought up. Afterwards, when he could think for himself, and choose his profession of faith, he embraced the doctrine of Calvin. His whole public conduct seems to prove that he viewed sectarian principles chiefly in the light of political instruments; and that, himself a conscientious Christian, in the broad sense of the term, he was deeply imbued with the spirit of universal toleration, and considered the various shades of belief as subservient to the one grand principle of civil and religious liberty, for which he had long devoted and at length laid down his life. His assassin was taken alive, and four days afterwards executed with terrible circumstances of cruelty, which he bore as a martyr might have borne them.*—*History of the Netherlands*, ch. xii. pp. 170-173.

312.—THEBES IN 1868.

[LADY DUFF-GORDON, 1821—1869.]

[LADY DUFF-GORDON, *née* Lucie Austin, was the daughter of Mrs. Austin, and the wife of Sir Alexander Duff-Gordon, Bart., a commissioner of inland revenue. Inheriting her mother's talents for languages and literature, she translated many valuable works into English. Amongst these are Niebuhr's "Greek Legends," published during her girlhood, "The Amber Witch," "The French in Algiers," Ranke's "History of Prussia," Motte's "Russian Campaigns of 1828-29 on the Danube," &c. &c. Lady Duff-Gordon died in 1869.]

I CANNOT describe to you the misery here now—indeed it is wearisome even to think of: every day some new tax. Now every beast—camel, cow, sheep, donkey, horse—is made to pay. The fellaheen can no longer eat bread; they are living on barley-meal mixed with water, and raw green stuff—vetches, &c., which to people used to good food is terrible, and I see all my acquaintances growing seedy and ragged and anxious; the taxation makes life almost impossible: 100 piastres per feddan as tax on every crop, on every animal first, and then again when it is sold in the market, and a tax on every man, on charcoal, on butter, on salt. I wonder I am not tormented for money; but not above three people have tried to beg or borrow.

* Le Petit, Histoire des Pays Bas.

Thanks for the Westminster Epilogue: it always amuses me much. So Terence was a nigger! I would tell Rachneh so if I could make him understand who Terence was, and that he—Rachmeh—stood in need of any encouragement; but the worthy fellow never imagines that his skin is in any way inferior to mine. There is no trace of the nigger-boy in Terence's Davus. My nigger-boy Mabrook has grown huge, and developed a voice of thunder; he is of the elephantine rather than the tiger species—a very wild young savage. If he goes, I am tempted to take Yussuf's nice little Denka girl to replace him; but a girl is such an impossibility where there is no regular harem. In the boat, Achmet is enough under Omar, but in this huge, dusty house, and with errands to run, and comers and goers to look after, pipes and coffee and the like, it takes two boys to be comfortable. It is surprising how fast these Arab boys learn, and how well they do their work. Achmet, who is quite little, would be a perfectly sufficient servant for a man alone. He can cook, wash, clean the rooms, make the beds, do all the table service, knife and plate cleaning, all very well. Mabrook is slower, but has the same merit our poor Hassan had—he never forgets what he has been told to do, and he is clean in his work, though hopelessly dirty as to his clothes. He cannot get used to them, and takes a roll in the dirt, or leans against a dirty mud wall, quite forgetting his clean washed blue shirt. Achmet is quicker, and more careless; but they are both good boys, and very fond of Omar. "Uncle Omar" is the form of address, though he scolds them pretty severely if they misbehave; and I observe that the high jinks take place chiefly when only I am in the way, and Omar gone to market or to the mosque. The little rogues have found out that their laughing does not "affect my nerves," and I am often treated to a share in the joke. How I wish R—— could see the children; they would amuse her. Yussuf's girl, "Meer en Nezzil," is a charming child and very clever: her emphatic way of explaining anything to me, and her gestures, would delight you. Her cousin and future husband, aged five (she is six), broke her doll which I had given her, and her description of it was most dramatic—ending with a wheedling glance at the cupboard, and "of course there are no more dolls there." She is a fine little creature, far more Arab than Fellaha, quite a *shaitan*, her father says. She came in, full of making cakes for Bairam, and offered her services. "Oh, my aunt, if thou wantest anything, I can work," said she, tucking up her sleeves.

It is warm and fine enough now, and I am a good deal better; Mustafa has found me a milk-camel at last;—no easy matter, as all our camels are now taken to work. You cannot think what the war in Crete is to the people here; they who take no sort of pleasure in

killing Christians; and only hate leaving their families, and the cold and misery!

The last regulations have stopped all money-lending; and the prisons are full of "Sheykhs el Beled," whose villages cannot pay their taxes. Most respectable men have offered me to go partners with them now in their wheat, which will be cut in six weeks, if only I would pay their taxes now: I to take half the crop, and half the taxes, with interest out of their half,—some such trifle as thirty per cent. per month. A Greek at Koos is doing this business; but, as he knows the people here, he accepts none but such as are vouched for by good "cadees," and he will not lose a feddan. Our prison is full of men, and we send them their dinners in turns. The other day a woman went with the big wooden bowl on her head full of what she had cooked for them, accompanied by her husband. A certain Effendi, a new Vakeel here, was there, and said, "What dost thou ask here, thou ——?" calling her by an opprobrious name. Her husband said, "She is my wife, O Effendi!" Whereupon he was beaten till he fainted, and then there was a lamentation. They carried him down past my house with a crowd of women all shrieking like mad creatures, especially his wife, who yelled and beat her head, and threw dust over it, *more majorum* as you may see on the tombs. Such are the humours of tax-gathering in this country. The distress in England is terrible, but at least it is not the result of extortion like it is here, where everything from nature is so abundant and glorious, and yet mankind so miserable. It is not a little hunger, it is the cruel oppression which maddens the people now. They never complained before, but now whole villages are deserted, and thousands have run away into the desert between this and Assouan.—*Macmillan's Magazine for June, 1868.*

313.—THE COWARDLY CAPTAIN.

[BEAUMONT (1585—1615) AND FLETCHER, 1576—1625.]

[FRANCIS BEAUMONT was the younger brother of Sir John Beaumont, a judge of the Common Pleas, who was knighted by Charles I. He wrote in conjunction with his friend John Fletcher; they had one house, and, it is recorded, wore the same clothes in common. The "indelicacies and indecorums" which abound in their plays, though attractive in their own day, would not be tolerated in this—any, more than, we hope, the present taste for the simply horrible will be tolerated when another change comes o'er the spirit of fiction. It has been ascertained that Beaumont and Fletcher wrote in partnership seventeen plays. Beaumont, by himself, a masque and one play, which has been lost; Fletcher, four by himself, in Beaumont's lifetime, and twenty-eight after the death of Beaumont, besides several in which he was assisted by Shakspeare, Jonson, Massinger, Rowley, Middleton, and others. Beaumont was born 1585, and died 1615. John Fletcher was the son of the Bishop

of London, and was educated at Cambridge. It was said of the partnership that "he found the fancy and Beaumont the judgment." Fletcher was born 1576, and died of the plague in London, 1625. He was buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark.]

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BESSUS; A GENTLEMAN.

SCENE.—*A Room in the House of BESSUS.*

Enter BESSUS.

Bes. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away, which nobody knows but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty stomach persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still;" then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels and beat me with hazel sticks, as if they would have baked me, and have cozened somebody with me for venison. After this I railed and eat quietly; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled, whipped fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven called an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgelled me: yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improved. A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account (worthily, as they call it), by the way of challenge.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Good-morrow, Captain Bessus.

Bes. Good-morrow, sir.

Gent. I come to speak with you——

Bes. You're very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himself wronged by you some three years since. Your worth he says is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

Bes. A plague on 'em; so they cry all!

Gent. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides. (*Gives him a letter.*)

Bes. 'Tis a challenge, sir, is it not?

Gent. 'Tis an inviting to the field.

Bes. An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy!—What a compliment he delivers it with? he might as agreeably to my nature, present me poison with such a speech. (*Reads.*) Um, um, um,—*Reputation—*um, um, um—*call you to account—*um, um, um—*forced to this—*um, um, um—*with my sword—*um, um, um—*like a gentleman—*um, um, um—*dear to me—*um, um, um—*satisfaction.*—'Tis very well, sir; I do accept it, but he must wait an answer this thirteen weeks.

Gent. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off this stain as soon as he could.

Bes. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bes. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve; and I have a spent body, too much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a day. All the kindness I can show him is to set him resolutely in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will, sir. Good-morrow to you.

[*Exit GENTLEMAN.*]

Bes. Good-morrow, good sir.—Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within these two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these—he has chosen a gentleman in travel,

and I have a special friend with a quartan ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine ; and when his man comes home we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living : I can make seven shillings a day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of styles : I do find, evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand ; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction." —Who's there ? More paper, I hope. No ; 'tis my Lord Bacurius. I fear all is not well betwixt us.—*A King and ny King.*

314.—ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

[J. G. LOCKHART, 1793—1854.]

[JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART was sometime editor of the "Quarterly Review," and son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott: thus his name is linked with the literary history of his own time, had it not been associated with his romances, "Valerius," "Adam Blair," "Reginald Dalton," and "Matthew Wald;" with his biographies of Burns and Napoleon, his "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and his splendid rendering of the "Spanish Ballads." In his capacity of editor and critic, Mr. Lockhart was of the "savage and tartarly" clique, who saw no merit on this side of the Tweed ; but he was a false prophet, and lived to see his "This will never do," do in spite of him. In 1843 he was presented with a sinecure of 400*l.* a year, which he enjoyed till his death in 1854. He was born in 1793. His father was the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, minister of the College Church, Glasgow. Mr. Lockhart distinguished himself both at the Glasgow University and at Balliol College, Oxford. He was his father-in-law's literary executor, and published the well-known Life of Scott, in 9 vols., 1834-5.]

"My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muca, I cannot, cannot tell."

"Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter—
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muca give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas ! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget,
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings
pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in
the well,

Oh ! what will Muca think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamonds shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl
unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so, beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muca, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muca, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muca, and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they
fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well."
—*Ancient Spanish Ballads.*

315.—DEATH AND CHARACTER OF ST. PETER.

¹ [THE REV. WILLIAM CAVE, D.D., 1637—1713.

[WILLIAM CAVE, a distinguished English divine, was born in 1637, at Pickwell, in Leicestershire, the living of which parish was held by his father, a man of learning and piety. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He was presented to the Vicarage of Islington in 1662, and soon afterwards was made Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II. In 1681 his merits as a scholar obtained for him the Rectory of Allhallows, and a Canonry in Windsor; but finding that the heavy duties of his London parishes hindered his important labours as an historian of Christianity, he gladly exchanged them for the quiet Vicarage of Isleworth, where he devoted his talents to the service of religion as an author. He died at Windsor

1713, and is buried in Islington Church, where there is a monument to his memory. His chief works are "Primitive Christianity," "Lives of the Apostles and Martyrs," and "Historia Literaria."]

NERO returning from Achaia, and entering Rome with a great deal of pomp and triumph, resolved now the apostle should fall as a victim and sacrifice to his cruelty and revenge. While the fatal stroke was daily expected, the Christians in Rome did, by daily prayers and importunities, solicit St. Peter to make an escape, and to reserve himself to the uses and services of the church. This at first he rejected, as what would ill reflect upon his courage and constancy, and argue him to be afraid of those sufferings for Christ to which he himself had so often persuaded others; but the prayers and tears of the people overcame him, and made him yield. Accordingly the next night, having prayed with, and taken his farewell of the brethren, he got over the prison wall; and coming to the city gate, he is there said to have met with our Lord, who was just entering into the city. Peter asked him, "Lord, whither art thou going?" From whom he presently received this answer, "I am come to Rome, to be crucified a second time." By which answer Peter apprehended himself to be reproved, and that our Lord meant it of his death, that he was to be crucified in his servant. Whereupon he went back to the prison, and delivered himself into the hands of his keepers, showing himself most ready and cheerful to acquiesce in the will of God. And we are told, that in the stone whereon our Lord stood while he talked with Peter, he left the impression of his feet; which stone has been preserved as a very sacred relic, and after several translations was at length fixed in the church of St. Sebastian, the martyr, where it is kept and visited with great expressions of reverence and devotion at this day. Before his suffering he was, no question, scourged; according to the manner of the Romans, who were wont first to whip those malefactors who were adjudged to the most severe and capital punishments. Having saluted his brethren, and especially having taken his last farewell of St. Paul, he was brought out of the prison, and led to the top of Vatican Mount, near to Tiber, the place designed for his execution. The death he was adjudged to was crucifixion; as of all others accounted the most shameful, so the most severe and terrible. But he entreated the favour of the officers, that he might not be crucified in the ordinary way, but might suffer with his head downwards, and his feet up to heaven; affirming that he was unworthy to suffer in the same posture wherein his Lord had suffered before him. Happy man (as Chrysostom glosses) to be set in the readiest posture of travelling from earth to heaven. His body being taken from the cross, is said to have been embalmed by Marcellinus the presbyter, after the Jewish manner,

and was then buried in the Vatican, near the triumphal way. Over his grave a small church was soon after erected; which being destroyed by Heliogabalus, his body was removed to the cemetery in the Appian way, two miles from Rome; where it remained till the time of pope Cornelius, who reconveyed it to the Vatican, where it rested somewhat obscurely till the reign of Constantine; who, out of the mighty reverence which he had for the Christian religion, caused many churches to be built at Rome, but especially rebuilt and enlarged the Vatican to the honour of St. Peter. In the doing whereof himself is said to have been the first that began to dig the foundation, and to have carried thence twelve baskets of rubbish with his own hand; in honour, as it should seem, of the twelve apostles. He infinitely enriched the church with gifts and ornaments, which in every age increased in splendour and riches, till it is become one of the wonders of the world at this day; of whose glories, stateliness, and beauty, and those many venerable monuments of antiquity that are in it, they who desire to know more, may be plentifully satisfied by Onuphrius. Only, one amongst the rest must not be forgotten; there being kept that very wooden chair wherein St. Peter sat when he was at Rome, by the only touching whereof many miracles are said to be performed. But surely Baronius's wisdom and gravity were from home when speaking of this chair: and fearing that heretics would imagine that it might be rotten in so long a time, he tells us, that it is no wonder that this chair should be preserved so long, when Eusebius affirms, that the wooden chair of St. James, bishop of Jerusalem, was extant in the time of Constantine. But the cardinal, it seems, forgot to consider that there is some difference between three and sixteen hundred years. But of this enough. St. Peter was crucified, according to the common computation, in the year of Christ 69, and the thirteenth (or, as Eusebius, the fourteenth) of Nero; how truly may be inquired afterwards.

Having run through the current history of St. Peter's life, it may not be amiss in the next place to survey a little his person and temper. His body (if we may believe the description given of him by Nicephorus) was somewhat slender, of a middle size, but rather inclining to tallness; his complexion very pale, and almost white; the hair of his head and beard curled and thick, but withal short: though St. Jerome tells, out of Clemens's Periods, that he was bald; which probably might be in his declining age. His eyes black, but specked with red; which Baronius will have to proceed from his frequent weeping: his eyebrows thin or none at all; his nose long, but rather broad and flat than sharp. Such was the case and outside. Let us next look inwards, and view the jewel that was within. Take him as a

man, and there seems to have been a natural eagerness predominant in his temper, which as a whetstone sharpened his soul for all bold and generous undertakings. It was this, in a great measure, that made him so forward to speak, and to return answers, sometimes before he had well considered them. It was this made him expose his person to the most imminent dangers, promise those great things in behalf of his master, and resolutely draw his sword in his quarrel against a whole band of soldiers, and wound the high-priest's servant: and possibly he had attempted greater matters, had not our Lord restrained and taken him off by that seasonable check that he gave him.

This temper he owed in a great measure to the genius and nature of his country, of which Josephus gives this true character: That it naturally bred in men a certain fierceness and animosity, whereby they were fearlessly carried out upon any action, and in all things showed a great strength and courage both of mind and body. The Galileans (says he) being fighters from their childhood; the men being as seldom overtaken with cowardice as their country with want of men. And yet, notwithstanding this, his fervour and fierceness had its intervals; there being some times when the paroxysms of his heat and courage did intermit, and the man was surprised and betrayed by his own fears. Witness his passionate crying out when he was upon the sea, in danger of his life, and his fearful deserting his master in the garden; but especially his carriage in the high-priest's hall, when the confident charge of a sorry maid made him sink so far beneath himself; and, notwithstanding his great and resolute promises, so shamefully deny his master, and that with curses and imprecations. But he was in danger, and passion prevailed over his understanding, and fear betrayed the succours which reason offered; and being intent upon nothing but the present safety of his life, he heeded not what he did, when he disowned his master to save himself. So dangerous is it to be left to ourselves, and to have our natural passions let loose upon us.

Consider him as a disciple and a Christian, and we shall find him exemplary in the great instances of religion, singular in his humility and lowliness of mind. With what a passionate earnestness, upon the conviction of a miracle, did he beg of our Saviour to depart from him; accounting himself not worthy that the Son of God should come near so vile a sinner? When our Lord, by that wonderful condescension, stooped to wash his apostles' feet, he could by no means be persuaded to admit it, not thinking it fit that so great a person should submit himself to so servile an office towards so mean a person as himself; nor could he be induced to accept it, till our Lord was in a manner forced to threaten him into obedience. When Cornelius, heightened in his apprehensions of him by an immediate command

from God concerning him, would have entertained him with expressions of more than ordinary honour and veneration, so far was he from complying with it, that he plainly told him, he was no other than such a man as himself. With how much candour and modesty does he treat the inferior rulers and ministers of the church! He, upon whom antiquity heaps so many honourable titles, styling himself no other than their fellow-presbyter. Admirable his love to, and zeal for his master, which he thought he could never express at too high a rate: for his sake venturing on the greatest dangers, and exposing himself to the most imminent hazards of life. It was in his quarrel that he drew his sword against a band of soldiers, and an armed multitude; and it was love to his master that drew him into that imprudent advice, that he should seek to save himself, and avoid those sufferings that were coming upon him; that made him promise and engage so deep to suffer and die with him. Great was his forwardness in owning Christ to be the Messiah and Son of God; which drew from our Lord that honourable encomium, "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-Jonah."—*Lives of the Apostles*, vol. i. sections 9 and 10.

316.—PREVISIONS,

[THE REV. ANDREW KENNEDY HUTCHISON BOYD, B.A., 1825.]

[ANDREW K. H. BOYD was born in November, 1825, at Auchinleck, in Ayrshire, of which parish his father was incumbent. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, where he took the usual degrees. He was ordained in 1851. He first became known as a writer by articles which appeared in "Fraser," signed A.K.H.B. The most important of these have been re-issued in a collected form, under the titles of "Recreations of a Country Parson," "Leisure Hours in Town," &c. &c.]

HAVE you ever read the "Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor of Dalkeith," by that pleasing poet and most amiable man, the late David Macbeth Moir? I have been looking into it lately, and I have regretted much that the Lowland Scotch dialect is so imperfectly understood in England; and that, even where so understood, its raciness is so little felt; for great as is the popularity of that work, it is much less known than it deserves to be. Only a Scotchman can thoroughly appreciate it. It is curious, and yet it is not curious, to find the pathos and the polish of one of the most touching and elegant of poets in the man who has with such irresistible humour, sometimes approaching to the farcical, delineated humble Scottish life. One passage in the book always struck me very much. We have in it the poet as well as the humorist.

* * * * I mean the passage in which Mansie tells us of a sudden glimpse which, in circumstances of mortal terror, he once had of the

future. On a "certain awful night," the tailor was awakened by cries of alarm, and looking out he saw the next house to his own was on fire from cellar to garret. The earnings of poor Mansie's whole life were laid out on his stock-in-trade and his furniture, and it appeared likely that these would be at once destroyed.

"Then," says he, "the darkness of the latter days came over my spirit like a vision before the prophet Isaiah; and I could see nothing in the years to come but beggary and starvation—myself a fallen-back old man, with an out-at-the-elbows coat, a greasy hat, and a bald brow, hirpling over a staff requesting an almous; Nanse a broken-hearted beggar wife torn down to tatters, and weeping like Rachel when she thought on better days; and poor wee Benjie going from door to door with a meal-pock on his back."

Ah, there is exquisite pathos there, as well as humour; but the thing for which I have quoted that sentence is its startling truthfulness. You have all done what Mansie Wauch did, I know. Every one has his own way of doing it, and it is his own special picture which each sees. But there has appeared to us, as to Mansie (I must refer to my old figure), as it were, a sudden rift in the clouds that conceal the future, and we have seen the way, far ahead—the dusty way—and an aged pilgrim pacing slowly along it; and in that aged figure we have each recognised our own young self. * * * * *

Personal identity continued through the successive stages of life is a commonplace thing to think of; but when it is brought home to your own case and feeling, it is a very touching and a very bewildering thing. There are the same trees and hills as when you were a boy; and when each of us comes to his last days in this world, how short a space it will seem since we were little children! Let us humbly hope that in that brief space, parting the cradle from the grave, we may (by help from above) have accomplished a certain work which will cast its blessed influence over all the years and all the ages before us. Yet it remains a strange thing to look forward and to see yourself with grey hair, and not much even of that, to see your wife an old woman, and your little boy or girl grown up into manhood or womanhood. It is more strange still to fancy you see them all going on as usual in the round of life, and you no longer among them. You see your empty chair. There is your writing-table and your inkstand; there are your books, not so carefully arranged as they used to be; perhaps, on the whole, less indication than you might have hoped that they miss you. All this is strange when you bring it home to your own case; and that hundreds of millions have felt the like makes it not the less strange to you. The commonplaces of life and death are not commonplace when they befall ourselves. It was in

desperate hurry and agitation that Mansie Wauch saw his vision; and in like circumstances you may have yours too. But for the most part such moods come in leisure—in saunterings through the autumn woods—in reveries by the winter fire.—*Leisure Hours in Town. Concerning Future Years.* Chap. ii.

317.—THE VICAR IN PRISON.

[OLIVER 'GOLDSMITH, 1728—1774.]

[This great genius, a specimen of whose power as an essayist is given at page 530, has written one of the finest novels in our language. It would be unjust, in a collection of readings from modern literature, to represent Goldsmith only by his essay on "Quack Doctors," and not by his masterpiece of fiction. We therefore subjoin the following extract, which will strike the modern reader as manifesting a wisdom and benevolence far beyond that of the age in which Goldsmith lived.]

THE next morning, I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

"Excuse me," returned I; "these people, however fallen, are still men; and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will: perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some good trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry "Amen" in such an affected tone, as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. How-

ever, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacconists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day—a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity: that it would seem convinced, that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state. Nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder, their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shewn a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as, by that, the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to

barter his life any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between a hundred, or a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks; and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace; and, in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarcely any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age; and, as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased—as if the more enormous our wealth the more extensive our fears—all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When, by indiscriminate penal laws, a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality: thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice; instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion comes to burst them; instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility; instead of converting correction into vengeance,—it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner: we should then find that creatures, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to

sinew the state in times of danger; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.—*The Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. xxvii.

318.—THE TRIAL OF THE SCOTTISH LORDS, 1746.

[HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, 1717—1797.

[HORACE WALPOLE, born in 1717, was the youngest son of the Whig Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. He was educated at Eton, and King's College, Cambridge, and sat in Parliament for the space of twenty-eight years, but distinguished himself in the House on only two occasions—first, in defence of his father's administration; and next, in defence of the unfortunate Admiral Byng. He retired from the political world in 1768, and led a life of literary ease at his villa, Strawberry Hill, at Twickenham. He wrote "A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," "Historic Doubts concerning Richard III.," "Anecdotes of Painting," "The Castle of Otranto," &c., &c. But he keeps his place in the foremost rank of literature by his Letters, which Sir Walter Scott declared to be the best in the English language. Horace Walpole became Earl of Orford on the death of his nephew in 1791, and died in 1797.]

Arlington Street, August 1, 1746.

I AM this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever saw. You will easily guess it was the trial of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine. A coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches, frequent and full! The Chancellor (Hardwicke) was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage, with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister (Mr. Pelham), that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could,

with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me. Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person, and his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without; she is very handsome, so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go. Old Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me." At the bar he plays with his fingers upon the axe while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself.

When the trial began the two earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the Castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the king's counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, "who," said he, "I see by the papers is dead." Then some witnesses were examined, whom, afterwards, the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their house, and returning, demanded of the judges whether, one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty? All said, "Guilty, upon honour," and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawing, the Solicitor-General Murray (brother of the Pretender's Minister) officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him how he

could give the Lords so much trouble when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, "Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth." Are you not charmed with this speech? how just it was! As he went away he said, "They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that try me; but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve." The worst of his case is, that after the battle of Dumblain, having a company in the Duke of Argyle's regiment, he deserted with it to the rebels, and has since been pardoned. Lord Kilmarnock is a Presbyterian, with four earldoms in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington's stopping a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner.

* * * * *

On Wednesday they were again brought to Westminster Hall to receive sentence, and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock, with a very fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son (his second, unluckily, was with him) in the Duke's army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them*. He insisted much on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that he was come to fight, and not to butcher; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very artfully mentioned Van Hoey's letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him; and concluded with saying, "If no part of this bitter cup must pass from me, not mine, O God, but Thy will be done." If he had pleaded not guilty, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death.

Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle, and said, "I never heard so great an orator as Lord Kilmarnock; if I was your Grace I would pardon him, and make him *paymaster*."*—*Letters*, vol. ii.

* Alluding to Mr. Pitt, who had lately been preferred to that post, from the fear the Ministry had of his abusive eloquence.

319.—A CHAT WITH FREDERICK THE GREAT.

[JOHN MOORE, M.D., 1729—1802.

[JOHN MOORE was born at Stirling, 1729, and received his education at Glasgow, where he studied medicine. In 1747 he became assistant-surgeon to the army in Flanders, where he remained till the peace. In 1773 he accepted an invitation to travel with the young Duke of Hamilton. The fruits of his residence on the Continent were "A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany," and "A View of Society and Manners in Italy." But Dr. Moore is best known by his celebrated novel, "Zeluco." In 1792 he accompanied Lord Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed the principal scenes of the French Revolution, of which he published an account in 1795. He wrote two more novels, "Edward," and "Mordaunt," but neither were thought equal to "Zeluco." Dr. Moore died at Richmond in 1802.]

THE more I see and hear of this extraordinary man, the more I am astonished. He reconciles qualities which I used to think incompatible. I once was of opinion that the mind which stoops to very small objects, is incapable of embracing great ones. I am now convinced that he is an exception; for while few objects are too great for his genius, none seem too small for his attention. I once thought that a man of much vivacity was not capable of entering into the detail of business; I now see that he who is certainly a man of wit, can continue methodically the necessary routine of business, with the patience and perseverance of the greatest dunce that ever drudged in a counting-house.

We have lately seen the Italians perform; but neither plays, nor the operas, nor any part of the entertainments, interest me half so much, or could draw me so assiduously to Sans-Souci, as the opportunity this attendance gives of seeing the king. Other monarchs acquire importance from their station: this prince gives importance to his. The traveller in other kingdoms has a wish to see the king, because he admires the kingdom. Here the object of curiosity is reversed; and let us suppose the palaces, and the towns, and the country, and the army of Prussia ever so fine, yet our chief interest in them will arise from their belonging to Frederick II.; the man who, without any ally but Britain, repelled the united force of Austria, France, Russia, and Sweden. Count Nesselrode, talking with me on this subject, had an expression equally lively and just. "C'est dans l'adversité qu'il brille, lorsqu'il est bien comprimé il a un ressort irrésistible." ["It is in adversity that he shines; when he is well compressed he has a wonderful spring."] Alluding to a watch or other mechanical spring.]

* * * * *
One evening, before the play began, his Grace (the Duke of Hamilton) and I were standing accidentally with Count Finkenstein, in a room adjoining to the great apartment where the company were. The king entered alone, when he was not expected, and immediately began a

conversation with the duke. He asked several questions relating to the British constitution; particularly at what age a peer could take his seat in Parliament. When the duke replied, "At twenty-one." "It is evident then," said the king, "that the English patricians acquire the necessary talents for legislation much sooner than those of ancient Rome, who were not admitted into the senate till the age of forty."

He then inquired into the state of Lord Chatham's health, and expressed high esteem for the character of that minister. He asked me if I had received letters by the last post, and if they mentioned anything of the affairs in America? He said there were accounts that the English troops had been driven from Boston, and that the Americans were in possession of the place. I told him our letters informed us that the army had left Boston to make an attack with more effect elsewhere. He smiled, and said, "If you will not allow the retreat to have been an affair of necessity, you will at least admit that it was *tout-à-fait à propos*."

He said he heard that some British officers had gone into the American service, and mentioned Colonel Lee, whom he had seen at his court. He observed, "that it was a difficult thing to govern men by force at such a distance; that if the Americans should be beat (which appeared a little problematical), still it would be next to impossible to continue to draw from them a revenue by taxation; that if we intended conciliation with America, some of our measures were too rough; and if we intended its subjection, they were too gentle." He concluded, by saying, "Enfin, messieurs, je ne comprends pas ces choses-là; je n'ai point de colonie. J'espère que vous vous tirerez bien d'affaire, mais elle me paraît un peu épineuse." [In short, messieurs, I do not understand these matters: I have no colonies. I hope you will extricate yourselves well from your difficulties, but they appear formidable.] Having said this, he walked into the princess's apartment, to lead her to the playhouse, while we joined the company already assembled there. The tragedy of "Mahomet" was performed, which, in my opinion, is the finest of all Voltaire's dramatic pieces, and that in which Le Kain appears to the greatest advantage.—*A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany.*

320.—ELVES.

[THOMAS KEIGHTLEY, 1789.

[THOMAS KEIGHTLEY was born in Dublin, 1789, and was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of thirteen. He was intended for the bar, but delicacy of constitution prevented him from practising as a lawyer. He came to England in 1824, and his first effort in literature was assisting T. Crofton Croker in

the "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland." He next wrote for the reviews, especially for the "Foreign Quarterly." He published School Histories of Rome, Greece, and England, "Fairy Mythology," "The Mythology of Greece and Italy," "Virgil's Bucolics and Georgics," with notes (1846), "History of India" (1847), "Satires and Epistles of Horace" (1847), "Fasti of Ovid," "Sallust," "Life of Milton," and "The Manse of Maitland," translated from the Dutch (1860).]

THE Alfar still live in the memory of the traditions of the peasantry of Scandinavia. They also to a certain extent retain their distinction into White and Black. The former, or the Good Elves, dwell in the air, dance on the grass, or sit in the leaves of trees; the latter, or Evil Elves, are regarded as an underground people, who frequently inflict sickness or injury on mankind; for which there is a particular kind of doctors called Kloka,* to be met in all parts of the country.

The Elves are believed to have their kings, to celebrate their weddings and banquets just the same as the dwellers above ground. There is an interesting intermediate class of them in popular tradition called the Hill-people (Hogfolk), who are believed to dwell in caves and small hills: when they show themselves they have a handsome human form. The common people seem to connect with them a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption.†

There are only a very few old persons now who can tell anything more about them than of the sweet singing that may occasionally on summer nights be heard out of their hills, when one stands still and listens, or, as it is expressed in the ballads, *lays his ear to the Elve-hill* (lägger sitt öra till Elfvehögg): but no one must be so cruel as, by the slightest word, to destroy their hopes of salvation, for then the sprightly music will be turned into weeping and lamentation.

The Norwegians call the Elves Huldrafolk, and their music Huldralaat: it is in the minor key, and of a dull and mournful sound. The mountaineers sometimes play it, and pretend they have learned it by listening to the underground people among the hills and rocks. There is also a tune called the Elf-king's tune, which several of the good fiddlers know right well, but never venture to play, for as soon as it begins, both old and young, and even inanimate objects, are im-

* That is, Wise people or Conjurors. They answer to the Fairy-women of Ireland.

† Afzelius is of opinion that this notion respecting the Hill-people is derived from the time of the introduction of Christianity into the north, and expresses the sympathy of the first converts with their forefathers, who had died without a knowledge of the Redeemer, and lay buried in heathen earth, and whose unhappy spirits were doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds till the great day of redemption.

pelled to dance, and the player cannot stop unless he can play the air backwards, or that some one comes behind him and cuts the strings of his fiddle.*

The little underground Elves, who are believed to dwell under the houses of mankind, are described as sportive and mischievous, and as imitating all the actions of men. They are said to love cleanliness about the house and place, and to reward such servants as are neat and cleanly.

There was, one time, it is said, a servant girl, who was for her cleanly, tidy habits, greatly beloved by the Elves, particularly as she was careful to carry away all dirt and foul water to a distance from the house, and they once invited her to a wedding. Everything was conducted in the greatest order, and they made her a present of some chips, which she took good-humouredly and put into her pocket. But when the bride-pair was coming there was a straw unluckily lying in the way; the bridegroom got cleverly over it, but the poor bride fell on her face. At the sight of this the girl could not restrain herself, but burst out a laughing, and that instant the whole vanished from her sight. Next day to her utter amazement, she found that what she had taken to be nothing but chips, were so many pieces of pure gold.†

A dairy-maid at a place called Skibshuset (the Shiphouse), in Odense, was not so fortunate. A colony of Elves had taken up their abode under the floor of the cowhouse, or, it is more likely, were there before it was made a cowhouse. However, the dirt and filth that the cattle made annoyed them beyond measure, and they gave the dairy-maid to understand that if she did not remove the cows, she would have reason to repent it. She gave little heed to their representations; and it was not very long till they set the maid up on top of the hay-rick, and killed all the cows. It is said that they were seen on the same night removing in a great hurry from the cowhouse down to the meadow, and that they went in little coaches; and their king was in the first coach, which was far more stately and magnificent than the rest. They have ever since lived in the meadow.‡

The Elves are extremely fond of dancing in the meadows, where they form those circles of a livelier green which from them are called Elfdans (Elf-dance): when the country people see in the morning stripes along the dewy grass in the woods and meadows, they say the

* Arndt, Reise durch Schweden.

† Svenska Folk-Visor, vol. iii. p. 159.

‡ Thiele, vol. iv. p. 22. They are called Trolchs in the original. As they had a king, we think they must have been Elves. The Dwarfs have long since abolished monarchy.

Elves have been dancing there. If any one should at midnight get within their circle, they become visible to him, and they may then illude him. It is not every one that can see the Elves; and one person may see them dancing while another perceives nothing. Sunday-children, as they are called, *i.e.*, those born on Sunday, are remarkable for possessing this property of seeing Elves and similar beings. The Elves, however, have the power to bestow this gift on whomsoever they please. They also used to speak of Elf-books which they gave to those whom they loved, and which enabled them to foretell future events.

The Elves often sit in little stones that are of a circular form, and are called Elf-mills (*Elf-quärnor*); the sound of their voice is said to be sweet and soft like the air.*—*Fairy Mythology*, vol. i. p. 137.

321.—SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!

[GEORGE WITHER, 1588—1667.

[GEORGE WITHER'S career was a chequered one. He was born in troublous times, and endured, in common with other noble minds, all the vicissitudes of a period in which so many suffered for conscience sake. Wither was born in Hampshire, 1588, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. His first work (1613) was a satire, entitled "Abuses, Stript and Whipt," for which he was thrown into the Marshalsea prison; here he composed his fine poem, "The Shepherd's Hunting." At the break-out of the Civil War, Wither espoused the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the Parliament. He rose to the rank of major. During the struggles of the period he was made prisoner of war by the royalists; but at the intercession of a brother bard, Denham, was suffered to escape, and became one of Cromwell's major-generals. From the sequestered estates of the gentlemen of Surrey Wither obtained a considerable fortune, of which he was stripped at the Restoration. He remonstrated, wrote satires which were voted libels, and was again imprisoned, being released under a bond for good behaviour in 1663; he died in London, 1667, four years afterwards. Wither's most forcible productions were written before the sectarian gloom of puritanism tintured his writings, but many of his religious poems are very tender and graceful. Like Raleigh, some of his best pieces were written in prison.]

SLEEP, baby, sleep! what ails my dear,
 What ails my darling thus to cry?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear,
 To hear me sing thy lullaby.
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
 Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep.

* The greater part of what precedes has been taken from Afzelius in the *Svenska Visor*, vol. iii.

Thou blessed soul, what canst thou fear ?

What thing to thee can mischief do ?

Thy God is now thy father dear,

His holy Spouse thy mother too.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;

Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Though thy conception was in sin,

A sacred bathing thou hast had ;

And though thy birth unclean hath been,

A blameless babe thou now art made.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;

Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

While thus thy lullaby I sing,

For thee great blessings ripening be ;

Thine Eldest Brother is a king,

And hath a kingdom bought for thee.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;

Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;

For whosoever thee offends

By thy protector threaten'd are,

And God and angels are thy friends.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;

Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here,

In little babes He took delight ;

Such innocents as thou, my dear,

Are ever precious in his sight.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;

Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

A little infant once was He ;

And strength in weakness then was laid

Upon His virgin mother's knee,

That power to thee might be convey'd.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;

Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need

He friends and helpers doth prepare,

Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,

For of thy weal they tender are.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.
 The King of kings, when he was born,
 Had not so much for outward ease ;
 By Him such dressings were not worn,
 Nor such like swaddling-clothes as these.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
 Where oxen lay, and asses fed :
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.
 The wants that He did then sustain
 Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee ;
 And by His torments and His pain
 Thy rest and ease securèd be.
 My baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this,
 A promise and an earnest got
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

—*Poems.*

322.—BEFORE THE FLOOD.

[THE VEN. ARCHDEACON EVANS, 1790—1864.

[ROBERT WILSON EVANS was born about the year 1790, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in high honours in 1811. He was for some years Fellow and Tutor of his college ; and in 1842 was appointed Vicar of Heversham, Westmorland, and in 1858 Archdeacon of Westmorland. His works are the "Rectory of Valehead," "Scripture Biography," "Ministry of the Body," "Tales of the Ancient British Churches," "The Bishopric of Souls," &c. &c. He died in 1864.]

THE sin of Adam had been transmitted down, and reached the ninth generation of his descendants, when it came to such a head, that God determined to punish mankind with a signal judgment. We cannot wonder at so deep and universal corruption, when we consider how many causes led to it. The prodigious length of man's life allowed a rapid progress in all the means of making life agreeable. Nothing

was lost by remaining imperfect and undivulged at the death of the inventor. A single life sufficed to mature in one brain, and carry into practical effect, what now requires many successions of men, each of which painfully recovers the clue of its predecessor. Thus luxury would advance with gigantic strides; but this enormous length of life, keeping death and judgment at such a distance, would inspire a recklessness of enjoyment of the present hour, of which we may somewhat judge from the conduct of ourselves, whose days are reduced to three-score years and ten. Again, it kept bad examples so long upon earth as to diffuse both far among contemporaries, and deep into rising generations, their pernicious influence. A man from his prime to his end had the opportunity of corrupting eight successive generations.* When we consider how infinitely more powerful, as well as more common, evil example is than good, we cannot be surprised at the melancholy result which came forth at the end of about 1500 years after the murder of Abel. Bad as times have since been, they have never reached that deep and universal depravity to which the world then attained. And, thanked be God, it never can so attain again, from causes too obvious to enumerate. God however for a long time had a remnant reserved to him. The children of Seth long merited the title of sons of God, and kept aloof from the contagion of the example of the sons of Cain. But even they at last relaxed their strictness, and smitten with the fairness of the daughters of Cain, forgot the cause of the honour and glory of God in the unruliness of their desires. They may possibly have been willing dupes to a notion of drawing over the Cainites by means of their wives and connexions to the cause of godliness, and thus have flattered themselves that their own gratification was God's cause. Alas, it was not the last time that the Tempter has thus deluded and made sport of godly men. The leaven once admitted into the mass of the children of Seth soon leavened the whole. The children of godly men are notorious for going beyond all others in profligacy, if they once begin, and for obvious reasons. Accordingly, the generation sprung from this fatal connexion was distinguished by deeds of violence, by corruption of imagination, by cruelty, rapine, and wickedness, to that degree, that it repented the Lord that he had made men on the earth: all the earth was corrupt before God. The giants, or mighty men of oppression, already existing of the race of Cain, were soon matched by a similar brood of monsters of the blood of Seth, and the earth was filled with violence. In the end so universal became the apostacy, that one family only out of the thousands of earth continued faithful

* The average of life being about 900, and of a generation 100.

to the Lord. In the household of Noah the son of Lamech, and tenth in descent from Adam, the lamp of the light of the Holy Spirit shone as light in a window on a dark night amidst a wide and waste moor. There alone was kept holy the Sabbath of God, thence alone arose the sweet smell of accepted sacrifice, there alone was cherished the lively hope of the promised Redeemer, and there alone was God's holy name reserved for prayer and blessing. Elsewhere it was wantonly uttered in profane swearing, cursing, and blasphemy. As far as the life-giving Spirit was concerned, the world was brought back to the early days of Adam, when himself with Eve and two sons were the only living spirits upon earth. In such a state of things God revealed himself to Noah, communicated to him his resolution of destroying mankind with the earth, and commanded him to build an ark, giving him notice of the very materials, shape, and dimensions, and telling him that it was by a flood of waters that he intended to destroy all flesh. Meanwhile, in his long-suffering he commissioned him to preach righteousness to mankind, if perchance any would repent and turn unto the Lord.* Noah immediately proceeded to obey God's command; for 120 years, the length of a whole generation, he continued building and preaching. The Spirit of Christ was upon him. He bade men forsake their ways, and turn to the hope of their promised Redeemer. He warned them against the security of long life, for that God was already laying the axe to the root. He told them his commission, and pointed to his ark, which was daily rising, plank above plank, for proof of the sincerity of his conviction. There was no salvation, he told them, unless they returned to the faith whence they had fallen away, and looked up to Him to whom Adam had looked for the remission of his sins. Great must have been his sorrow for man, and great his zeal for God's daily insulted honour. How great therefore the earnestness of his preaching! He must have had friends whom he wished to rescue from impending perdition, and whom he besought with tears and prayers to give heed to him, and they would not. Some answered with coldness, some rebuked him for impertinence, some treated him with scoffs and insults, and called him a driveller or a madman. "From the old and elderly, whose hearts were less accessible, he turned with better hopes to the young. But here also he met with rebuffs. Youth must then have been even more presumptuous than now: it had before it the long prospect of 800 or 900 years; they laughed no doubt at the crazy ark-builder, as they

* 1 Pet. iii. 20; 2 Pet. ii. 5: in the former passage, for the words in our version, "which were sometime disobedient," the Greek requires that we should read, "when they were of old time disobedient." The difference is very important in a theological view.

called him, and asked him in derision every day, when the world was to end, and thanked him, each morning, in mockery, for the respite of another day.

Meanwhile his ark began to tower over the whole neighbourhood, provoking the jeers of the beholders. The allotted time for repentance was now fast running out; and perhaps a few did begin to think that there was something serious in the matter. Noah, on all occasions, they observed, conducted himself with exceeding wisdom and judgment, and if his was a fit of madness, it was a very long one to persist in. Some converts probably he made, whom death spared from beholding the dreadful sight of perishing parents, and brothers, and friends. But these could have been but few, since we find that at the very last he had not gained over even his own servants. How melancholy now was the sight when he passed from his own door, and came amongst crowds who he knew would shortly be swept away in awful destruction: when he entered the thronged and noisy city, and knew that very soon would be the noise of overwhelming waters there, and then solitude and silence. Day after day the godly man, vexed in his righteous soul, returned weary and faint with useless, thankless toil, to his spiritual solitude. In vain he endeavoured to extend the vineyard of God's church beyond his own door: the wild boar immediately assailed the advanced enclosure, and before evening it was rooted up. How continual must have been his struggle! In the morning he poured out his soul to God, and implored the blessing of some fruit upon the labours of the ministry of the day, and in the evening, mourned before him the impenitence of his brethren, and cried, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" At night, his wakeful soul revolved upon the ways and means of the morrow, how and where to find the passage to the heart of this and of that friend; and then, when on the ensuing day he thought he had struck the true chord, and blessed God for it, before night it ceased to return a sound: or one whom he had left half convinced, or at least, thinking seriously of what had been said early in the morning, was found to have relapsed into all his carelessness and unbelief when he saw him again at night. There is a certain stage of infatuation of sin in which all warning is thrown away, a judicial blindness, when they that have eyes will not see, and they that have ears will not hear. Yet what preaching could be more powerful than that of Noah? He preached by God's especial appointment, under the immediate inspiration of the Spirit of Christ, with a conviction of approaching judgment, with a wonderful and conspicuous sign of that conviction, to brethren and friends, for whom he would gladly lay down his life. But no human voice can awaken the dead. In times of general apostacy, the mind is so depraved, so pos-

essed of the notion of its own high powers, so bent upon self-gratification, that it recoils from every appeal made by the meekness and single-mindedness of wisdom and grace. As soon as it catches words hostile to its misnamed peace, it either springs, like the enraged tiger, to destroy its disturber, or draws in its head, and shuts itself up, like the tortoise in his shell. Accordingly, they went on building, and marrying, and being married, before the eyes of Noah, up to the moment that he entered into the ark. Those whom God was sparing the sight of the lamentable catastrophe, he was now gradually removing from earth. Lamech was taken away five years before it happened; and at last died Methuselah, in the very year of the flood.—*Scripture Biography. Life of Noah.*

323.—THE DAWN OF MODERN ENGLISH POETRY.

[ABEL FRANÇOIS VILLEMMAIN, 1791—1867.]

[ABEL FRANÇOIS VILLEMMAIN was born at Paris, 1791. He distinguished himself early as a scholar, having gained the appointment of Professor of Rhetoric at the College Charlemagne, at the age of nineteen. In 1816 he became Assistant Professor of Modern History in the University of Paris. In 1832 he was created a Peer of France, and was Minister of Public Instruction in the Guizot Ministry. In 1834 he was nominated perpetual Secretary of the Academy. After the Revolution of 1848, he retired from public life. M. Villemain's principal works are "Vie de Cromwell," "Cœurs de Littérature Française," and "Discours et Mélanges Historiques." He also edited the "Provincial Letters" of Pascal, and translated the "School for Scandal" into French. He died in 1867.]

It was especially after the reign of Henry VIII., and the revolution in religion, when a powerful excitement had been given to the minds of men, that their imaginations became heated, and that controversy which had spread through the nation gave rise to a longing for new ideas. The Bible alone, rendered popular by the version of theyet inactive but already zealous puritans—the Bible alone was a school of poetry full of emotions and images; it almost effaced indeed, in the memory of the people, the legends and the ballads of the middle ages. The psalms of David, translated into rude verse, but full of fire and spirit, formed the war-songs of the Reformation, and gave to poetry, which had hitherto been considered only as an inferior pastime for the leisure of the castle and the court, somewhat of an enthusiastic and serious tone.

At the same time, the study of the ancient languages opened an abundant source of recollections and of images, which assumed a sort of originality in being partially disfigured by the somewhat confused notions which the multitude entertained of them. Under Elizabeth, Greek and Roman erudition was the fashion of the court. All the classic authors were translated. The queen herself had put into verse

the *Hercules Furens* of Seneca; and this version, though little remarkable in itself, suffices to explain the literary zeal of the nobles of her court. They became learned in order to please the queen, as, at another time, they became philosophers or devotees.

This erudition of the wits of the court was assuredly not partaken of by the people; but it showed itself in some degree at the festivals and public games. It was a perpetual mythology. When the queen visited any nobleman of her court, she was received and saluted by the Penates* or Household Gods, and Mercury conducted her into the chamber of honour. All the metamorphoses of Ovid figured in the pastry of the dessert. At the evening walk the lake of the castle was covered with Tritons and Nereids, and the pages were disguised as Nymphs. When the queen hunted in the park at break of day, she was encountered by Diana, who saluted her as the model of virgin purity. Did she make her solemn entry into the city of Norwich, Love, appearing in the midst of the grave aldermen, came to present her with a golden arrow, which, under the influence of her powerful charms, could not fail to pierce the most insensible heart; a present, says an ancient chronicle,* which her majesty, who had then reached her fortieth year, received with the most gracious acknowledgment.

These inventions of the courtiers, this official mythology of chamberlains and ministers, which formed at once a welcome flattery for the queen, and an amusing spectacle for the people, diffused a taste for the ingenious fictions of antiquity, and rendered them almost familiar to the most ignorant, as we see them even in the very pieces where Shakspeare seems most to have written for the people and for his contemporaries.

Other sources of imagination were open, other materials of poetry were prepared in the remains of popular traditions and local superstitions, which were preserved throughout all England. At the court, astrology; in the villages, sorcerers, fairies, and genii, formed a creed at once lively and all-powerful. The imagination of the English, ever prone to melancholy, retained these fables of the North as a national belief. At the same time there were mingled with it, as attractions for more cultivated minds, the chivalrous fictions of Southern Europe, and all those wonderful relations of the Italian Muses, which a multitude of translations had introduced into the English language. Thus, on all sides, and in every sense, by the mixture of ancient and foreign ideas, by a credulous adhesion to native traditions, by learning and by ignorance, by religious reform and by popular superstitions, were laid open a thousand perspectives for the imagination; and, without

* Holinshed.

searching farther into the opinion of those writers who have called this epoch the golden age of English poetry, it may be asserted that England, emerging from barbarism, agitated in her opinions without being disturbed by war, full of imagination and traditional lore, was then the best prepared field for the production of a great poet.

It was from the bosom of these early treasures of national literature that Shakspeare, animated by a wonderful genius, promptly formed his expressions and his style. It was the first merit that displayed itself in him, the character which first struck his contemporaries; we see it acknowledged in the surname of the *Poet honey-tongued*, which was given to him, and which we find in the rising literature of all nations, as the natural homage paid to those who first caused the charm of speech, and the harmony of language, to be more forcibly felt and understood.

This genius or talent of expression, which now forms the great character and the lasting existence of Shakspeare, was undoubtedly that which first struck his own age. Like our Corneille, he created eloquence, and became powerful through its means.—*Nouveaux Mélanges Historiques et Littéraires*, tome i.

324.—THE SWEDISH HOME.

[FREDERIKA BREMER, 1802—1865.]

[FREDERIKA BREMER was born in 1802, on the banks of the Aura, near Abo, in Finland. Her father was a wealthy merchant. When, in 1805, Finland was ceded to Russia, he sold his property in that country and purchased an estate in Sweden, whither he removed with his family, wintering, however, in Stockholm. In 1842 her novel "The Neighbours" was published in England, and became very popular from its originality. It was translated by Mary Howitt, who, encouraged by its reception, translated also "The Home," "The Diary," "The H—— Family," "The President's Daughters," &c. &c. Miss Bremer visited America, England, Italy, Turkey, Greece, and the Holy Land, and wrote her impressions of all these countries; these works, "Homes of the New World," "Two Years in Switzerland and Italy," were also translated by her original translator. Miss Bremer died in 1865.]

THE North is cold and serious. The arts have not there their home; the time of flowers is short. Would you see their country—visit Italy, visit France; would you see the holy land of families, of homes—go to Sweden! Behold everywhere, between mountains and hills, those quiet dwellings, where man enjoys an ennobled life with Nature; where, in the bosom of sacred and beautiful relations, the national virtues of Sweden expand and flourish—courage and the fear of God.

And now, since we are on so good a road, let us look in on Adelaide's

home. I have called it the blissful home, and desire earnestly that you too, my reader, should call it so. Let me see whether I cannot, by the aid of my cousin Beata Everyday's pen (which she left me in her last will), bring this testimony also from your lips.

A clear November morning dawned upon M. On the evening of the day before, Count Alaric had led his beautiful young wife into his ancestral home. As we intend to go into the house, and commit some indiscretions there, let us look round a little in the young Countess's ante-room. No dust on the green carpet; no spot on the clear windows and mirrors. The air is perfumed with mignonette. The breakfast-table, covered with a snow-white table-cloth, stands, with its steaming morning beverage, near the sofa. A few beautiful pictures, by Sweden's best artists, ornament the walls. But where, then, are the young people? Ah! there at the window, stand Alaric and Adelaide, his arm round her waist, her beautiful head resting on his shoulder.

The first snow had fallen during the night, and the lake was spread out like a great white sheet before the stately castle. The tall forest of pine-trees, stretched far around, raising to the clouds their snow-white summits; and on the other side of the lake, a chain of mountains of extraordinary wildness, was seen. At a distance, in the forest, the bold and powerful strokes of the woodman's axe were heard at intervals. A large snow-flake fell now and then through the still air; the sky was clearing up, and the clouds, acquiring a deeper purple and gold, until they grew pale all at once before the radiant glance shed upon them by the king of day, while he rose clearly and gloriously from the white bed of the mountains; the earth and the trees were now quickly adorned with diamonds, glittering like a thousand stars, but it was not in rivalry, but in worship and thanksgiving.

And the glorious spectacle was seen by two happy beings. Alaric's eagle glance turned towards the sun, and bore unflinching his radiant beams. Adelaide bowed her head gladly and devoutly before this giver of joy, as if to greet him, and sang from Tegner's "Song to the Sun."

* * * * *

Here Adelaide suddenly stopped, and clasping her hands enthusiastically, exclaimed—

"Ah, in spring! how beautiful must it be here then! when the lake is free, and the sun calls out flower after flower; and all this I shall see, I shall enjoy with thee! O, Alaric, how beautiful is life! How sweet it is to live!"

"To live!" repeated Alaric, thoughtfully. "And what is it to live?" he asked, looking at Adelaide with a smile.

"To love," answered Adelaide, with warmth, "and to worship Him who has given us love. O how much less should we enjoy the goods of life, if we had not an All-bounteous Giver to thank for them! I love thee, Alaric, I thank God, and this is to me one, and this is my felicity."

"And I will give thanks for thee, my Adelaide, who art my life's best treasure," said Alaric, while he pressed her tenderly to his heart, and looked up thankfully to heaven. "But mere emotions are not enough for life, we must——"

"I know, I know," said Adelaide, interrupting him with a kiss and a roguish smile; "we must think, study, make ourselves useful to others, read history, and all that. No! do not be solemn! Do not you see that all wisdom comes from the warmth of the heart? When the sun shines brightly upon the earth, then does she bear her fruits. I love you; what are life's interests to you must be so to me. Thy country shall be my country, and thy friends my friends."

She said this with great seriousness.

"But tell me," she went on, and her face expressed at once a desire for information, and a little love of mischief, "are men in our time really happier, with all their learning, than the patriarchs, for example, were in their times? Are the Swedes really better and happier at present, than were our ignorant ancestors many centuries ago?"

"The greater number of men are better and happier," answered Count Alaric. "Science and art have, by their progress, given mankind instruments for their various powers, rich resources for enjoyment, and against suffering. But the right measure by which to estimate the real progress of mankind is, to cast a glance into the domestic life of former times, and compare it with our own. Through the knowledge of domestic life the root of civil life, we shall first be able to discern what man has really gained in elevation and felicity. I believe, my Adelaide, after a nearer examination, you would not willingly exchange the present for the past—your house for a tent in the groves of Mamre, even if it were shaded by palm-trees; nor even for a knightly castle, although you might there watch the banner of your Viking as he was going forth on his freebooting expeditions, and this even though you might not be obliged to study at all either in the patriarchal or the chivalrous times, and could call your husband, lord."

"My lord and master!" said Adelaide, bowing before Alaric with an enchanting expression of graceful humility, "then, as now, would there be to me one happiness and one honour. But tell me, best Alaric, how comes it then, that in these our times there is not more universal happiness? Are there not even now many unhappy and divided families?"

"There are such," answered Alaric, "but then it is their own fault: all the elements of happiness and improvement are in life; men are only required to stretch out their hands and take them. Much evil and much misery, it is true, exist in our times; but it is a time of struggle and progress, a great period of transition, and the shout of victory drowns that of wailing. We will read history together in the winter evenings, and you will there see a glorious revelation—the unfolding of God in humanity. You will see how he gives himself to our race, in continually brighter splendour, in continually deeper intuitions, in proportion as we are able to perceive them. You shall see how humanity, approaching nearer to the life of the Eternal, is continually forming itself more freely and harmoniously; always looking up to heaven more clearly—how its intelligent, its divine form becomes illuminated gradually by the contemplation of the All-Good; thou shalt see this, and thou shalt rejoice; thou shalt feel thyself happy, that even thou art called to spread God's kingdom upon earth. And thou shalt find, my Adelaide, that the joy of life can best be promoted by its seriousness; yes! they cannot exist without each other."

Adelaide looked up joyfully, and full of anticipation, to her husband. "I believe I understand you," said she. "And when all who are married shall keep the vows made before God as we shall do—when at last the whole human race shall form but a single family—then will come the time of union between God and his earth, and then will the happy bride exclaim, as I do, 'O how good is God! Praised be God!'"

"O how good is God! Praised be God!" was echoed by Alaric with ardour, while he pressed his wife to his heart.

And thus they both stood, good and happy, united in earthly and heavenly love, man and wife.—*The President's Daughters.*

325.—A NOBLE ROMAN.

[GOLDWIN SMITH, 1823.]

[GOLDWIN SMITH, Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, was born at Reading, 1823. His father was a physician. He was educated at Eton, and entered at Christ Church, Oxford, but was shortly after elected to a Demyship at Magdalen College, Oxford. He took his B.A. degree in 1845, having obtained the Ireland and Hertford Scholarship, and the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse. He was next elected Fellow of University College, of which he afterwards became Tutor. He was called to the Bar, at Lincoln's Inn, in 1847, but did not practise. He was assistant secretary to the first Oxford Commission, and secretary to the second. He was also a member of the Education Commission of 1859. His published works comprise "Lectures on Historical Subjects," &c. &c. He was one of

the contributors to "Anthologia Oxoniensis." He is also a journalist, and a contributor to some of our first-class magazines.]

MARCUS CATO was the one man whom, living and dead, Cæsar evidently dreaded. The Dictator even assailed his memory in a brace of pamphlets entitled "Anti-Cato," of the quality of which we have one or two specimens in Plutarch, from which we should infer that they were scurrilous and slanderous to the last degree; a proof even that Cæsar could feel fear, and that in Cæsar, too, fear was mean. Dr. Mommsen throws himself heartily into Cæsar's antipathy, and can scarcely speak of Cato without something like a loss of temper. The least uncivil thing which he says of him, is that he was a Don Quixote, with Favonius for his Sancho. The phrase is not a happy one, since Sancho is not the caricature but the counterfoil of Don Quixote; Quixote being spirit without sense, and Sancho sense without spirit. Imperialism, if it could see itself, is in fact a world of Sanchos, and it would not be the less so if every Sancho of the number were master of the whole of physical science and used it to cook his food. Of the two court-poets of Cæsar's successor, one makes Cato preside over the spirits of the good in the Elysian fields, while the other speaks with respect, at all events, of the soul which remained unconquered in a conquered world—"Et cuncta terrarum subacta præter atrocem animum Catonis." Paternulus, an officer of Tiberius and a thorough Cæsarman, calls Cato a man of ideal virtue ("homo virtuti simillimus"), who did right not for appearance sake, but because it was not in his nature to do wrong. When the victor is thus overawed by the shade of the vanquished, the vanquished could hardly have been a "fool." Contemporaries may be mistaken as to the merits of a character, but they cannot well be mistaken as to the space which it occupied in their own eyes. Sallust, the partisan of Marius and Cæsar, who had so much reason to hate the senatorial party, speaks of Cæsar and Cato as the two mightiest opposites of his time, and in an elaborate parallel ascribes to Cæsar the qualities which secure the success of the adventurer; to Cato those which make up the character of the patriot. It is a mistake to regard Cato the younger as merely an unseasonable repetition of Cato the elder. His inspiration came not from a Roman farm, but from a Greek school of philosophy, and from that school which, with all its errors and absurdities, and in spite of the hypocrisy of many of its professors, really aimed highest in the formation of character; and the practical teachings and aspirations of which, embodied in the reflections of Marcus Aurelius, it is impossible to study without profound respect for the force of moral conception and the depth of moral insight which they sometimes display. Cato went to Greece to sit at the feet of a Greek teacher in a spirit very different

from the national pride of his ancestor. It is this which makes his character interesting, that it was an attempt at all events to grasp and hold fast by the high rule of life, in an age when the whole moral world was sinking into a vortex of scoundrelism, and faith in morality, public or private, had been lost. Of course the character is formal, and in some respects even grotesque. But you may trace formalism, if you look close enough, in every life led by a rule; in everything between the purest spiritual impulse on the one side, and abandoned sensuality on the other. Attempts to revive old Roman simplicity of dress and habits in the age of Lucullus, were no doubt futile enough: but after all, this is but the symbolical garb of the Hebrew prophet. We are in ancient Rome, not in the smoking-room of the House of Commons. We are among the countrymen, too, of Savonarola. The character, as painted by Plutarch, who seems to have drawn from the writings of contemporaries, is hard of course, but not cynical. Cato was devoted to his brother Cæpio, and when Cæpio died, forgot all his Stoicism in the passionate indulgence of his grief, and all his frugality in lavishing gold and perfumes on the funeral. Cæsar in Anti-Cato accused him of sifting the ashes for the gold, which, says Plutarch, is like charging Hercules with cowardice. Where the sensual appetites are repressed, whatever may be the theory of life, the affections are pretty sure to be strong, unless they are nipped by some such process as is undergone by a monk. Cato's resignation of his fruitful wife to a childless friend, revolting as it is to our sense, betokens less any brutality in him than the coarseness of the conjugal relations at Rome. Evidently the man had the power of touching the hearts of others. His soldiers, though he gave them no largesses and indulged them in no licence, when he leaves them, strew their garments under his feet. His friends at Utica linger, at the peril of their lives, to give him a sumptuous funeral. He affected conviviality, like Socrates. He seems to have been able to enjoy a joke, too, at his own expense. He can laugh when Cicero ridicules his Stoicism in a speech; and when in a province he meets the inhabitants of a town turning out, and thinks at first that it is in his own honour, but soon finds that it is in honour of a much greater man, the confidential servant of Pompey, at first his dignity is outraged, but his anger soon gives place to amusement. That his public character was perfectly pure, no one seems to have doubted; and there is a kindness in his dealings with the dependents of Rome, which shows that had he been an emperor he would have been such an emperor as Trajan—a man whom he probably resembled, both in the goodness of his intentions and in the limited powers of his mind. Impracticable, of course, in a certain sense he was; but his part was that of a

reformer, and to compromise with the corruption against which he was contending, would have been to lose the only means of influence, which, having no military force and no party, he possessed—that of the perfect integrity of his character. He is said by Dr. Mommsen to have been incapable even of conceiving a policy. By policy I suspect is meant one of those brilliant schemes of ambition with which some literary men are fond of identifying themselves, fancying, it seems, that thereby they themselves, after their measure, play the Cæsar. The policy which Cato conceived was simply that of purifying and preserving the Republic. So far, at all events, he had an insight into the situation, that he knew that the real malady of the state was want of public spirit, which he did his best to supply. And the fact is, that he did more than once succeed in a remarkable way in stemming the tide of corruption. Though every instinct bade him struggle to the last, he had sense enough to see the state of the case, and to advise that, to avert anarchy, supreme power should be put into the hands of Pompey, whose political superstition, if not his loyalty, there was good reason to trust. When at last civil war broke out, Cato went into it like Falkland, crying “peace;” he set his face steadily against the excesses and cruelties of his party; and when he saw the field of Dyrrhacium covered with his slain enemies, he covered his face and wept. He wept, a Roman over Romans, but humanity will not refuse the tribute of his tears. After Pharsalus he cherished no illusion, as Dr. Mommsen himself admits; and though he determined himself to fall fighting, he urged no one else to resistance: he felt that the duty of an ordinary citizen was done. His terrible march over the African desert showed high powers of command, as we shall see by comparing it with the desert march of Napoleon. Dr. Mommsen ridicules his pedantry in refusing, on grounds of loyalty, to take the commandership in chief over the head of a superior in rank. Cato was fighting for legality, and the spirit of legality was the soul of his cause. But besides this, he had never himself crossed his sword with an enemy; and by declining the nominal command he retained the whole control. He remained master to the last of the burning vessel. Our morality will not approve of his voluntary death; but our morality would give him a sufficient sanction for living, even if he was to be bound to the car of the conqueror. Looking to Roman opinion, he probably did what honour dictated; and those who prefer honour to life are not so numerous that we can afford to speak of them with scorn.—*Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1868.

326.—DOMESTIC LIFE IN EGYPT IN 1776.

[NICHOLAS SAVARY, 1750—1788.

[NICHOLAS SAVARY, an eminent French traveller, was born at Vitré, 1750. In 1776 he went to Egypt, whence he travelled through Greece and the islands of the Archipelago. On his return to France, he published a translation of the Koran from the Arabic. In 1781 appeared his "Letters on Egypt," and "Letters on Greece." He died at the age of thirty-eight, in 1788.]

THE harem is the cradle and school of infancy. The new-born feeble being is not there swaddled and filleted up in a swathe, the source of a thousand diseases. Laid naked on a mat, exposed in a vast chamber to the pure air, he breathes freely and stretches his delicate limbs at pleasure. The new element in which he is to live is not entered with pain and tears. Daily bathed beneath his mother's eye he grows apace. Free to act, he tries his coming powers; rolls, crawls, rises, and should he fall, cannot much hurt himself on the carpet or mat which covers the floor.

He is not banished from his father's house at seven years old, and sent to college, with the loss of health and innocence. He does not, it is true, acquire much learning. He can only read and write; but he is healthy, robust, fears God, respects old age, has filial piety, and delights in hospitality; which virtues, constantly practised in his family, remain deeply engraven on his heart.

The daughters' education is the same. Whalebones and busks, which martyr European girls, they know not. They are only covered with a single garment till they are six years old; and the dress they afterwards wear does not confine their limbs, but suffers the body to take its true form; and nothing is more uncommon than rickety children and crooked people. Man rises in all his majesty, and woman displays every charm of person in the East. In Georgia and Greece those finely-marked outlines and admirable forms which the Creator gave to His masterpiece are best preserved. Apelles would still find models worthy of his pencil there.

The care of their children does not wholly employ the women. Every other domestic concern is theirs. They overlook their household, and do not think themselves debased by preparing their own food, or that of their husbands. Former customs still subsisting, render these cares duties. Thus Sarah hastened to bake cakes upon the hearth while angels visited Abraham, who performed to them the rites of hospitality. Menelaus thus entreats the departing Telemachus:—

"Yet stay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The noblest presents that our love can make;

Meantime, commit we to our women's care
Some choice domestic viands to prepare."

Pope's Odyssey, lib. 15.

Subject to the immutable laws which govern the East, the women do not associate with the men at table, where the union of sexes produces mirth and wit, and makes food more sweet. When a great man is disposed to dine with one of his wives, she is informed; prepares the apartment, perfumes it with precious essences, procures the most delicate viands, and receives her lord with the utmost attention and respect. Among the common people, the women usually stand, or sit in a corner of the room, while the husband dines, often hold the basin for him to wash; and serve him at table. Customs like these, which Europeans rightly call barbarous, and exclaim against with justice, appear so natural here, that they do not suspect it can be otherwise elsewhere. Such is the power of habit over man. What has been for ages, he supposes to be a law of nature.

Though thus employed, the Egyptian women have much leisure, which they spend among their slaves, embroidering sashes, making veils, tracing designs to decorate their sofas, and in spinning. Such Homer painted the women of his times:—

But not as yet the fatal news had spread
To fair Andromache of Hector dead;
As yet no messenger had told his fate
Nor e'en his stay without the Scean gate.
Far in the close recesses of the dome
Pensive she plied the melancholy loom;
A growing work employed her social hours,
Confus'dly gay with intermingled flow'rs:
Her fair-hair'd handmaids heat the brazen urn,
The bath preparing for her lord's return.

Pope's Iliad, B. 22.

Telemachus, seeing Penelope speak to suitors on affairs to which he thought her incompetent, says:—

O, royal mother! ever honoured name,
Permit me, cries Telemachus, to claim
A son's just right; no Grecian prince but I
Has pow'r this bow to grant or to deny.
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,
To me alone my father's arms descend,
And mine alone they are to give or lend.

Retire, O Queen ! thy household task resume,
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom ;
The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,
These cares to man belong, and most to me.

Pope's Odyssey, B. 21.

The Queen, far from being offended at this freedom, retired, admiring the manly wisdom of her son.

Labour has its relaxations. Pleasure is not banished the harem. The nurse recounts the history of past times with a feeling in which her hearers participate. Cheerful and passionate songs are accompanied by the slaves with the tambour de basque, or with the castanets. Sometimes the Almai come to enliven the scene with their dances and affecting recitals, and by relating romances; and at the close of day there is a repast in which exquisite fruits and perfumes are served with profusion. Thus do they endeavour to charm away the dulness of captivity.

Not that they are wholly prisoners; once or twice a week they are permitted to go to the bath, and to visit their female relations and friends. To bewail the dead is, likewise, a duty they are allowed to perform. I have often seen distracted mothers round Grand Cairo reciting funeral hymns over the tombs they had strewed with odoriferous plants. Thus Hecuba and Andromache lamented over the body of Hector, and thus Fatima and Sophia wept over Mahomet.

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Among European nations, where ties of kindred are much relaxed, they rid themselves as much as they can of the religious duties which ancient piety paid to the dead; but the reason we die unregretted is because we have had the misfortune to live unloved.—*Letters on Egypt.*

327.—SHAKSPEARE AND ÆSCHYLUS COMPARED.

[RICHARD CUMBERLAND, 1732—1811.

[RICHARD CUMBERLAND was born at Cambridge, 1732. He was educated for the Church, but became secretary to the Board of Trade, and in 1780 was sent to Madrid on a secret and confidential mission. He exceeded the expenditure allowed him, and subsequently retired to Tunbridge Wells on a compensation allowance, where he devoted himself to literature. Cumberland wrote Tragedies, Comedies, Novels, Operas, and Pamphlets; but he is only remembered as an Essayist. He died at Tunbridge, 1811.]

THERE is no ancient poet that bears so close a resemblance in point of genius to any of the moderns, as Æschylus bears to Shakspeare.

Æschylus is justly styled the father of tragedy, but this is not to be interpreted as if he were the inventor of it: Shakspeare, with equal justice, claims the same title, and his originality is qualified with the same exception. The Greek tragedy was not more rude and undigested when Æschylus brought it into shape, than the English tragedy was when Shakspeare began to write; if, therefore, it be granted that he had no aids from the Greek theatre (and I think this is not likely to be disputed), so far these great masters are upon equal ground. Æschylus was a warrior of high repute, of a lofty generous spirit, and deep, as it should seem, in the erudition of his times. In all these particulars he has great advantage over our countryman, who was humbly born, and, as it is generally thought, unlearned. Æschylus had the whole epic of Homer in his hands, the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and that prolific source of dramatic fable, the *Ilias Minor*; he had also a great fabulous creation to resort to amongst his own divinities, characters ready defined, and an audience whose superstition was prepared for every thing he could offer; he had, therefore, a firmer and broader stage (if I may be allowed the expression) under his feet than Shakspeare had. His fables in general are Homeric, and yet it does not follow that we can pronounce for Shakspeare that he is more original in his plots, for I understand that late researches have traced him in all, or nearly all. Both poets, added so much machinery and invention of their own in the conduct of their fables, that whatever might have been the source, still their streams had little or no taste of the spring they flowed from. In point of character we have better grounds to decide, and yet it is but justice to observe that it is not fair to bring a mangled poet in comparison with one who is entire. In his divine personages Æschylus has the field of heaven, and indeed of hell also, to himself; in his heroic and military characters he has never been excelled; he had too good a model within his own bosom to fail of making those delineations natural. In his imaginary beings also he will be found a respectable, though not an equal, rival of our poet; but in the variety of character, in all the nicer touches of nature, in all the extravagances of caprice and humor, from the boldest feature down to the minutest foible, Shakspeare stands alone: such persons as he delineates never came into the contemplation of Æschylus as a poet; his tragedy has no dealing with them; the simplicity of the Greek fable, and the great portion of the drama filled up by the chorus, allow of little variety of character; and the most which can be said of Æschylus in this particular is, that he never offends against nature or propriety, whether his cast is in the terrible or pathetic, the elevated or the simple. His versification with the intermixture of lyric composition is more various than that of Shakspeare; both are lofty

and sublime in the extreme, abundantly metaphorical and sometimes extravagant :—

————— Nubes et inania captat.

This may be said of each poet in his turn ; in each the critic, if he is in search for defects, will readily enough discover—

In scenam missus magno cum pondere versus.

Both were subject to be hurried on by an uncontrollable impulse, nor could nature alone suffice for either. Æschylus had an apt creation of imaginary beings at command—

He could call spirits from the vasty deep,

and they *would come*. Shakspeare having no such creation in reserve, boldly made one of his own ; if Æschylus therefore was invincible, he owed it to his armour, and that, like the armour of Æneas, was the work of the gods ; but the unassisted invention of Shakspeare seized all and more than superstition supplied to Æschylus.—*Memorials of Shakspeare*.

328.—SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[THOMAS HOOD, 1798—1845.

[THOMAS HOOD was the son of a bookseller in the Poultry. He was apprenticed to his uncle, an engraver ; but, in 1821, became sub-editor of the "London Magazine ;" subsequently he became editor of the "New Monthly." Thomas Hood made his reputation as a humorist, but it is not by those brilliant sparks that he threw off when his gentle nature came in contact with harder materials, those flashes of wit that, year after year, in his comic annuals, made our Christmas firesides more cheery, that we must judge of Hood. The man who wrote "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Dream of Eugene Aram," and the "Song of the Shirt," had deeper feelings and finer inspirations than those which prompted "Young Ben the Carpenter," and "Ben Battle," and it is to be regretted that it was so late in his career that the public acknowledged his loftier genius. Thomas Hood died in 1845 : he desired that his epitaph might be, "He sang the Song of the Shirt."]

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

“ Work—work—work !
While the cock is crowing aloof ;
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's O ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work !

“ Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

“ O ! men with Sisters dear !
O ! men with Mothers and Wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt !

“ But why do I talk of Death !
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“ Work—work—work !
My labour never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

“ Work—work—work !
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime !
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the Spring.

“ Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
• With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal !

“ Oh ! but for one short hour !
A respite however brief !
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief !
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
• Hinders needle and thread !”

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the Rich !
She sang this “ Song of the Shirt !”—*Poems.*

329.—THE AGE OF COLUMBA.

[THE RIGHT REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, 1808.

[THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, son of the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and nephew of the celebrated poet, was born in 1808, and was educated at Winchester, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took high honours, and was elected a Fellow of his college. He took holy orders, and was appointed in 1836 Public Orator at Cambridge and Head Master of Harrow School. In 1844, Sir Robert Peel preferred him to a canonry in Westminster Abbey. He was Hulsean Lecturer in 1847-8. His best known works are: "Theophilus Anglicanus," "Memoirs of William Wordsworth," "Athens and Attica," "Greece, Historical, Pictorial, and Descriptive," "St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome in the beginning of the Third Century" (from the newly discovered Philosophumena), "Letters to M. Gondin on the Distinctive Character of the Church of Rome," &c. &c. He has also edited "Ancient Writings from the Walls of Pompeii," "Correspondence of Richard Bentley, D.D.," and "Theocritus," from ancient MSS. Mr. Gladstone made Dr. Wordsworth Bishop of Lincoln, 1869.]

MORE than a thousand years ago the Church of Ireland was the *burning and shining light* of the Western World. Her Candlestick was seen from afar, diffusing its rays like the luminous beacon of some lofty lighthouse planted on a rock amid the foaming surge of the ocean, and casting its light over the dark sea to guide the mariner in his course. Such was the Church of Ireland then. Such she was specially to us. "We, we of this land, must not endeavour to conceal our obligations to her. We must not be ashamed to confess, that with regard to learning—and especially with regard to *sacred learning*—Ireland was in advance of England at that time. The sons of our nobles and gentry were sent for education thither. Ireland was the University of the West. She was rich in libraries, colleges, and schools. She was famous, as now, for hospitality. She received those who came to her with affectionate generosity, and provided them books and instructors. She trained them in sound learning, especially in the Word of God.

Nor is this all. We, my brethren, are bound to remember that the Christianity of England and of Scotland was, in a great measure, reflected upon them from the West, by the instrumentality of Irish missionaries, especially of those who came from the Scriptural School of Iona. That school was founded in the sixth century by St. Columba. He came from Ireland. He was from her ancient line of kings. He is justly regarded as the Apostle of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland. And if (as we have already seen to be probable) St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, was a native of Scotland, both countries may find pleasure in the reflection, that Ireland repaid the debt, and sent an Apostle to Scotland in the person of St. Columba.

He preached the Gospel there thirty years before St. Austin landed in England.

Many, doubtless, who are here present, have stood on the sea-girt cliffs of Iona, and have viewed with religious interest and veneration the mouldering remains of ancient Christianity which still survive on its solitary shore. The name of Iona has been coupled with that of Marathon by one of our most celebrated writers, in a passage familiar to all;* and they who are versed in the history of Christianity in their own land (and who ought not to study it?), will gladly and gratefully confess, that the peaceful conquests achieved in our country by the saintly armies of Iona, were far more beneficent and glorious than any that were ever gained on fields like that of Marathon; for the names of those who fought for these victories of the Gospel are inscribed—not in perishable records—but in the pages of the *Book of Life*.

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the Doves to their windows?"

"Surely the *Isles* shall wait for Me."

May we not be permitted to apply this prophetic language to them?

The Hebrew word here used for Island is *I*, and this is cognate with that by which Iona was first known. It was originally called *Hii*. The Hebrew word here used for Dove is *Yona*. And the name of St. Columba signifies Dove. Hence it was that the Island to which we now refer was called *I-ona*, or the *Island of St. Columba*, or of the *Dove*. And it was also, and is still, called by a word bearing the same sense, *I-Colm-Kill*, i. e. the *Island of Columba*, the founder of Churches; for *Kill*, it is well known, signifies *Church*.†

When, therefore, we bear in mind these circumstances; when we recollect that the Dove is the scriptural emblem of the Christian soul; and when we remember that Iona, in those days, was a central church, a sacred school of the West, a refuge for the weary soul, to which

* Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, p. 261 : Edinburgh, 1798.

† Neander, Eccl. Hist. v. p. 11. "With regard to Ireland, Patricius had left behind him a band of scholars prepared to labour in the same spirit. Ireland was the seat of monastic institutions so renowned that they obtained for it the title of '*Insula Sanctorum*.' In these retreats the Holy Scriptures were diligently read: hence arose missionary schools, as the convent at Bangor, founded by Comgall . . . Columba, about A.D. 565, came from Ireland, and planted the Gospel in the northern provinces of the Picts, who gave him the island of Hy, . . . which became a station for biblical literature. The island was named after him St. Iona, the names Columba and Iona being probably the one the Latin, the other the Hebrew, translation of his original Irish name St. Columba and Columkill."

many flocked from afar—may we not say that it was like a Christian Columbarium, where the doves *found a house, and a nest where they might lay their young—even the altar of the Lord of Hosts*?⁹ And may we not here exclaim, “Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the *Doves* to their windows? Surely the *Isles* shall wait for Me.”

St. Columba, having founded the missionary Church of Iona, and having preached the Gospel in Scotland and the Isles, fell asleep in Christ, in a good old age, at the end of the sixth century (A.D. 597).

*But he being dead yet speaketh.**

Before the middle of the following century—the seventh century (A.D. 635)—the King of Northumberland,† Oswald, who had been educated in the Irish Church,‡ sent to it for Christian teachers, that they might convert his subjects from Paganism. Accordingly, Aidan, an Irish bishop, and other Irish missionaries, went forth from the school of Columba, and were settled by the king at Lindisfarne, and preached the Gospel in Northumberland, and planted the Church there.

The happy effects of this mission from Iona were felt throughout England, from the river Humber to the Thames.§ Churches were

* Heb. xi. 4.

† In course of time Oswald's dominions extended over a great part of Britain and Scotland. See Bede, iii. 6. He reigned nine years. Ibid. iii. 9. ‡ Bede, iii. 3.

§ Ussher, Rel. Anct. Irish. ch. x. p. 86. “Aidan and Finan deserve to be honoured by the English nation with as venerable a remembrance as Austin the monk and his followers. For by the ministry of Aidan was the kingdom of Northumberland recovered from Paganism, whereunto belonged then, beside the shire of Northumberland and the lands beyond it unto Edinburgh Frith, Cumberland also, and Westmoreland, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Bishopric of Durham. And by means of Finan, not only the kingdom of the East Saxons, which contained Essex, Middlesex, and half of Herts, were regained, but also the large kingdom of Mercia was converted first unto Christianity, which comprehended under it Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire, Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, Northamptonshire, Lincoln, Huntingdon, Beds, Bucks, Oxford, Stafford, Derby, Salop, Notts, Cheshire, and the other half of Herts. The Scottish (or Irish), who professed no subjection to the Church of Rome, were they that sent preachers for the conversion of these countries, and ordained bishops to govern them, viz., Aidan, Finan, and Colman successively for the kingdom of Northumberland; for the East Saxons, Cedd, brother to Cedd, Bishop of York; for the Middle Angles and Mercians, Diuma (see Bede, iii. 3-5, 22-26). And these with their followers, notwithstanding their division from the See of Rome, were, for their extraordinary sanctity of life and painful preaching of the Gospel (wherein they went far beyond the other side that afterwards thrust them out and entered in upon their labours), exceedingly revered by them that knew them.”

Inett, chap. iv., concerning the missionary labours of the Irish bishops Aidan, Finan, Cedd, and Diuma, pp. 46, 47: “Aidan, sent for from Ireland by Oswald, King of Northumberland, and settled at Lindisfarne; he and the Irish clergy establish schools,

built, the people flocked with joy to hear the Word of God. The Heavenly Dove—the Holy Spirit of God—brooded invisibly over the heads of thousands baptized by these Irish missionaries in the faith of Christ in our own land. Multitudes, wearied by the storm, and finding no rest for the sole of their feet on the wilderness of the waters of this life, took refuge in the Ark of the Church. •

Then, through our own island, the ear of Faith might have heard the prophetic voice: *Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the Doves to their windows?*

*Surely the Isles shall wait for Me.**

—Occasional Sermons. No. 27, on the “Church History of Ireland.”

330.—THE YOUTH OF PINDAR.

[KARL OTFRIED MÜLLER, 1797—1841.

[KARL OTFRIED MÜLLER, one of the greatest scholars of modern times, was born at Brieg, in Silesia, in 1797. He completed his education at the University of Berlin, and became Professor of Ancient Languages at Breslau, in 1817. In 1820, he was appointed Professor of Archæology, or Ancient Art, at Göttingen. He then began a searching investigation of the principles of ancient art, and visited Dresden, France, and England in pursuance of this design. His chief works are, “Manual of the History of Ancient Art,” “History of Greek Literature” (written for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and left unfinished at his death), “The Dorians,” “The Etruscans,” and an edition of the “Eumenides” of Æschylus. Müller died in Greece, in 1841.]

PINDAR was born in the spring of 522 B.C. (Olymp. 64. 3); and, according to a probable statement, he died at the age of eighty.† He was therefore nearly in the prime of his life at the time when Xerxes invaded Greece, and the battles of Thermopylæ and Salamis were fought. He thus belongs to that period of the Greek nation, when its great qualities were first distinctly unfolded; and when it exhibited an energy of action, and a spirit of enterprise, never afterwards surpassed, together with a love of poetry, art, and philosophy, which produced much, and promised to produce more. The modes of thought, and style of art, which arose in Athens after the Persian war, must have been unknown to him. He was indeed the contemporary of

and by their ministry the people north of the Humber are generally converted. The midland and southern parts of England are converted by them and their successors.”

* Isaiah, lx. 8.

† For Pindar's life, see Boeckh's Pindar, tom. iii. p. 12. To the authorities there mentioned, may be added the Introduction of Eustathius to his Commentary on Pindar in Eustathii Opuscula, p. 32, ed. Tafel. 1832. (Eustath. Proœm. Comment. Pindar. ed. Schneidewin. 1837.)

Æschylus, and he admired the rapid rise of Athens in the Persian war; calling it "The Pillar of Greece, brilliant Athens, the worthy theme of poets." But the causes which determined his poetical character are to be sought in an earlier period, and in the Doric and Æolic parts of Greece; and hence we shall divide Pindar from his contemporary Æschylus, by placing the former at the close of the earlier period, the latter at the head of the new period of literature.

Pindar's native place was Cynocephalæ, a village in the territory of Thebes, the most considerable city of Bœotia. Although in his time the voices of Pierian bards, and of epic poets of the Hesiodæan school had long been mute in Bœotia, yet there was still much love for music and poetry, which had taken the prevailing form of lyric and choral compositions. That these arts were widely cultivated in Bœotia is proved by the fact that two women, Myrtis and Corinna, had attained great celebrity in them during the youth of Pindar. Both were competitors with Pindar in poetry. Myrtis strove with him for a prize at public games: and although Corinna said, "It is not meet that the clear-toned Myrtis, a woman born, should enter the lists with Pindar:"* yet she is said (perhaps from jealousy of his growing fame) to have often contended against him in the agones, and to have gained the victory over him five times.† Pausanias, in his travels, saw at Tanagra, the native city of Corinna, a picture in which she was represented as binding her head with a fillet of victory which she had gained in a contest with Pindar. He supposes that she was less indebted for this victory to the excellence of her poetry than to her Bœotian dialect, which was more familiar to the ears of the judges at the games, and to her extraordinary beauty. Corinna also assisted the young poet with her advice; it is related of her that she recommended him to ornament his poems with mythical narrations, but that when he had composed a hymn, in the first six verses of which (still extant) almost the whole of the Theban mythology was introduced, she smiled and said, "We should sow with hand, not with the whole sack." Too little of the poetry of Corinna has been preserved to allow of our forming a safe judgment of her style of composition. The extant fragments refer mostly to mythological subjects, particularly to heroines of the Bœotian legends; this, and her rivalry with Pindar, show that she must be classed not in the Lesbian school of lyric poets, but among the masters of choral poetry.

* The following is the passage in Corinna's dialect:

μίφομη δὲ κῆ λιγούραν Μούρνιδ' ἰώνγα
ὅτι βάνα φούσ' ἔβα Πινδάρειο ποτ' ἔρω.

Apollon. de Pronom. p. 924. B.

† Ælian, V. H. xiii. 24.

The family of Pindar seems to have been skilled in music; we learn from the ancient biographies of him that his father, or his uncle, was a flute-player. Flute-playing (as we have more than once remarked) was brought from Asia Minor into Greece; its Phrygian origin may perhaps be indicated by the fact that Pindar had in his house at Thebes, a small temple of the Mother of the gods and Pan, the Phrygian deities, to whom the first hymns to the flute were supposed to have been sung.* The music of the flute had moreover been introduced into Bœotia at a very early period; the Copaic lake produced excellent reeds for flutes, and the worship of Dionysus, which was supposed to have originated at Thebes, required the varied and loud music of the flute. Accordingly the Bœotians were early celebrated for their skill in flute-playing; whilst at Athens the music of the flute did not become common till after the Persian war, when the desire for novelty in art had greatly increased.†

But Pindar very early in his life soared far beyond the sphere of a flute-player at festivals, or even a lyric poet of merely local celebrity. He placed himself under the tuition of Lasus of Hermione, a distinguished poet, already mentioned, but probably better versed in the theory than the practice of poetry and music. Since Pindar made these arts the whole business of his life,‡ and was nothing but a poet and a musician, he soon extended the boundaries of his art to the whole Greek nation, and composed poems of the choral lyric kind for persons in all parts of Greece. At the age of twenty he composed a song of victory in honour of a Thessalian youth belonging to the *gens* of the Aleuads.§ We find him employed soon afterwards for the Sicilian rulers, Hiero of Syracuse, and Thero of Agrigentum; for Arcesilaus, king of Cyrene, and Amyntas, king of Macedonia, as well as for the free cities of Greece. He made no distinction according to the race of the persons whom he celebrated: he was honoured and loved by the Ionian states, for himself as well as for his art; the Athenians made him their public guest (*πρόξενος*); and the inhabitants of Ceos employed him to compose a processional song (*προσόδιον*), although they had their own poets, Simonides and Bacchylides. Pindar, however, was not a common mercenary poet, always ready to sing the praises of him whose bread he ate. He received indeed money and presents for his poems, according to the general usage previously introduced by Simonides; yet his poems are the genuine expression of his thoughts and feelings. In his praises of virtue and good fortune, the colours

* Marm. Par. ep. 10.

† Aristot. Polit. viii. 7.

‡ Like Sappho, he is called *μουσουργός*.

§ Pyth. X. composed in Olymp. 69. 3. B.C. 502.

which he employs are not too vivid; nor does he avoid the darker shades of his subject; he often suggests topics of consolation for past and present evil, and sometimes warns and exhorts to avoid future calamity.—*History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, chap. xv.

331.—LORD IPSDEN CONVERSES WITH THE "LOWER ORDERS," IN COMPLIANCE WITH HIS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

[CHARLES READE, D.C.L., 1814.

[CHARLES READE, youngest son of the late John Reade, Esq., of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, was born in 1814, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1835. He was successively a Demy and a Fellow of his College. He was called to the bar in 1843, at Lincoln's Inn. "Christie Johnstone," and "Peg Woffington," were his first works, and by their spirit and originality won him at once a place as a popular author. These tales were followed by "Never too late to Mend," "The Course of True Love," and "White Lies," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and some successful plays, &c. &c.]

CHRISTIE stood by Lord Ipsden, with one hand on her hip (the knuckles downwards), but graceful as Antinous, and began:

"Hoo muckle is the Queen greater than you are?"

His lordship was obliged to reflect.

"Let me see. As the moon is to a wax taper, so is her Majesty the Queen to you and me and the rest."

"And whar does the Juke* come in?"

"On this particular occasion the Duke† makes one of us, my pretty maid."

"I see! Are na ye awfu' proud o' being a lorr'd?"

"What an idea!"

"His lordship did not go to bed a spinning-jenny, and rise up a lord, like some of them," put in Saunders.

"Saunders," said the peer, rather doubtfully, "eloquence rather bores people."

"Then I must not speak again, my lord," said Saunders, respectfully.

"Noo," said the fair inquisitor, "ye shall tell me how ye came to be lorrds, your family?"

"Saunders!"

"Na! ye mauna flee to Sandy for a' thing, ye are no a bairn, are ye?"

Here was a dilemma, the Saunders prop knocked rudely away, and obliged to think for ourselves.

But Saunders would come to his distressed master's assistance. He

* Buccleuch.

† Wellington.

furtively conveyed to him a plump book. This was Saunders's manual of faith; the author was Mr. Burke, not Edmund.

Lord Ipsden ran hastily over the page, closed the book, and said, "Here is the story. Five hundred years ago——"

"Listen, Jean," said Christie, "we're gaun to get a bonnie story. Five hundre' years ago," added she, with interest and awe.

——"was a great battle," resumed the narrator, in cheerful tones, as one larking with history, "between a king of England and his rebels. He was in the thick of the fight——"

"That's the king, Jean; he was in the thick o't."

"My ancestor killed a fellow who was sneaking behind him, but the next moment a man-at-arms prepared a thrust at his majesty, who had his hands full with three assailants."

"Eh! that's no fair," said Christie, "as sure as deeth."

"My aucestor dashed forward, and as the king's sword passed through one of them, he clave another to the waist with a blow."

"Weel done! weel done!"

Lord Ipsden looked at the speaker, her eyes were glittering, and her cheek flushing.

"Good heavens!" thought he, "she believes it!" So he began to take more pains with his legend.

"But for the spearman," continued he, "he had nothing but his body; he gave it, it was his duty, and received the death levelled at his sovereign."

"Hech! puir mon." And the glowing eyes began to glisten.

"The battle flowed another way, and God gave victory to the right; but the king came back to look for him, for it was no common service."

"'Deed, no!"

Here Lord Ipsden began to turn his eyes inwards, and call up the scene. He lowered his voice.

"They found him lying on his back, looking death in the face. The nobles by the king's side uncovered as soon as he was found, for they were brave men, too. There was a moment's silence; eyes met eyes and said, 'This is a stout soldier's last battle.' The king could not bid him live."

"Na! lad, King Deeth has too strong a grip."

"But he did what kings can do: he gave him two blows with his royal sword."

"Oh! the robber; and him a deeing mon."

"Two words from his royal mouth, and he and we were Barons of Ipsden and Hawthorn Glen from that day to this."

"But the puir dying creature?"

"What poor dying creature?"

"Your forbear, lad."

"I don't know why you call him poor, madam; all the men of that day are dust; they are the gold dust, who died with honour. He looked round uneasily for his son—for he had but one—and when that son knelt unwounded by him, he said, 'Good night, Baron Ipsden!' and so he died, fire in his eye, a smile on his lip, and honour on his name for ever. I meant to tell you a lie, and I've told you the truth."

"Laddie," said Christie, half admiringly, half reproachfully, "ye gar the tear come in my een. Hech! look at yon lassie! how could you eat plums through siccan a story?"

"Hets," answered Jean, who had, in fact, cleared the plate, "I aye listen best when my ain mouth's stappit."

"But see now," pondered Christie, "twa words fra a king—their titles are just breeth."

"Of course," was the answer, "all titles are. What is popularity? Ask Aristides and Lamartine:—the breath of a mob—smells of its source—and is gone before the sun can set on it. Now the royal breath does smell of the Rose and Crown, and stays by us from age to age."

The story had warmed our marble acquaintance. Saunders opened his eyes and thought, "We shall wake up the House of Lords some evening—we shall."

His lordship then added, less warmly, looking at the girls—

"I think I should like to be a fisherman."

So saying my lord yawned slightly. To this aspiration the young fishwives deigned no attention, doubting, perhaps, its sincerity; and Christie, with a shade of severity, inquired of him how he came to be a Vile count.

"A baron's no a Vile count, I'm sure," said she, "sae tell me how ye came to be a Vile count."

"Ah," said he, "that is by no means a pretty story like the other; you will not like it, I am sure."

"Ay, will I—ay, will I; I'm aye seeking knowledg."

"Well, it is soon told. One of us sat twenty years on one seat, in the same house, so one day he got up a—viscount."

"Ower muckle pay for ower little wark."

"Now don't say that. I wouldn't do it to be the Emperor of Russia."

"Aweel, I hae gotten a heap out o' ye; sae noow I'll gang, since ye are no for herrin'; come away, Jean."—*Christie Johnstone*, chap. ii.

332.—CICERO'S TRAVELS IN GREECE AND ASIA.

[CONYERS MIDDLETON, D.D., 1683—1750.]

[CONYERS MIDDLETON, D.D., born 1683, received his academical education at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was chosen Fellow in 1706. In 1717, when he received the degree of D.D., he resisted the claim of Dr. Bentley, Regius Professor, to exorbitant fees. In 1724 he spent some time in Italy, and on his return published his famous "Letters from Rome." His "Life of Cicero," a very curious and valuable work, was published in 1741. In 1743 he published "Epistles of Cicero to Brutus, and those of Brutus to Cicero," with a vindication of their authenticity. Dr. Middleton died in 1750.]

We have a clear account from himself [Cicero] of the real motive of his journey:—"My body," says he, "at this time was exceedingly weak and emaciated; my neck long and small; which is a habit thought liable to great risk of life, if engaged in any fatigue or labour of the lungs; and it gave the greater alarm to those who had a regard for me, that I used to speak without any remission or variation, with the utmost stretch of my voice, and great agitation of my body. When my friends therefore and physicians advised me to meddle no more with causes, I resolved to run any hazard rather than quit the hopes of glory which I proposed to myself from pleading: but when I considered that by managing my voice, and changing my way of speaking, I might both avoid all danger and speak with more ease, I took a resolution of travelling into Asia, merely for an opportunity of correcting my manner of speaking: so that after I had been two years at the bar, and acquired a reputation in the Forum, I left Rome," &c.

He was twenty-eight years old when he set forward upon his travels to Greece and Asia—the fashionable tour of all those who travelled either for curiosity or improvement. His first visit was to Athens, the capital seat of arts and sciences, where some writers tell us that he spent three years, though in truth it was but six months. He took up his quarters with Antiochus, the principal philosopher of the old academy; and under this excellent master renewed, he says, those studies which he had been fond of from his earliest youth. Here he met with his schoolfellow, T. Pomponius, who from his love to Athens, and his spending a great part of his days in it, obtained the surname of Atticus; and here they revived and confirmed that memorable friendship which subsisted between them through life with so celebrated a constancy and affection. Atticus, being an Epicurean, was often drawing Cicero from his host Antiochus to the conversation of Phædrus and old Zeno, the chief professors of that sect, in hopes of making him a convert: on which subject they used to have many disputes between themselves; but Cicero's view in these visits was but to convince himself more effectually of the weakness of that doctrine,

by observing how easily it might be confuted, when explained even by the ablest teachers. Yet he did not give himself up so entirely to philosophy as to neglect his rhetorical exercises, which he performed still every day very diligently with Demetrius the Syrian, an experienced master of the art of speaking.

It was in this first journey to Athens that he was initiated most probably into the Eleusinian mysteries: for though we have no account of the time, yet we cannot fix it better than in a voyage undertaken both for the improvement of his mind and body. The reverence with which he always speaks of these mysteries, and the hints that he has dropt of their end and use, seem to confirm what a very learned and ingenious writer has delivered of them, that they were contrived to inculcate the unity of God and the immortality of the soul. As for the first, after observing to Atticus, who was one also of the initiated, how the gods of the popular religions were all but deceased mortals, advanced from earth to heaven, he bids him remember the doctrine of the mysteries, in order to recollect the universality of that truth: and as to the second, he declares his initiation to be in fact what the name itself implied, a real beginning of life to him, as it taught the way not only of living with greater pleasure, but of dying also with a better hope.

From Athens he passed into Asia, where he gathered about him all the principal orators of the country, who kept him company through the rest of the voyage, and with whom he constantly exercised himself in every place where he made any stay. "The chief of them," says he, "was Menippus of Stratonica, the most eloquent of all the Asiatics; and if to be neither tedious nor impertinent be the characteristic of an Attic orator, he may justly be ranked in that class. Dionysius also of Magnesia, Æschylus of Cnidos, and Xenocles of Adramyttus were continually with me, who were reckoned the first rhetoricians of Asia: nor yet content with these, I went to Rhodes, and applied myself again to Mola, whom I had heard before at Rome, who was both an experienced pleader, and a fine writer, and particularly expert in observing the faults of his scholars, as well as in his method of teaching and improving them. His greatest trouble with me was to restrain the exuberance of a juvenile imagination, always ready to overflow its banks, within its due and proper channel."

But as at Athens, where he employed himself chiefly in philosophy, he did not intermit his oratorical studies, so at Rhodes, where his chief study was oratory, he gave some share also of his time to philosophy with Posidonius, the most esteemed and learned Stoic of that age, whom he often speaks of with honour, not only as his master, but as his friend. It was his constant care that the progress of his knowledge

should keep pace with the improvement of his eloquence; he considered the one as the foundation of the other, and thought it in vain to acquire ornaments before he had provided necessary furniture. He declaimed here in Greek because Molo did not understand Latin; and upon ending his declamation, while the rest of the company were lavish of their praises, Molo, instead of paying any compliment, sat silent a considerable time, till observing Cicero somewhat disturbed at it, he said, "As for you, Cicero, I praise and admire you, but pity the fortune of Greece, to see arts and eloquence, the only ornaments which were left to her, transplanted by you to Rome." Having thus finished the circuit of his travels, he came back again to Italy, after an excursion of two years, extremely improved, and changed as it were into a new man: the vehemence of his voice and action was moderated, the redundancy of his style and fancy corrected, his lungs strengthened, and his whole constitution confirmed.

This voyage of Cicero seems to be the only scheme and pattern of travelling from which any real benefit is to be expected. He did not stir abroad till he had completed his education at home: for nothing can be more pernicious to a nation than the necessity of a foreign one; and after he had acquired in his own country whatever was proper to form a worthy citizen and magistrate of Rome, he went, confirmed by a maturity of age and reason against the impressions of vice, not so much to learn as to polish what he had learnt, by visiting those places where arts and sciences flourished in their greatest perfection. In a tour the most delightful of the world, he saw everything that could entertain a curious traveller, yet stayed nowhere any longer than his benefit, not his pleasure, detained him. By his previous knowledge of the laws of Rome, he was able to compare them with those of other cities, and to bring back with him whatever he found useful either to his country or to himself. He was lodged wherever he came in the houses of the great and the eminent, not so much for their birth and wealth as for their virtue, knowledge, and learning; men honoured and revered in their several cities as the principal patriots, orators, and philosophers of the age. These he made the constant companions of his travels, that he might not lose the opportunity, even on the road, of profiting by their advice and experience; and from such a voyage it is no wonder that he brought back every accomplishment which could improve and adorn a man of sense.—*History of the Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero*, vol. i.

333.—THE ISLAND OF LEWCHEW IN 1816.

[DR. JOHN M'LEOD, 1782—1820.

[JOHN M'LEOD was a surgeon in the Royal Navy. Born 1782. When the gallant Sir Murray Maxwell took out Lord Amherst on his embassy to China, in 1816, Mr. M'Leod accompanied him as surgeon of H.M.S. *Alceste*; the *Lyra*, Captain Basil Hall, and an Indianman, escorting them, and carrying the presents. The *Alceste* struck on a sunken rock, until then unknown, in the Straits of Gaspar, on her return, and was lost. The crew were, however, saved; and on his return to England Dr. M'Leod wrote a narrative of his voyage to the Yellow Sea, and of the shipwreck of the *Alceste*, which is full of interest even at the present day. It was published in 1817. On his return to England the services of Dr. M'Leod were rewarded by his appointment to the *Royal Sovereign* yacht (the King's), but he did not long enjoy his promotion; he died in lodgings in the King's Road, Chelsea, on the 9th of November, 1820; at the age of thirty-eight.]

THE island of Lewchew itself is situate in the happiest climate of the globe. Refreshed by the sea-breezes, which, from its geographical position, blow over it at every period of the year, it is free from the extremes of heat and cold which oppress many other countries; whilst from the general configuration of the land, being more adapted to the production of rivers and streams than of bogs and marshes, one great source of disease in the warmer latitudes has no existence: and the people seemed to enjoy robust health; for we observed no diseased objects, nor beggars of any description among them.

The verdant lawns and romantic scenery of Tinian and Juan Fernandes, so well described in Anson's Voyage, are here displayed in higher perfection, and on a much more magnificent scale; for cultivation is added to the most enchanting beauties of nature. From a commanding height above the ships, the view is, in all directions, picturesque and delightful. On one hand are seen the distant islands, rising from a wide expanse of ocean, whilst the clearness of the water enables the eye to trace all the coral reefs which protect the anchorage immediately below. To the south is the city of Nafoo, the vessels at anchor in the harbour, with their streamers flying; and in the intermediate space appear numerous hamlets scattered about on the banks of the rivers which meander in the valley beneath; the eye being, in every direction, charmed by the various hues of the luxuriant foliage around their habitations. Turning to the east, the houses of Kint-ching, the capital city, built in their peculiar style, are observed here and there, opening from among the lofty trees which surround and shade them, rising one above another in gentle ascent to the summit of a hill, which is crowned by the king's palace: the intervening grounds between Napafoo and Kint-ching, a distance of some miles, being ornamented by a continuation of villas and country-houses. To the north, as far as the eye can reach, the higher land is covered with extensive forests.

At a short distance from this eminence the traveller is led by a foot-path to what seems only a little wood; on entering which, under an archway formed by the intermingling branches of the opposite trees, he passes along a serpentine labyrinth, every here and there intersected by others. Not far from each other, on either side of these walks, small wicker doors are observed, on opening any of which he is surprised by the appearance of a court-yard and house, with the children, and all the usual cottage train, generally gambolling about; so that, whilst a man fancies himself in some lonely and sequestered retreat, he is, in fact, in the middle of a populous, but invisible village.

Nature has been bountiful in all her gifts to Lewchew: for such is the felicity of its soil and climate, that productions of the vegetable kingdom, very distinct in their nature, and generally found in regions far distant from each other, grow here side by side. It is not merely, as might be expected, the country of the orange and the lime, but the banyan of India and the Norwegian fir, the tea-plant and sugarcane, all flourish together. In addition to many good qualities, not often found combined, this island can also boast its rivers and secure harbours; and last, though not least, a worthy, a friendly, and a happy race of people.

Many of these islanders displayed a spirit of intelligence and genius, which seemed the more extraordinary considering the confined circle in which they live; such confinement being almost universally found to be productive of narrowness of mind. Our friends here were an exception to the general rule. Madera Cosyong, one of our most constant and intimate friends, acquired such proficiency in the English language, in the course of a few weeks, as to make himself tolerably understood. He evidently came on board, in the first instance, as a spy upon our conduct, before they were satisfied that we meant no harm; and no man was ever better adapted for this duty; for, as his conciliatory and pleasing manner won upon all hearts, he had therefore a natural access everywhere, and had "stratagems or schemes" existed, he, of all others, was the most likely to have discovered them.

His not assuming his proper character, which was that of a man of some distinction, until his mind was satisfied about us, and his then doing it with frankness, is a proof that such were his original motives. To acquire our tongue, he marked the sound of any English word for the most familiar articles of the table, or terms of conversation, and noted them in symbols of his own language, with their signification, which enabled him, with slight reference to his vocabulary, to manage without having recourse to the interpreter. If he happened to be walking on shore with any of the officers, he would not lose the sound or meaning of a word because he had not his book with him.

but scratched it on the leaf of a tree, and transcribed it at his leisure. His first attempt to connect a sentence was rather sudden and unexpected. Rising to go away one evening after his usual lesson, he slowly articulated, "You give me good wine. I thank you. I go shore." He delighted in receiving information, and his remarks were always pertinent. The map of the world, with the track of the ship from England to Lewchew, was pointed out and explained to him, which he, as well as others, seemed to trace with peculiar care, and at last, in a great degree, to comprehend, although the subject was, in the first instance, entirely new to them, for they certainly had no idea of the vast extent or figure of the globe. He was gay or serious, as occasion required, but was always respectable; and of Madera it might be truly said, that he was a gentleman, not formed upon this model or according to that rule, but "stamped as such by the sovereign hand of nature."

They all seemed to be gifted with a sort of politeness which had the fairest claim to be termed natural; for there was nothing constrained, nothing stiff or studied in it.—*Narrative of a Voyage in H.M.S. Alceste to the Yellow Sea.*

344.—THE BREATH OF LIFE.

[MICHAEL FARADAY, 1794—1867.]

[MICHAEL FARADAY was born in London, 1794. He was at first apprenticed to the trade of bookbinding, but his great talents procured him the patronage of Sir Humphry Davy, through whose interest he was taken into the laboratory of the Royal Institution of London, where he pursued his studies. The lectures which he delivered at the Institution proved a continual attraction to the public. He succeeded in establishing, if not in discovering, the laws of electro-magnetism. In 1827, he published his "Chemical Manipulations." This work was followed by "Experimental Researches in Electricity," and his "Chemical History of a Candle," &c. &c., lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1860-1. Faraday died in 1867.]

WHAT is all this process going on within us which we cannot do without, either day or night, which is so provided for by the Author of all things, that He has arranged that it shall be independent of all will? If we restrain our respiration, as we can to a certain extent, we should destroy ourselves. When we are asleep, the organs of respiration, and the parts that are associated with them, still go on with their action, so necessary is this process of respiration to us, this contact of air with the lungs. I must tell you, in the briefest possible manner, what this process is. We consume food: the food goes through that strange set of vessels and organs within us, and is brought into various parts of the system, into the digestive parts especially; and alternately the portion which is so changed is carried through our lungs by one set of vessels, while the air that we inhale and exhale is

drawn into and thrown out of the lungs by another set of vessels, so that the air and the food come close together, separated only by an exceedingly thin surface: the air can thus act upon the blood by this process, producing precisely the same results in kind as we have seen in the case of the candle. The candle combines with parts of the air, forming carbonic acid, and evolves heat; so in the lungs there is this curious, wonderful change taking place. The air entering, combines with the carbon (not carbon in a free state, but, as in this case, placed ready for action at the moment), and makes carbonic acid, and is so thrown out into the atmosphere, and thus this singular result takes place: we may thus look upon the food as fuel. Let me take that piece of sugar, which will serve my purpose. It is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, similar to a candle, as containing the same elements, though not in the same proportion; the proportions in sugar being as shown in this table:—

Carbon	72	} 99
Hydrogen	11	
Oxygen	88	

This is, indeed, a very curious thing, which you can well remember, for the oxygen and hydrogen are in exactly the proportions which form water, so that sugar may be said to be compounded of 72 parts of carbon and 99 parts of water; and it is the carbon in the sugar that combines with the oxygen carried in by the air in the process of respiration, so making us like candles; producing these actions, warmth, and far more wonderful results besides, for the sustenance of the system, by a most beautiful and simple process. To make this still more striking, I will take a little sugar; or to hasten the experiment I will use some syrup, which contains about three-fourths of sugar and a little water. If I put a little oil of vitriol on it, it takes away the water, and leaves the carbon in a black mass. [The Lecturer mixed the two together.] You see how the carbon is coming out, and before long we shall have a solid mass of charcoal, all of which has come out of sugar. Sugar, as you know, is food, and here we have absolutely a solid lump of carbon where you would not have expected it. And if I make arrangements so as to oxidize the carbon of sugar, we shall have a much more striking result. Here is sugar, and I have here an oxidizer—a quicker one than the atmosphere; and so we shall oxidize this fuel by a process different from respiration in its form, though not different in its kind. It is the combustion of the carbon by the contact of oxygen which the body has supplied to it. If I set this into action at once, you will see combustion produced. Just what occurs in my lungs—taking in oxygen from another source, namely, the atmosphere—takes place here by a more rapid process.

You will be astonished when I tell you what this curious play of carbon amounts to. A candle will burn some four, five, six, or seven hours. What then must be the daily amount of carbon going up into the air in the way of carbonic acid! What a quantity of carbon must go from each of us in respiration! What a wonderful change of carbon must take place under these circumstances of combustion or respiration! A man in twenty-four hours converts as much as seven ounces of carbon into carbonic acid; a milch cow will convert seventy ounces, and a horse seventy-nine ounces, solely by the act of respiration. That is, the horse in twenty-four hours burns seventy-nine ounces of charcoal, or carbon, in his organs of respiration, to supply his natural warmth in that time. All the warm-blooded animals get their warmth in this way, by the conversion of carbon, not in a free state, but in a state of combination. And what an extraordinary notion this gives us of the alterations going on in our atmosphere. As much as 5,000,000 pounds, or 548 tons of carbonic acid is formed by respiration in London alone in twenty-four hours. And where does all this go? Up into the air. If the carbon had been like the lead which I showed you, or the iron which, in burning, produces a solid substance, what would happen? Combustion could not go on. As charcoal burns it becomes a vapour, and passes off into the atmosphere, which is the great vehicle, the great carrier for conveying it away to other places. Then what becomes of it? Wonderful is it to find that the change produced by respiration, which seems so injurious to us (for we cannot breathe air twice over), is the very life and support of plants and vegetables that grow upon the surface of the earth. It is the same also under the surface, in the great bodies of water; for fishes and other animals respire upon the same principle, though not exactly by contact with the open air.—*Lectures on the Chemistry of a Candle.*

335.—MILTON AT CRIPPLEGATE.

[W. CHARLES KENT, 1823.]

[W. CHARLES KENT, poet, journalist, and barrister, was born in London, November 3, 1823, and educated at Prior Park and Oscott Colleges. He adopted literature as a profession at an early age, and was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1859. His poem "*Aletheia*" was published in 1850, and, in 1853, it elicited from M. de Lamartine a remarkable letter,* in which he expresses a wish that the poem

* Paris, 7 Avril, 1853.

Monsieur,—Un heureux hasard place sous mes yeux aujourd'hui seulement les magnifiques strophes d'*Aletheia*, dans lesquelles vous avez encadré mon nom.

Combien je regrette de ne les avoir pas connues plutôt, et de vous avoir laissés

addressed to himself might form this epitaph. In 1862, "Dreamland" appeared. His prose works are: "Vision of Cagliostro," "Cabinet Pictures," under the *nom de plume* of Mark Rochester, "Catholicity in the Dark Ages," "Footprints on the Road," "Mr. Gladstone's Government," by a Templar, "Welcome to Longfellow," in the *Times*, &c. &c. Mr. Kent is proprietor and editor of the *Sun* newspaper, and a contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," "Westminster Review," "Household Words," &c. &c.]

An atmosphere of golden harmonies
 Around him floating, fills the haunted room.
 Loved chamber, often hallowed thus at eve
 By consecrating sunbeams! Ever then
 Thrilled through and through with grand concordant tones :
 Now swelling like an anthem—and anon.
 In sighs of dulcet sadness dying down
 To murmurs hushed as echoes of a prayer.

His frail white hands along the keys in love
 Stray slowly in long chords of mellow sound.
 His slippered feet, alternately relaxed
 In pressure, draw betimes such lengthened notes
 From deepest diâpason of the reeds,
 That, vibrating, the open casement jars
 Responding palpitations. On the sill
 A heliotrope, half-blackened into bud,
 Pales in its lilac flowering, whence in gusts
 The balmy breath of evening spreads abroad
 The honeyed fragrance lurking in its leaves.
 Enthroned before the soaring organ pipes,
 All bathed in crimson blushes of the west,
 The old Musician sings—his feeblest touch
 Waking the thunderous music latent there
 In serried tubes like tromps of gold : his voice
 Of silver sweetness thridding all the maze
 Of winding strains melodious.

croire ainsi que je manquais ou d'admiration ou de reconnaissance ! Je ne manque ni de l'un ni de l'autre en vous lisant, et je m'empresse de réparer autant qu'il est en moi le tort du hasard.

Aucun tableau des événements de 1848 ne me place en scène devant la Postérité avec plus de faveur, et sous un jour plus resplendissant, c'est le jour de la Prévention et de la Poésie, mais la Poésie que j'ai tant aimée me devait un léger retour. Elle me le paye largement par vos mains.

Je garde ces beaux vers comme une inscription un jour à mon tombeau.

Si vous venez à Paris, songez que vous y trouverez un ami.

Rue de l'Université, 80.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

From his lip,
 Like balm, the psalmody of Israel's king,
 In Hebrew streaming, floods his soul with joy;
 As though the solemn warbling Bird of Night
 Sang peace while every cadence of its song
 Dropp'd, manna-like, its life's own nutriment.
 And as the Nightingale, of russet plumage, sings,
 Alone in darkness sown with stars of God,
 So sings, 'mid shadows deeper than the night,
 Sown like the night with visions grand as stars,
 The Philomel of Ages. Clothed in grey
 (His robe a threadbare, homely garb of serge),
 He sits enraptured 'mid the choral clang;
 Sits breathing music from his mouth and hands:
 Hands—outspread, as if in benediction!
 Mouth—whose gentlest sighs search space through trembling
 As, thrilled with awe, emotion, grief, and years,
 Love wafts them e'en beyond the porch of heaven!

Upturned toward the instrument thus made
 The altar of thy worship, Seer and Bard
 With looks celestial as thy song, thy face
 Reflects eve's sacred radiance. From calm brows
 The hyacinthine ringlets parting—trailed
 Like Adam's in thy bloom (brown-gilded coils
 Luxuriant)—scant'ly now, and silvering, droop
 Dishevelled on thy shoulders. While those eyes—
 Seraphic eyes, whence gazed thy soul serene—

Ah! quenched their mournful beauty now, and blank
 As sculptured orbs in monumental stoffe:
 Of all their azure splendour quite bereft,
 As—dead, yet living—light in darkness drowned.

Not now for them the ruddy sunset showers
 Its slant of swarming gold-dust by the fall
 Of faded silken curtains, erst as green
 As emerald of the meadow grass, when sight
 Was fainting out, while pangs of anguish lured
 Dim shades around, in presage of thy doom.
 Not now for thee those darkling lattice buds
 Purple to clustering blossoms: not for thee
 The reflex in the mirror on the wall
 Of this dear inner chamber—home of home—

With ripe harmonious colours mimick'd there;
 The old familiar patterns on the floor;
 Old books of studious boyhood; fluted pomps
 Of tarnished gold cylindric, where aloft
 The glory of the darling organ rears
 The symbol of its resonance; and beneath,
 Repeated in the shadowy disc—the soul
 And source of all those rolling melodies—
 Thyself! with saintly features and bowed frame,
 There softly chanting still the holy psalm,
 Eve's parting halo like an aureole
 Around thy shining hair—

When suddenly,
 As with a sob, thy plaintive lay of prayer
 Dies inarticulate; the commingling notes,
 Strewn by thy hands, resolving into one—
 One fading soon to silence! While that verse,
 Last syllabled in tremulous tones, again
 Seems echoed back by memory: "Lord!"
 It cries, "my heart is sad, strength spent, the light
 Hath left mine eyes"—and falters then in tears,
 Meek tears, submissive, not repining. Eve,
 Sweet Novice, shorn of golden tresses, dons
 The darkening veil of twilight as a Nun
 That tells the stars for beads, Heaven's purple arch
 Her cloister, and the moon swung silvering there
 The sacred lamp lighting God's sanctuary.
 Half-veiled as yet in deepening folds, she beams
 The holy effluence of her presence round
 The sorrow-silenced chamber, where alone
 The blind old bard yet breathes dumb orisons,
 His heart-strings trembling with hushed music still,
 As thrill æolian chords inaudibly
 When warbling winds have flown.

Thus anguish-torn,
 'Mid fluctuating sheen that long contends
 With glimmering portents of approaching night,
 Thus silently, 'mid rolling thunder thoughts,
 Unseeing, though with spirit gaze as keen
 As lightning glance of seraphim, thou sitt'st

* Ps. xxxvii. v. 10. In the Latin Vulgate: Cor meum conturbatum est, dereliquit me virtus mea: et lumen oculorum meorum et ipsum non est mecum.

Before that builded throne of symphonies,
 Thyself a fragile instrument of strains
 Immortal, that long ages, ages hence,
 Though thou art dust, shall mourn from Earth to Heaven,
 With voice sublime, the doom of Paradise.

—*Dreamland*, pp. 27-31.

336.—THE EARLY AMERICAN CHURCH.

[BISHOP WILBERFORCE, 1805.]

[SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, son of the celebrated William Wilberforce, was born at Clapham in 1805. He received his education at Oriel College, Oxford, to which University he was nominated select preacher in 1837. In 1839 he became Archdeacon of Surrey, and Chaplain to the Prince Consort. In 1840 he was preferred to a Canonry at Winchester; in 1844 he became Sub-Almoner to the Queen; in 1845, Dean of Westminster. In the same year he was made B.D. and D.D. of the University of Oxford, and nominated Bishop of that diocese, the office of Chancellor of the Order of the Garter accompanying that dignity. In 1847 he was appointed Lord High Almoner to her Majesty. In 1869 he was translated to the See of Winchester. Bishop Wilberforce is the author of "The Life of William Wilberforce," "History of the Protestant Episcopal Church* in America," Agathos and other Allegories, Sermons, Charges, &c. &c., and is one of the most distinguished prelates of the age.]

THE fate of the colony seemed to hang upon one man. In spite of the bitterest envy, the merits of Captain Smith raised him to supreme command; and he alone was equal to the great emergencies of every day. His early life* had fitted him for daring deeds. Trained in the war in which the Low Countries fought, for freedom and their faith, against the power of Spain, he had afterwards maintained the borders of Christendom against the Turks in Hungary. Being taken prisoner in a skirmish, he was sold into slavery; sent first to Constantinople, and thence, with a merciful intention, to the Crimea. Here, being sorely oppressed by those who were charged to protect him, he escaped after a desperate encounter with his guards, and passed on horseback through the skirts of Russia to his old Hungarian quarters. We find him next in northern Africa, whence he returned to England in time to cast himself into the current which was then sweeping the most daring spirits to the unknown regions of the New World. In the sufferings and dangers of this expedition his courage never failed. He made excursions amongst the neighbouring tribes of Indians; he obtained supplies of food; defeated hostile attacks; sunk, or threatened to sink, the barque in which the trembling handful of remaining colo-

* Bancroft's "America."

nists would otherwise have attempted a shameful and impossible return ; and was the great instrument of planting the English race in that reluctant but at length prolific soil.

In all his trials he was supported by the zealous aid of the admirable Hunt, whose patient meekness disarmed all opposition, whilst his cheerful faith was a bright example to the colony. Amidst its severest sufferings, it is cheering to find the minister of Christ in that far land repeating those lessons by which his forerunners in the holy office had so often kept alive the first faint sparks of social life. With unwearied patience he maintained the sinking spirits of his flock by the mighty influence of Christian truth, of which he gave a bright example in his own active faith and cheerful patience. Thus when, in a fire which destroyed their rising town, "the good Mr. Hunt lost all his library, with everything else that he had, except the clothes on his back, yet no one ever heard him murmur or repine at it."* He seems to have entered on the work as one which, in the language of the first royal charter, "may, by the providence of Almighty God, hereafter tend to the glory of His divine Majesty, in propagating the Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God."† When this good man died, we know not ; it is merely recorded that he left his bones in that land of England's after-inheritance. But amongst the earliest settlers his mantle fell on others of like spirit. In the year 1620, after a period of the sorest famine, "remembered for many years by the name of THE STARVING TIME,"‡ the few whom hunger and disease had spared resolved to quit for ever this unpropitious country. They embarked with all they had in four small vessels—"none dropped a tear, for none had enjoyed one day of happiness ;" and had already fallen down the river with the tide, when they descried the long-boat of Lord Delaware, who, with three ships, and a new commission, had arrived at that precise moment for their rescue.

He carried back the fainting settlers to their abandoned town, and again took possession of the land with the offices of our holy faith. Hunt was no more ; but the new governor was happily attended by a chaplain ; and his were the first services called for by Lord Delaware. "He cast anchor," says one of the new comers, "before James Towne, where we landed ; and our much-grieved governor, first visiting the church, caused the bell to be rung ; at which all such as were able to come forth of their houses repayed to church, which was neatly trimmed with the wild flowers of the country, where our minister,

* Stith, b. ii. p. 59. † Hansard's State Papers, quoted in Hawkes's "Virginia," p. 19.

‡ Stith, b. iii. p. 117

Master Bucke, made a zealous and sorrowful prayer, finding all things so contrary to our expectations, and full of misery and misgovernment.*

Bucke was fixed at James Town; and when, after a few years, the colony had so far taken root as to have spread itself into the neighbouring town of Henrico, he was joined by Mr. Whitaker (son of the celebrated Dr. W. Whitaker, master of St. John's College, Cambridge), who was established "in a handsome church,"† which, through the zeal of the settlers, was one of the first buildings raised. Whitaker was no unworthy successor of Hunt. By the saint-like Nicholas Ferrar, his contemporary, he was honoured with the title of "apostle of Virginia." "I hereby let all men know," writes W. Crashaw,‡ in 1613, "that a scholar, a graduate, a preacher, well borne and friended in England; not in debt nor disgrace, but competently provided for, and liked and beloved where he lived; not in want, but (for a scholar, and as these days be) rich in possession, and more in possibility, of himself, without any persuasion (but God's and his own heart's), did voluntarily leave his warm nest, and, to the wonder of his kindred, and amazement of them, that knew him, undertake this hard, but, in my judgment, heroicall resolution to go to Virginia, and helpe to beare the name of God unto the Gentiles."

With the name of Whitaker is joined the romantic story of the first Indian convert, whom he baptized into the Church of Christ. Pocohontas, the favourite daughter of Powhatan, the most powerful Indian chieftain of those parts, then a girl of twelve years old, saved from barbarous murder Captain Smith, the early hero of this colony, whilst a prisoner at her father's court. For years she remained the white man's constant friend and advocate; and even dared to visit, on more than one errand of mercy, the new settlement of James Town. After Captain Smith's removal from Virginia, Pocohontas was ensnared by treachery, and brought a prisoner to the English fort. But her captivity was turned into a blessing. She received the faith of Christ; and was not only the first, but one of the most hopeful of the whole band of native converts. Her after-life was strange. She formed a marriage of mutual affection with an English settler of good birth; who, after a time, visited his native land, taking with him to its shores his Indian wife and child. She was received with due respect in England; visited the English court (where her husband bore the frowns of the royal pedant James I. for having dared to intermarry with a princess); and, after winning the goodwill of all, just on the eve of her return,

* Purchas's "Pilgrims," b. ix. c. 6.

† Hawkes's "Virginia," p. 28.

‡ Quoted in Hawkes's "Virginia," p. 28.

died at Gravesend, aged 22, in the faith of Jesus. "What would have been the emotions," well asks the ecclesiastical historian of Virginia, "of the devoted missionary, when he admitted Pocohontas to baptism, could he have foreseen that, after the lapse of more than two hundred years, the blood of this noble-hearted Indian maiden would be flowing in the veins of some of the most distinguished members of that Church, the foundations of which he was then laying."*

But though thus happy in her early clergy, it must not be supposed that the infant Church of Virginia flourished without many a drawback. The mass of those who flock to such a settlement will ever be, like David's followers in the desert, men of broken fortunes and ungoverned habits: the bonds of society are loose; strong temptations abound; and there will be much that must rebel not only against morals and religion, but even against civil rule. So it was in this case; and to such a pitch, at one time, had this insubordination risen, that but for the governor's proclaiming martial law, the whole society had perished through internal strife.

This code of law may still be seen; and, as is implied in its title—"Lawes divine, morall, and martiall, for Virginia"—it enforced obedience to the faith of Christ, as the foundation of all relative obligations. There can be little doubt that, in that stage of society, these laws (the harsh penalties attached to which never were enforced) proved a great blessing to the colony, and prepared it for better days.—*History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America*, pp. 24-29.

337.—ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

[MILTON, 1608—1674.

[A BIOGRAPHICAL notice of our great poet will be found at page 147, where an extract from the "Paradise Lost" is given. Although it is by his poetry that Milton's name survives, we think a short extract from his prose works will not be unwelcome to our readers; therefore we give the following noble passages from his Appeal for the Liberty of the Press.]

I DENY not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those

* Dr. Hawkes's "Memorials of the Church in Virginia," p. 28.

fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extended to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

* * * * *

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider Vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher

than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the region of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

* * * * *

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it comes not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, when as we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures," early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument—for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.—*Milton's Prose Works.*

[This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press.]

338.—DIFFICULTIES IN BUYING A PRESENT.

[SAMUEL LOVER, 1797.]

[SAMUEL LOVER was born in Dublin, 1797. His father was a member of the Stock Exchange of that city. Lover first became known as an artist, and commenced life as a miniature painter. He was very successful, and took portraits of all the first people in Ireland. He removed to London in 1837, and soon found profitable employment both for his pen and pencil. Poet, painter, musician, dramatist, and novelist, and admirable in all, Mr. Lover is a very Crichton of literature. If he will be known to posterity chiefly by his Irish songs, it will be only because, like his great contemporary, Thomas Moore, it is into these he has put his heart and the force of his genius. For many years Mr. Lover gave readings from his own works with great success, and his merry, pleasant "evenings" will long be remembered by the older members of many of our literary institutions. It is pleasant to know that the Government has acknowledged his services to the country by a handsome pension from the Civil List.]

"WHY, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I went to a shop in 'Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see—whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots;—and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man.—'You can thry them,' says he.—'How can I thry them?' says I.—'Pull them on you,' says he.—'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take such a liberty with them,' says I.—'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he.—'Is it me?' says I; 'me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinsis I am?' says I.—'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he.—'For his reverence, Father Kinsbela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?'—'How should I know?' says he.—'You're a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!'—'How do I know his size?' says he.—'Oh, don't be comin' off that away,' says I. 'There's no sitch great differ betune priests and other min'!"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveller.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance.—'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.'—'He's betune five and six fut,' says I.—'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow.—'It's not the five,

nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persauved he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefuttet in his life, that I could know the size of his fut?' says I, and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone of the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place." * * *

"It is their usual practice," said the traveller, "to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the country; and they ought to be so, by all accounts;—but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

"How so?" said the traveller.

"Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the country at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dh rives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed." * * *

"But what I mane is—where did I lave off tellin' you about the present for the priest?—wasn't it at the bootmaker's shop?—yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impidence, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a golden head to it that was worth its weight in gold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sitch another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a shreet they call Dame-shreet—and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame-shreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame-shreet bekase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there;—and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon—and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame-shreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't

want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you *mane*,' says he. 'No,' says I; 'it's a stick'—for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I.—'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for'—and he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveller.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveller.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin'—a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it; for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I, and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is thi?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I believe you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir!—to call a stick good and light—as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone!—to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy'—lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin'-sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'*-sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among them, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins—*divil a one!*"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," says Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveller.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," says Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveller, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you wor under his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveller, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a stranger in the country. The priest join it!—Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is, to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disperse thim—scatter thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matter, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recoorse to it. It might be going through the village, the public-house is too full, and in he goes and dh rives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public-house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim; and why should he?—he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, wthch is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be seavare on us."

"Severe!" said the traveller, in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that?—sure that's nothin' to his tongue: his words is like swards or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murders us with whin we displace him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveller.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and aafter spendin' over an hour—

would you b'lieve it?—divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man."

* * * * *

"You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence."—*Rory O'More.*

339.—BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

[SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, 1799—1848.

[SIR HARRIS NICOLAS was born in Cornwall, in 1799. He entered the British Navy, but at the close of the great war with France he left it, studied the law, and was called to the Bar in 1825. As a lawyer he was chiefly employed on the Peerage cases which came before the House of Lords. He was a learned antiquarian and good writer; his works are both numerous and important. They are, chiefly, "The History of the Battle of Agincourt," a "Life of Chaucer," "Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson," and two volumes of the "History of the British Navy." He died before completing this last work. In 1831 he was created a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order. Sir Harris died in 1848.]

THE venerable Sir Thomas Erpingham, a Knight of the Garter, and a soldier of the highest reputation, was ordered to array the archers and place them in front,* and he exhorted all in Henry's name to fight vigorously. Then, riding before the archers, he drew them up, and when this was done, threw his baton into the air, exclaiming, "Now strike!"† and was answered by a loud cry,‡ after which he dismounted and placed himself in the King's battalion, who was also on foot opposite his men with his banner borne before him.§

It was now between ten and eleven in the forenoon,|| and Henry finding that great part of the day had been wasted, and that the French

* St. Remy, p. 92, who adds, "in two wings," but the Chronicler A. says the archers were drawn up in the form of a wedge.

† Monstrelet says that the words were "Nestroke," which Dr. Rieyrick considers to have been a corruption of "Now strike," an expression used by the marshal of an army after finishing his duty of arraying it for battle.

‡ Monstrelet.

§ St. Remy, p. 92.

|| Des Ursins, p. 315, however states, in one account of the battle, that it began at 8 A.M., and which is partially corroborated by the anonymous chronicles in the Cottonian MS., Claudius, A. viii. speaking of the hour of "prime;" but independently of the remark of the Chronicler A., that "a great part of the day had been spent in delay," it is obvious from every other writer, that it was after that hour when Henry commenced the attack. Monstrelet expressly states that the French waited till between nine and ten; and some time evidently elapsed after that period before the English advanced. Moreover, it is said that the battle lasted three hours, that Henry remained on the field for four hours afterwards, and that evening then began to close.

would not approach, but were probably either waiting for reinforcements, or expecting to oblige him to surrender from the want of provisions, resolved to commence the attack.* Having issued the command, "Banners advance,"† the soldiers immediately prostrated themselves on the ground, beseeching the protection of the Almighty, and each of them put a small piece of earth into his mouth,‡ in remembrance, as has been conjectured, that they were mortal, and formed of dust.§ They then marched towards the enemy in three lines,|| with great firmness and intrepidity, uttering repeated shouts, and with their trumpets sounding.¶

The Constable on seeing them approach, after earnestly admonishing his men to confess their sins and to fight bravely,** ordered his advanced guard to march towards the English, which they did,†† crying "Montjoye! Montjoye!"‡‡

The battle commenced by the English archers shooting their arrows as soon as they were within reach of the enemy, and much execution was done among them before the combatants closed.§§ The French cavalry, posted along the flanks, attacked the archers on each side,||| but the division commanded by Clignet de Brabant, Admiral of France, which consisted of eight hundred horse, and was intended to break through them, was reduced to about one hundred and fifty, who attempted it in vain, being compelled to retreat from the heavy volleys of arrows.¶¶ Sir William de Saveuse, with three hundred men-at-arms likewise gallantly endeavoured to accomplish this object, but he was immediately killed: his followers were repulsed by the archers placing

* Chronicler A., and Elmham, p. 64.

† Titus Livius, p. 19, Cottonian MS.; Claudius, A. viii.; and Lydgate.

‡ Livius, p. 17, and Elmham, p. 65. Lydgate says, they "thries there kyssyd the grounde."

§ Harleian MS. p. 35. Dr. Lingard observes on this fact, which stands on the authority of Elmham and Livius, and which he has translated, "the men falling on their knees, bis the ground."—"This singular custom had been introduced by the peasants of Flanders, before the great victory which they had gained over the French cavalry at Couffray, in 1302. A priest stood in front of the army, holding the consecrated host in his hand, and each man kneeling down, took a particle of earth in his mouth, as a sign of his desire, and an acknowledgment of his unworthiness, to receive the sacrament. Spound, II. 339."—*History of England*, ed. 1823, vol. v. p. 27.

|| Titus Livius, p. 19.

¶ St. Remy, pp. 92, 93; Monstrelet; Elmham, p. 65.

** St. Remy and Monstrelet.

†† Chronicler A.; Cottonian MS., Claudius, A. viii.; Elmham, p. 64; Laboureur, p. 1000; Note to Hardyng's *Chronicle*.

‡‡ Laboureur, p. 1000.

§§ Monstrelet and St. Remy, p. 93.

||| Chronicler A.

¶¶ Monstrelet; St. Remy, p. 93; and Chronicler A.

their pointed stakes before them;* and the horses being infuriated by wounds from the arrows, became unmanageable, great part of them, with their riders, rolling on the earth from pain, whilst the others fled at the utmost speed upon the van, threw it into confusion, and forced it back on some newly sown ground.† Of this fortunate circumstance Henry took instant advantage, by causing his men to advance upon them with the greatest celerity, at which moment the flanks of both armies immersed into the woods on each side. When the French advanced guard, who had boldly marched towards them under the great disadvantage of having the sun in their eyes, came near,‡ whether from the effect of the heavy discharges of arrows, which pierced through the sides and beavers of their basinets, or with the view of sooner penetrating the English lines, they suddenly formed themselves into three divisions, and charged with so much impetuosity in the three places where the banners stood, that for a short period the English gave way; but, quickly rallying, they recovered their ground and repulsed their assailants with tremendous loss.§ The conflict was then very severe, and as soon as the English archers had exhausted their arrows, they threw aside their bows, and fought with overwhelming impetuosity with the swords, bills, lances, and hatchets, with which the field was covered, slaying all before them.|| A dreadful slaughter consequently took place in the van of the French army, and the assailants speedily reached the second line, which was posted in the rear of the first. For a time the English met with a spirited opposition, but the confusion which produced the defeat of the van now extended to this division, and those immense numbers upon which they placed such reliance became the chief cause of their destruction. Standing upon soft ground and heavily armed, without sufficient room to move, they necessarily impeded each other; and being thus unable to offer any material resistance,¶ they fell victims, as much to the unfortunate situation and circumstances in which they were placed,** as to the valour of their enemies. When the French lines gave way, the Duke of Alençon mounted his horse with the hope of rallying the fugitives; but finding it impossible, he returned to the scene of danger; and after performing prodigies of valour,** was slain whilst in personal

* Chronicler A.; Livius, p. 19; and St. Remy.

† Monstrelet; Elmham, p. 66; St. Remy, p. 93; and the Arundel MS. in the College of Arms, No. xlvi. f. 283^b. Labourer, p. 1009, says, they fled as if pursued by a tempest, carrying dismay to the main body.

‡ Des Ursins, p. 310.

§ Chronicler A.

|| Chronicler A.; St. Remy, p. 93; and Monstrelet.

¶ St. Remy, p. 93.

** Arundel MS. No. xlvi. f. 239, "il fust tant d'armes et sy vaillamment que cestoit merveille de regarder."

combat with the King of England. Duke Anthony of Brabant, whose anxiety to be present made him push forward with such rapidity that the greater part of his soldiers could not keep up with him, now joined the French. Finding that the battle had commenced he would not wait to equip himself, but seizing a banner which was attached to a trumpet, converted it into a surcoat of arms,* threw himself with a small body of followers into the thickest of the fight, and nobly endeavoured to resist the torrent; but he was speedily slain, and the fate of the second division was no longer doubtful.

The rear, seeing what had befallen their companions, took to flight, leaving only the chief leaders on the field;† and such of them as survived were made prisoners. As a last effort, a gallant charge was made by the Counts of Marle and Fauquembergh at the head of about six hundred men-at-arms, whom with great difficulty they had kept firm, but without success, and they shared the fate of the bravest of their comrades.‡

An eye-witness§ says, though he is not candid enough to explain the reason, that there was no example in history of so fine a body of men having made so disorderly, so cowardly, or so unmanly a resistance; that they seemed seized with a panic; that many noblemen surrendered themselves more than ten times during the day, but as no one had leisure to make prisoners of them, they were all pressed to the ground and put to death without exception, either by those who had overcome, or by those who followed them.||

* * * * *

Among the many instances of heroism which occurred during the battle, Henry's conduct was particularly distinguished; and it is said that, even if he had been of the most inferior rank, the extraordinary valour which he displayed would have ensured to him greater renown than that of any other person.¶ He fought on foot, and shared the dangers of the day in common with the humblest of his soldiers; but he more particularly signalized himself in preserving the life of his brother, the Duke of Gloucester.** That prince having been wounded

* Monstrelet; Elmham, p. 63; and St. Remy, p. 93.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Monstrelet.

§ Chroniquer A.

|| *Ibid.*

¶ Elmham, p. 67. See also the encomium of Lydgate.

** Livius, p. 20, and Elmham, p. 67. Monstrelet, however, says that it was the Duke of York, and the Biographer of the Duke of Richmond, that it was the Duke of Clarence, whose life Henry thus preserved. The reasons for preferring the authority of Livius on this occasion are, first, that as he was specially patronized by the Duke of Gloucester, he is not likely to have been mistaken; and secondly, that the Duke of York was most probably slain in another part of the field, as he commanded the vanguard, which was placed as a wing to the right of the main body. The Duke of Clarence was not present at the battle.

in the bowels* with a dagger, and thrown senseless to the ground, by the Duke of Alençon and his followers, with his feet towards his enemies, the King rushed between his legs, and defended him until he was removed from the field.† This generous act nearly cost him his life, for whilst he was stooping to raise his brother, Alençon gave him a blow on his basinet which struck off a part of his crown. Being, however, soon surrounded by Henry's guards, Alençon found himself in the utmost peril, and lifting up his arm, exclaimed, "I am the Duke of Alençon, and I yield myself to you," but whilst the King was extending his hand to receive his pledge, the prince was slain.‡ St. Remy relates, that the blow which struck off part of Henry's crown was given by one of a body of eighteen knights, belonging to the retinue of the Lord of Croy, led by Brunelet de Mansinguehen and Ganiot de Bournonville, who had sworn that they would force themselves sufficiently near to where the King of England fought to strike the royal diadem from his head, or that they would die in the attempt; a vow which was literally fulfilled, for though one of them with his axe struck a point from his crown, they were all cut to pieces.§

—*History of the Battle of Agincourt.*

340.—DOWN THE AMAZONS.

[LOUIS AGASSIZ. (About the beginning of the present century).]

[LOUIS AGASSIZ, a distinguished naturalist, was born in Switzerland about the beginning of the present century. For many years he was Professor of Natural History at Neuchâtel. In 1847 he was invited to fill the same chair at Cambridge College, Massachusetts, U.S. His contributions as an author, to natural history have been many and valuable. His chief works are "Natural History of the Freshwater Fishes of Europe," "Researches on Fossil Fishes," and "Studies of Glaciers." On the death of the late Professor Edward Forbes, he was offered the chair of Natural History in Edinburgh, but he refused it. In 1865 M. Agassiz visited Brazil, of which journey he and Mrs. Agassiz have published a highly interesting account.]

I STARTED before daylight; but as the dawn began to redden the sky, large flocks of ducks and of the small Amazonian geese might be seen flying towards the lakes. Here and there a cormorant sat alone on the branch of a dead tree, or a kingfisher poised himself over the water,

* "In illis," Livius. Elmham does not say in what part of the body.

† Livius, p. 20.

‡ Mogatelet, ed. 1595, p. 231.

§ St. Remy, p. 89. The statement of the Biographer of the Count of Richmond, p. 239, that two individuals were dressed to personate the King, both of whom were killed, is not supported by any other Chronicler, and is extremely improbable. If such a thing was done, it must have been with the view of diverting attacks from the royal person.

watching for his prey. Numerous gulls were gathered in large companies on the trees along the river-shore; alligators lay on its surface, diving with a sudden splash at the approach of our canoe, and occasionally a porpoise emerged from the water, showing himself for a moment and then disappearing again. Sometimes we started a herd of capivaras resting on the water's edge; and once we saw a sloth sitting upon the branch of an Imbauba tree (*Cecropia*), rolled up in its peculiar attitude, the very picture of indolence, with its head sunk between its arms. Much of the river shore consisted of low alluvial land, and was covered with that peculiar and beautiful grass known as Capim; this grass makes an excellent pasturage for cattle, and the abundance of it in this region renders the district of Monte Alegre very favourable for agricultural purposes. Here and there, where the red clay soil rose above the level of the water, a palm-thatched cabin stood on the low bluff, with a few trees about it. Such a house was usually the centre of a cattle farm, and large herds might be seen grazing in the adjoining fields. Along the river banks, where the country is chiefly open, with extensive low marshy grounds, the only palm to be seen is the Maraja (*Geonoma*). After keeping along the Rio Gurupatuba for some distance, we turned to the right into a narrow stream, which has the character of an igarapé in its lower course, though higher up it drains the country between the Serra of Ereré and that of Tajury, and assumes the appearance of a small river: it is named after the Serra, and is known as the Rio Ereré. This stream, narrow and picturesque, and often so overgrown with capim, that the canoe pursued its course with difficulty, passed through a magnificent forest of the beautiful fan-palm, called the Miriti (*Mauritia flexuosa*). This forest stretched for miles, overshadowing, as a kind of underbrush, many smaller trees and innumerable shrubs, some of which bore bright, conspicuous flowers. It seemed to me a strange spectacle—a forest of monocotyledonous trees, with a dicotyledonous undergrowth; the inferior plants thus towering above and sheltering the superior ones. Among the lower trees were many Leguminosæ, one of the most striking, called Fava, having a colossal pod. The whole mass of vegetation was woven together by innumerable lianas and creeping vines, in the midst of which the flowers of the *Bignonia*, with its open trumpet-shaped corolla, were conspicuous. The capim was bright with the blossoms of the mallow growing in its midst, and was often edged with the broad-leaved Aninga, a large aquatic arum.

Through such a forest, where the animal life was no less wild and varied than the vegetation, our boat glided for hours. The number and variety of the birds struck me with astonishment. The coarse, sedgy grasses on either side were full of water birds, one of the most

common of which was a small chestnut-brown wading bird, the Jaçana (Parra), whose toes are immeasurably long in proportion to its size, enabling it to run upon the surface of the aquatic vegetation as if it were solid ground. It was now the month of January, their breeding season, and at every turn of the boat we started them up in pairs. Their flat, open nests generally contained five flesh-coloured eggs, streaked in zigzag with dark brown lines. The other waders were a snow-white heron, another ash-coloured, smaller species, and a large white stork. The ash-coloured herons were always in pairs; the white ones always single, standing quiet and alone on the edge of the water, or half hidden in the green capim. The trees and bushes were full of small warbler-like birds, which it would be difficult to characterize separately. To the ordinary observer they might seem like the small birds of our woods, but there was one species among them which attracted my attention by its numbers, and also, because it builds the most extraordinary nest, considering the size of the bird itself, that I have ever seen. It is known among the country people by two names, as the Pedreiro, or the Forneiro; both names referring, as will be seen, to the nature of its habitation. This singular nest is built of clay, and is as hard as stone (pedra), while it has the form of the round mandioca oven (forno), in which the country people prepare their farinha or flour, made from the mandioca root. It is about a foot in diameter, and stands edgewise upon a branch, or in the crotch of a tree. Among the smaller birds I noticed bright Tanagers, and also a species resembling the canary.—*Journey in Brazil.*

341.—AUNT SARAH'S ADVICE.

[ELIZABETH MARY SEWELL, 1812.]

[ELIZABETH MARY SEWELL, a writer who has done a great amount of good in her generation, was born in the Isle of Wight about the year 1812. Her tales for the young are of a very high order, and have had thousands of readers. They are "Amy Herbert," "Gertrude," "The Earl's Daughter," "The Experience of Life," "Laneton Parsonage," "Ursula," "Clive Hall," "Ivory, or the Two Cousins," "Katherine Ashton," "Margaret Percival," &c. She is also the author of "Night Lessons from Scripture," "Thoughts for the Holy Week," &c.]

"ALL things in nature are compound; the air we breathe must have divers gases, in different proportions, in order to be wholesome; and so for the mind there must be variety in work, and variety in thought, if we wish to keep it in health, and give it a right view of comparative duties."—"I feel that myself often," I said; "I think about home troubles and the children's lessons till I seem to myself to have lost all sense of the larger affairs of life."—"And so the sense of proportion is

lost, and becomes faulty, said my aunt. "Therefore, Sally, though your work may be one, don't let your thoughts be one. God has given you powers of study and reflection; don't let them go to sleep. Keep up with the days in which you live. You are better off than I ever was in the way of learning. Foreign tongues, which I never thought of knowing, are easy to you; and there's more in the way of history in one corner of your brain than was ever to be found in all mine; and these things are not to be thrown aside and called worldly, because, maybe, they treat of the things of the world. There's a spiritual meaning in all, if we set ourselves in earnest to discover it. It has been the will of God to throw the affairs of the world together, like the parts of a puzzle, but He has also given us the key of His Wisdom and Goodness to show what the whole is intended to be, and bestowed reason upon us to help us in putting the puzzle together; and so, surely, He must intend that we should make use of that reason."

"I generally read, I am afraid, for amusement," I said. "When the children are gone I am too tired for study."—"There's no harm in reading for amusement in your case now," said my aunt. "What I was thinking of more were the days when you might have leisure, and not be fit for active work, and then there's apt to come the thought to minds that don't turn willingly to common things, that there's no value in any learning but that which has to do directly with Heaven. I don't think that, Sally. Most especially I don't think so when I look upon the young who are springing up about us, and want our experience for their guidance. There is a time indeed—such a time as this now present to me—when we stand upon the brink of the dark waters, and have but to live in sorrow for our past sins, and patient waiting till our change shall come; but there are many years before, in which we are used, not as the guides to accompany, but the sign-posts to point out the way to our fellow-creatures. How is that to be rightly done unless we know whither the way tends, and what it is which they who enter upon it would seek? To direct others we must strive to live and think and feel with them; and therefore it is that the books, and the stormy questions of religion, or politics, or morals, which are all-absorbing to the young, must not be forgotten by the old."

"Certainly," said I, "there is enough to do in the world if one only knew how to set about it."

"Enough indeed," replied my aunt, with a sigh; "even if we had no power to teach and set example; enough only in setting ourselves to pray for those who never pray for themselves—the wickedness of the world is an awful sight, Sally, when we stand, as it were, between it and the presence of God, and trust ourselves to look back upon it."—

"But you have exerted yourself as much as you could, Aunt Sarah," I said, "to prevent and check it. If I could hope to have done as much by the close of my life as you have, I should indeed be happy."

"May God forgive me the sin of those good deeds, Sally," said my aunt, "for if He shall be extreme to mark what is amiss in them, how may I abide it? But I will give you, child, the few rules which are the result of these doings: Never be afraid of doing little because you can't do much. Take the first duty that comes before you, and put your heart into it, and it will lead to a second. Persons who complain they can't find out claims of charity are for the most part those who pass over their duties at home, or if they try to perform them, do so with a heart dwelling upon the thought of something else. Try to put a new spirit into the old ways before you chalk out new ones; if you don't, you give offence, and what you build up with one hand you pull down with the other. Never let your conscience be troubled with the claims of duties that don't belong to you. When one knocks at your door, give it admittance, and ask its business; if you ought to attend to it, fix your time, your method to it at once; but if not, send it away; don't let it stand troubling and disturbing you, and taking the spirit out of your other duties. A great part of the humours which make families of good folks unhappy arise from the unsettled duties which throng around them, and which no one has been at the pains to decide ought, or ought not, to be attended to. And most especially, Sally, don't thrust yourself, or let others thrust you, where you have no concern. Don't try to be a man when you are only a woman; and don't set up to preach when you are only called upon to practise."—*Experience of Life*, chap. xli.

342.—THE CAMBRO-BRITON'S BALEAD OF AGINCOURT.

[MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563—1631.]

[MICHAEL DRAYTON was born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, 1563, and was educated at Oxford, but never took a degree. In 1593 he published a collection of pastorals, entitled "The Shepherd's Garland," which was followed by his poems, "The Barons' Wars," and "England's Heroical Epistles." The "Barons' Wars" contain passages of great beauty. In 1613 he published his "Poly-Olbion," or a description of England, to which Selden wrote notes. This is his great work, "exhibiting at once the learning of a historian, an antiquary, a naturalist, and a geographer," besides being embellished with the imagination of a poet. His works were reprinted in 1753, in ten vols. Drayton died in 1631, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.]

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance,
Longer will tarry;

But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'ards Agincourt,
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay,
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
To the King sending :
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed :
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won,
Have ever to the sun,
By Fame been raised.

And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me :
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
No less our skill is :

Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lopp'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vanward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen ;
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim,
To our hid forces ;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like so serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;

Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glou'ster, that Duke so good,
Next to the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother ;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight,
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry ;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again,
Such a King Harry !

—*Collated Poems.*

343.—ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

[BISHOP TOMLINE, 1750—1827.

[DR. GEORGE TOMLINE, Bishop of Winchester, was born at Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, in 1750. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, of which college he was elected Fellow in 1773. In 1782 he became private secretary to Mr. Pitt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and continued to occupy the same post when his chief became Prime Minister. In 1787 he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln, which see he held for more than thirty-two years, resigning in the interim the bishopric of London. In 1820 he was translated to Winchester. The Bishop's original name was Pretyman, but he assumed that of Tomline on succeeding to the estates of Marmaduke Tomline, of Rigby Grove, Lincolnshire. Dr. Tomline's works are, "The Elements of Christian Theology," "A Refutation of Calvinism," and "Memoirs of Mr. Pitt." He died in 1827.]

WHEN it is said that Scripture is divinely inspired, it is not to be understood that God suggested every word, or dictated every expression. It appears from the different styles in which the books are written, and from the different manner in which the same events are related and predicted by different authors, that the sacred penmen were permitted to write as their several tempers, understandings, and habits of life, directed; and that the knowledge communicated to them by inspiration upon the subject of their writings was applied in the same manner as any knowledge acquired by ordinary means. Nor is it to be supposed that they were even thus inspired in every fact which they related, or in every precept which they delivered. They were left to the common use of their faculties, and did not upon every occasion stand in need of supernatural communication; but whenever, and as far as, divine assistance was necessary, it was always afforded. In different parts of Scripture we perceive that there were different sorts and degrees of inspiration: God enabled Moses to give an account of the creation of the world; he enabled Joshua to record with exactness the settlement of the Israelites in the land of Canaan; he enabled David to mingle prophetic information with the varied effusions of gratitude, contrition, and piety; he enabled Solomon to deliver wise instructions for the regulation of human life; he enabled Isaiah to deliver predictions concerning the future Saviour of mankind, and Ezra to collect the sacred Scriptures into one authentic volume; "but all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."* In some cases inspiration only produced correctness and accuracy in relating past occurrences, or in reciting the words of others; in other cases it communicated ideas not only new and unknown before, but infinitely beyond the reach of unassisted

* 1 Cor. c. 12, v. 11.

human intellect; and sometimes inspired prophets delivered predictions for the use of future ages, which they did not themselves comprehend, and which cannot be fully understood till they are accomplished. But whatever distinctions we may make with respect to the sorts, degrees, or modes of inspiration, we may rest assured that there is one property which belongs to every inspired writing, namely, that it is free from error. I mean material error; and this property must be considered as extending to the whole of each of those writings, of which a part only is inspired; for we cannot suppose that God would suffer any such errors, as might tend to mislead our faith or pervert our practice, to be mixed with those truths which He Himself has mercifully revealed to His rational creatures as the means of their eternal salvation. In this restricted sense it may be asserted, that the sacred writers always wrote under the influence, or guidance, or care of the Holy Spirit, which sufficiently establishes the truth and divine authority of all Scripture.

These observations relative to the nature of inspiration are particularly applicable to the historical books of the Old Testament. That the authors of these books were occasionally inspired is certain, since they frequently display an acquaintance with the counsels and designs of God, and often reveal his future dispensations in the clearest predictions. But though it is evident that the sacred historians sometimes wrote under the immediate operation of the Holy Spirit, it does not follow that they derived from revelation the knowledge of those things, which might be collected from the common sources of human intelligence. It is sufficient to believe, that by the general superintendence of the Holy Spirit, they were directed in the choice of their materials, enlightened to judge of the truth and importance of those accounts from which they borrowed their information, and prevented from registering any material error. The historical books appear, indeed, from internal evidence, to have been chiefly written by persons contemporary with the periods to which they relate; who, in their description of characters and events, many of which they witnessed, uniformly exhibit a strict sincerity of intention, and an unexampled impartiality. Some of these books, however, were compiled in subsequent times from the sacred annals mentioned in Scripture as written by prophets or seers, and from those public records, and other authentic documents, which, though written by uninspired men, were held in high estimation, and preserved with great care by persons specially appointed as keepers of the genealogies and public archives of the Jewish nation. To such well-known chronicles we find the sacred writers not unfrequently referring for a more minute detail of those circumstances which they omit as inconsistent with

their design. For "these books are to be considered as the histories of revelations, as commentaries upon the prophecies, and as affording a lively sketch of the economy of God's government of his selected people. They were not designed as national annals, to record every minute particular and political event that occurred; but they are rather a compendious selection of such remarkable occurrences and operations as were best calculated to illustrate the religion of the Hebrew nation; to set before that perverse and ungrateful people an abstract of God's proceedings, of their interests and duties; as also to furnish posterity with an instructive picture of the divine attributes, and with a model of that dispensation on which a nobler and more spiritual government was to be erected; and moreover, to place before mankind the melancholy proofs of that corruption, which had been entailed upon them, and to exhibit in the depravity of a nation highly favoured, miraculously governed, and instructed by inspired teachers, the necessity of that redemption and renewal of righteousness, which was so early and so repeatedly promised by the prophets. It seems probable, therefore, that the books of Kings and Chronicles do not contain a complete compilation of the entire works of each contemporary prophet, but are rather an abridgment of their several labours, and of other authentic public writings, digested by Ezra after the Captivity, with an intention to display the sacred history under one point of view; and hence it is that they contain some expressions, which evidently result from contemporary description, and others which as clearly argue them to have been composed long after the occurrences which they relate."*

Since then we are taught to consider the divine assistance as ever proportioned to the real wants of men; and since it must be granted that their natural faculties, though wholly incompetent to the prediction of future events, are adequate to the relation of such past occurrences as have fallen within the sphere of their own observation, we may infer that the historical books are not written with the same uniform inspiration which illumines every page of the prophetic writings. But at the same time we are to believe that God vouchsafed to guard these registers of his judgments and his mercies from all important mistakes; and to impart, by supernatural means, as much information and assistance to those who composed them as was requisite for the accomplishment of the great designs of his providence. In the ancient Hebrew canon they were placed, as has been already observed, in the class of prophetic books; they are cited as such by the evangelical writers; and it must surely be considered as a strong

* Gray.

testimony to the constant opinion of the Jews respecting the inspiration of these books, that they have never dared to annex any historical narrative to them since the death of Malachi. They closed the sacred volume when the succession of prophets ceased.

If it be asked by what rule we are to distinguish the inspired from the uninspired parts of these books, I answer, that no general rule can be prescribed for that purpose. Nor is it necessary that we should be able to make any such discrimination. It is enough for us to know that every writer of the Old Testament was inspired, and that the whole of the history it contains, without any exception or reserve, is true. These points being ascertained and allowed, it is of very little consequence whether the knowledge of a particular fact was obtained by any of the ordinary modes of information, or whether it was communicated by immediate revelation from God; whether any particular passage was written by the natural powers of the historian, or whether it was written by the positive suggestion of the Holy Spirit.—*Elements of Christian Theology*.

344.—ON THE GENIUS OF SCOTT.

[FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, 1824.]

[FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, eldest son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, was born September 28, 1824. He was educated at the Charter-house, and at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was Scholar, and where he took his degree of M.A., and was elected to a Fellowship in Exeter College. He was for some years Vice-Principal of the Training College for Schoolmasters, at Kneller Hall; afterwards he held a post in the educational department of the Privy Council, and for some years was private secretary to Earl Granville. He has written, "Idylls and Songs," 1854, "Essays on Art," and a "Life of Sir Walter Scott," prefixed to the Globe Edition of his poems (Macmillan). Mr. Palgrave edited the "Golden Treasury of English Songs," and the Art Catalogue of the Great Exhibition of 1862. He is a contributor to "Macmillan's Magazine," &c.]

TAKE even the feeblest of the "Waverley Novels," when shall we see the like again, in this style of romance?—Goethe was accustomed to speak of Scott as the "greatest writer of his time," as unique and unequalled. When asked to put his views on paper, he replied with the remark, which he made also upon Shakspeare, Scott's art was so high, that it was hard to attempt giving a formal opinion on it. But a few words may be added on the relation borne by the Novels to the author's character. Putting aside those written in depressed spirits and failing health, the inequality of merit in the remainder appears almost exactly proportioned, not to their date, but to the degree in which they are founded on Scottish life during the century preceding 1771. In this leading characteristic they are the absolute reproduction of the

writer's own habitual thoughts and interests. Once more, we find in them a practical compromise between past and present. We have had no writer whose own country was more completely his inspiration. But he is inspired by the "ain countree" he had seen, or heard of from those who were old during his youth. As he recedes from Scotland and from "sixty years since," his strength progressively declines. What we see as the series advances, are not so much signs that he had exhausted himself, as symptoms that he had exhausted the great situations of the century before his own birth; and "St. Ronan's Well" remains the solitary proof that, had events encouraged Scott to throw himself frankly into contemporary life, he might (in the writer's judgment) have been first of the English novelists here, as he indisputably is in the romance of the past.

It has been observed that one of the curious contrasts which make up that complex creature, Walter Scott, is the strong attraction which drew him, as a Lowlander the born natural antagonist of the Gael, to the Highland people. Looking back on the Celtic clans as we happily may, as a thing of the far past, softened by distance, coloured by the finest tints of poetry, and with that background of noble scenery which has afforded to many of us such pure and lofty pleasure, we cannot conceive without a painful effort that within a few years of Scott's own birth the Highlander had been to the Lowlander much what the Hindoo—the Afghan or Mahratta at least—is at present to the Englishman. All that we admire in the Gael had been to the Scot proper the source of contempt and of repugnance. Such a feeling is one of the worst instincts of human nature; it is an unmistakeable part of the brute animal within us; more than any other cause, the hatred of race to race has hampered the progress of man. There is also no feeling which is more persistent and obstinate. But it has been entirely conquered in the case of the Saxon and the Gael. Now, this vast and salutary change in national opinion is directly due to Scott. Something of the kind might possibly have come with time; but he, in fact, was the man whose lot was to accomplish it. This may be regarded, on the whole, as his greatest achievement. He united the sympathies of two hostile races by the sheer force of genius. He healed the bitterness of centuries. Scott did much in idealizing, as poetry should, the common life of his contemporaries. He equally did much in rendering the past history, and the history of other countries in which Scotchmen played a conspicuous part, real to us. But it is hardly a figure of speech to say, that he created the Celtic Highlands in the eyes of the whole civilized world.

If this be not first-rate power, it may be asked where we are to find it. The admirable spirit and picturesqueness of Scott's poems and

novels carry us along with them so rapidly, whilst at the same time the weaknesses and inequalities of his work are so borne upon the surface, that we do not always feel how unique they are in literature. Scott is often inaccurate in historical painting, and puts modern feeling into the past. He was not called upon, as we have noticed, to represent mental struggles, but the element of original thought is deficient in his creations. "Scott's," says an able critic, "is a healthy and genial world of reflection, but it wants the charm of delicate exactitude; we miss the consecrating power" (*National Review*, April, 1858.) He is altogether inferior to Miss Austen in describing the finer elements of the womanly nature: we rarely know how the heroine feels; the author paints love powerfully in its effects and its dominating influence; he does not lead us to "the inmost enchanted fountain" of the heart. In creating types of actual human life Scott is perhaps surpassed by Crabbe; he does not analyse character, or delineate it in its depths, but exhibits the man rather by speech and action; he is "extensive" rather than "intensive;" has more of Chaucer in him than of Goethe; yet, if we look at the variety and richness of his gallery, at his command over pathos and terror, the laughter and the tears, at the many large interests beside those of romance which he realizes to us, at the way in which he paints the whole life of men, not their humours or passions alone, at his unfailing wholesomeness and freshness, like the sea and air and great elementary forces of Nature, it may be pronounced a just estimate which—without trying to measure the space which separates these stars—places Scott second in our creative or imaginative literature to Shakspeare. "All is great in the Waverley Novels," said Goethe, in 1831, "material, effect, characters, execution." Astronomers tell us that there are no fixed points in the heavens, and that earth and sun momentarily shift their bearings. An analogous displacement may be preparing for the loftiest glories of the human intellect; Homer may become dim, and Shakspeare too distant. Perhaps the same fate is destined for Scott. But it would be idle to speculate on this, or try to predict the time when men will no longer be impressed by the vividness of "Waverley," or the pathos of "Lammermoor."—*Memoir of Sir Walter Scott*. Globe Edition of his Poems.

345.—BERENGER DE RIBAUMONT FINDS HIS CHILD AND WIFE
IN THE BESIEGED HUGUENOT FORTRESS.

[AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

[MISS C. M. YONGE is the only daughter of the late William Crawley Yonge, Esq., of Otterbourne, Hants, of the 52nd Foot, and a magistrate for Hampshire. She is

one of the first and most popular authors of the age, both as a novelist and writer for the young. Her chief works are, "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," "Daisy Chain," "The Trial; or, More Links of the Daisy Chain," "The Young Stepmother," "Hopes and Fears," "The Clever Woman of the Family," "Dove in the Eagle's Nest," "The Chaplet of Pearls," "Lances of Lynwood," "Little Duke," "Countess Kate," "Landmarks of History," "Christian Names; their History and Derivation," "The Pupils of St. John the Divine," &c. &c. Miss Yonge edits the "Monthly Packet," an excellent magazine of the younger members of the Church of England, and is the chief contributor to the "Magazine for the Young" (Mozley). She is a writer in "Macmillan's Magazine," and many other first-class periodicals.]

BERENGER having just been told by the old sergeant that probably all would be quiet for some time longer, and been almost laughed at by the veteran for consulting him whether it would be permissible for him to be absent for a few minutes to visit his brother; was setting out across the bridge for the purpose, his eyes in the direction of the rampart, which followed the curve of the river. The paths which—as has been said—the feet of the washerwomen and drawers of water had worn away in quieter times, had been smoothed and scarped away on the outer side, so as to come to an abrupt termination some feet above the gay marigolds, coltsfoot, and other spring flowers that smiled by the water side. Suddenly he beheld on the rampart a tiny grey and white figure, fearlessly trotting, or rather dancing along the summit, and the men 'round him exclaimed, "The little moonbeam child!" "A fairy—a changeling!"—"They cannot shoot at such a babe!" "Nor could they harm her!" "Hola! little one! *Gare!* go back to your mother!" "Do not disturb yourself, sir; she is safer than you," were the ejaculations almost at the same moment, while he sprang forward, horrified at the peril of such an infant. He had reached the angle between the bridge and rampart when he perceived that neither humanity nor superstition were protecting the poor child; for, as she turned down the remnant of one of the treacherous little paths, a man in bright steel and deep black had spurred his horse to the river's brink, and was deliberately taking aim at her. Furious at such brutality, Berenger fired the pistol he held in his hand, and the wretch dropped from his horse, but at the same moment his pistol exploded, and the child rolled down the bank, whence a piteous wail came up, impelling Berenger to leap down to her assistance, in the full face of the enemy. Perhaps he was protected for the moment by the confusion ensuing on the fall of the officer; and when he reached the bottom of the bank, he saw the little creature on her feet, her round cap and grey woollen dress stripped half off in the fall, and her flaxen hair falling round her plump, white, exposed shoulders, but evidently unhurt, and gathering yellow marigolds as composedly as though she had been making May garlands. He snatched her up, and she said,

with the same infantine dignity, "Yes, take me up; the naughty people spoilt the path. But I must take my beads first." And she tried to struggle out of his arms, pointing therewith to a broken string among the marshy herbage on which gleamed—the pearls of Ribamont!

In the few seconds in which he grasped them, and then bore the child up the embankment in desperate bounds, a hail of bullets poured round him, ringing on his breastplate, shearing the plume from his hat, but scarcely even heard; and in another moment he had sprung down, on the inner side, grasping the child with all his might, but not daring even to look at her, in the wondrous flash of that first conviction. She spoke first. "Put me down, and let me have my beads," she said, in a grave, clear tone; and then first he beheld a pair of dark blue eyes, a sweet wild-rose face—Dolly's all over. He pressed her so fast and so close, in so speechless and overpowering an ecstasy, that again she repeated, and in alarm, "Put me down; I want my mother!"

"Yes, yes! your mother! your mother! your mother!" he cried, unable to let her out of his embrace; and then restraining himself as he saw her frightened eyes, in absolute fear of her spurning him, or struggling from him, "My sweet! my child! Ah! do you not know me?" Then, remembering how wild this was, he struggled to speak calmly: "What are you called, my treasure?"

"I am *la petite Rayonette*," she said, with puzzled dignity and gravity; "and my mother says I have a beautiful long name of my own besides."

"Bérangère—my Bérangère—"

"That is what she says over me, as I go to sleep in her bosom at night," said the child, in a wondering voice, soon exchanged for entreaty, "O, hug me not so hard. O, let me go. Let me go to her. Mother! mother!"

"My child, mine own, I am taking thee!—Oh, do not struggle with me," he cried, himself imploring now. "Child, one kiss for thy father;" and meantime, putting absolute force on his vehement affection, he was hurrying to the chancel.

There Philip bailed them with a shout of desperate anxiety relieved; but before a word could be uttered, down the stairs flew the Lady of Hope, crying, wildly, "Not there—she is not—" but perceiving the little one in the stranger's arms, she held out her own, crying, "Ah! is she hurt, my angel?"

"Unhurt, Eustacie! Our child is unhurt!" Berenger said, with an agonized endeavour to be calm; but for the moment her instinct was so entirely absorbed in examining into the soundness of her child's limbs, that she neither saw nor heard anything else.

"Eustacie," he said, laying his hand on her arm. She started back, with bewildered eyes. "Eustacie—wife! do you not know me? Ah! I forgot that I am changed."

"You—you—" she gasped, utterly confounded, and gazing as if turned to stone, and though at that moment the vibration of a mighty discharge of cannon rocked the walls, and strewn Philip's bed with the crimson shivers of St. John's robe, yet neither of them would have been sensible of it had not Humfrey rushed in at the same moment, crying, "They are coming on like fiends, sir."

Berenger passed his hand over his face. "You will know me when—if I return, my dearest," he said. "If not, then still thank God! Philip, to you I trust them!"

And with one kiss on that still, cold, almost petrified brow, he had dashed away.—*The Chaplet of Pearls; or, the White and Black Ribamont*. "Macmillan's Magazine" for December, 1868.

346.—AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

[REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, Dean of Ely, 1808.

[THE REV. CHARLES MERIVALE, son of the late John Merivale, was born in 1808, and educated at Harrow, Haileybury, and St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was successively Scholar, Fellow, and Tutor. He was Hulsean Lecturer in 1861, and Boyle Lecturer in 1864 and 1865. He is the author of a "History of Rome under the Emperors," 1850—1862. He was Rector of Lawford, Essex; Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons; and was made Dean of Ely in 1869.]

IN stature Augustus hardly exceeded the middle height, but his person was lightly and delicately formed, and its proportions were such as to convey a favourable and even a striking impression.* His countenance was pale, and testified to the weakness of his health, and almost constant bodily suffering; but the hardships of military service had imparted a swarthy tinge to a complexion naturally fair, and his eyebrows meeting over a sharp and aquiline nose gave a serious and stern expression to his countenance.† His hair was light, and his eyes blue and piercing; he was well pleased if any one on approaching him looked on the ground and affected to be unable to meet their dazzling brightness.‡ It was said that his dress concealed many imperfections and blemishes on his person; but he could not disguise all the infirmities

* Drumann. *Gesch. Roms.* iv. 286. Suet. *Oct.* 79. † *Ibid.* Jul. Cæs.

‡ Suet. *ibid.* Plin. *H. N.*, xi. 32. Aur. Vict. l. *Virg.* *Æn.* viii. 680:

'Geminas cui tempora flammæ
Læta vomunt.'

under which he laboured: the weakness of the forefinger of his right hand and a lameness in the left hip were the results of wounds he incurred in a battle with the Iapydæ in early life;* he suffered repeated attacks of fever of the most serious kind, especially in the course of the campaign of Philippi and that against the Cantabrians, and again two years afterwards at Rome, when his recovery was despaired of. From that time, although constantly liable to be affected by cold and heat, and obliged to nurse himself throughout with the care of a valetudinarian,† he does not appear to have had any return of illness so serious as the preceding; and dying at the age of seventy-four, the rumour obtained popular currency that he was prematurely cut off by poison administered by the empress.‡ As the natural consequence of this bodily weakness and sickly constitution, Octavian did not attempt to distinguish himself by active exertions or feats of personal prowess. The splendid examples of his uncle the dictator, and of Antonius his rival, might have early discouraged him from attempting to shine as a warrior and hero: he had not the vivacity and animal spirits necessary to carry him through such exploits as theirs; and, although he did not shrink from exposing himself to personal danger, he prudently declined to allow a comparison to be instituted between himself and rivals whom he could not hope to equal. Thus necessarily thrown back upon other resources, he trusted to caution and circumspection, first to preserve his own life, and afterwards to obtain the splendid prizes which had hitherto been carried off by daring adventure, and the good fortune which is so often its attendant. His contest therefore with Antonius and Sextus Pompeius was the contest of cunning with bravery; but from his youth upwards he was accustomed to overreach, not the bold and reckless only, but the most considerate and wily of his contemporaries, such as Cicero and Cleopatra; he succeeded in the end in deluding the senate and people of Rome in the establishment of his tyranny; and finally deceived the expectations of the world, and falsified the lessons of the Republican history, in reigning himself forty years in disguise, and leaving a throne to be claimed without a challenge by his successors for fourteen centuries.

But although emperor in name, and in fact absolute master of his people, the manners of the Cæsar, both in public and private life, were still those of a simple citizen. On the most solemn occasions he was distinguished by no other dress than the robes and insignia of the offices which he exercised; he was attended by no other guards than those which his consular dignity rendered customary and decent. In

* Suet. Oct. 20. 80.

† Ibid. 81.

‡ Tac. Ann. i. 5. Dio. lv. 22; lvi. 30. Aur. Vict. l.

his court there was none of the etiquette of modern monarchies to be recognised, and it was only by slow and gradual encroachment that it came to prevail in that of his successors. Augustus was contented to take up his residence in the house which had belonged to the orator Licinius Calvus, in the neighbourhood of the forum, which he afterwards abandoned for that of Hortensius on the Palatine,* of which Suetonius observes that it was remarkable neither for size nor splendour. Its halls were small, and lined, not with marble, after the luxurious fashion of many patrician palaces, but with the common Alban stone, and the pattern of the pavement was plain and simple.† Nor when he succeeded Lepidus in the pontificate would he relinquish this private dwelling for the regia or public residence assigned that honourable office.‡

Many anecdotes are recorded of the moderation with which the emperor received the opposition, and often the rebukes, of individuals in public as well as in private. These stories are not without their importance as showing how little formality there was in the tone of addressing the master of the Roman world, and how entirely different the ideas of the nation were, with regard to the position occupied by the Cæsar and his family, from those with which modern associations have imbued us. We have already noticed the rude freedom with which Tiberius was attacked, although step-son of the emperor, and participating in the eminent functions of the tribunitian power, by a declaimer in the schools at Rhodes: but Augustus himself seems to have suffered almost as much as any private citizen from the general coarseness of behaviour which characterized the Romans in their public assemblies, and the rebukes to which he patiently submitted were frequently such as would lay the courtier of a constitutional sovereign in modern Europe under perpetual disgrace.

On one occasion, for instance, in the public discharge of his functions as corrector of manners, he had brought a specific charge against a certain knight for having squandered his patrimony. The accused proved that he had, on the contrary, augmented it. "Well," answered the emperor, somewhat annoyed by his error, "but you are at all events living in celibacy contrary to recent enactments." The other was able to reply that he was married, and was the father of three legitimate children; and when the emperor signified that he had no further charge to bring, added aloud, "Another time, Cæsar, when you give ear to informations against honest men, take care that your

* Dio. liii. 16. καλεῖται δὲ τὰ βασιλεῖα παλάτιον, οὐχ ὅτι καὶ ἰδοῦσι ποτε οὕτως αὐτὰ ὀνομάζεσθαι, ἀλλ' ὅτι ἐν τῇ παλατίῳ ὁ Καῖσαρ φκεῖ, καὶ ἐκεῖ τὸ στρατήγιον εἴχεται.

† Suet. Oct. 72.

‡ Dio. liv. 27.

informants are honest themselves." Augustus felt the justice of the rebuke thus publicly administered, and submitted to it in silence.*—*History of Rome under the Emperors*, chap. iii. sect. 2.

347.—THE SIMOON.

[WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE, 1826.

[WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE, son of the late Sir Francis Palgrave, was born at Westminster, Jan. 24, 1826. He was educated at the Charter-house, and Trinity College, Oxford, and served as an officer in the Indian army from March, 1847, to August, 1853. He has been a great traveller, and his "Narrative of a Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia, in 1862-3," appeared in 1864. He was appointed Consul at Trebizond, May 28, 1867.]

NEXT day, the 23rd of the month, yet clearer signs of our approach to Wadi Sirhan, became visible; and, as we took a somewhat northerly direction in order to join in with that valley, we sighted far off, in the extreme distance, a blue range of hills, running from west to east, and belonging to the Syro-Arabic waste, though unnoticed, to the best of my knowledge, in European maps, perhaps because undiscovered, or at least insufficiently explored. Meanwhile the sandy patches continued to increase and deepen on all sides, and our Bedouins flattered themselves with reaching Wadi Sirhan before nightfall.

Here, however, an accident occurred which had well nigh put a premature end to the travels and the travellers together. My readers, no less than myself, must have heard or read many a story of the Simoon, or deadly wind of the desert; but for me, I had never yet met it in full force, and its modified form, or sheloole, to use the Arabic phrase, that is, the sirocco of the Syrian waste, though disagreeable enough, can hardly ever be termed dangerous. Hence, I had been almost induced to set down the tales told of the strange phenomena and fatal effects of this "poisoned gale" in the same category with the moving pillars of sand recorded in many works of higher historical pretensions than "Thalaba." At these perambulatory columns and sand-smothered caravans, the Bedouins, whenever I interrogated them on the subject, laughed outright, and declared that, beyond an occasional dust storm, similar to those which any one who has passed a summer in Scinde can hardly fail to have experienced, nothing of the romantic kind just alluded to occurred in Arabia. But when questioned about the Simoon, they always related it as a much more serious matter, and such in real earnest we now found it.

* Macrob. ii. 4.

It was about noon, and such a noon as a summer solstice can offer in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment till my companion and myself mutually asked each other what this could mean, and what was to be its result. We turned to inquire of Salem, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and, bowed down, and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, the two Sherarat Bedouins, had adopted a similar position, and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Salem, instead of replying directly to our questioning, pointed to a small black tent, provisionally at no great distance in front, and said, "Try to reach that; if we can get there, we are saved." He added, "Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down;" and then, giving his own several vigorous blows, relapsed into muffled silence.

We looked anxiously towards the tent; it was yet a hundred yards off or more. Meanwhile the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on every side; while, at the same time, a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom; our camels, too, began, in spite of all we could do, to turn round and round, and bend their knees preparing to lie down. The Simoon was fairly upon us.

Of course we had followed our Arab's example by muffling our faces; and now, with blows and kicks, we forced the staggering animals onwards to the only asylum within reach. So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But we were yet in time; and at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison blast was coming around, we were already prostrate one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated indeed, but safe; while our camels lay without like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand awaiting the passing of the gale.

On our first arrival the tent contained a solitary Bedouin woman, whose husband was away with his camels in the Wadi Sirhan. When she saw five handsome men like us rush thus suddenly into her dwelling, without a word of leave or salutation, she very properly set up a scream to the tune of the four crown pleas, murder, arson, robbery, and I know not what else. Salem hastened to reassure her by calling out "Friends," and, without more words, threw himself flat on the ground. All followed his example in silence.

We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat,

like that of red-hot iron slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the Simoon had gone by. We got up, half dead with exhaustion, and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men; and so, I suppose, did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warning, to step out and look at the camels: they were still lying flat as if they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the Simoon lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust, so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity. — *Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia* (1862-63), chap. i.

348.—ON PURPOSE IN LIFE.

[JAMES HAIN FRISWELL, 1827.

[JAMES HAIN FRISWELL was born at Newport, Shropshire, in 1827, and was educated at Aspley School. His father was a London solicitor, and he was intended for the profession of the law, but he preferred literature, and appeared as an author in 1852, writing for numerous periodicals: "Chambers," "The Spectator," "London Review," "Saturday Review," &c. &c. He is the author of "Life Portraits of Shakspeare," "Houses with the Fronts off," "Footsteps to Fame," the "Gentle Life," "About in the World," "Varia, or Readings from Rare Books," &c., &c. Mr. Friswell has also edited more than one periodical, and writes in many first-class ones.]

THE man without a purpose lives on, of course, but he enjoys not life. He distresses and abuses man; and cries out a dog, a lion, a piece of moss, or an oak tree, these are noble works, but man is altogether base. Life affords no pleasures, and its rewards are tinsel. The only thing to be worshipped—and these minds always worship that most opposite to them—is Power. Show how strong you are; like the giant in a country fair, walk round, and exhibit your muscle; and the purposeless man will applaud and envy you, and then say you are not so strong as you look. As he has no purpose himself, he does not believe in purpose, nor in design. Every thing in his opinion—and he is a clever man, it must be owned—"grewed so," like our friend Topsy. Grass became herb, herb shrub, shrub tree; fishes crawled and sprawled on the sand till they became birds, and the birds lived on till their wings became arms, and their claws toes, and their bony legs like the shapely limb of the Belvedere Apollo. *Credat Judæus!* The Lotos-eater will beat the Jew Apelles, and believe all this happy-go-lucky purposeless creation, this "produce of aggregation and fit apposition of matter," rather than the Mosaic cosmogony!

But enough of him who floats down life's stream, now bumping against the shore, now bound in a land-locked little bay, now overwhelmed in an eddy. What about the man of purpose, and how is one to become purposeful?

Simply by choosing one point—let it be the noblest you can conceive—and sticking to your resolve. As for the man of purpose, his character has been written by a wiser pen than mine, or than we shall produce, perhaps, in a hundred years—by William Wordsworth, in "The Happy Warrior," when, in answer to his own question, "Who is the happy warrior? Who is he that every man in arms should wish to be?" he tells us of a noble purpose, nobly won. The happy warrior is one who has been true to his ideal, "who hath wrought upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought," because when we are boys we are somewhat nearer Heaven, and our longings and imaginings are pure and true. Such a man passes through Pain, Fear, Trouble, and Doubt easily, because he transmutes them from evil to teach us of good. For him evil is a good, pain a teacher, doubt and fear warning voices. If such a man, says the poet, rises to station of command he rises by open means, and if he cannot use these means, he will retire. He takes nothing on sufferance, his purpose is to be good, not great, or great and good, if greatness will come; greatness which is often a trouble to him and a snare. In trial such a man is great. It is the good horse that puts its shoulder to the collar when the pull comes. The gaiety and even merriment of great men in times of trouble is infinitely touching in a tragedy, but it is true in nature. Wordsworth tells us that in "great issues," good or bad for human kind, the man with a purpose "is happy as a lover; and attired with sudden brightness as a man inspired." But he does not wear this holiday garb always. Your true hero does not strut. He is fond of home scenes, and even can suck his own baby's toffy and eat cake. He knows what homefelt pleasures and gentle scenes are; despises not the ties which surround him; not proudly erects himself against God and nature, but loves and reverences the human heart.

The man with a purpose has a constant influence for the good upon those about him, and as the *flâneur* makes others lazy, and is himself stirred to some three-halfpenny endeavour by seeing others work, so this happy warrior diffuses and again catches the hope, certainty, and happiness which fill his breast. As he does not dream nor frown over the impossible, certain lurid souls call him shallow, but they are those who fancy the empty tun the more valuable because it sounds loudest, or the dark puddle the deepest because they cannot see its bottom like that of a well. But others, who know him better, know his wisdom and his goodness too; know the peaceful calm which he has attained;

and do not mistake the jewel they have before them—because, perchance, it sparkles a little less than that fractured and worthless piece of glass the sun shines on. Such is the man who sets out in life with a certain determined and healthful purpose; who knows what he is about, and who, like many we have, thank Heaven, in England, is not the creature of circumstances, but makes circumstance his ladder wherewith to rise—

“Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar,
Who grasps the skirts of happy chance,
Who breaths the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.”

—*Life's Equipage*, from the “Englishman’s Magazine,” Jan. 1, 1865.

349.—THE ASTROLOGER’S CHAMBER.

[SCHILLER (1759—1805) AND COLERIDGE, 1772—1834.

[A prose reading from Coleridge’s works has already been given at page 13. As his best poems, “Christabel,” “Genevieve,” and “The Ancient Mariner” are known to every one, we have selected, instead of more hackneyed passages from his works, a portion of his translation of Schiller’s “Wallenstein,” thus presenting to our readers the great German and great English poet at the same time. A passage from the prose writings of Schiller will be found at page 173.]

Thekla, Wallenstein’s daughter; *Countess Tertsky*; *Max*, *Piccolomini*.

Coun. (*laughs*.) The astrological tower!—How happens it
That this same sanctuary, whose access
Is to all others so impracticable,
Opens before you e’en at your approach?

Thek. A dwarfish old man with a friendly face
And snow-white hair, whose gracious services
Were mine at first sight, open’d me the doors.

Max. That is the Duke’s astrologer, old Seni.

Thek. He question’d me on many points; for instance,
When I was born, what month, and on what day,
Whether by day or in the night.

Coun. He wish’d
To erect a figure for your horoscope.

Thek. My hand too he examin’d, shook his head
With much sad meaning, and the lines, methought,
Did not square over truly with his wishes.

Coun. Well, Princess, and what found you in this tower?
My highest privilege has been to snatch
A side-glance, and away!

Thek. It was a strange
Sensation that came o'er me, when at first
From the broad sunshine I stepp'd in ; and now
The narrowing line of day-light, that ran after
The closing door, was gone ; and all about me
'Twas pale and dusky night, with many shadows
Fantastically cast. Here six or seven
Colossal statues, and all kings, stood round me
In a half-circle. Each one in his hand
A sceptre bore, and on his head a star,
And in the tower no other light was there
But from these stars : all seem'd to come from them.
"These are the planets," said that low old man ;
"They govern worldly fates, and for that cause
Are imag'd here as kings. He farthest from you,
Spiteful and cold, an old man melancholy,
With bent and yellow forehead, he is Saturn.
He opposite, the King with a red light,
An arm'd man for the battle, that is Mars :
And both these bring but little luck to man."
But at his side a lovely lady stood,
The star upon her head was soft and bright,
And that was Venus, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand, lo ! Mercury, with wings.
Quite in the middle glitter'd silver-bright
A cheerful man, and with a monarch's mien ;
And this was Jupiter, my father's star :
And at his side I saw the Sun and Moon.

Max. O never rudely will I blame his faith
In the might of stars and angels ! 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that peoples space
With life and mystical predominance ;
Since likewise for the stricken heart of Love
This visible nature, and this common world,
Is all too narrow : yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years
Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.
For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place :
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
'And spirits ; and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine.
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,

The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
 They live no longer in the faith of reason!
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits* or gods, that us'd to share this earth
 With man as with their friend; and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down: and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whatever is great,
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair!
Thek. And if this be the science of the stars,
 I too, with glad and zealous industry,
 Will learn acquaintance with this cheerful faith.
 It is a gentle and affectionate thought,
 That in immeasurable heights above us,
 At our first birth, the wreath of love was worn,
 With sparkling stars for flowers.
 —*The Piccolomini; or, the First Part of Wallenstein*, act ii. sc. 4.

350.—THE EVANGELISTS' DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARACTER OF OUR LORD.

[REV. JOSEPH WHITE, 1746—1814.

[JOSEPH WHITE was born at Gloucester, about 1746. He was the son of a poor weaver, but exhibiting in his childhood "great aptitude for acquiring knowledge," a wealthy country neighbour undertook his education, and he was sent to Wadham College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself as a classical and Oriental scholar. In 1783 he was chosen to deliver the Bampton Lectures, the subject being "A View of Christianity and Mahometanism." Of all the sermons preached in this or in any other country, these were the most celebrated; the only exception, perhaps, being those of the *Petit Carême* of Massillon. They brought their author, when published, a valuable prebend in the cathedral of Gloucester. Unfortunately for his fame, it was afterwards discovered that he had been greatly assisted in preparing them by Dr. Parr and the Rev. Sam. Badcock, an obligation which he had not the honesty to acknowledge. His chief works are, "Specimen of the Civil and Military Institutes of Timour or Tamerlane, from the Persian," "Chronological Arrangement of the Passages in the Greek Text of the Four Gospels," an edition of the Greek New Testament,

* No more of talk, where god or angel guest
 With man, as with his friend familiar, us'd
 To sit indulgent. *Paradise Lost*, B. IX.

and a Latin translation of Abdallatig's "Description of Egypt." Dr. White was Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christchurch, and Archbishop Laud's Professor of Arabic.]

I beg your permission to introduce some interesting, and, I hope, not inopportune reflections on the nature of that historical form in which the Christian Revelation has been transmitted to us.

This form involves the correctness of system without its abstruseness, and the energy of eloquence without its ostentation. It happily unites the brightness of example with the precision and perspicuity of precept. To the minuteness of detail which belongs to biography, it adds much of that regular arrangement, and of that vivid colouring, by which the more eminent writers of poetry have endeavoured to mark the distinguishing and appropriate qualities of their favourite heroes. Instead of sometimes amusing, and sometimes astonishing us, with those brilliant but indistinct and fleeting impressions which are excited by general descriptions, or elaborate panegyric, it leads us through a series of uniform and characteristic actions, into a clear and full knowledge of the agent. It enables and gently impels the mind to combine, by its own operation, all the detached instances of virtue into one bright assemblage. It transports the imagination, as it were, into the presence of the person whose excellences are recorded, and gives all the finer sensibilities of the soul an immediate and warm interest in every word and every action. Hence the manner in which the sacred writers have described the actions of Christ, not only increases the efficacy of His instructions, but constitutes a new, a striking, and peculiar species of evidence for the truth of His religion.

This position it may be of use for us to illustrate yet further.

To compare the character of Socrates with that of Christ, is foreign to our present purpose: but of the manner in which their lives have been respectively written, we may properly take some notice. On the history of Socrates, then, have been employed the exquisite taste of Xenophon, and the sublime genius of Plato. The virtues of this extraordinary man are selected by them as the noblest subject for the fullest display and most active exertion of their talents: and they have brought to the task not merely the sagacity of philosophers, but the affection of friends, and the zeal of enthusiasts.

Now the different style of their writings, and the different tempers as well as capacities of the writers themselves, have produced some variety both in the scenes in which they have exhibited their master, and in the opinions which they have ascribed to him. But, in the composition of each, Socrates is distinguished by a noble contempt of popular prejudice, and perverted science; by an ardent admiration and steady pursuit of virtue; by an anxious concern for the moral improve-

ment of his hearers; and by an heroic superiority to the pleasures of life, and to the terrors of impending death. What his illustrious biographers have performed in such a manner as to engage the attention and excite the admiration of successive ages, has been accomplished with yet greater success by the sacred writers. They have attained the same end under heavier difficulties, and by the aid of means which, if they are considered as merely human, must surely be deemed inadequate to the task which they undertook. They were by no means distinguished by literary attainments, or by intellectual powers. Their education could not bestow on them very exalted or correct ideas of morality; and their writings were destitute of every recommendation from the artificial ornaments of style. Yet have these four unlearned men effected, by their artless simplicity, a work to which the talents of the two greatest writers of antiquity were not more than equal.

They have exhibited a character far more lovely in itself, and far more venerable, than fiction has ever painted; and in their mode of exhibiting it, they surpass the fidelity, the distinctness, and precision, which two of the most celebrated writers have been able to preserve, when exerting the whole powers of their genius, and actuated by the fondest attachment, they were endeavouring to do justice to the noblest pattern of real virtue of which antiquity can boast. In Jesus have the Evangelists described brighter and more numerous virtues, than Socrates is said even by his professed admirers to have possessed. In their description they have, without effort, and under the influence, it must be allowed, of sincere conviction only, maintained a greater uniformity than the most prejudiced reader can discover in the beautiful compositions of Plato and Xenophon.

If the desire of communicating their own favourite opinions, or the mutual jealousy of literary fame, be assigned as a reason for the diversity of representation in the two Greek writers, we allow the probability of both suppositions: but we contend, that each of these motives is inconsistent with that love of truth, which is necessary to establish the credibility of a biographer. We also contend, that the Evangelists were really possessed of this excellent quality; that they never deviated from it in order to indulge their enmity or envy; and that, with apparent marks of difference in their language, their dispositions, and, perhaps, in their abilities, they have yet exhibited the character of Christ the most striking, if their narratives be separately considered; and the most consistent, if they be compared with each other. Be it observed too, that the difficulty of preserving that consistence increases both with the peculiarity and magnitude of the excellences described, and with the number of the persons who undertake the office of describing them.

If it be said, that the superior pretensions of Christ, as a divine teacher, required more splendid virtues than what are expected from Socrates, who taught morality upon principles of human reason only; whence is it that the unpolished, uncultivated minds of the Evangelists should even conceive a more magnificent character than the imaginations of a Plato, or a Xenophon? What aids did they apparently possess for representing it more advantageously? That those four unlettered men should have drawn such a character, with more uniformity in the whole, and with more sublimity in the parts, is therefore a fact which can be accounted for only by admitting the constant and immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, the real existence of Christ's perfections, and the strong and lasting impression they made upon those who conversed with him. Those perfections themselves were, indeed, extraordinary both in kind and in degree. In their kind they are admirable patterns for the conduct of Christ's followers; and in their degree, they are eminently and indisputably proportioned to the transcendent and unrivalled dignity of his own mission.—*Sermons Preached before the University of Oxford, in the Year 1784. at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Bampton, M.A.*

351.—ON THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF IMMORTALITY.

[SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, 1778-1829.

[SIR HUMPHRY DAVY was born at Penzance, Cornwall, in 1778. He was educated for the medical profession, but never practised it, and he became superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution at Bristol. The publication of his "Chemical and Philosophical Researches," obtained for him the Professorship of Chemistry in the Royal Institution of London. In 1802 he was made Professor to the Board of Agriculture, and in 1818 a baronetcy was conferred on the gifted chemist. In 1820 he was elected President of the Royal Society, to whose "Transactions" he contributed many valuable papers. Sir Humphry discovered the metallic bases of the earths and alkalis, and the principles of electro-chemistry, and invented the miner's safety-lamp. Besides his philosophical works, Davy wrote "Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-fishing," and "Consolations in Travel; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher." He died at Geneva, 1829.]

If there be (which I think cannot be doubted) a consciousness of good or evil constantly belonging to the sentient principle in man, then rewards and punishments naturally belong to acts of this consciousness, to obedience or disobedience; and the indestructibility of the sentient being is necessary to the decrees of eternal justice. On your view, even in this life, just punishments for crimes would be almost impossible; for the materials of which human beings are composed change rapidly, and in a few years, probably, not an atom of the primitive structure remains; yet even the materialist is obliged, in old age, to go penance for the sins of his youth, and does not complain of the

injustice of his decrepit body, entirely changed and made stiff by time, and suffering for the intemperance of his youthful flexible frame. On my idea, the conscience is the frame of the mind, fitted for its probation in mortality. And this is in exact accordance with the foundations of our religion, the divine origin of which is marked no less by its history than its harmony with the principles of our nature. Obedience to its precepts not only prepares for a better state of existence in another world, but is likewise calculated to make us happy here. We are constantly taught to renounce sensual pleasure and selfish gratifications, to forget our body and sensible organs, to associate our pleasures with mind, to fix our affections upon the great ideal generalization of intelligence in the One Supreme Being; and that we are capable of forming to ourselves an imperfect idea even of the eternal mind is, I think, a strong presumption of our own immortality, and of the distinct relation which our finite knowledge bears to eternal wisdom.

* * * * *

The doctrine of the materialists was always, even in my youth, a cold, heavy, dull, and insupportable doctrine to me, and necessarily tending to atheism. When I had heard, with disgust, in the dissecting rooms, the plan of the physiologist, of the gradual accretion of matter, and its becoming endowed with irritability, ripening into sensibility, and acquiring such organs as were necessary by its own inherent forces, and at last issuing into intellectual existence, a walk into the green fields or woods, by the banks of rivers, brought back my feelings from Nature to God. I saw in all the powers of matter the instruments of the Deity. The sunbeams, the breath of the zephyr, awakening animation in forms prepared by divine intelligence to receive it, the insensate seed, the slumbering eggs which were to be vivified, appeared, like the new-born animal, works of a divine mind; I saw love as the creative principle in the material world, and this love only as a divine attribute. Then my own mind I felt connected with new sensations and indefinite hopes—a thirst for immortality; the great names of other ages and of distant nations appeared to me to be still living around me, and even in the fancied movements of the heroic and the great, I saw, as it were, the decrees of the indestructibility of mind. These feelings, though generally considered as poetical, yet, I think, offer a sound philosophical argument in favour of the immortality of the soul. In all the habits and instincts of young animals, their feelings and movements, may be traced an intimate relation to their improved perfect state; their sports have always affinities to their modes of hunting or catching their food; and young birds, even in the nests, show marks of fondness which, when their frames are developed, become signs of actions

necessary to the reproduction and preservation of the species. The desire of glory, of honour, of immortal fame, and of constant knowledge, so usual in young persons of well-constituted minds, cannot, I think, be other than symptoms of the infinite and progressive nature of the intellect—hopes which, as they cannot be gratified here, belong to a frame of mind suited to a nobler state of existence.

Religion, whether natural or revealed, has always the same beneficial influence on the mind. In youth, in health and prosperity, it awakens feelings of gratitude and sublime love, and purifies at the same time that it exalts. But it is in misfortune, in sickness, in age, that its effects are most truly and beneficially felt; when submission in faith and humble trust in the Divine will, from duties become pleasures, underlying sources of consolation. Then it creates powers which were believed to be extinct, and gives a freshness to the mind which was supposed to have passed away for ever, but which is now reinvigorated as an immortal hope. Then it is the Pharos, guiding the wave-tost mariner to his home; as the calm and beautiful still basins or fiords, surrounded by tranquil groves and pastoral meadows to the Norwegian pilot escaping from a heavy storm in the North Sea; or as the green and dewy spot, gushing with fountains, to the exhausted and thirsty traveller in the midst of the desert. Its influence outlives all earthly enjoyments, and becomes stronger as the organs decay and the frame dissolves. It appears as that evening star of light in the horizon of life, which we are sure is to become in another season a morning star; and it throws its radiance through the gleom and shadow of death.—*Consolations in Travel; or, the Last Days of a Philosopher. The Proteus; or, Immortality. Fourth Dialogue.*

352.—CAPTAIN WRAGGE INTRODUCES HIS NIECE TO MRS.
WRAGGE.

[W. WILKIE COLLINS, 1824.]

[W. WILKIE COLLINS was born in London in 1824. He is a son of the well-known painter of rural life, William Collins, R.A., and was educated at a private school. He wrote a biography of his father, published in 1848. Mr. Collins is a clever amateur actor, and took a prominent part as a member of the Guild of Literature and Art. In 1847 he published a drama, called "The Frozen Deep," but it is as a novelist that Mr. Wilkie Collins is best known. His "Antonina," "Woman in White," "No Name," "Basil," "After Dark," "The Dead Secret," "Queen of Hearts," and "Rambles beyond Railways: a Narrative of a Walking Tour in Cornwall," have found great favour with the public—especially the "Woman in White," which appeared as a serial in 1859-60 in "All the Year Round." Mr. Collins has been frequently associated with Mr. Charles Dickens in writing Christmas stories.]

THE captain threw open the door of the front room on the first floor; and disclosed a female figure, arrayed in a gown of tarnished

amber-coloured satin, seated solitary on a small chair, with dingy old gloves on its hands, with a tattered old book on its knees, and with one little bedroom candle by its side. The figure terminated at its upper extremity in a large, smooth, white round face, like a moon—encircled by a cap and green ribbons; and dimly irradiated by eyes of mild and faded blue, which looked straightforward into vacancy, and took not the smallest notice of Magdalen's appearance, on the opening of the door.

"Mrs. Wragge!" cried the captain, shouting at her, as if she was fast asleep. "Mrs. Wragge!"

The lady of the faded blue eyes slowly rose, to an apparently interminable height. When she had at last attained an upright position, she towered to a stature of two or three inches over six feet. Giants of both sexes are, by a wise dispensation of Providence, created for the most part gentle. If Mrs. Wragge and a lamb had been placed side by side—comparison, under those circumstances, would have exposed the lamb as a rank impostor.

"Tea, dear?" inquired Mrs. Wragge; looking submissively down at her husband, whose head when he stood on tiptoe barely reached her shoulder.

"Miss Vanstone, the younger," said the captain, presenting Magdalen. "Our fair relative, whom I have met by a fortunate accident. Our guest for the night. Our guest!" reiterated the captain, shouting once more, as if the tall lady was still fast asleep, in spite of the plain testimony of her own eyes to the contrary.

A smile expressed itself (in faint outline) on the large vacant space of Mrs. Wragge's countenance. "Oh?" she said, interrogatively. "Oh, indeed? Please, miss, will you sit down? I'm sorry—no, I don't mean I'm sorry; I mean, I'm glad——" She stopped, and consulted her husband by a helpless look.

"Glad, of course!" shouted the captain.

"Glad, of course," echoed the giantess of the amber-satin, more meekly than ever.

"Mrs. Wragge is not deaf," explained the captain. "She's only a little slow. Constitutionally torpid—if I may use the expression. I am merely loud with her (and I beg you will honour me by being loud, too) as a necessary stimulant to her ideas. Shout at her—and her mind comes up to time. Speak to her—and she drifts miles away from you directly. Mrs. Wragge!"

Mrs. Wragge instantly acknowledged the stimulant. "Tea, dear?" she inquired, for the second time.

"Put your cap straight!" shouted her husband. "I beg ten thousand pardons," he resumed, again addressing himself to Magdalen.

"The sad truth is, I am a martyr to my own sense of order. All untidiness, all want of system and regularity, causes me the acutest irritation. My attention is distracted, my composure is upset; I can't rest till things are set straight again. Externally speaking, Mrs. Wragge is, to my infinite regret, the crookedest woman I ever met with. More to the right!" shouted the captain, as Mrs. Wragge, like a well-trained child, presented herself with her revised headdress for her husband's inspection.

Mrs. Wragge immediately pulled the cap to the left. Magdalen rose, and set it right for her. The moon-face of the giantess brightened for the first time. She looked admiringly at Magdalen's cloak and bonnet. "Do you like dress, miss?" she asked, suddenly, in a confidential whisper. "I do."

"Show Miss Vanstone her room," said the captain, looking as if the whole house belonged to him. "The spare room, the landlady's spare room, on the third floor front. Offer Miss Vanstone all articles connected with the toilet of which she may stand in need. She has no luggage with her. Supply the deficiency; and then come back and make tea."

Mrs. Wragge acknowledged the receipt of these lofty directions by a look of placid bewilderment, and led the way out of the room; Magdalen following her with a candle presented by the attentive captain. As soon as they were alone on the landing outside, Mrs. Wragge raised the tattered old book which she had been reading when Magdalen was first presented to her, and which she had never let out of her hand since; and slowly tapped herself on the forehead with it. "Oh, my poor head," said the tall lady, in meek soliloquy; "it's Buzzing again worse than ever."

"Buzzing?" repeated Magdalen, in the utmost astonishment.

Mrs. Wragge ascended the stairs, without offering any explanation; stopped at one of the rooms on the second floor; and led the way in. — *No Name*, chap. ii., "All the Year Round," 1862.

353.—YOUTH OF NAPOLEON.

[LOUIS ANTONIO FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE, 1769—1834.

[LOUIS ANTONIO FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE was born at Sens, 1769, and educated at the Military School of Brienne. He was a schoolfellow of Napoleon Bonaparte, and from an acquaintance became an intimate friend. In his twentieth year Bourrienne was attached to the French Embassy at Vienna. He afterwards studied international law at Warsaw for two years. On his return to Paris he renewed his intimacy with Napoleon, and they were together witnesses of the attack on the Tuileries. On

Napoleon's accession to power, Bourrienne became private secretary to him, from 1796 to 1802, when he was dismissed. In 1805 he was appointed *Chargé d'Affaires* of France for the circle of Lower Saxony, but was soon after charged with peculation, and compelled to refund a million of francs. This caused his ruin. On the return of the Bourbons, he attached himself to their dynasty, was made *Commissary of Police* in Paris, and was elected *Deputy of the Department of Yonne*. In 1828 he sought refuge from his creditors in Belgium, when he began his celebrated "*Memoirs of the Emperor Napoleon*." This work was published in ten volumes, in the course of 1829 and 1830, and excited the greatest interest. Bourrienne died insane in a hospital at Caen, in Normandy, 1834.]

As Napoleon was an active observer of everything passing around him, and pronounced his opinion openly and decidedly, he did not remain long at the military school of Paris. His superiors, who were anxious to get rid of him, hurried the period of his examination, and he obtained the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

I left Brienne in 1787, and as I could not enter the artillery, I proceeded the following year to Vienna, with a letter of recommendation to M. de Montmorin, soliciting employment in the French embassy, then at the Court of Austria.

I remained two months at Vienna, where I had the honour of twice seeing the Emperor Joseph. The impression made upon me by his kind reception, his dignified and elegant manners, and graceful conversation, will never be obliterated from my recollection. After M. de Noailles had initiated me in the first steps of diplomacy, he advised me to go to one of the German universities to study the law of nations and foreign languages. I accordingly repaired to Leipsic.

I had scarcely got there when the French Revolution broke out, Alas! The reasonable ameliorations which the age demanded, and which right-thinking men desired, were widely different from that total overthrow and destruction of the State, the condemnation of the best of kings, and the long series of crimes which sully the pages of French history.

I spent some time at Leipsic, where I applied myself to the study of the law of nations, and the German and English languages. I afterwards travelled through Prussia and Poland, and passed a part of the winter of 1791 and 1792 at Warsaw, where I was most graciously received by Princess Tyszwicz, niece of Stanislaus Augustus, the last king of Poland, and the sister of Prince Poniatowski. The Princess was very well informed, and was a great admirer of French literature. At her invitation I passed several evenings in company with the King, in a circle small enough to approach to something like intimacy. I remember that his Majesty frequently asked me to read the *Moniteur*; the speeches to which he listened with the greatest pleasure were those of the Girondists. Princess Tyszwicz wished to print at Warsaw.

at her own expense, a translation I had executed of Kotzebue's "*Menschenhass und Reue*," to which I gave the title of "*L'Inconnu*."*

I arrived at Vienna on the 26th of March, 1792, when I was informed of the serious illness of the Emperor, Leopold II., who died on the following day. In private companies and at public places I heard vague suspicions expressed of his having been poisoned; but the public, who were admitted to the palace to see the body lie in state, were soon convinced of the falsehood of these reports. I went twice to see the mournful spectacle, and I never heard a word which was calculated to confirm the odious suspicion, though the spacious hall in which the remains of the emperor were exposed was constantly thronged with people.

In the month of April, 1792, I returned to Paris, where I again met Bonaparte, and our college intimacy was renewed. I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him; his resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three, who have little money, and less occupation. Bonaparte was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other. We were on the look out for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses, then building in the Rue Montholon, to underlet them afterwards. We found the demands of the landlords extravagant—everything failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the war-office, and I at the office of foreign affairs. I was for the moment the luckier of the two.

While we were spending our time in a somewhat vagabond way, the 20th of June arrived. We met by appointment at a restaurateur's in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men. They were all in rags, armed with weapons of ever, description, and were proceeding hastily towards the Tuileries, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. It was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the purlieus of Paris. "Let us follow this mob," said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace, the banks of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes which took place; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. When the King showed himself at the windows overlooking the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had put on his head,

* This is the play known on the English stage under the title of "*The Stranger*."

he could no longer repress his indignation. "*Che coglione!*" he loudly exclaimed; "why have they let in all that rabble? Why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon; the rest would then set off fast enough."

When we sat down to dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I was the richer of the two, he spoke of nothing but the scene we had witnessed. He discussed, with great good sense, the causes and consequences of this unrepresed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would ensue. He was not mistaken. The 18th of August soon arrived. I was then at Stuttgart, where I was appointed Secretary of Legation. At St. Helena Bonaparte said: "On the attack of the Tuileries, on the 10th of August, I hurried to Fauvelet, Bourrienne's brother, who kept a furniture warehouse at the Carrousel." This is partly correct. My brother was connected with what was termed an *entreprise d'encan national*, where persons intending to quit France received an advance of money, on depositing any effects which they wished to dispose of, and which were sold for them immediately. Bonaparte had some time previously pledged his watch in this way.

After the fatal 10th of August, Bonaparte went to Corsica, and did not return till 1793. Sir Walter Scott says that, after that time, he never saw Corsica again. This is a mistake, as will be shown when I speak of his return from Egypt.*

Having been appointed Secretary of Legation to Stuttgart, I set off for that place on the 2nd of August, and I did not again see my ardent young friend until 1795.—*Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*, vol. i. chap. ii.

354.—THE ISLAND CAMP.

[SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, 1821.

[SAMUEL WHITE BAKER is eldest son of the late Samuel Baker, of Thorn Grove, Worcestershire. He was born in 1821, and having a natural inclination for travelling, has spent a great portion of his life in Asia and Africa. Of Ceylon he gives an

* Sir Walter appears to have collected his information for the "Life of Napoleon" only from those libel and vulgar stories which gratified his calumnious spirit and national hatred. His work is written with excessive negligence, which, added to its numerous errors, shows how much respect he must have entertained for his readers. It would appear that his object was to make it the inverse of his novels, where everything is borrowed from history. I have been assured that Marshal Macdonald having offered to introduce Sir Walter Scott to some generals, who could have furnished him with the most accurate information respecting military events, the glory of which they had shared, Sir Walter replied, "I thank you, but I shall collect my information from popular reports."—*Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon*.

interesting account in his "Eight Years' Wanderings" (1855). In 1861 he made an expedition to Africa, in the hope of meeting Captains Speke and Grant at the sources of the Nile. Sir S. Baker was accompanied by his wife. He explored the tributaries of the Abbeza. He discovered the great lake which he has named Albert N'Yanza. This lake, with the Victoria N'Yanza, constitute the two great reservoirs of the Nile. Sir Samuel's works are "The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," "The Albert N'Yanza," &c. He is F.E.S. and F.R.G.S., and was knighted November 10, 1866.]

WE employed ourselves until the camels should arrive, in cutting thorn branches, and constructing a zaruba, or fenced camp, to protect our animals during the night from the attacks of wild beasts. I also hollowed out a thick green bush to form an arbour, as a retreat during the heat of the day, and in a short space of time we were prepared for the reception of the camels and effects. The river had cast up immense stores of dry wood; this we had collected, and by the time the camels arrived with the remainder of the party after dark, huge fires were blazing high in air, the lights of which had guided them direct to our camp. They were heavily laden with meat, which is the Arab's great source of happiness, therefore in a few minutes the whole party was busily employed in cutting the flesh into long thin strips to dry: these were hung in festoons over the surrounding trees, while the fires were heaped with tit-bits of all descriptions. I had chosen a remarkably snug position for ourselves; the two angars (stretchers) were neatly arranged in the middle of a small space free from overhanging boughs; near these blazed a large fire, upon which were roasting a row of marrow-bones of buffalo and tsel, while the table was spread with a clean cloth, and arranged for dinner. The woman, Barraké, who had discovered that she was not a wife, but a servant, had got over the disappointment, and was now making dhurra cakes upon the dobra. This is a round earthenware tray, about eighteen inches in diameter, which supported upon three stones or lumps of earth, over a fire of glowing embers, forms a hearth. Slices of liver, well peppered with cayenne and salt, were grilling on the gridiron, and we were preparing to dine when a terrific roar within a hundred and fifty yards informed us that a lion was also thinking of dinner. A confusion of tremendous roars proceeding from several lions followed the first sound, and my Aggageers quietly remarked: "There is no danger for the horses to-night; the lions have found your wounded buffalo."

Such a magnificent chorus of bass voices I had never heard; the jungle cracked, as with repeated roars. They dragged the carcase of the buffalo through the thorns to the spot where they intended to devour it.

That which was music to our ears was discord to that of Mahomet, who, with terror in his face, came to us and exclaimed: "Master,

what's that? What for master and the missus come to this bad country? That's one bad kind will eat the missus in the night? Perhaps he come and eat Mahomet." This after-thought was too much for him, and Bacheet immediately comforted him by telling the most horrible tales of death and destruction that had been wrought by lions, until the nerves of Mahomet were completely unbinged.

This was a signal for story-telling, when suddenly the Aggageers changed the conversation by a few tales of the Basé natives, which so thoroughly eclipsed the dangers of wild beasts, that in a short time the entire party would almost have welcomed a lion, provided he would only have agreed to protect them from the Basé. In this very spot where we were then camped, a party of Arab hunters had, two years previous, been surprised at night and killed by the Basé, who still boasted of the swords that they possessed as spoils from that occasion. The Basé knew this spot as the favourite resting-place of the Hamean hunting-parties, and they might be not far distant now, as we were in the heart of their country. This intelligence was a regular damper to the spirits of some of the party. Mahomet quietly retired and sat down by Barraké, the ex-slave woman, having expressed a resolution to keep awake every hour that he should be compelled to remain in that horrible country. The lions roared louder and louder, but no one appeared to notice such small thunder, all thoughts were fixed upon the Basé, so thoroughly had the Aggageers succeeded in frightening not only Mahomet, but also our Tokrooris.—*Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, chap. xii.

355.—CLIMATE OF PARIS COMPARED WITH THAT OF LONDON.

[SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD, Bart., 1793.

[SIR FRANCIS HEAD was born at Rochester, Kent, 1793. He entered the Royal Engineers, and when a captain in that body he took charge of an association which started in 1835 to work the silver mines in South America. Leaving his companions at the foot of the Andes, he returned to Buenos Ayres across the Pampas alone, on horseback—a distance of a thousand miles. Altogether he rode six thousand miles on his different journeys. On his return to London he published, "Rough Notes of a Journey across the Pampas." He gained his majority in 1835, and that year, while holding the office of Assistant Poor Law Commissioner in the county of Kent, he was appointed by Lord Glenelg Governor of Upper Canada. Here, under great difficulties, he suppressed a rebellion, and repelled the invasion of large bodies of American sympathizers. For these services he was created a baronet in 1838. Sir Francis Head's chief works are, "Rough Notes, &c.," "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," "Life of Bruce," "Stokers and Pokers," "Ireland," "Faggot of French Sticks," "The Engineer," &c. &c.]

IN London, and even in England, people accustomed from their infancy to that moist healthy climate which gives verdure to animal

life, red and white roses to the cheeks of our peasantry and to those of their lovely children, are really not aware that, under all circumstances, and at all periods of the year, they are living, in the country in a mist, and in London in an atmosphere of smoke, of more or less density. It is true, often in the country, and even in the metropolis, we have bright sunshiny days, in which we talk of the air being beautifully clear; but between the air of England and of Paris there is as much difference in clearness as between the colour of the water in the straits between Dover and Calais and that of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in which the blue sky of heaven appears to be reflected.

But not only does the air of Paris possess a clearness I have never seen exceeded, or scarcely equalled, in any other portion of the globe, but from the absence of mist and smoke it is enabled to receive, and it evidently does contain, infinitely more light than can possibly find room to exist in the moist "half and half" air and water atmosphere of England. In the broad streets, in the great squares, and especially from the gritty asphalt pavement of the Place de Concorde, the reverberation of a superabundance of light generates green goggles for old eyes, crows' feet around middle-aged ones, and for a few moments lowering eyebrows, even above young ones.

But it is in the poorest parts of Paris this remarkable amount of light, of dryness, and of clearness of the atmosphere, are most striking. Indeed, as I followed Dr. McCarty, I remarked in every street we entered, that, as far as the eye could reach, there was apparently no difference whatever between the clear air on the pavement and that of the heavens over our head. Every distant moving object, every carriage, every horse, every man, every woman, every child, every dog, and every cat that, chased by the dog, scampered across the street, was as clearly visible as if it had passed close to us. In fact, the air was so clear that distance appeared unable, as in England, to dissolve the interesting picture which every street and alley we entered brought to view.

As in the case of the difference of dress, it must however be considered that, although the cleanness I have described gives a charm, a cheerfulness, and a transcendent beauty to the streets of Paris, there may, and I believe there does, lie lurking within it an amount of impurity which, although it be invisible, renders Paris on the whole infinitely less healthy than London. Without tracing the various bad smells which proceed from almost every floor of almost every house to their impure sources, it is evident that in the aggregate they must contaminate, although they do not discolour; and it is no doubt for this reason—from the continued prevalence of this invisible agent—

in fact, from inferior sanitary arrangements, and especially from defective drainage—that, while the comparative mortality of the population of London exceeding two millions, is 2·5 per cent., the mortality of the population of Paris, rather less than one million, is 3·3 per cent. Again, while the ravages of the cholera in London were in the proportion of 14·601 per cent., in Paris they were 15·196 per cent.

The total average deaths in Paris are from 28,000 to 30,000 annually, which, in a population of 900,000, gives about 1 in 30.

The deaths in London, varying from 1 in 28 in Whitechapel, to 1 in 56 in Hackney, average for the whole population 1 in 42—that is to say, about one-fourth less than at Paris: and thus, from inferior sanitary arrangements, there die annually in clear bright Paris about 7000 persons more than, out of the same amount of population, die in smoky London.

But although I summoned these statistics into my mind to prevent it being led astray by appearances which might be deceitful, yet I must own it was my impression, and I believe that of Lord Ashley, that the poverty we had come to witness bore no comparison whatever to that recklessness of personal appearance, that abject wretchedness, that squalid misery, which—dressed in the cast-off tattered garments of our aristocracy and wealthy classes, and in clothes perforated with holes not to be seen among the most savage tribes—Ireland annually pours out upon England, and which, in the crowded courts and alleys of London I have so often visited, produce among our own people, as it were by infection which no moral remedy has yet been able to cure, scenes not only revolting as well as discreditable to human nature, but which are to be witnessed in no other portion, civilized or uncivilized, of the globe.—*Faggot of French Sticks. The Poor of Paris.*

356.—RESIGNATION.

[THE REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1789—1866.

[JOHN KEBLE was born in 1789. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of which he was scholar, and where he graduated B.A. in first-class honours in 1810. Soon afterwards he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, where he was the contemporary and friend of Dr. Arnold. He remained for some time tutor at Oriel College, and public Examiner in the University; was appointed finally Professor of Poetry, and preferred to the rectory of Hursley, near Winchester. In 1812 he gained the Chancellor's prize for an Essay on "Translation from the Dead Languages;" but his great work, one of the most popular ever published, is the "Christian Year," well known in every English home. We are indebted to him, also, for the "Lyra Innocentium" (1847), "The Psalms of David in English Verse," and "The Child's Christian Year." Mr. Keble also published "Prælec-

tiones Academicæ," "Sermons on Primitive Tradition," "Sermons, Academical and Occasional," and many tracts on ecclesiastical subjects. Keble died in 1866.]

O LORD my God, do Thou thy holy will—

I will lie still—

I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,

And break the charm

Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,

In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile

With thy false smile:

I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways;

Be silent, Praise,

Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all

That hear thy call.

Come, Self-uevotion, high and pure,

Thoughts that in thankfulness endure,

Though dearest hopes are faithless found,

And dearest hearts are bursting round.

Come, Resignation, spirit meek,

And let me kiss thy placid cheek,

And read in thy pale eye serene

Their blessing, who by faith can wean

Their hearts from sense, and learn to love

God only, and the joys above.

They say, who know the life divine,

And upward gaze with eagle eyne,

That by each golden crown on high,

Rich with celestial jewelry,

Which for our Lord's redeem'd is set,

There hangs a radiant coronet,

All gemm'd with pure and living light,

Too dazzling for a sinner's sight,

Prepar'd for virgin souls, and them

Who seek the martyr's diadem.

Nor deem, who to that bliss aspire,

Must win their way through blood and pain,

The writhings of a wounded heart

Are fiercer than a foeman's dart.

Oft in Life's stillest shade reclining,

In Desolation unrepining,

Without a hope on earth to find

A mirror in an answering mind,

Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an Angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm.

And there are souls that seem to dwell
Above this earth—so rich a spell
Floats round their steps, where'er they move,
From hopes fulfilled, and mutual love.
Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
Nor in the stream the source forget,
If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
Following the Lamb where'er He go,
By purest pleasures unbeguiled
To idolize or wife or child;
Such wedded souls our God shall own
For faultless virgins round his throne.

Thus everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where he trod
May set our steps: the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr host, a beacon-light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of his midnight agony.
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend,
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father! not my will, but thine be done"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys;
That we may cling for ever to thy breast
In perfect rest!

—*The Christian Year.* Wednesday before Easter.

357.—NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

[THE REV. HENRY MELVILL, B.D., 1800.

[THE REV. HENRY MELVILL, younger son of the late Philip Melvill, Esq., was born about the year 1800, and was educated at Christ's Hospital, whence he proceeded as a Grecian to St. John's College, Cambridge; graduated B.A. in 1821, and became a Fellow and Tutor of St. Peter's College. Mr. Melvill is distinguished as a popular preacher. The Duke of Wellington, in 1840, appointed him Chaplain of the Tower of London and Incumbent of the church within its walls. He was subsequently elected to the Golden Lectureship of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, which he resigned on becoming a Canon of St. Paul's, in 1856. He is the author of "Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge," "Sermons preached on Public Occasions," &c. &c.]

WE know of a land for which God hath done more than for any other on which the sun shines, as he makes the circuit of the globe. It is a land which hath been marvellously preserved from the incursions of enemies; and whose valleys, whilst the rest of the earth was turned into one vast battle plain, never echoed with the tocsin of war.

It is a land which, though inconsiderable in itself, has been raised to a greatness unequalled amongst nations, and whose fame is on every shore, whose fleets are on every sea, whose resources have seemed to grow with the demand; of which every trial has but developed the unsuspected strength. And it is little that this land, by prowess in arms and wisdom, in debate, has won itself a name of the mightiest renown, subdued kingdoms, planted colonies, and gathered into its harbours the commerce of the world. We know yet greater things of it. We know that Christianity, in all its purity, is publicly taught as the religion of the land, that in its churches is proclaimed the life-giving doctrine of the One Mediator between God and Man, and that its civil institutions have all that beauty and all that expansiveness—which nothing but the Gospel of Christ was ever yet able to produce or preserve.

But we have our fears—oh! more than our fears—in regard to this land, that whilst it has thus been the recipient of unrivalled mercies, whilst Providence has watched over it, and shielded it, and poured upon it all that was choicest in the treasure house of Heaven, there has been in it ingratitude, and a contempt of the Benefactor, and a growing distaste for religion, a pride, a covetousness, and a luxury, which have written many large figures in the register which God keeps of nations; so that though the land is still borne with, yea, still abundantly blessed, it has made vast approaches towards that fulness of iniquity which the Amorite reached, and which the Israelite reached, but reached only to perish.

God forbid that we should say of the country to which we have

referred (whatever its sins), that as yet it hath made void the laws of its Maker. We hope better things of it; we hope that there is yet such vigour in its piety as will give fixedness to what is venerable and precious in its institutions. But we are sure that with the purity of its Christianity must stand or fall the majesty of its empire. We are sure that it is, as the home of Protestantism, the centre of truth, that God hath honoured and upheld the land of which we speak, and that the rapid way of multiplying the figures, which may already be portentous in its account, would be the surrendering its Protestantism, and the giving, in any way, countenance to Popery. Oh, if it could ever come to pass, that, acting on the principles of a short-sighted policy, the rulers of the land in question should restore her lost ascendancy to Rome, and take under the patronage and protection of the State that religion which prophecy has unequivocally denounced, and in wrestling against which a pious ancestry met death in its most terrible shapes; then, indeed, may we think, the measure of its guilt would be full; then, in the national apostacy might be read the advance of national ruin—yea, then, we believe—the protest of a witness for truth being no longer given—then would be heard a voice issuing from the graves of martyrs and confessors, with which the land is covered, and from the souls which St. John saw beneath the altar, when the fifth seal was opened, “that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held,” and these would be the words which the voice would utter, “It is time for thee, Lord, to work, for they have made void Thy law.”—*Sermon preached, in 1835, on Psalm 119, v. 126.*

358.—LOVE OF NATURE IN THE DECLINE OF LIFE.

[LORD LYTTON.

[LORD LYTTON is equally great as novelist, dramatist, and essayist. An extract from one of his best novels forms the second reading in this volume. The reader will, we believe, be pleased with a second extract, taken from his delightful essays, which compete with his fictions, and by some will be even deemed superior to them.]

THERE was one period of my life when I considered every hour spent out of capitals as time wasted—when, with exhilarated spirits, I would return from truant loiterings under summer trees to the smoke and din of London thoroughfares: I loved to hear the ring of my own tread on the hard pavement. The desire to compete and to combat—the thirst for excitements opening one upon the other in the upward march of an opposed career—the study of man in his thickest haunts—the heart's warm share in the passions which the mind, clear from

their inebriety, paused to analyse,—these gave to me, as they give to most active men in the unflagging energies of youth, a delight in the vista of gas-lamps, and the hubbub of the great mart for the interchange of ideas.* But now—I love the country as I did when a little child, before I had admitted into my heart that ambition which is the first fierce lesson we learn at school. Is it, partly, that those trees never remind us that we are growing old? Older than we are, their hollow stems are covered with rejoicing leaves. The birds build among their bowering branches rather than in the lighter shades of the sapling. Nature has no voice that wounds the self-love: her coldest wind nips no credulous affection. She alone has the same faith in our age as in our youth. The friend with whom we once took sweet counsel we have left in the crowd, a stranger—perhaps a foe! The woman in whose eyes, some twenty years ago, a paradise seemed to open in the midst of a fallen world, we passed the other day with a frigid bow. She wore rouge and false hair. But those wild flowers under the hedgerow—those sparkles in the happy waters—no friendship has gone from them!—their beauty has no simulated freshness—their smile has no fraudulent deceit.

But there is a deeper truth than all this, in the influence which Nature gains over us in proportion as life withdraws itself from struggle and contention. We are placed on earth for a certain period to fulfil, according to our several conditions and degrees of mind, those duties by which the earth's history is carried on. Desk and warehouse, factory and till, forum and senate, schools of science and art, arms and letters—by these we beautify and enrich our common habitation; by these we defend, bind together, exalt, the destinies of our common race. And during this period the mind is wisely fitted less to contemplate than to act—less to repose than to toil. The great stream of worldly life needs attrition along its banks in order to maintain the law that regulates the movement of its waves. But when that period of action approaches towards its close, the soul, for which is decreed an existence beyond the uses of earth—an existence aloof from desk and warehouse, factory and till, forum and senate, schools of science and art, arms and letters—gradually relaxes its hold of former objects, and, insensibly perhaps to itself, is attracted nearer towards the divine source of all being, in the increasing witchery by which Nature, distinct from man, reminds it of its independence of the crowd from which it begins to re-emerge.

And, in connexion with this spiritual process, it is noticeable how intuitively in age we go back with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble

on crutches. The grand-sire turns wearily from his middle-aged careworn son, to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grand-child. It is the old who plant young trees; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn, and feel most delight in the returning spring.

And, in the exquisite delicacy with which hints of the invisible eternal future are conveyed to us, may not that instinctive sympathy, with which life in age rounds its completing circle towards the point at which it touches the circle of life in childhood, be a benign intimation that

"Death is nought
But the soul's birth—and so we should it call?"*

And may there be no meaning more profound than the obvious interpretation in the sacred words, "Make yourselves as little children, for of such is the kingdom of heaven"?—*Cartagiana*, vol. i. Essay I.

359.—MIE HEDGE SCHOOLMASTER.

[LADY MORGAN, 1783—1859.]

[SYDNEY OWENSON, LADY MORGAN, was born in Dublin, 1783. She was the daughter of a musician of some repute in that city. Lady Morgan published a volume of poems and songs set to Irish airs at the age of fourteen, and at sixteen she was the authoress of two novels; but it was her third novel, "The Wild Irish Girl," published in 1801, which at once made her popular as a writer, and introduced her to the highest circle of English society. She met Sir Charles Morgan, a physician of some eminence, at the house of the Marquis of Abercorn, co. Tyrone, and was married to him in 1812. Lady Morgan spent three years in France at the conclusion of the war, and in 1818 she published "France," a review of the social condition of that country. This book was successful in England, but led to a decision on the part of the French Government to refuse her re-admission to their land. "Florence Macarthy" was published in England during her stay in France, and increased her reputation. Her other works are, "Life and Times of Salvador Rosa," "Woman and her Master," "Book of the Boudoir," &c. Lady Morgan received a pension of 300*l.* a year from the Civil List. She died in 1859. Her "Letters," &c., were edited and published by William Hepworth Dixon, Esq., in 1862.]

THE breaking up of the academy took place as I approached it: a bevy of rough-headed students, with books as ragged as their habiliments, rushed forth at the sound of the horse's feet, and with hands shading their uncovered faces from the sun, stood gazing in earnest surprise at the unexpected visitant. Last of this singular group, followed O'Leary himself in learned dishabille! his customary suit, an old great-coat, fastened with a wooden skewer at his breast, the

* "On the Origin, Nature, and Immortality of the Soul."—Sir John Davis.

sleeves hanging unoccupied, *Spanish-wise*, as he termed it; his wig laid aside, the shaven crown of his head resembling the clerical tonsure; a tattered Homer in one hand, and a slip of sallow in the other, with which he had been distributing some well-earned *punies* to his pupils; thus exhibiting, in appearance, and in the important expression of his countenance, an epitome of that order of persons once so numerous, and still far from extinct in Ireland, the hedge schoolmaster. O'Leary was learned in the antiquities and genealogies of the great Irish families, as an ancient senachy,* an order of which he believed himself to be the sole representative; credulous of her fables, and jealous of her ancient glory; ardent in his feelings, fixed in his prejudices; hating the Bodei Sassoni, or English churls, in proportion as he distrusted them; living only in the past, contemptuous of the present, and hopeless of the future, all his national learning and national vanity were employed in his history of the Macarthy's More, to whom he deemed himself hereditary senachy; while all his early associations and affections were occupied with the Fitzadelin family; to an heir of which he had not only been foster-father, but, by a singular chain of occurrences, tutor and host. Thus, there existed an incongruity between his prejudices and his affections, that added to the natural incoherence of his wild, unregulated, ideal character. He had as much Greek and Latin as generally falls to the lot of the inferior Irish priesthood, an order to which he had been originally destined; he spoke Irish, as his native tongue, with great fluency; and English with little variation, as it might have been spoken in the days of James or Elizabeth; for English was with him acquired by study, at no early period of life, and principally obtained from such books as came within the black-letter plan of his antiquarian pursuits.

"Words that wise Bacon, and grave Raleigh spoke,"

were familiarly uttered by O'Leary, conned out of old English tracts, chronicles, presidential instructions, copies of patents, memorials, discourses, and translated remonstrances from the Irish chiefs, of every date since the arrival of the English in the island, and a few French words, not unusually heard among the old Irish Catholics, the descendants of the faithful followers of the Stuarts, completed the stock of his philological riches.

O'Leary now advanced to meet his visitant, with a countenance radiant with the expression of complacency and satisfaction, not unmingled with pride and importance, as he threw his eyes round on

* Antiquarian, genealogist, and historian.

his numerous disciples. To one of these the Commodore gave his horse; and drawing his hat over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, he placed himself under the shadow of the Saxon arch, observing—

“You see, Mr. O’Leary, I very eagerly avail myself of your invitation; but I fear I have interrupted your learned avocation.”

“Not a taste, your honour, and aft going to give my classes a holiday, in respect of the turf, sir.—What do’s yez all crowd the gentleman for? Did never yez see a raal gentleman afore? I’d trouble yez to consider yourselves as temporary. There’s great scholars among them ragged runagates, your honour, poor as they look; for tho’ in these degenerated times you wont get the children, as formerly, to talk the dead languages, afore they can spake, when, says Campion, they had Latin like a vulgar tongue, conning in their schools of teachcraft the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the civil institutes of the faculties, yet there’s as fine scholars, and as good philosophers still, sir, to be found in my seminary as in Trinity College, Dublin. Now, step forward here, you Homers. ‘Kehlute meu Troes, kai Dardano, id epikouroi.’”

Half a dozen overgrown boys, with bare heads and naked feet, hustled forward.

“There’s my first class, plaze your honour; sorrow one of them gassoons but would throw you off a page of Homer into Irish while he’d be clamping a turf stack. Come forward here, Padreen Mahony, you little mitcher, ye. Have you no better courtesy than that, Padreen? Fie upon your manners! Then for all that, sir, he’s my head philosopher, and am getting him up for Maynooth. Och! then, I wouldn’t axe better than to pit him against the provost of Trinity College this day, for all his ould small-clothes, sir, the cratur! Troth, he’d puzzle him, grate as he is, ay, and bate him too; that’s at the humanities, sir. Padreen, my man, if the pig’s sould at Dunore market to-morrow, tell your daddy, dear, I’ll expect the pintion. Is that your bow, Padreen, with your head under your arm, like a roosting hen? Upon my word I take shame for your manners. There, your honour, them’s my *cordaries*, the little Leprehauns,* with their *cathah*† heads, and their burned skins; I think your honour would be disarted to hear them *parsing* a chapter. Well, now dismiss, lads, jewel—off with yez, *extemplo*, like a piper out of a tent; away with yez to the turf: and mind me well, ye Homers, ye, I’ll expect Hector and Andromache to-morrow without fail; observe me

* *Leprehauns*, one of the inferior order of Irish demonology.

† *Cathah*, curly or matted.

well, I'll take no excuse for the *classics* barring the bog, in respect of the weather's being dry; dismiss, I say." ⁶

The learned disciples of this Irish sage, pulling down the front lock of their hair to designate the bow they would have made, if they had possessed hats to move, now scampered off: while O'Leary observed, shaking his head, and looking after them: "Not one of them but is sharp-witted, and has a genius for poethry, if there was any encouragement for larning in these degenerated times."—*Florence Macarthy*.

360.—THE WATER-GATE OF THE TOWER.

[WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, 1821.

[W. HEPWORTH DIXON, the son of Abner Dixon, Esq., of Holmfirth and Kirk-Burton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was born in 1821. He is descended from an old Puritan family. In consequence of ill-health he was not able to go to school, but was sent to live with his grand-uncle at a farm-house on the moors of Over Darwin. Mr. Dixon began his literary life by writing a five-act tragedy, but he did not publish it. He was for some time the literary editor of a Cheltenham paper; but in 1846 he came to London, and entered a student at the Inner Temple. Mr. Dixon henceforward contributed to the chief periodicals, and wrote a series of papers in the *Daily News*, on "The Literature of the Lower Orders" which were precursors of Mayhew's "Inquiries into the Condition of the Poor." To the same paper Mr. Dixon also contributed his "London Prisons," republished in 1 vol. In 1849 he published "John Howard, a Biography," three editions of which were sold in one year. In 1851 and 1852 appeared his biographies of Penn and Blake. In 1850 Mr. Dixon was appointed a deputy commissioner to the Royal Commission for carrying out the Great Exhibition of 1851, and organized one hundred committees out of the three hundred that were appointed. When Mr. Madden projected his "Prize Magazine," Mr. Dixon contributed the essays which won the two highest prizes; they attracted the attention of the proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and he at once requested their author to become one of the staff of that paper. In 1853 he became its editor. Mr. Dixon's chief works are, "The Holy Land," "New America," "Spiritual Wives," &c. &c., and "Her Majesty's Tower." The last-named work is one of the noblest and most delightful records of England's past history ever published.]

It is London, in the reign of Bluff King Hal—the husband of two fair wives. The river is alive with boats: the air is white with smoke; the sun overhead is burning with golden May. Thousands on thousands of spectators dot the banks; for to-day a bride is coming home to the King, the beauty of whose face sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog. On the wharf, near the Queen's Stair, stands a burly figure; tall beyond common men; broad in chest and strong in limb; dressed in a doublet of gold and crimson, a cap and plume, shoes with rosettes and diamonds, a dagger by his side, a George upon his breast. It is the King, surrounded by dukes and earls, awaiting the arrival of a barge, in the midst of blaring trumpets and exploding

sakers. A procession sweeps along; stealing up from Greenwich, with plashing oars and merry strains; fifty great boats, with a host of wherries on their flanks; a vessel firing guns in front and a long arrear of craft behind.

From the first barge lands the Lord Mayor; from the second trips the bride; from the rest stream out the picturesque City Companies. Cannons roar, and bells fling out a welcome to the Queen; for this is not simply a great day in the story of one lovely woman; but a great day in the glory of English life. Now is the morning time of a new era; for on this bright May—

“The Gospel light first shines from Boleyn’s eyes,”

and men go mad with hope of things which are yet to come.

The King catches that fair young bride in his arms, kisses her soft cheek, and bears her in through the By-ward Tower.

The picture fades from view and presently re-appears. Is it the same? The Queen—the stair—the barge—the crowd of men—all these are here. Yet the pretence is not the same. No burly Henry stands by the stair; no guns disturb the sky; no blast of trumpets greets the royal barge; no train of aldermen and masters wait upon the Queen. The lovely face looks older by a dozen years; yet scarcely three have passed since that fair form was clasped in the King’s arms, kissed, and carried by the bridge. This time she is a prisoner, charged with having done such things as pen cannot write; things which would be treason, not to her lord only, but to her womanhood, and to the King of kings.

When she alights on the Queen’s Stair, she turns to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, and asks, “Must I go into a dungeon?” “No, Madam,” says the Constable; “you will lie in the same room which you occupied before.” She falls on her knees. “It is too good for me,” she cries; and then weeps for a long time, lying on the cold stones, with all the people standing by in tears. She begs to have the Sacrament in her own room, that she may pray with a pure heart; saying she is free from sin, and that she is, and has always been, the King’s true wedded wife.

“Shall I die without justice?” she inquires. “Madam,” says Kingston, “the poorest subject would have justice.” The lady only laughs a feeble laugh.

Other and not less tragic scenes drew crowds to the Waterway from the Thames.

Beneath this arch has moved a long procession of our proudest peers, our fairest women, our bravest soldiers, our wittiest peers—Buckingham and Strafford; Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth;

William Wallace, David Bruce, Surrey, Raleigh—names in which the splendour, poetry, and sentiment of our national glory are embalmed. Most of them left it, high in rank and rich in life, to return by the same dark passage, in a few brief hours, poorer than the beggars who stood shivering on the bank; in the eyes of the law, and in the words of their fellows, already *dead*.

From this gateway went the barge of that Duke of Buckingham, the rival of Wolsey, the last permanent High Constable of England. Buckingham had not dreamed that an offence so slight as his could bring into the dust so proud a head; for his offence was nothing; some silly words which he had bandied in the "Rose," a City tavern, about the young King's journey into France. He could not see that his head was struck because it moved so high; nay, his proud boast that if his enemies sent him to the Tower, ten thousand friends would storm the walls to set him free, was perhaps the occasion of his fall. When sentence of death was given he marched back to his barge, where Sir Thomas Lovel, then Constable, stood ready to hand him to the seat of honour. "Nay," said the Duke to Lovel, "not so now. When I came to Westminster I was Lord High Constable and Duke of Buckingham, now I am but poor Edward Stafford."

Landing at the Temple Stair, he was marched along Fleet Street, through St. Paul's Churchyard, and by way of Cheap to the Tower; the axe borne before him all the way; Sir William Sandys holding him by the right arm, Sir Nicholas Vaux by the left. A band of Augustine friars stood praying round the block; and when his head had fallen into the dust they bore his remains to St. Austin's Church.

On these steps, too, beneath this Water-gate, Elizabeth, then a young fair girl, with gentle, feminine face and golden hair, was landed by her jealous sister's servants. The day was Sunday—Palm Sunday—with a cold March rain coming down, and splashing the stones with mud. She could not land without soiling her feet and clothes, and for a moment she refused to leave her barge. Sir John Gage, the Constable, and his guards, stood by to receive her. "Are all these harnesses men for me?" she asked. "No, Madam," said Sir John. "Yea," she replied, "I know it is so." Then she stood up in her boat and leaped on shore. As she set foot on the stone steps, she exclaimed in a spirit prouder than her looks—for in her youth she had none of that leonine beauty of her later years—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it." Perhaps she was thinking of her mother, who landed on the neighbouring wharf. Anne had fallen on her knees on these cold stones, and here had called on God to help her, as she was not guilty of the things of which she was accused. In those two attitudes

of appeal one reads the nature of these two proud and gentle women, each calling Heaven to witness her innocence of crime—Elizabeth defiant, erect; Anne suppliant, on her knees.—*Her Majesty's Tower*, chap. iii.

36.—STRUENSEE.

[SIR NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXALL, 1751—1831.

[SIR NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXALL was born at Bristol, 1751. He entered the Service of the East India Company in his youth, but returned to Europe in 1772, and afterwards travelled for several years on the continent. He was sent on a private mission from the unhappy Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, to her brother, George III. In 1780 he was returned to Parliament, when he supported Pitt. In 1813 he was created a baronet. He died at Dover in 1831. His principal works are, "Cursory Remarks made in a Tour through the Northern Parts of Europe," "Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna," "Historical Memoirs of my own Times," &c. &c.]

STRUENSEE had not any noble blood in his veins, nor consequently any hereditary and prescriptive title to the immediate guidance of affairs of State. Fortune, and a train of peculiar circumstances, coinciding with his own talents and address, seem to have drawn him from his native mediocrity of condition, and placed him in an elevated rank. He originally practised physic at Altona on the Elbe, and afterwards attended the King of Denmark on his travels into England, in quality of physician. On his return, he advanced by rapid strides in the royal favour, and seems to have eminently possessed the powers of pleasing, since he became equally the favourite of both the king and queen. He was invested with the order of St. Matilda, instituted in honour of her majesty, created a count, and possessed unlimited ministerial power. His conduct, in this sudden and uncommon eminence, marks a bold and daring mind; perhaps I might add, an expanded and patriotic heart. Unawed by the precarious tenure of courtly greatness, and more peculiarly of his own, he began a general reform. The state felt him through all her members. The finances, chancery, army, navy, nobles, peasants—all were sensible of his influence. He not only dictated, but penned his replies to every important question or despatch, and a petition, or a scheme of public import and utility, rarely waited two hours for an answer. At present, I am told, you may be two months without receiving any. The civil judication of this capital was then vested in thirty magistrates. Struensee sent a message to this tribunal, demanding to know the annual salary or pension annexed to each member. Rather alarmed at this inquiry, they sent an answer, in which they diminished their emoluments two-

thirds, and estimated them at 1500, instead of 4000 rix-dollars. The count then informed them that his Majesty had no further occasion for their services; but in his royal munificence and liberality, was graciously pleased to continue to them the third part of their avowed incomes, as a proof of his satisfaction with their conduct. He at the same time constituted another court, composed only of six persons of approved integrity, to whom the same power was delegated. He proceeded to purge the chancery, and other bodies of the law. Then entering on the military department, he, at one stroke, broke all the horse-guards, and afterwards the regiment of Norwegian foot-guards, the finest corps of the service, and who were not disbanded without a short, but very dangerous sedition. Still proceeding in this salutary, but most critical and perilous achievement, he ultimately began to attempt a diminution of the power of the nobles, and to set the farmers and peasants at perfect liberty. We must not, therefore, wonder that he fell a victim to such measures, and that all parties joined in his destruction. These were his real crimes, and not that he was too acceptable to the queen, which only formed a pretext. It was the minister, and not the man, who had become obnoxious. I do not pretend, in the latter capacity, either to excuse or condemn him; but as a politician, I rank him with the Clarendons and the Mores, whom tyranny, or public baseness, and want of virtue, have brought, in almost every age, to an untimely and ignominious exit; but to whose memory impartial posterity have done ample justice. Yet I must avow, that though I cannot think Struensee made a bad use, he certainly made a violent and imprudent one, of his extensive power. He seems, if one may judge from his actions, to have been in some measure intoxicated with royal favour and such accumulated honours, and not to have adverted sufficiently to the examples which history furnishes of Wolseys in former days, and of Choiseuls in modern times, who most strikingly evince the slippery foundation of political grandeur. When he was even pressed only a short time before his seizure, to withdraw from court, and pass the Belts, with the most ample security for his annual remittance of forty, fifty, a hundred thousand dollars, an unhappy fascination detained him, in defiance of every warning, and reserved him for the prison and the block. The Queen Dowager and Prince Frederic were only the feeble instruments to produce this catastrophe, as being by their rank immediately about the person of the sovereign; though common report has talked loudly of the former's intrigue, and attributed it to her imaginary abilities. The only mark of capacity or address they exhibited, was in preserving a secrecy, which deluded Struensee and the Queen Matilda, till the time of their being arrested. I have been assured, that on the last levée day preceding

this event, the Count was habited with uncommon magnificence, and never received greater homage or court servility from the crowd, than when on the verge of ruin. On the night fixed for his seizure there was a *bal paré* in the palace; the Queen, after dancing as usual one country dance with the King, gave her hand to Struensee during the rest of the evening. She retired about two in the morning, and was followed by him and Count Brandt. The moment was now come. The Queen Dowager, and her son Prince Frederic, hastened to the King's private chamber, where he was already in bed. They kneeled down beside it, and implored him with tears and expostulations to save himself and Denmark from impending destruction, by arresting those whom they called the authors of it. "It is said the King was not easily induced to sign the order, but did it with reluctance and hesitation. At length their entreaties prevailed, and he affixed his sign manual to the paper. Colonel Koller Banner instantly repaired to Struensee's apartment, which, as well as Brandt's, was in the palace; they were both seized nearly at the same instant, and, as all defence was vain, hurried immediately to the citadel. When Count Struensee stepped out of the coach, he said with a smile to the commandant, "I believe you are not a little surprised at seeing me brought here a prisoner." "No, and please your Excellence," replied the old officer, bluntly, "I am not at all surprised, but, on the contrary, have long expected you." It was five o'clock in the morning when the Count Rantzau came to the door of her Majesty's ante-chamber, and knocked for admittance. One of the women about the Queen's person was ordered to wake her, and give her information that she was arrested. They then put her into one of the King's coaches, drove her down to Elsinor, and shut her up in the castle of Cronsberg.—*Tour through the Northern Parts of Europe.*

362.—THE FIELD OF THE FORTY FOOTSTEPS.

[JOHN TIMBS, 1801.

[JOHN TIMBS was born in London, August 17, 1801. He was editor of the *Mirror*, one of the first of the cheap weekly publications. The *Mirror* obtained the notice and public praise of Lord Brougham. Mr. Timbs's works are, "The Curiosities of London," a compendium of antiquarian lore and general information, the result of nearly fifty years' patient and intelligent research; "Things Not Generally Known," "Curiosities of Literature," "Curiosities of Biography," "Schooldays of Eminent Men," "A Garland for the Year," "Lives of Wits and Humorists," "Year Book of Facts" (edited), and "Anecdote Biography." He was also chief working editor of the *Illustrated London News*. We extract a passage from Mr. Timbs's last work (still unpublished), entitled, "Castles, Abbeys, and Historic Houses."]

LONG FIELDS, in the rear of Montague House, appear to have been a place of superstitious haunt. Aubrey tells us that on St. John

Baptist's Day, he saw, "at midnight, twenty-t'ree young women in the parterre behind Montague House, looking for a coal under the root of a plantain, to put under their heads that night, and they should dream who would be their husbands." But there is a more terrible story of the place. A legendary tale of the period of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion relates a mortal conflict here between two brothers, on account of a lady, who sat by. The combatants fought so ferociously as to destroy each other; after which, their footsteps, imprinted on the ground in the vengeful struggle, were said to remain, with the indentations produced by their advancing and receding; nor would any grass or vegetation ever grow over these *forty footsteps*. Miss Porter and her sister, upon this fiction, founded their ingenious romance, "Coming Out; or, the Field of the Forty Footsteps;" but they entirely depart from the local tradition. At the Tottenham Street Theatre was produced, many years since, an effective melodrama, founded upon the same incident.

Southey relates the same story in his "Commonplace Book" (Second Series, p. 21). After quoting a letter from a friend, recommending him to "take a view of those wonderful marks of the Lord's hatred to duelling, called *The Brothers' Steps*," and describing the locality, Southey thus narrates his own visit to the spot: "We sought for near half an hour in vain. We could find no steps at all within a quarter of a mile, no, nor half a mile, of Montague House. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man, who was at work, directed us to the next ground, adjoining to a pond. There we found what we sought, about three-quarters of a mile north of Montague House, and 500 yards east of Tottenham Court Road. The steps are of the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep, and lie nearly from north-east to south-west. We counted only seventy-six; but we were not exact in counting. The place where one or both the brothers are supposed to have fallen is still bare of grass. The labourer also showed us the bank where (the tradition is) the wretched woman sat to see the combat." Southey adds his full confidence in the tradition of the indestructibility of the steps, even after ploughing up, and of the conclusions to be drawn from the circumstance.

Joseph Moser, in one of his "Commonplace Books," gives this account of the *footsteps*, just previous to their being built over:—"June 16, 1800. Went into the fields at the back of Montague House, and there saw, for the last time, the *forty footsteps*; the building materials are there, ready to cover them from the sight of man. I counted more than *forty*, but they might be the footprints of the workmen."

We agree with Dr. Rimbault that this evidence establishes the

period of the final demolition of the footsteps, and also confirms the legend that forty was the original number.

In the third edition of "A Book for a Rainy Day," we find this note upon the above mysterious spot:—"Of these steps there are many traditionary stories: the one generally believed is, that two brothers were in love with a lady, who would not declare a preference for either, but coolly sat down upon a bank to witness the termination of a duel, which proved fatal to both. The bank, it is said, on which she sat, and the footmarks of the brothers when passing the ground, *never produced grass again*. The fact is, that these steps were so often trodden that it was impossible for the grass to grow. I have frequently passed over them. They were in a field on the site of St. Martin's Chapel, or very nearly so, and *not on the spot as communicated to Miss Porter*, who has written an entertaining novel on the subject."—*Castles, Abbeys, and Historic Houses, their Legendary Lore, &c.*, vol. i.

363.—THE LADY CLARE.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate, 1809.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, son of the late Rev. G. Tennyson, was born at his father's parsonage, at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809. His first poems appeared in 1830, and were republished in 1842. From that time the fame of Mr. Tennyson as a poet has steadily increased, and in 1850 he was justly appointed Poet Laureate. Mr. Tennyson's works are, "Poems" (2 vols.), 1842; "The Princess, a Medley," 1847; "In Memoriam," 1850; "Maud," &c., 1855; "The Idylls of the King," 1858; "Enoch Arden," 1864; "The Holy Grail," 1869.]

It was the time when lilies blow,
— And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice, the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"Oh! God be thanked!" said Alice, the nurse,

"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are you out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"

Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice, the nurse,

"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast—

I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have you done,

Oh! mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,

"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said, "

"I will speak out, for I dare not lie;
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice, the nurse,

"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay, now, what faith?" said Alice, the nurse,

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!

Alas! my child, I sinned for thee."

"Oh! mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yes, here's a kiss for my mother dear,

My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your head upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
 She was no longer Lady Clare:
 She went by dale, and she went by down,
 With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
 Leapt up from where she lay,
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
 And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
 "Oh! Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
 Why come you drest like a village maid,
 That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
 I am but as my fortunes are:
 I am a beggar born," she said,
 "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "For I am yours in word and deed.
 Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh! and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail:
 She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn;
 He turned and kissed her where she stood:
 "If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
 And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
 We two will wed to-morrow morn,
 And you shall still be Lady Clare."

—Poems.

304.—BENEFIT DERIVED FROM A LITURGY OR FORM OF PRAYER.

• [REV. CHARLES SIMEON, 1759—1836.

[THE REV. CHARLES SIMEON WAS born in 1759. He was educated at Eton, and entered at King's College, Cambridge, in 1776. In 1783 he was presented to the living of Trinity Church in the same University, and continued its rector during the

remainder of his life, a period of fifty-three years. He was a popular and influential preacher, and wrote during the course of his ministry 2536 sermons, which form a complete commentary on the Holy Scriptures. He received 5000*l.* from Messrs. Cadell for the copyright of his works, of which he gave 1000*l.* to the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews; 1000*l.* to the London Clerical and Educational Society; and 1000*l.* to the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Simeon died in 1836.]

At the commencement of the Reformation the most lamentable ignorance prevailed throughout the land: and even those who from their office ought to have been well instructed in the Holy Scriptures, themselves needed to be taught what were the first principles of the oracles of God. If then the pious and venerable Reformers of our Church had not provided a suitable form of prayer, the people would still in many thousands of parishes have remained in utter darkness; but by the diffusion of this sacred light throughout the land, every part of the kingdom became in a good measure irradiated with scriptural knowledge, and with saving truth. The few who were enlightened, might indeed have scattered some partial rays around them; but their light would have been only as a meteor, that passes away and leaves no permanent effect. Moreover, if their zeal and knowledge and piety had been suffered to die with them, we should have in vain sought for compositions of equal excellence from any set of governors from that day to the present hour; but by conveying to posterity the impress of their own piety in stated forms of prayer, they have in them transmitted a measure of their own spirit, which, like Elijah's mantle, has descended on multitudes who have succeeded them in their high office. It is not possible to form a correct estimate of the benefit which we at this day derive from having such a standard of piety in our hands: but we do not speak too strongly if we say, that the most enlightened amongst us, of whatever denomination they may be, owe much to the existence of our Liturgy; which has been, as it were, the pillar and ground of the truth in this kingdom, and has served as fuel to perpetuate the flame, which the Lord himself, at the time of the Reformation, kindled upon our altars.

But we must go further, and say, that the use of the Liturgy is *equally expedient still*. Of course, we must not be understood as speaking of private prayer in the closet; where though a young and inexperienced person may get help from written forms, it is desirable that every one should learn to express his own wants in his own language; because no written prayer can enter so minutely into his wants and feelings as he himself may do; but, in public, we maintain, that the use of such a form as ours is still as expedient as ever. To lead the devotions of a congregation in extempore prayer is a work for which but few are qualified. An extensive knowledge of the Scrip-

tures must be combined with fervent piety, in order to fit a person for such an undertaking: and I greatly mistake, if there be found a humble person in the world, who, after often engaging in the arduous work, does not wish at times that he had a suitable form prepared for him. That the constant repetition of the same form does not so forcibly arrest the attention as new sentiments and expressions would do, must be confessed; but, on the other hand, the use of a well-composed form secures us against the dry, dull, tedious repetitions which are but too frequently the fruits of extemporaneous devotions. Only let any person be in a devout frame, and he will be far more likely to have his soul elevated to heaven by the Liturgy of the Established Church, than he will by the generality of prayers which he would hear in other places of worship: and, if any one complain that he cannot enter into the spirit of them, let him only examine his frame of mind when engaged in extemporaneous prayers, whether in public, or in his own family; and he will find, that his formality is not confined to the service of the Church, but is the sad fruit and consequence of his own weakness and corruption.

Here it may not be amiss to rectify the notions which are frequently entertained of spiritual edification. Many, if their imaginations are pleased, and their spirits elevated, are ready to think that they have been greatly edified; and this error is at the root of that preference which they give to extempore prayer, and the indifference which they manifest towards the prayers of the Established Church. But real edification consists in humility of mind, and in being led to a more holy and consistent walk with God: and one atom of such a spirit is more valuable than all the animal fervour that ever was excited. It is with *solid truths*, and not with *fluent words*, that we are to be impressed: and if we can desire from our hearts the things which we pray for in our public forms, we need never regret that our fancy was not gratified, or our animal spirits raised, by the delusive charms of novelty.

In what we have spoken on this subject it must be remembered, that we have spoken only in a way of vindication: the true, the exalted, and the proper ground for a member and minister of the Established Church, we have left for the present untouched, lest we should encroach upon that, which we hope to occupy on a future occasion. But it remains for us yet further to remark, that the use of our Liturgy is *acceptable to God*.

The words of our text are sufficient to show us, that God does not look at fine words and fluent expressions, but at the heart. The Israelites had "well said all that they had spoken:" but whilst God acknowledged that, he added, "O that there were such an *hearth* in

them!" If there be humility and contrition in our supplications, it will make no difference with God whether they be extemporaneous or pre-composed. Can any one doubt whether, if we were to address our heavenly Father in the words which Christ himself has taught us, we should be accepted of him, provided we uttered the different petitions from our hearts? As little doubt then is there that in the use of the Liturgy also we shall be accepted, if only we draw nigh to God with our hearts as well as with our lips. The prayer of faith, whether with or without a form, shall never go forth in vain. And there are thousands at this day who can attest from their own experience, that they have often found God as present with them in the use of the public services of our Church, as ever they did in their secret chambers.—*Sermons on the Liturgy of the Church of England.*

365.—CAUSE OF THE DEFECTS IN MODERN POETRY.

[REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819.

[THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY was born at Holne Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, June 12, 1819. He was educated at home until the age of fourteen, when he became a pupil of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and afterwards a student at King's College, London, whence he removed to Magdalen College, Cambridge. He took a first class in classics, and a second class in mathematics. On taking orders he became curate at Eversley, a moorland parish in Hants, and the living becoming vacant it was presented to him. In 1859 Mr. King-ley was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. He is Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. His works are, "Alton Locke," "Yeast," "Hypatia," "Phaethon," "Alexandria and her Schools," "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore," "We would Ho!" "Two Years Ago," "Water Babies," "Saint's Tragedy," "Andromeda," "Miscellanies," "Sermons," "The Hermits," &c. &c.]

It is impossible to give outward form to that which is in its very nature formless, like doubt and discontent. For on such subjects thought itself is not defined; it has no limit, no self-coherence, not even method or organic law. And in a poem, as in all else, the body must be formed according to the law of the inner life; the utterance must be the expression, the outward and visible autotype, of the spirit which animates it. But where the thought is defined by no limits, it cannot express itself in form, for form is that which has limits. Where it has no inward unity it cannot have any outward one. If the spirit be impatient of all moral rule, its utterance will be equally impatient of all artistic rule; and thus, as we are now beginning to discover from experience, the poetry of doubt will find itself unable to use those forms of verse which have been always held to be the highest; tragedy, epic, the ballad, and lastly, even the subjective lyrical ode. For they, too, to judge by every great lyric which remains to us, require a

groundwork of consistent, self-coherent belief; and they require also an appreciation of melody even more delicate, and a verbal polish even more complete, than any other form of poetic utterance. But where there is no melody within, there will be no melody without. It is in vain to attempt the setting of spiritual discords to physical music. The mere practical patience and self-restraint requisite to work out rhythm when fixed on, will be wanting; nay, the fitting rhythm will never be found, the subject itself being arhythmic; and thus we shall have, or rather, alas! do have, a wider and wider divorce of sound and sense, a greater and greater carelessness for polish, and for the charm of musical utterance, and watch the clear and spirit-stirring melodies of the older poets swept away by a deluge of half-metrical prose-runnad, diffuse, unfinished, unmusical, to which any other metre than that in which it happens to have been written would have been equally appropriate, because all are equally inappropriate; and where men have nothing to sing, it is not of the slightest consequence how they sing it.

While poets persist in thinking and writing thus, it is in vain for them to talk loud about the poet's divine mission, as the prophet of mankind, the swayer of the universe, and so forth. Not that we believe the poet simply by virtue of being a singer to have any such power. While young gentlemen are talking about governing heaven and earth by verse, Wellingtons and Peels, Arkwrights and Stephensons, Frys and Chisholms, are doing it by plain practical prose; and even of those who have moved and led the hearts of men by verse, every one as far as we know, has produced his magical effects by poetry of the very opposite form to that which is now in fashion. What poet ever had more influence than Homer? What poet is more utterly antipodal to our modern schools? There are certain Hebrew psalms, too, which will be confessed, even by those who differ most from them, to have exercised some slight influence on human thought and action, and to be likely to exercise the same for some time to come. Are they any more like our modern poetic forms than they are like our modern poetic matter? At even in our own time what has been the form, what the temper, of all poetry, from Körner and Heine, which has made the German heart leap up, but simplicity, manhood, clearness, finished melody, the very opposite, in a word, of our new school. And to look at home, what is the modern poetry which lives on the lips and in the hearts of Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen? It is not only simple in form and language, but much of it fitted, by a severe exercise of artistic patience, to tunes already existing. Who does not remember how the "Marseillaise" was born, or how Burns's "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled," or the story of Moore's taking the

old "Red Fox March," and giving it a new immortality as "Let Erin remember the days of old," while poor Emmett sprang up and cried, "Oh that I had twenty thousand Irishmen marching to that tune!" So it is, even to this day, and let those who hanker after poetic fame take note of it; not a poem which is now really living but has gained its immortality by virtue of simplicity and positive faith.—*Miscellanies*, vol. i. pp. 298-301.



